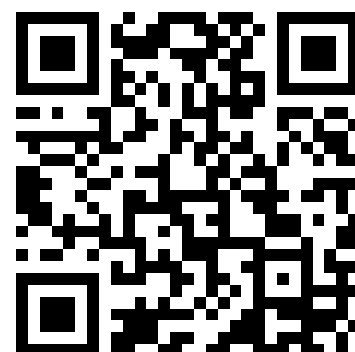

This is a reproduction of a library book that was digitized by Google as part of an ongoing effort to preserve the information in books and make it universally accessible.

GoogleTM books

<https://books.google.com>



Princeton University Library



32101 079674758



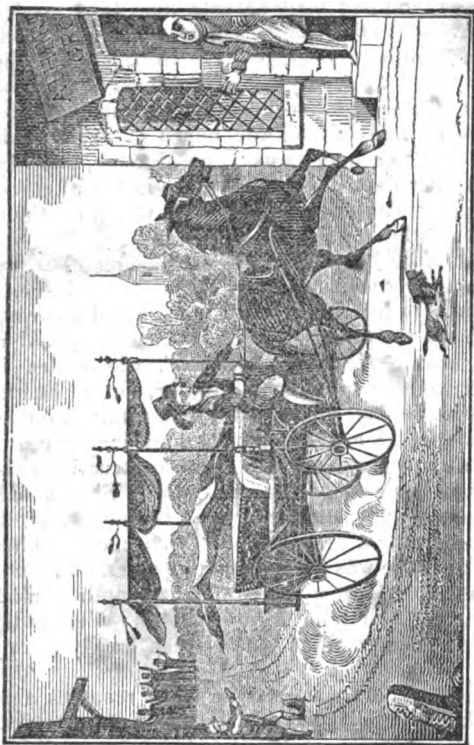
YOUTH'S COMPANION.

Published Weekly, by NATHANIEL WILLIS, at the Office of the Boston Recorder, No. 11, Cornhill.—Price, \$1.00 a year in advance; or \$1.25 if not paid in advance.

NO. 1.

BOSTON, MAY 15, 1840.

VOL. XIV.



GROGGY HARBOR.

This is number Five of the Temperance Tales. It exhibits in various forms the evils of drunkenness. The picture represents the burial of an old lady who died at Groggy Harbor. The sexton who buried her was under the influence of liquor, and drove off to the grave yard at such a rapid pace as to give great scandal to the spectators. The following extract is the account given by a sailor of his intemperate son.

"Jack became very bad, and I lost all control over him. One day, I saw a gang of men and boys, poking fun at a poor fellow, who was reeling about in the middle of the circle, and swearing terribly. Nobody likes to see his profession dishonored, so I thought I'd run down and take him in tow. Your honor knows what a sailor's heart is made of—what do you think I felt, when I found it was my own son! I couldn't resist the sense of duty; and I spoke to him pretty sharply. But his answer threw me all aback, like a white squall in the Levant. He heard me through, and doubling his fist in my face, he exclaimed, "You MADE ME A DRUNKARD!" It cut the laniards of my heart like a chain shot from an eighteen pounder; and I felt as if I should have gone by the board." As he uttered these words, the tears ran down the channels of the old man's cheeks like rain. Friend Simpson was deeply affected, and Parson Sterling sat with his handkerchief before his eyes. Indeed, there was scarcely a dry eye in the assembly. After wiping his eyes on the sleeve of his pea jacket, the old sailor proceeded.

"I tried, night and day, to think of the best plan, to keep my other son from following on to destruction, in the wake of his elder brother. I gave him daily lessons of temperance; I held up before him the example of his poor brother; I cautioned him not to take spirit upon an empty stomach, and I kept my eye constantly upon him. Still I daily took my allowance; and the sight of the dram bottle, the smell of the liquor, and the example of his own father, were abler lawyers on t'other side. I saw the breakers ahead; and I

prayed God to preserve not only my child, but myself; for I was sometimes alarmed for my own safety. About this time I went to meeting one Sunday, and the minister read the account of the overthrow of Goliath. As I returned home I compared intemperance, in my own mind, to the giant of Gath; and I asked myself why there might not be found some remedy for the evil as simple as the means employed for his destruction. For the first time, the thought of total abstinence occurred to my mind; this, then, said I, is THE SMOOTH STONE FROM THE BROOK, AND THE SHEPHERD'S SLING!

NARRATIVE.

From the Mother's Magazine.

A NIGHT ON BOARD A STEAMBOAT.

It is a trite, but just remark, that every man is in some sense the maker of his own fortune. It cannot be denied that much of the happiness or misery that we suffer is the fruit of our own choice. Still I think the remark peculiarly applicable to mothers and heads of families. Happy indeed would it be for the juvenile part of the community, if the ill effects of a wrong choice were wholly confined to the one who makes it. I was led to this reflection, on my return home from an excursion to the country, in that little Emporium of the great world,—a Steamboat. As the boat did not leave the wharf till late in the evening, being an invalid, and finding myself too weary to read, I took my station, at an early hour, in the ladies cabin, with little else to occupy myself, but to observe the different passengers as they from time to time sought their quarters for the night. Of all other places, I know of none, where a well bred lady may so readily be discerned from the common throng, as in a crowded steamboat cabin, at night; not so much by her external appearance, or "costly array," as by her easy, quiet, unobtrusive, dignified mien, and by her cheerful submission to the little inconveniences inseparable from such limited accommodations, and her refined and polite attention to the comfort and convenience of her fellow passengers. While the gay, bedizened, but vulgar woman seems to feel herself privileged to lay aside, even the common courtesies of life, with her outer garments, and to exhibit without restraint her volubility, ill temper, selfishness, and an utter recklessness of the comfort and happiness of every body else. I had scarcely seated myself, when a neatly dressed lady with a modest cheerful aspect, entered the cabin, leading by the hand a sprightly, rosy cheeked little fellow, of some eighteen or twenty months, who came laughing and bounding along as if every change was to him a fresh cause of happiness. I observed as the little fellow stopped at the door of the cabin, to take a parting kiss from "papa," that his mother, with a manner which at once won her a place in my affections, entreated her husband not to lose the enjoyment of so fine an evening on deck, should it be necessary for her to remain below. Her husband merely observed that he would read a while, but his countenance plainly intimated that the full moon, reflecting her bright and beautiful beams across the wide expanse of waters, if beheld unaccompanied by the "bright particular star" of his own destiny, would be divested of half her glory. I at once drew a favorable opinion of this couple, and from the time of this seemingly trivial incident, I was led to observe more closely the conduct of this mother and son. The little creature seemed pleased with the novelty of the place, and

his eye wandered rapidly from object to object, but he was particularly attracted by the gay silk hangings, and gilt ornaments, which decorated the room. His next impulse was to handle and examine every object. Instead of chiding or repressing this curiosity, his mother pleasantly led him to every part of the room where he wished to go, and permitted him to examine and even touch whatever he desired, at the same time impressing upon his mind the lesson, that nothing should be misplaced or injured. The child's curiosity was soon satisfied, and his mother proceeded to undress and wash him, without any resistance on his part, beyond a continued playfulness, which she neither attempted to restrain, nor yet suffered to prevent her from accomplishing her object. She then laid herself down by his side, and commenced singing a favorite hymn, in a low sweet voice in which the child attempted to join; and if his performance was not according to rule, it was evidently the out-gushing of a young and happy spirit, and reminded me of the sun-set carol of a summer bird, that is hushed to repose by its own melody. And so it was with this blue-eyed boy, for in a few moments he was slumbering so placidly by his mother's side, that I felt assured that if there were any complaints of "noisy children" that night, the disturbance would not proceed from that quarter. On perceiving that her husband was still waiting for her, she rose and gently drawing the curtains, she stood for a moment, as if undetermined whether to leave her child; upon observing which, I offered to sit by his side, which offer she gratefully accepted, remarking that she might appear to be an over-anxious mother, but as her child had evinced a very nervous and irritable temperament, she felt that proper care now might save him from great suffering hereafter. For my own part, I took great pleasure in watching the countenance of this lovely infant, and now and then observed a transient smile flit over his features. I thought how sweet was the sleep—and how pleasant must be the dreams of such a guileless spirit, while under the fostering care of such a mother. And as I endeavored to contemplate his future destiny, I could not but think after the lapse of years, how the youth, and young man would probably love and reverence such a mother, and lay open his bosom with all its young aspirations, his fears and hopes to her, as his best and truest friend, and most able counsellor. Time wore away, till the hour hand pointed to ten, and the faithful mother was again at her post, when suddenly my musings were interrupted by the entrance of a noisy company, consisting of several women and children.

I learnt from the remarks of the elder part of the company, that they had been on a long jaunt the preceding day, and came there very weary and over-heated; but they seemed to forget that many besides themselves were seeking repose and refreshment in the same apartment. Two of the little girls belonging to this party excited my sympathy. The youngest could not have been more than three or four years old. They, as well as their mother, were expensively dressed, and had I taken merely a cursory glance of this group, I might have supposed them to move in an elevated sphere. The children had evidently been kept awake much longer than usual, and being very tired and sleepy, they were consequently peevish and irritable. The mother was likewise weary and exceedingly fretful. After observing that she was too tired to undress them, she thrust them both into a low, uncomfortable berth, answering their entreaties for a glass of water, by a slap on

(RECAP)

Digitized by Google

the ear, and the promise of another if they did not instantly stop their noise. She then threw herself on a settee and was soon in a profound sleep. Not so with the children. The youngest of the two, especially, continued restless and complaining.

At length I ventured to awaken the mother, and to suggest to her, that as her little girl was wakeful and appeared uncomfortable, perhaps something might be done to soothe her. But this was apparently considered an unwarrantable interference on my part, and produced no other reply than an angry reprimand to the child, and the promise of a "whipping," when she got home. This cruel conduct awakened the deepest sympathy in the breast of my friend of the preceding evening, and as soon as this unnatural guardian was again insensible, she softly glided from her berth and speaking in a soothing tone to the little sufferer, she gently lifted her from her uneasy couch. She then supplied her wants, and afterwards bathed her hot limbs in water. And after a few moments fanning her to sleep on her own lap, she laid her quietly back into her bed. How I wished that sleeping woman, who deserved not the name of mother, could have witnessed this simple and unostentatious act of kindness in an utter stranger. What a reproof must this gentle treatment have conveyed, were she capable of one generous emotion. Morning came, such a morning, as must be actually seen and felt, in order to be fully appreciated. Oh the luxury of a midnight hour after a sultry day! The rosy light came sparkling and shining across the rippling waters, and the neighboring landscape looked as if it had imbibed the first freshness of Eden. My nameless friend was already up, and her toilet soon made, and then bending over her sleeping boy in silence; I could not but fancy she was breathing a hallowed prayer to that throne where the "petition of the righteous availeth much."

She parted back the bright clustering curls of the young sleeper, and with some emphasis spoke his name. Long will it be ere I forget the laughing joyous shout with which the little fellow started from his pillow,—as if the very consciousness of existence was perfect blessedness to him. He was soon dressed, though like the playful kitten, he twice broke from his mother and ran away with the towel, and once seized the hair brush and brushed her hair the wrong way. Yet there was no irritation, no ill temper, and soon the rosy boy went bounding and singing to the deck, where the glad fresh morning was a fit emblem of his young and happy existence. I shall not attempt to describe the scenes, which two hours afterwards occurred in the same cabin. Disobedience and fretfulness on the one hand, and the hasty slap and promises of punishment never meant to be inflicted, on the other, made up the principal part of the sad exhibition. My heart ached as I contemplated the probable fate of this miserable family. There sat a little girl whose sullen and determined look showed that she waited but for a fit opportunity to throw off the galling yoke of parental authority. And close beside her stood a cowering, timid, broken spirited child, who in spite of her fitful moods, still clung to her mother. But I could not help thinking how easy it would be, in after life, for the smooth deceiver to steal the heart of this girl, and allure her from the abode, where of all others, she ought to have found sweet peace and security.

After having witnessed such a melancholy picture, my thoughts reverted to the many disordered and confused households, where smiling peace and confidence alone should dwell. I thought of alienated husbands; discontented and termagant wives and mothers; deceptive, unlovely and ungoverned children; till my heart went up in fervent aspirations, that the female character might be so elevated and refined, that the name of woman should cease to be coupled with imbecility, and the bare mention of a family of children, conjure to the imagination a host of evils. When the minds of mothers shall be more universally enlightened, and brought under the gentle sway of

that charity which suffereth long and is kind—when they shall be more awake to the true interests of their children, and to the influence and necessity of a pure example—when they are willing to take more pains to seek and to deserve the confidence of their children; then may we hope to see the waves of infidelity and moral corruption stayed in their course, and the streams of pollution dried at their fountain.

P. W. L.

MORALITY.

THE TEMPER—AN ANECDOTE.

I recollect reading an anecdote some time since, in the journal of one of our popular tourists, which exhibited the disastrous effects that sometimes ensue, for the want of self-government on trifling occasions. As far as I can remember, the story ran as follows:

The American tourist encountered, while travelling in a diligence in France, an elderly lady, who was a native of the country, and whose amiable and attractive manners, and good humored endurance of fatigue and inconveniences, excited the commendations of the American. The prepossession was mutual, and before the travellers separated, the matron threw out sundry hints for the practical guidance of her more youthful associate. Among these, was a judicious caution to him against marrying any woman, before he had become well acquainted with her domestic virtues. To this end, she advised him never to visit any young lady as an admirer, at a regular hour on each returning day. The traveller manifested surprise, and inquired, "what possible evil could result from paying his visit to the object of his admiration, at stated seasons?"

"Very great deception as to character," she replied, "might probably be the consequence, inasmuch as the young lady knowing when her lover was to be expected, would be prepared in holiday dress and smiles, to welcome him. A friend of mine," she said, "had learned a painful lesson, by thus regularly making his calls at a particular hour of the evening, on a fair acquaintance. So admirably had she uniformly appeared at these times, and so attractive, that his heart had been taken captive; and the young lady and her family smiling on his suit, it was about to be consummated; when a very short time previous to that fixed on for their marriage, having occasion to leave town on business during the afternoon, he called unexpectedly, at an early hour of the morning; to take farewell. The hall door was open, and he entered unannounced; while he stood just within the threshold, he heard strange and discordant notes issuing from the family sitting room, which was near at hand. The sound was so unusual, that his foot was arrested, and he found himself undesignedly a listener in a scene, never intended for his ear. It was, alas! the voice of his *bien aimee* engaged in an angry discussion with her mother, about some article of dress, in which the taste of parent and child differed—one impassioned word followed another, until finally the refractory child prevailed, and the mother with flushed face and swimming eyes, left the apartment, and passing through the hall disappeared. Shocked and astounded by the alarming discovery which he had so unexpectedly made, the gentleman retreated with a sorrowful heart to his lodgings—a painful and heart-rending struggle ensued, the issue of which may be readily imagined; he wrote a kind and feeling letter to her who had thus deceived him so grossly, relinquishing her hand forever; since he felt assured, that one who could not command her temper on such an occasion, to her mother, was illy qualified to render him happy as his wife."

How many such discoveries are made, my dear E——, by both man and woman, when, alas! it can profit them nothing—the irrevocable vow has been pronounced, and they have been joined together, until death shall sever the tie, with tastes uncongenial, tempers unsanctified, and wills unsubdued.—*Young Ladies' Companion.*

OBITUARY.

Written for the Youth's Companion.

BIOGRAPHY OF A GOOD CHILD.

Died in Boston, on the 22d of April, Miss SARAH BAXTER MERRIAM, eldest daughter of Mr. Galen Merriam, in the eleventh year of her age. It is seldom that death visits a family under more painful and interesting circumstances than on this occasion. The deceased did not possess a very strong constitution, but apparently she had no disease, and her fond parents hoped by prudent management, that she would be able to enjoy the usual health and longevity. In this they were disappointed. A disease of the bowels, probably of long standing, terminated unexpectedly and suddenly, and cut off the hopes of her friends. She went to school as usual on Monday, two days before her death, but came home in the afternoon exercised with considerable pain, which continued through the night and the next day. Tuesday forenoon she went in to see her grandmother, and rode out, but returned home again about 12 o'clock. She said to her father she felt so unwell she wanted to see the doctor. Though he anticipated no very severe sickness, doctor F. was called in. Medicine was administered to her, but it had not the usual effect, and could not be retained on her stomach. Her pain continued to increase. It was soon ascertained that some obstruction existed, and her case became alarming. She passed a very sick and restless night on Tuesday, and the next morning a consultation of physicians was had, and her case was pronounced hopeless. She continued to grow weaker, and at length sunk in death, at half past 12 o'clock on Wednesday, having been confined to the house hardly twenty-four hours.

Sarah B. Merriam was in many respects a remarkable child. She was the oldest, but the dearly beloved child of the family and connexions. Her character was full of good qualities. She possessed good intellectual powers, and was exceedingly fond of reading. Almost any book she could obtain was read by her. In her usual studies at school she made rapid progress, and had already attained a respectable advancement for a girl of her age. But it was in her moral and religious character, that her good qualities appeared most conspicuous.

While quite a child it was discovered that she possessed a mind capable of receiving religious impressions, and much pains were taken by her grandmother and friends to impress upon her the truths of religion, and the duty of prayer to her Heavenly Father. And it is believed that this instruction made a lasting impression upon her. It seemed to be her constant desire to learn her duty under all circumstances; and she would often anxiously enquire of her mother, "Do you think that this is right?" "Do you think this is my duty?" "Do you think I did right in doing as I did?" She was conscientious. Whenever she did an act which on reflection appeared wrong, she would ask the forgiveness of her friends and her mother. On Monday afternoon after she had left the school and breathed the fresh air, she felt considerably relieved from her pain, and when she came home she asked her mother if she "did not think she had done wrong in coming away from school."

She would often reprove wicked acts, when discovered in others. A short time since she saw two boys about her age in the street using profane language. She went up to them and told them how wicked it was to do as they did. "Do you know that you will not go to Heaven, that good and happy place, if you talk so. It is wicked, and God will punish wicked children." The boys looked at her with silent amazement, that so young a messenger of truth should thus preach to them, warning them of the evil of their ways.

Over her sister, three years younger than herself, she exercised a constant watchfulness, and discovered a great anxiety for her improvement. She has often taken her by the hand,

and entreated her not to do what she thought improper or sinful. And her influence was of the most salutary kind. Her sister was of a more volatile and heedless disposition, but she has since said, "how sorry I am that my sister is now dead—she was just getting me into her good ways."

She spent the two last years of her life in the country at school, where she had opportunities to cultivate those religious impressions which had been made upon her mind by the advice and the prayer of her grandmother and friends. After her return home she went to the Sunday School connected with the Warren Street Chapel. Hymns and portions of Scripture were committed to memory. The Sabbath before she died, she asked her teacher if she might not learn the last chapter of Revelations. "It is a very interesting chapter," said she. "It says a good deal about heaven, and I like to read about it."

During her sickness, the night before she died, she was afflicted with the most severe pains, which put her patience and resignation to a severe test. Being requested to take some medicine, she would sometimes say, "I cannot take it, I will not take it." And a few minutes after, recollecting herself, "Do forgive me for what I have said, and for not minding you; but I am in sad pain!"

Towards morning her pain in some measure left her. Being weak and exhausted, and sinking under her disease, her grandmother asked her if she was afraid to die? "No grandma, I am not afraid to die." After a little while, she asked her mother to pray with her. But she was unable to give utterance to her feelings. She then asked her little cousin, about her age, with whom she had been associated in a little praying circle, and who now knelt by her bed, and offered up a prayer to their Heavenly Father. They had before often prayed together—often knelt in their chamber to ask the forgiveness, the direction, and the blessing of their Heavenly Father, and now for the last time they prayed together that she might be prepared for the great scene she was about to witness. It was a solemn and interesting sight.

Mr. Loud, her teacher, called to see her. She asked him to pray with her, and for her. He did so, and she thanked him for his kindness. After he was gone, she remarked, "Don't you think Mr. L. was very kind to come to see me? and what a prayer he made." Her grandmother asked her, if she knew she was going to leave her father and mother to go to a better friend in Heaven. It was evident she could not long survive, and she said, "mother, I want to see the folks." "What folks?" "All the folks." They were called in. She took leave of her little cousins. She kissed her father, mother, and sister, and asked their forgiveness for whatever she had done that was wrong. When so far gone as to be unable to speak, the motion of her lips indicated that she could understand what was said; and looking upwards, in a few moments, her spirit took its flight from a mortal to an immortal state of existence.

Her funeral took place on Friday, and was attended by her schoolmates and teachers in the Grammar and Sunday School.

There is always something peculiarly interesting in the death of a child, but more particularly so, when such a child has given evidence, as Sarah did, of possessing those principles and exercises that qualify for heaven. Though great indeed is the loss to her parents, and brother and sister and friends, they cannot mourn as they would for one who lived in disobedience, and died without repentance. Sarah had not yet entered into the world to be influenced by the many temptations to wrong doing, which daily present themselves. She was comparatively pure; and her blessed little spirit, early completing its state of probation, exchanged a world of trial and suffering for a world of holier joy beyond the reach of temptation—for heaven. It is the will of God. And though in fulfilling his purposes, "the flower of

the family" has been plucked e'er it was fully blown, yet we must bow in submission. "Is it well with the child? and she answered, it is well."

The following lines were sent to her mother by her teacher a short time after her death.

TO MRS. MERRIAM ON THE DEATH OF HER DAUGHTER.

As the sweet rosebud of the morn,
That blooms but to decay,
So lovely girl you bloomed awhile,
Then gently passed away.

Sarah we miss thy radiant eye,
Thy voice of softest tone,
Alas! that eye is closed in death,
That voice is hushed and gone.

They'll lay thee in thy narrow bed,
Beneath the vernal sod,
But thy pure spirit, gentle child,
Is with its Father—God.

Ah! why wast thou so early called
To dwell beyond the sky?
Are cherubs wanted round the throne
Of Him who dwells on high?

And thy loved parents, gentle girl,
In deepest grief are cast,
And long to join thee in thy home,
Where all of grief is past.

And there they'll know their own sweet child,
From all the cherub throng;
Your voices then will sweetly blend,
In one celestial song!

Then weep not, for the child is well!
'Twas God that called her home,
She lives in Heaven that bright abode,
Where death can never come!

SARAH.

Boston, April 23d, 1840.

RELIGION.

Written for the Youth's Companion.

MARY AND HER BIBLE.

Perhaps some of the dear children who read the Youth's Companion, have found in their Sabbath School Library a small book, entitled "Mary and her Bible." It is a pretty story of a child who loved the Bible, who endeavored to follow its directions, and who was made happy in death by the hope of going to that Saviour of whom she had learned in that blessed book. Early in the month of March past, a little girl whose name was Mary, had this book given to her at the Sabbath School, and was delighted because it was about "another Mary." She read the book so many times that she could repeat nearly the whole, and talked about it with her mother a great deal, often asking, "when I die will the angels carry me to heaven, and shall I be a little angel and have a harp?" Many times she said, "Will Christ come and call me out of the grave?" "Tell me about the judgment day?" and she pressed these enquiries almost to the weariness of her invalid mother, who yet felt both interested and reproved in witnessing the earnestness with which that infant mind was taking hold of the subject of its future existence, and endeavored to give her such instruction as accorded with the word of God. Having been told that she needed a new heart, she did not forget daily to pray for it. On Sabbath the 15th of March, she asked her father to read to her all that the Bible said about the harps in heaven. She was very much engaged in reading herself, and had within a month committed to memory thirty texts of Scripture which she seemed to understand, often referring to them on appropriate occasions, and making use of such as were suitable, in her prayers. On the afternoon of the 16th, being unwell, she was lying on the bed with her mother, and looking up very pleasantly in her face said, "I come to Christ to-day." Her mother explained to her what was meant by coming to Christ. She said, "I do feel very sorry for all my sins, and I will try to love and obey God always." In a very few hours from this time a fatal disease had deprived her of reason. Opportunities of giving her instruction were past. She went into that world of spirits concerning which she had shown such eager desires to be informed, and the voice of parental love was not

privileged to breathe in her dying ear the name of Jesus. But it was pleasant to remember with what interest she had been accustomed to listen to the words of that merciful Saviour, who said, "Suffer the little children to come unto me;" and the impression was deep that no time was to be lost in directing even little ones to the Lamb of God who taketh away the sin of the world.

A kind lady had given Mary a neat little blank book as a New Year's present. On her birthday a few simple lines were written in it by papa and mama, with the desire of leading the thoughts of their daughter to her Heavenly Friend, at the same time that she was reminded of those earthly ones who loved and cared for her. As they seemed in some measure to have produced this happy effect in her case, they are here copied, and if any child should be led by this short account of Mary to think more about the blessed Saviour, the object of writing it will have been gained. Mary was very much pleased that her parents had written in her book. She lived just fourteen days afterwards.

March 4, 1840.

My dear Mary,—Your kind Father in heaven has spared you four years. Begin to day to love Him and praise Him. Come to Christ to-day. And that you may live many years to do good is the prayer of your

PAPA.

MARY'S BIRTHDAY.

Mary is four years old to-day,
At home we give her many a kiss,
And the dear sisters far away
Would like to join with us in this.

We hope that Mary will be good,
And love the blessed Saviour more,
And try to do the things she should,
More than she ever did before.

Mary can read God's holy book,
And now that she is four years old,
She in that precious word must look,
Each day, to learn what He has told.

May Jesus be dear Mary's friend,
Who says to little children come,
And when she dies, His angels send,
To take her to His happy home.

MAMA.

Written for the Youth's Companion.

A GLORIOUS SIGHT.

How beautiful is the unfolding of the little concealed buds in spring? so thought I, when seated at my window covered with the wreathing branches of the woodbine, I noticed the peeping forth of these little harbingers of summer; and I sat examining with care the tiny leaflets so curiously wrapped up, and thought of the many pleasant sights with which a Bounteous Giver has enriched the earth.

Again, it was evening, and I sat at the same window, and the moonlight streamed brightly through the window-pane, silvering with its light the pretty buds, and awakening the same grateful emotions in my heart.

And yet again, at early morning, as I gazed abroad upon the clear blue sky, and upon the glittering dew-drops, a voice from my soul, cried, "How manifold are thy works; O Lord, in wisdom hast thou created them all!"

But the noon brought a sight lovely in the eyes of angels; a group of little girls kneeling in prayer! They had devoted their holiday afternoon, to the service of their Heavenly Father, to whom they were indebted for every good and perfect gift.

I saw their pastor come forward to meet them at his door, and from my window, I distinctly heard their pleasant voices enquiring how they should best serve the Lord. Dear little reader, was not this a beautiful sight?

And I saw this party of little girls, (one scarce seven years old,) leaving the house of the clergyman, the sweet smile of peace resting on their lips, and I earnestly wished that the Wednesday afternoons were more frequently passed in preparing for that happy world where is a perpetual holiday. I looked after them and watched them dividing off into happy groups and talking of heavenly things.

Dear reader, if the still moonlight, the dewy morning, and the opening of the new born leaf is so beautiful to us, how much more beautiful in the eye of God, is the precious soul of a child, budding in piety on earth, *to bloom a flower of loveliness in Heaven!* Must it not be to the good angels a glorious sight!

LILA.

EDITORIAL.

I DON'T LOVE TO BE CONTRADICTED.

"What a pretty dress that is!" said Emily Carlton to her cousin Maria, as they were returning from school, and pointing to the dress of a lady before them. "It is just the color of the one you had when I made you that visit in P. don't you remember?"

"Yes, I remember the one you mean, but it was not that color; it was more of a brown, and less of a green."

"I don't know what you call brown; it was a regular sage-green. I remember it particularly, because I always liked it so much."

"That may be, but it's likely I should remember best my own dress."

"You always remember best about everything, don't you?"

"I do now, at any rate," said Maria, growing warmer, "it would be strange if I didn't. Besides, I used to wear blue ribbons with it, which I could not have done, if it had been green."

"Well, well, have it your own way; it's of no use to dispute about such a trifle."

"I know it's a trifle, but it isn't any more pleasant to be contradicted in trifles than about other things; and you are always so positive that you are right. It's enough to provoke *any body*. I wish I had the dress here to convince you."

"I wish you had—to convince you."

By this time they had reached home, otherwise, there is no knowing how much longer the dispute might have lasted.

Maria ran up into her mother's room.

"I declare," said she, "I shall be almost glad when it is time for Emily to go home again; she is such a provoking girl."

"What has she done now?" inquired her mother.

"Why, she is forever contradicting me, and is just as positive as can be, that she is in the right. Would you believe it, mother, she says that that brown silk dress I had two years ago, you know, was sage green, and she will stand to it."

"Are you sure that it was brown?"

"Sure? yes indeed, mamma, as sure as that I'm standing here. Why don't you remember it?"

"I do not see but that you are as positive as she is, then."

"To be sure I am positive, mamma, how can I help being positive when I remember as well as can be?"

But why then do you complain of that in another, which you allow in yourself? Of course she *thinks* that she "knows as well as can be," that *she* is in the right.

"Well, but she ought not to be so sure."

"Nobody must be sure then, but you. But after all, Maria, suppose that you *are* right, and that Emily is wrong, where is the great harm done?"

"Why mother, it is so disagreeable to be contradicted when you know you are right."

Her mother replied,

"Flat contradiction can you bear, When you are right, and know you are?"

What do you suppose makes it so unpleasant to you to be contradicted?"

"I don't know, I thought it was disagreeable to every body."

"Perhaps it is to most people, but certainly to you in an unusual degree. It is only *pride*, my dear Maria, that makes us unwilling to seem to be in the

wrong. Now just reflect what *real harm* it would do you to give up your opinion, in such a case; to let it go, that the dress is green if another says so."

"I don't suppose it would do me any real harm, mamma," said Maria slowly; "but somehow or other, it seems a dreadful thing."

It is dreadful to pride, but to nothing else. Remember that it takes two to have a dispute; and resolve that you never *will* persist in contradicting another who differs from you."

"I will try it, mamma, though I guess I shall find it pretty hard."

L.

MAY-DAY.

Last Friday, being the first of May, was ushered in by the usual observances of the children on the common. Great things were expected on this occasion. It had been announced that the Botanic garden would be open, that a band of music would be stationed there, that bouquets would be for sale, &c. &c. In virtue of our editorial office we felt bound to be present on the festive occasion, and accordingly, at half past five, the appointed hour, we found ourselves outside the Botanic Garden, and in the midst of a crowd, not quite as dense and as dangerous as that which assembled some years ago at Faneuil Hall, when Lafayette's funeral oration was pronounced. Persons of all ages and sizes were dispersed in groups over the common, or bending their steps towards the crowd of which we formed a part. The poor little children required all their papas' and mammas' care, to keep them from being jammed into mummies, and some of them looked as if they would have liked quite as well to be at home. Others however enjoyed it highly, and thought a little squeeze quite endurable, in prospect of the pleasures to which it ushered them. We hope the darlings were repaid for their labor.

As to ourselves, we must confess that while we were making the grand tour of the Garden, trudging over the sand, and looking in vain for the plants and bouquets which had been promised, we thought that if it were not the *first of May*, an ordinary walk round the common, with the sun shining and the birds singing would have been quite as pleasant. However, it *was* the first of May, and we were bound to be, and were, highly delighted. Besides, we saw two black bears, and two May poles decorated with flowers. And we saw a Queen of May, whose crown, unluckily fell in the dust; but it was soon replaced by her loyal subjects.

Others, who went to the lower part of the Mall were more fortunate in seeing and hearing. A school of young girls were collected, in one spot, with several gentlemen, probably their teachers. They sang several pieces, among others, the one commencing, "Above all lands in east or west." One of the gentlemen then made a few remarks appropriate to the occasion, in the course of which he stated that it is still the custom at Plymouth to walk in procession, every May-day morning, to the rock where the pilgrims landed, and crown it with a wreath of flowers. The teacher next proceeded to place the floral crown which had been prepared for the occasion, on the head of the selected Queen of May.

In another place still, we learn that a youthful King and Queen were chosen—*Victoria* and *Albert*.

If any of our young readers in the country can send us accounts of what *they* saw on the first of May, we shall be glad of them.

VARIETY.

A Negro Boy.

A negro boy who attended a Sunday School, through some quarrel with another boy, ran away. On the evening of the third day he came back, and begged to be forgiven. Being asked what brought him back, he replied, "Massa, that school fetch me. Suppose me go to school no more, that make me afraid; me

know nothing if me go no school." Being told he might seek another school, his reply was; "Massa, me can't leave this. 'Spose, massa, you whip me, put me in black hole; that right, massa; do me good; me run away for nothing; but me can't leave dis school here."—*English Pub.*

Do you love your Sunday School as much as this little negro boy did?—*The Sabbath School Gleaner.*

"Thy Will Be Done."

A Sabbath School teacher instructing his class on that petition of the Lord's prayer, "Thy will be done on earth as it is in Heaven," said to them, "you have told me, dear children, *what* is to be done—the will of God; and *where* it is to be done—on earth; and *how* is it to be done—as it is done in Heaven."

How do you think the angels and the happy spirits do the will of God in heaven, as they are to be our pattern? One child replied, "they do it *immediately*;" another said, "they do it *diligently*;" the third, "they do it *always*;" the fourth, "they do it *with all their hearts*;" the fifth, "they do it *altogether*." Here a pause ensued, and no other children appeared to have any answer; but, after some time, a little girl rose and said, "why, sir, they do it *without asking any questions*."—*English Pub.*

Dear children, if your teachers tell you to do any thing for your good, do you say *why*? If your parents wish you to do any thing for them, do you say *why*? If you say so to your best friends on earth, of course you will say so to God, and when he asks you to do his will, you will say, *why*? Ah, that is not doing as the angels in heaven do; for, as the dear little girl observed, they never ask questions; then, when you are sick, don't say *why*? or in trouble, or affliction of any kind, don't say *why*? for your Heavenly Father loves you, and only seeks your good; therefore try and do his will as it is done in heaven, *immediately—diligently—always—with all your hearts—altogether, and without asking any questions.*—lb.

Fortunate Discovery.

Two boys near London, have lately discovered themselves to be worth five million dollars by the finding of their father's will, which had been concealed by the executors, who bound them out to shoemakers, and never told them of their fortune, of which they were too young to know any thing at the time of their father's death.

POETRY.

Written for the Youth's Companion.

THE PLEASANT SPRING HAS COME AGAIN.

The pleasant spring has come again,
Its voice is in the trees,
It speaks from every sunny glen,
It rides upon the breeze!
The scattered flocks are lowing,
'Neath every shady tree,
The gentle winds are blowing
Oh come, rejoice with me!

The pleasant spring has come again,
I hear the river's roar,
It sparkles, foams, and leaps, as when
My summer skiff it bore!
Stern winter's chain is rended,
The gushing founts are free,
And light with water blended,
Is dancing o'er the sea!

The pleasant spring has come again,
All nature's heart is glad,
The mountain's rise like giant men,
And smile with beauty clad,—
The pretty flowers are springing
In every greenwood shade,
Their perfumes round them flinging
As sweet as Eden made.

The pleasant spring has come again,
The ploughman's songs arise,
While woodland echoes mock, and then
The thrilling cadence dies;
The merry birds are singing
Afar the music floats,
And every vale is ringing
With soft and mellow notes.

The pleasant spring has come again,
Its voice is in the trees,
It speaks from every sunny glen,
It rides upon the breeze!
The pretty flowers are springing,
The gushing founts are free,
The merry birds are singing,
Let all rejoice with me!

I. F. S.

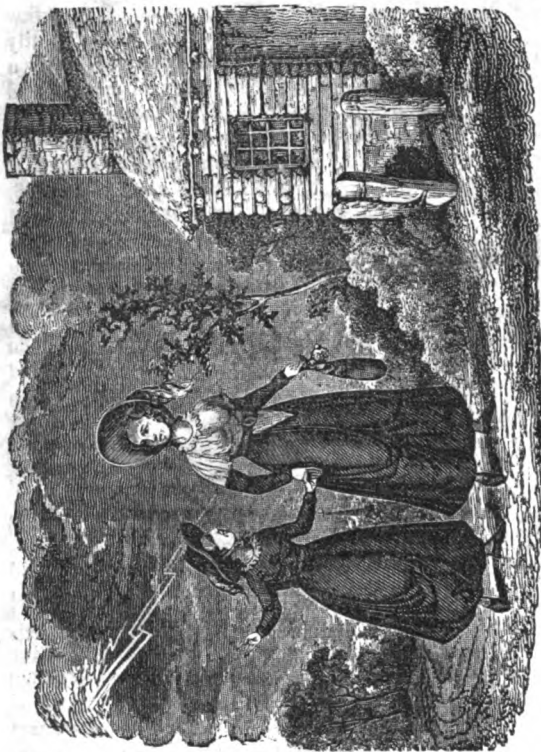
YOUTH'S COMPANION.

Published Weekly, by NATHANIEL WILLIS, at the Office of the Boston Recorder, No. 11, Cornhill.—Price, \$1.00 a year in advance; or \$1.25 if not paid in advance.

NO. 2.

BOSTON, MAY 22, 1840.

VOL. XIV.



A TEACHER'S EFFORTS.

The above picture forms the Frontispiece to a little volume published by the New England S. S. Union, and entitled, "The Teacher's Efforts Rewarded." The design of the narrative, which is written in a pleasing and interesting manner, is to show what an amount of good may be accomplished by a single individual, who sincerely desires to be useful.

The name of the successful teacher is Miss Forest. The picture represents her on her way to visit a poor and ill managed family, accompanied by Ellen, one of her pupils, on a summer afternoon.

"Miss Forest had a mind deeply susceptible to impressions of pleasure from scenes so lovely as those around her. She had quite forgotten for a time, her young companion, and her mind was almost carried from earth, in its enraptured reflections upon a future existence, when there would be no dark cloud to overcast the beautiful heaven; for God and the Lamb are the light and the glory of it. Perhaps the gathering of a dark cloud had contributed to the formation of the beautiful vision, which she mentally contrasted with the changeful and often clouded prospect of the Christian in his earthly progress; but she took not sufficient note of the approaching tempest, to quicken her steps to gain the tenement of Richard Ford, till Ellen touched her gently, saying, "We must hasten on our way, Miss Forest, or the rain will soon pour upon us."

"How the beautiful scene has changed, Ellen," said she, as they reached the cottage gate, and for a moment paused to look at the tempestuous sky. The lightning's vivid flash, instantly followed by a loud peal of thunder, compelled them, without knocking, to raise the latch, and seek the protection of the miserable dwelling which sheltered the affrighted family of Richard Ford."

The following extract will show in part, the results of her visits, and of the instructions given by her to the children of the family.

"During the time that had elapsed since Miss Forest's first visit at the house of Richard Ford, some changes had been going on, not so much an improvement in the habits of the master, as in

those of the mistress of the miserable hovel. Little James, too, made astonishing progress in acquiring the common branches of education; he also became very industrious, and earned something by his labors.

One afternoon he appeared so neatly and comfortably dressed, that Miss Forest expressed her gratification at seeing so nice a proof of the rewards of his industry. She noticed, while she was speaking of his clothes, that James blushed deeply; but the thought passed from her mind as a trifle. She not long afterward noticed that, though he appeared as assiduous as ever in his application to his lessons, he was very sad, and if she left him for a few moments he would seem to have been thinking deeply on something that troubled him. On one occasion she returned to the room where he was sitting, sooner than he could have expected, and she observed him wiping from his eyes the tears which were flowing fast. James started as she opened the door, but in a moment said, "I may as well tell you now, as ever; for it will kill me, I am sure it will, if I keep this dreadful feeling any longer here"—pressing his hand upon his heart.

"Tell me what is that troubles you, most fearlessly, James, if it will be any relief to you," said Miss Forest, kindly.

"Do you know," said James, "these clothes which you speak to me about—*how I do hate them!*" he exclaimed, seizing hold of his jacket with a convulsive grasp. Miss Forest was amazed at his strange manner, but said nothing. "Yes, I do hate them," repeated James, "I never have had a bit of comfort in wearing them."

"I am quite unable to understand," said Miss Forest, "what there can be about your clothes to give you so much uneasiness."

"They are not my clothes either," said James.

"Not your clothes?" repeated Miss Forest; "whose are they then?"

"I am sure I don't know," returned he; "but I do know they are not mine. They were not bought with my money."

"I must ask you to explain what you mean, James," said she in great perplexity.

James had conquered his first reluctance to make a confession; and the greatest trouble thus overcome, he went on distinctly to relate, that some months since, a gentleman on horseback, in passing through the town, had, in taking out his pocket handkerchief, drawn out with it his pocket book, which dropped without his observing it. James picked it up and ran after the gentleman, calling very loudly to make him hear, but was not able. He then carried it home to ask what he must do with it. While he was talking with his mother about it, his father came in. The pocket-book was found to contain about twenty dollars in money, and some papers that might, they thought, be of value to the possessor. James again inquired what was to be done with it. "His mother said, 'keep it for the owner.'" "Not the money, though," said his father; "if the man is ever known, he ought to be glad to get the papers without the money." To this his mother made objections; but his father succeeded in silencing them. "And part of that money," said James, "was taken to buy these clothes with, which I do wish I had never seen. I have all the time felt like a thief in them. And to make it worse than all, the owner of the pocket book is now in this place, and is making inquiries if any one has found it. Father says it is a pity the man should lose his papers, and that I had better go and leave the pocket-book for him, and if any question is put

about the money, I must say I don't know any thing about it. So he would have me add lying to the other sin—and you have shown me from the Bible how wrong it is to lie—but I have learned from it too, that children should obey their parents. So I can't tell what to do."

"Come hither, James," said Miss Forest, "and look at this passage in the New Testament. You see it says, 'Children obey your parents in the Lord.' That means—obey them in those things which God approves. Now we know that God forbids lying and stealing; therefore no child should obey his parents when they bid him do a wrong act."

James's countenance brightened very much at this exposition, which removed one of his difficulties. "I am glad," said the poor boy "to find out what is right to be done; but"—and his tears flowed afresh—"I can't bear to tell of my father; if it was only my own self I had to tell about, I shouldn't mind it so. But I had best go directly, without any more thinking of it," continued he, with a deep sob.

"No, James," replied his kind friend; "I will relieve you from that difficulty, if I can, by seeing the owner of the pocket-book myself, if you will bring it to me."

"Here it is," said James; "I took it from mother's chest this morning."

Miss Forest, bidding James wait till her return, immediately proceeded to Mr. Wentworth's, where she understood the owner of the pocket-book was staying. He was grateful to her for the aid afforded in its restoration. She stated to him the difficulties of James Ford, and obtained a full forgiveness of his offence. James shed tears of joy, when he found himself forgiven, and the guilt, which had weighed so heavily on his conscience, removed by confession. When he became more calm, the first inquiry was, "What am I to do with these clothes?"

"Why, wear them, they are now your own; the gentleman has given them to you," replied Miss Forest.

"Has he?" said James, quite overjoyed at the possession.

"You won't *hate them now*, will you, James?"

"No, indeed," said he, "I will not, now they are *really mine*."

"James," said Miss Forest very seriously, "You must never forget the circumstances connected with *this affair*, which may teach you a most useful lesson. Had a false and wicked shame prevented you from stating the truth to me, you would always have had trouble in your mind, except you had stifled the reproofs of conscience; and if you had done that in one case, you might have continued the same course, and so been, through life, a miserable, immoral man. You ought in your prayers to return thanks to God, that He preserved you from the commission of so great a sin, and resolve, too, through heaven's blessing, ever to listen to the teachings of conscience."

NARRATIVE.

From the Watchman of the South.

MY SISTER.

Our young readers may learn from the following affecting story the importance of being kind at all times to their brothers and sisters, and indeed to all around them. Let them remember too that *their own lives* are uncertain, and that they ought to live every day as though it should be our last. "We know not what a day may bring forth."

One morning in my early life, I remember to have been playing with my younger sister, not then three years old. It was one of those bright mornings in spring, that bring joy and life to the heart, and diffuse gladness and animation through all the tribes of living creatures. Our feelings were in perfect harmony with the universal gladness of nature. Even now I seem to hear the merry laugh of my little sister, as she followed me through the winding alleys of the garden, her cheek suffused with the glow of health and animation, and her waving hair floating in the wind.

She was an only sister, the sole companion of all my childish sports. We were constantly together; and my young heart went out to hers, with all the affection, all the fondness, of which childhood is capable. Nothing afforded me enjoyment, in which she did not participate; no amusement was sought, which we could not share together.

That morning we had prolonged our play till near the hour of breakfast, with undiminished ardor, when at some slight provocation, my impetuous nature broke forth, and in my anger, I struck my little sister a blow with my hand. She turned to me with an appealing look, and the large tears came into her eyes. Her heart was too full to allow her to speak, and shame made me silent. At that moment the breakfast bell summoned us away, and we returned to the house, without exchanging a word. The excitement of play was over, and as she sat beside my mother at breakfast, I perceived by occasional stolen glances at her that she was pale and sad. A tear seemed ready to start in her eye, which her little self-possession could scarcely repress. It was only when my mother inquired if she was ill, that she drank her coffee, and endeavored to eat. I was ashamed and grieved, and inwardly resolved to embrace the first opportunity when we were alone, to throw my arms round her neck, and entreat her forgiveness.

When breakfast was ended, my mother retired with her into her own room, directing me in the meantime to sit down to my lesson. I seated myself by the window, and ran over my lesson but did not learn it. My thoughts were perpetually recurring to the scene in the garden and at table. It was long before my mother returned, and when she did, it was with an agitated look, and hurried step, to tell me that my poor Ellen was very ill. I asked eagerly if I might go to her, but was not permitted, lest I should disturb her. A physician was called and every means used for her recovery, but to no purpose. The disease, which was in her head, constantly increased in violence, and she became delirious. It was not until evening that I was permitted to see her. She was a little recovered from the severity of her pain, and lay with her eyes closed, and her little hand resting on the pillow beneath her head. How I longed to tell her the sorrow I felt for my unkindness to her in the morning and how much I had suffered for it during the day. But I was forbidden to speak to her, and was soon taken out of the room. During that night and the day following, she continued to grow worse. I saw her several times, but she was always insensible of my presence. Once indeed, she showed some signs of consciousness, and asked for me; but immediately relapsed into her former state.

On the morning of the third day, I rose at an early hour, and repaired to the sick room. My mother was sitting by the bed. As I entered, she drew me to her, and for some time was silent, while the tears flowed fast down her face. I first learned that my sweet sister was dead, as my mother drew aside the curtain that concealed her from me. I felt as though my heart would break. The remembrance of her affection for me, and my last unkind deed, revived in my mind; and burying my face in the folds of the curtain, I wept long and bitterly.

I saw her laid in the coffin, and lowered into the grave. I almost wished to lie down there with her, if so I might see once more her smile,

and hear my forgiveness pronounced in her sweet voice.

Years have passed away and I am now a man—but never does the recollection of this incident of my early life fail to awaken bitter feelings of grief and remorse. And never do I see my young friends exchanging looks or words of anger, without thinking of my last pastime with my own loved Ellen.

H.

MORALITY.

Written for the Youth's Companion.

WHERE WOULD YOU LIVE?

BY FRANCES.

"I cannot bear to live here," said Louisa Porter, to her friend and cousin Alice Bradlee. "I do not like the house, or garden, or any thing about them. You know, Alice, when we lived in the city, I was never allowed any indulgences—nothing but what was absolutely necessary. I had not half as many things for my enjoyment, as you and my other friends, yet, I always tried to be pleased and contented, with what my parents considered best. And when my little trials came, I always thought I would not mind them,—that before long we should move into the country, where every thing would be so delightful and pleasant, and father had promised us so much enjoyment, I thought I should be perfectly happy."

"You must not expect to be perfectly happy, my dear cousin," said Alice. "Mother says there will ever be something in this world to rob the heart of its joy."

"Oh dear," said Louisa, "I do not think any body was ever so sadly disappointed as I am. Every thing is so different from what I expected. Come walk with me, Alice, and I will show you what an ugly place this is!"

Messrs. Bradlee and Porter had been merchants in N. Y. and having made sufficient for the comfortable support of their families, through life, closed business, and retired to the country, to spend the rest of their days in quiet. As they married sisters, they wished to live near each other; and each designed to have a situation completely suited to the convenience, and happiness of his family. But this intention failed. They could not obtain such places as they desired, and were obliged to settle two or three miles apart. In every other respect, all were pleased with their new homes, except Louisa, who had anticipated more happiness in this change, than any one else. She thought the location too far from water—the house was old and not built in taste—the garden was not large, and not well laid out—trees were too far apart, and not the right kind—flowers, not the right kind—every thing, in short, was wrong with poor Louisa, and she was certainly very unhappy.

Her parents kindly, and feelingly, endeavored to make her satisfied, but could not; it was all unlike the home of her heart. And when her cousin came to visit her, soon after their removal, her feelings were unchanged, as at the beginning of the story; and we left her going to show Alice the cause of those feelings.

Louisa had walked with Alice, over the whole extent of her father's estate, and they were returning to tea. Mr. Porter asked Alice how she liked the place.

"I think it is nearly as pretty as ours," she answered.

"Well, my daughter," said he, turning to Louisa, "if we can make it quite as pretty will it do?" Louisa answered modestly as tears came to her eyes, "I do not like uncle Bradlee's place any better than ours." Alice then asked in a voice of sympathy, "Where would you live cousin?"

She replied, "I would like a place like that where Esq. Doane lives, about half a mile from your house."

"I wish," said Mr. Porter, "that Louisa did not depend so much upon external circumstances for happiness; but if that place can be obtained we will have it. It will cost much more than this,

and I shall be obliged to sell at some sacrifice, but I wish to see all my family happy—and I will go to-night and see about it." Louisa felt that she could desire no more; for Mr. Doane's residence was just the very place where she imagined she could be perfectly happy. The house was most elegantly built in cottage style, nearly covered with vines, and shaded with cedar and fir trees.

A shrubbery was connected with it, and a garden of the choicest and most beautiful plants. From the front of the cottage, was seen, a few rods distant, a branch of a river, in a beautifully verdant glen; from the back side rose gradually a woodland hill, its under brush cleared away, and well prepared for all kinds of amusement. Mr. Porter succeeded in making a contract for the cottage. Mr. Doane left immediately, and Mr. Porter with his family were soon removed there.

"Oh how happy I shall be here!" exclaimed Louisa, as she ran through the avenues over the hill, to meet her cousin Alice. "What a lovely place it is! Every thing done in such good taste; we are so near each other, and how delightful it will be at nightfall, to come over the wild woods as now, Alice, to meet you; and here we can read together, and learn, and assist each other as we did in N. Y. Oh I was so lonesome in that old house we came from. Do you not think we must be very happy here, Alice?" "Yes," said Alice. "I have long wished you could be nearer to me." "Let us be together very often, Alice," said Louisa as they parted for the night.

"Yes, every day," answered Alice.

For a long time Louisa enjoyed her splendid home, and seemed very happy; but she was not, even here, always to be exempt from troubles, for death came into her family, and disease to her own.

Time went on, and Louisa became a young lady. The youthful brightness of her eye grew dim, the rose faded from her cheek, her lips were pale, very pale, and still she smiled; but not the smile of her childhood. Alice had silently yet anxiously watched this change in Louisa, and one day she came to her in the undiminished love and confidence of younger years, saying, "Louisa, my cousin, you do not look happy, are you?" "Yes," she answered, "as much so as I can be here."

Alice not quite understanding her, said, "Well, may I ask, Louisa, as I did in my early days, if you would not live here, where would you live?"

Louisa turned up her soft eye, filled with tears, and replied, "In heaven, Alice, for there is not a place upon all the earth, where we can be free from sorrow; and I would live in Heaven!"

North Brookfield, Ms.

THE NURSERY.

WILLIAM AND GEORGE.

William and George were brothers. George was a fine, frank, open-hearted boy, full of life and vivacity, and, of course, sometimes getting into mischief. But he was always so ready to acknowledge it, so good humored when reproved, so sorry for his fault, that it was impossible to be long angry with him. William's character will appear in what I am going to relate.

"My son," said his mother, when he came into the house one day, "I am sorry you are not more trustworthy. I only asked you to take care of Mary for half an hour, and now see what a great bump she has on her forehead in consequence of your leaving her."

"George was as much to blame as I was," replied William. "You told us both to take care of her, and he left her too." "I was not speaking of George," said his mother, "but of you. He is younger than you, and might be expected to be more thoughtless; besides, I committed Mary particularly to your charge."

"I am sure I did not know it, ma'am, George."

"Stop, William. Unless you can say something better than accusing another, say nothing."

One morning when the teacher came to school,

he found one of the windows broken. "Who did this?" he inquired of the boys. No one replied; but as it was known that William did it, the boys all looked towards his seat, expecting him to rise and own it. Seeing that there was no hope of his remaining undetected, William rose and began—"George and I, sir." "Where is George this morning?" interrupted the teacher.

"I don't know, sir," replied William. Now this was very near a falsehood, for though he did not know exactly where George was at that moment, he knew that he had been detained at home to go of some errands for his mother.

"Very well," said the teacher, "go on with your story; but you need not tell me about George—tell me what you did."

The boys all smiled, for they knew William's habit of accusing others. William saw and interpreted the smile, and became still more confused than he had been before.

"I—I was playing ball, sir, with George, and the ball flew off, and hit the window, and broke it."

"The ball? Whose ball?" There was no evading so direct a question. "My ball, sir."

"Did you not know that I have forbidden your playing ball in that part of the grounds?"

"I—I—George played too, sir."

"I asked nothing about George," said the master, sternly; even disobedience, when it proceeds from thoughtlessness, is a less fault than this desire of criminating another. I ask, did you know that I have forbidden your playing ball in that place?"

"Yes, sir."

"Very well; then bring me your ball; I shall keep it for a fortnight."

At recess that day a group of boys was seen earnestly conversing. "Should you not have thought William would be ashamed," said one, "to put off all the blame on George so, when he was the most to blame himself after all, for I heard him coax George to go and play there." "I know it," said another, "and when George is so generous, and always takes all the blame to himself. Now, you see if when he comes to school to-morrow, he does not tell the master that he broke the window, and say nothing about William." And sure enough, so it was; and the consequence was that George was beloved by every body, while William was always skulking apart, looking anxious and unhappy, and never at ease.

If William's mother said to him, "William you have spilt some gravy on the table-cloth," he immediately looked over to George's side to see if he had not spilt some too. If she told him his hair needed brushing, it was, "Mustn't George brush his too? At last his mother made a rule that she would punish him every time he mentioned George's name in such a way; and I suppose this cured him of the wrong habit, if it did not of the wrong feeling.—*Mother's Magazine.*

SABBATH SCHOOL.

From the Juvenile Instructor, Louisville, Ky.

A TRUE STORY.

My Dear Little Readers,—I have been thinking this evening of a little girl, who was in my class in the Sabbath School at Boston, and think you will be pleased to have me tell you about her. As I was walking out one Saturday afternoon to invite children to go to Sabbath School, I met two poor little girls and asked them if they attended. They said no, they had never heard of such a school. I went home with them and requested their mother to send them. The next morning they came. The name of the eldest was Eliza; she was twelve years old, and could read very well—but her parents were not pious, and had not instructed her in the great truths of religion. She learned her lessons uncommonly well, and often repeated three chapters at a time from the Bible. In two years she committed to memory the four Evangelists, the Catechism and all the Hymns in the Sabbath School Hymn book. When she had been at school five or six Sabbaths, I observed a change in her appearance. She looked

sad and thoughtful, and listened with earnest attention to all the instruction which was given. The next Sabbath I was conversing with the class on the duty of prayer, and asked each one if she prayed. Eliza replied, since I come to this school I do. And did you never pray before? said I. Sometimes I used to say, "Our Father." Is that your prayer now, or do you pray in your own words? I pray in my own words, said she, and burst into tears. What do you pray for, my dear little child? I pray for a new heart, she answered, weeping, as if conscious she must perish forever without this blessing. She continued several weeks in great distress of mind because she was a sinner, and I believe was constantly seeking for a new heart. One Sabbath I inquired of all the little girls in the class, what they would ask if they could have the thing they desired most? Now, my little readers let me ask you the same question; just think a moment if God should say to you, as he did to Solomon, that you should have whatever you desired, what would it be? Will you answer it to yourselves, and then read what Eliza said. She did not stop to think, but answered, "I would ask to have my sins forgiven." Would this be your petition, my dear children?—I went to see her mother one day, and was glad to find her alone, because I wished to make some inquiries about Eliza. I asked if there was any difference in her behaviour since she attended the Sabbath School. The poor woman told me with tears, yes, there was a great change, and that her child was an example for her. Every night and morning, said she, Eliza takes the Bible and goes by herself. I went up stairs one night to see what she was doing, and found her praying. I listened, and heard her pray, that her father, mother, brothers and sisters might all be converted, and that God would save all the children in the Sabbath School, and bless all the teachers. About two years after, Eliza's father died, and as they were poor, she went out to service. As she was diligent and faithful, she always found a good home and good wages. She lived in the family of a pious minister a long time, where she received good instruction, and gained many friends. She obtained a hope that her sins were forgiven, and joined the Rev. Mr. Wisner's church in Boston. It was a lovely sight to see that child dedicate herself to God in baptism, and take the vows of his holy covenant. It is now several years since I witnessed that interesting scene. As she walked up to the baptismal altar, I thought how the angels in heaven rejoice over one repenting sinner. Do you not think, my dear children, that the kind Saviour was looking down upon her with love? and will not you, like her, go by yourselves to read God's word and pray for a new heart. A few months since, I visited Boston and thought how happy I should feel to see Eliza again. I enquired where she was, and was told she was dead. Dear Eliza, I shall see you no more in this world; you are now with the redeemed in heaven, singing the praises of that Saviour who forgave your sins, and granted the petition you so earnestly made—a new heart. I hope my little readers will long remember Eliza, and follow her example.

JANETTE.

THE SABBATH.

"I must not work—I must not play,
On God's own holy Sabbath day."

I will tell you a story. John and William were two little boys whose parents were Christians, and who sent them every Sabbath to the Sunday School; but instead of going directly to the school, as they should, they would sometimes loiter on the way, to play with some bad boys, who tried to persuade them to stay away altogether, and tell their parents when they returned home, that they had been to the Sabbath School; and thus not only break the Sabbath, but also tell a wicked falsehood, to screen themselves from punishment. One fine Sabbath day, in summer, when all looked gay and pleasant, and the sun shone very brightly,

these foolish boys were persuaded by their wicked companions to go and play with them by the water's edge. They hesitated for some time, instead of resolutely answering "No;" and when at length they yielded to the temptation, and proceeded to the river, they did so with troubled consciences. They felt that they were doing that which was very wicked, and they knew that God saw them, and would punish them, even if their parents did not, and this made them very unhappy, and they could take no pleasure in what they were doing, although they tried to seem happy and pleased. No happiness can ever be felt in doing that which is wrong.

They continued to play about the water for some time, until John, venturing too near the edge, lost his balance, and, sad to relate, fell into the water, which was very deep. His companions being too frightened to render him any help, he was carried away by the rapid current of the stream, and drowned. Who can tell the agony and remorse of William, on seeing the result of their disobedience; and who can describe the anguish and sorrow of the fond parents, upon beholding the lifeless body of their son borne into their presence, a sad warning to those who break God's holy commandments, and disobey their parents.—*Colored American.*

RELIGION.

GREAT EFFECTS FROM LITTLE CAUSES.

In a tract bearing this name, it is shown that every man, woman, and child can do something—can do much; that we cannot stir without touching some string that will vibrate after our heads are laid in the dust; that one word of pious counsel uttered in the hearing of a child may produce an effect upon children's children whose influence may be felt on the other side of the globe, and may extend to eternity. It is not improbable that eternity will disclose to us how some of the astonishing events of this age sprung at first from the closet of some obscure saint, like Simeon and Hannah of old, "praying to God always," and waiting "for the consolation of Israel."

Youthful reader what an encouragement is this for you! Have you a little love to the Saviour and the souls of your perishing fellow-sinners? Make good use of it—employ your own talents faithfully, and God will give you an increase of ability, and bless your labors, and give you to reap bountifully another day. Rejoice in the great and distinguished honor of being a *youthful laborer* in the most glorious of employments. Yes; rejoice, indeed, that God hath called you "early in the morning into his vineyard;" and let it be your constant aim—your unceasing prayer—that you may "grow in grace" yourself, and fitness for the blessed labor, and then that you may be ceaseless and untiring therein—that you may never, never grow "weary in well doing," but "be steadfast, immovable, always abounding in the work of the Lord," for it is a good thing to be always zealously affected in a good cause.

"Behold the winter is over and gone, and the time of the singing of birds has come." God Almighty, in his great mercy, "will renew the face of the earth," and the "clear shining of the sun" will cheer and bless us. Let it then be a season of renewed dedication to the service of the blessed God. Let the spring of the year be the spring of new devices to do good, of new projects for the Divine glory. You may now "go forth into the villages" with religious tracts, or to visit poor children, and invite them to the Sabbath School. Or, perhaps, dear youthful reader, to you may be granted the honor of forming a Sabbath School in some dark village, where, through the blessing of the Holy Spirit attending your humble effort, some precious souls are to be gathered in, and one or more prepared and fitted for the kingdom of heaven. The thought is glorious! Oh that it may please the Lord to raise up many such laborers in the dark villages of our native land.

EDITORIAL.

[As the series of stories to which the following belongs, have been in part published in the last Vol. of the Companion, it may be well to state that the different numbers are not so connected as to render the former ones necessary to the understanding of those that are to follow. The series consists of incidents and conversations in the lives of two little girls, who loved each other very much; and these incidents and conversations, are for the most part, we believe, such as actually occurred. The different Nos. of the series are not closely connected, and it is only necessary to state, for these readers whose subscription commences with the present volume, that Anna was sick, in consequence of having played in the cold with Emily, contrary to her mother's injunction.]

ANNA AND EMILY.—No. 7.

For several days Anna grew worse and worse, and Dr. A. came to see her twice and three times a day. Emily was not allowed to see her, and it seemed to her that she was the most unfortunate little girl in the world. One, two, three, and even six weeks passed slowly away and still Anna was very ill, and Emily was told that perhaps she might never see her dear little cousin again. She wandered about the house, sad and distressed. All the unkind words she had ever spoken to Anna, now came clearly to her mind, and she felt that if she might just see her one minute and ask her forgiveness for them all, it would be the greatest blessing she could ask. She knew that Anna might have had this fever if she had not persuaded her to go out that afternoon, yet it was not certain that her illness had not been chiefly owing to the severe cold she had taken then, so her conscience continually reproached her and gave her no rest.

One day her mother allowed her to carry a basket of oranges to her cousin, and after she had been waiting in the parlor a long time, her aunt came down. She spoke kindly to Emily, although she seemed very grave and spoke in a low voice.

"Oh aunt W.," said Emily earnestly, "will you let me see Anna just one minute? I will go very softly and will not speak one word."

Her aunt was about to say no, when a sudden thought made her alter her mind, and she told Emily that she might go. They went very softly up the stairs together, and into the chamber. It was so dark that at first Emily could not see to move. Her aunt led her to the side of the bed, and Anna stretched her little thin hand towards her cousin though she seemed too feeble to speak. Emily did not expect to see her so very pale and thin, and the great hot tears fell fast upon the hand which she held in both her own. She was afraid that her aunt would perceive them, and hastened down stairs, and out into the street without waiting to explain the cause of her abrupt departure. She ran hastily through the street, threw open the door, and rushed into her mother's arms in such an agony of grief, that for a long time, she could not answer the anxious question which was again and again repeated.

"No, mother," said she at length, "I have seen Anna and she is alive, but oh she is so altered, and when she tried to smile she looked so strange, and so different from anything I ever saw before, that it seemed as if my heart would break, and I tried so hard not to cry, because there were some people there, that I thought the tears would choke me." And Emily again leaned her head upon her mother's arm in uncontrollable agony. That one hour of selfish pleasure had cost her dearly!

Her mother did not again allow her to ask to see her cousin, but she permitted her to go down every day to ask if she were better, and to leave the little delicacies which by many acts of self-denial she had obtained for the purpose.

One day she came home with her face covered with tears and smiles. "Anna is a great deal better to-day, mother," said she, "and I met Dr. A. just coming out, and when I asked him how she did, he said

that the danger was all over, and that she would begin to get well now. And in two or three days aunt W. says that she will be glad to see me."

The next week Emily was taken up stairs again. The window shutter was partly open and the sun shone in brightly. Anna was still very feeble, but she smiled on seeing her cousin, and took from under her pillow two little red books.

"They are hymn books," said she, "father bought them, one for me and one for you, and when I get well we can learn hymns from them. I want you to see if they are exactly alike."

Emily turned over all the leaves and found that they were alike save in one very important particular.

There was a blotted leaf in one of them. Both children were sorry that there was not a blot in the other book. Emily thought she could make one very much like it, if she had a pen and ink, but aunt W. thought this was not a good plan, and although they could not see any objection to it, they were willing to yield to her superior wisdom.

Anna next produced several silver dollars and other bits of money which she said had been given her.

"I had this dollar," said she, "for letting Dr. A. put a blister on the back of my neck, and the rest for taking medicine."

"How strange!" thought Emily. She remembered how her father once held her head back and poured some sort of bitter stuff down her throat, when she was not well, but he had never *hired* her to obey him. She did not say so, however, but only remarked:

"How large your eyes have grown, haven't they?"

Anna's mother smiled. "They are not larger than usual, only because she has been sick so long, they seem so. It is because she has lost all her flesh."

VARIETY.

The Father's Bequest.

"I cannot leave you property," said a kind father to one of his offspring; "but I will endeavor to provide the means for your education. Learning, next to religion, is, in my estimation the object most desirable in this life. It will protect you from poverty, and, if sanctified by grace, will furnish you with the means of usefulness. The lad hesitated, but at length replied, "Father, I have no taste for books, but I wish to gratify you. Since you desire it, I will study, and endeavor to make up by perseverance what is wanting in love for the business." The father sighed, and doubted the result, but thought it not prudent to express his apprehensions. The boy returned to his books, and applied himself with increased vigor and assiduity. Before the lapse of many months, he discovered the operation of a principle in his mind of which he had not before been conscious. Unwonted success began at first to reconcile him to his studies; shortly, to render him fond of them; and at last, almost to insatiate him in their pursuit. Had not religion come in to moderate and direct his ambition, he would have become an enthusiast in learning.

The result is easily told. He rendered himself a proficient in every study which he undertook, and became a man of eminence and extended usefulness. Had he followed the bent of his mistaken prejudices, he would probably have lived a comparatively unknown and useless member of society.

The Little Benefactress.

It was a cold, severe winter. The little Minna, only daughter of a kind hearted couple, gathered and saved the crumbs after meal-time; then twice a day, went into the court, and scattered them about. And the little birds flew thither and picked them up. And the hands of the little maiden trembled in the bitter cold of the frost. The parents watched her and enjoyed the engaging spectacle; and they said, "Why are you doing that, Minna?" "Every thing is covered with ice and snow," said Minna, "so that the little creatures can find nothing, and they are in want; therefore I feed them, as rich men maintain and succor the poor." "But you cannot take care of them all," said the father. The little Minna answered, "and do not all the children, then, in the whole world, do as I am doing, just as all the rich people take

charge of the poor?" The father looked at the mother of the child, and said, "Ah, holy simplicity!" Krummacher.

The Pious Boy and his Wicked Father.

A father in N—— often rebuked his pious child for attending the Sabbath School Concert; but the child could not refrain from going to the house of prayer. One evening, after having been to a concert, and being unusually strengthened and animated by the exercises, he ventured to say a few words to his father on the importance of attending to the concerns of the soul, and of preparing himself to go into the presence of a holy God. His father instantly became furious, drove him to his bed-chamber, and threatened to chastise him, if he ever heard him speak again about prayer or religion. After the poor boy had reached the foot of his bed, he knelt down in prayer before God, with a contrite spirit, and a heart burdened on account of his wicked father. His prayer was long and fervent, and so loud that his father heard it all. He could not withstand it. The tears gushed from his eyes, and he went to his broken-hearted boy, who was still pleading with the greatest importunity, and requested him to stop a moment, for he had a word to say, and then he would leave him. The boy accordingly stopped, and addressing his father, said—"Father, you may chastise me or do with me as you please, but do not neglect your own soul." His father assured him he would not chastise him; but he begged his forgiveness, and told him to persevere in the course he had taken, and he should have his approbation and encouragement. That father's house was dedicated to God as a house of prayer.

The Bride.

I know no sight more charming and touching than that of a young and timid bride, in her robes of virgin white, led up trembling to the altar. When I thus behold a lovely girl, in the tenderness of her years, forsaking the house of her father, and the home of her childhood; and with the implicit confiding and sweet self-abandonment, which belong to woman, giving up all the world for the man of her choice; when I hear her, in the good old language of the ritual, yielding herself to him, "for better, for worse, for richer, for poorer, in sickness and in health, to love, honor and obey, till death us do part," it brings to my mind the beautiful and affecting self-devotion of Ruth, "whither thou goest, I will go, and where thou lodgest I will lodge; thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God.—Washington Irving.

True Economy.

I overheard two young men of my congregation conversing together—"John, did you go to the Theatre when you were in Cincinnati?" "No, I did not." "Why not?" "I gave a dollar to the Sunday School Society, and so I *could not afford it!*" Religious Telegraph.

MAXIM.—Whithersoever thou turnest thyself, thou wilt see God meeting thee.—Seneca.

POETRY.

A MOTHER'S FAREWELL KISS.

When on the bed of death she lay,
The sainted and the good,
A prayer was offered up on high
For those who round her stood.
Her children one by one were called
To take a farewell kiss,
From her who soon would bid adieu
To all earth's happiness.
My children, pray for me, she said,
With earthly cares I've done,
My peace with God I feel 'tis made
Now kiss me one by one.
Receive a mother's dying kiss,
'Tis God who bids me come;
Then pray that we again may meet,
And kiss me one by one.
My lamp of life is fleeting fast,
Soon you'll be left alone;
Then farewell children, trust in God,
And kiss me one by one.
And when the dreadful trump shall sound,
From God's eternal throne,
May you at His right be found
To meet me one by one.
Then with a smile upon her lip,
A blessing in her eye,
Her spirit soon did wing its flight,
To Him who rules on high.

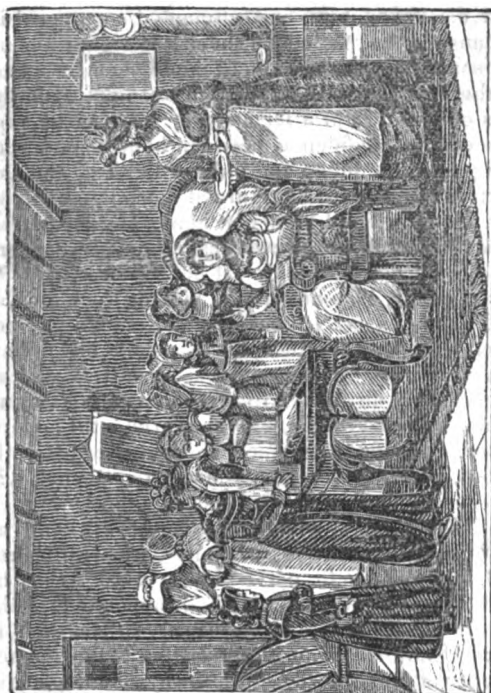
YOUTH'S COMPANION.

Published Weekly, by NATHANIEL WILLIS, at the Office of the Boston Recorder, No. 11, Cornhill.—Price, \$1.00 a year in advance; or \$1.25 if not paid in advance.

NO. 8.

BOSTON, MAY 29, 1840.

VOL. XIV.



Written for the Youth's Companion.

"AUNT SUSAN."

You have heard, dear children, of wicked kings, who when they found they must die, caused many others to be killed, in order that there might be mourning at their death. This was because they knew nobody would be sorry to have them die, but every body would rejoice, on account of their wickedness and cruelties. But if you wish to be regretted when you die I can tell you of a better way than this. *Do all the good you can while you live*; then every body will mourn your death.

Susan Willard was a little girl, as eager in the pursuit of happiness as any of you. She was not particularly selfish; on the contrary she was very willing to oblige others when she could do it without too great a sacrifice of her own happiness, and on the whole, she was very well liked by her companions. Still she was very far from having learned that the great secret of being happy ourselves, is to try to make others so.

Susan was very fond of building castles in the air. She used to sit for hours, imagining herself a "grown up lady," and forming plans as to what she would do in this situation. She always intended to be very rich, and therefore it was easy to intend also to give away a great deal of money. It is quite surprising how much money she gave to the poor, in these her imaginary castles, and how they all loved her in return. In fact, she was to be a universal benefactress, a second lady Bountiful. It is true, she did not form many plans of visiting the poor, instructing them, examining into their wants; such self-denying labors did not enter into her calculations. She did not know that giving out of one's abundance is but a small merit, and that this alone will not secure the love of others. No, not half so well as a cup of water, given with a kind word and a kind look.

When Susan was seventeen years old, she was attacked with a violent illness. It proved through God's blessing, the means of great good to her. She saw that she was a sinner, and was led to seek salvation through Christ. After her recovery, the whole course of her life was changed. Instead of living, as before, to please herself, it was now her great object to please and glorify her Saviour, and to do good to men.

Passing over a period of twenty years, we find

Susan again in different circumstances. Her parents were both dead. A gentleman who was tenderly attached to her, and to whom she had expected to be united, had died also a short period before the time fixed for the marriage. Thus Susan was left alone in the world. But her trials were blessed to her. Instead of yielding to a selfish sorrow, she set about seeing what she could do for others. An old maiden aunt lived in a neighboring village, and thither Susan removed. Her father had left a little property, and this she expended in doing good. There was not a person in the village, old or young, who had not experienced her kindness. There was not one who did not know and love "Aunt Susan."

But it pleased God, after a few years to call her to himself. She died of consumption; and during her illness, many were the marks of gratitude and respect she received from the grateful villagers. Could such a person die unlamented? The tears shed around her bedside, and for many weeks after her death, answer the question. Her last words were words of faith and prayer, of hope and love. Young reader, if you wish that your death should be lamented, seek to do good while you live.

L.

NARRATIVE.

WONDERFUL PRESERVATION.

[From the Diary of Mr. Cherry, Missionary to Southern India.]

The day on land had been calm and beautiful; at sea the wind had blown very strong, but we knew it not, till informed by Dr. Steele who remained on board the brig.

We sailed four miles and reached the mouth of the river, & a little after dark attempted to pass out to sea to go on board the vessel. We had our "long boat," which the captain assured me was perfectly safe; we found, when it was too late, that from some cause unknown to us, the surf had risen to a tremendous height. To attempt to return would jeopard our lives. The surf rose higher, wave upon wave rolled and broke as our little bark rode triumphantly onward. It was a fearful time, but go we must; there was no remedy. Now the waters dashed and foamed like the rushing of a mighty cataract! We were nearly a quarter of a mile from the shore, and just about to pass the outer and highest surf, when lo, it rose high above us, and in an instant we were swallowed in the sea. Our sascars (native boatmen) were like fish in the water, but their screams as they rolled upon the night air, mingled with the roar of warring waves were dreadful; they started immediately for the shore. One of them dragged the captain with him to the beach and saved his life. Several times as I rose I caught hold of the boat, and was as often dashed from it. It whirled as if it were a feather, and in my efforts to hold on I received several severe bruises. Finding that it was worse than useless, I let the boat go, and resolved to take hold on Jesus Christ with no prospect of saving my life. I lifted my heart to God, and stretched my arms for the shore. Sumatra's shore was not the shore of Canaan, still it was my duty to toil and struggle on while the Lord gave me strength. Every nerve was exerted to the utmost in struggling upward and downward, and by the blessing of God, onward, as surf upon surf rolled and rose and broke and fell upon me with a torrent force. Amid my struggles I thought of dear brother T. D. Weld, while near drowning in Alum River; his mother at that same hour was at home praying for her son. The reflection forced itself upon me, I too have a praying mother, and it may be that she

is now kneeling at the altar of prayer pleading for me. The Lord hears a mother's prayer, and it may be I shall be saved. I thought too, of dear Brother Steele and rejoiced that he remained on board the brig. Did Jesus ever appear precious to my soul, it was in that hour of deepest peril. Oh what a time was that! I felt myself to be between this and the world of spirits, probably never to return. Yet the language of my soul was, though the waves swallow me up and drown this body, yet will I trust in Jesus. When nearly an hour had passed away, to the surprise of the captain and his men I reached the shore. They had given me up as lost. I had drunk so much salt water and was so entirely exhausted that I was unable to stand. In a little while a fire was built, and by it we dried our clothes as well as we could and staid on the beach all night. Just before reaching the shore I saw a boat and asked for help, but the hard unfeeling China men replied, "we are going to our junk, help yourself." They soon found they could not go and came back. From one of them I bought a native cloth, and was glad to wear it in native style as a shelter from the wind. The next day we hired a large native boat and the surf having fallen considerably, we crossed safely and again were on our vessel. The China men waited till night, and then with some ten or twelve men in their boat they attempted to cross, in vain, for their boat was swamped and all were drowned! When I heard of it, I was much moved, and felt that if I had been near them I would have plunged in for their rescue, and rejoiced in an opportunity to show them the difference between a Buddhist's and a Christian's heart.—*Mother's Magazine.*

MORALITY.

TRUTH, THE BRIGHTEST GEM.

The clock struck five, the joyful hour for sister Emma's return from school. "There she is," cried little George, who was weary with long watching at the window. "Do let me run to the brook, dear mother, and meet her." The permission was given, and away he ran to throw his arms around his kind sister Emma. "But what is the matter, sister?" inquired the little boy, as he held up his lips for the kiss. "Oh, not much," was the answer, for just then Emma's heart was too full to permit her to say "much." They soon reached the parlor, but Emma's sorrowful looks did not escape her mother's notice. She did not, however, ask any questions, for Emma always felt that her mother was the best friend in the world, and was accustomed to go to her with all her perplexities.

At tea Emma was silent, and little George was much puzzled to find his sister so indifferent to his stories about his kitten and Rosa, the little dog; nor did she smile as usual, when she heard that he had been "an industrious boy at his lessons." No, Emma could not smile; her heart was heavy; and yet perhaps some of my readers will wonder at it, when they hear how very small a thing could so much disturb the happy girl. Emma had that day sinned against her conscience. She was usually in the habit of listening to the voice of this friend in her bosom, and obeying it, and so her days passed happily. There was in her face the sunshine of the soul, so that one felt happy in looking at her. The time appeared very long before George went to bed, but at last all was still, and Emma found her mother alone in the parlor, ready, as she always was, to hear her troubles, and pour into her spirit the balm of con-

thread and attaches it securely, regard only his personal benefit. Solitary and alone he lives, and spends his life in depriving others of that which he cannot restore. No matter what others may suffer, he is the gainer. The struggles, and the pains, and the tortures they undergo, are of no concern to him. His object is gain. And is there no resemblance here? Do not the widow and the fatherless cry, and the land mourn, because of the traffic in intoxicating drinks, and do not the venders shut their ears? But once more—the spider preys not upon his own species. He sucks the blood of a different race. But to whom does the spirit-dealer sell his baneful draught? To men—to husbands—to parents. The consequences of a spider's daily depredations upon the insect tribe, affect only the individual victim. The effects of the spirit-dealer extend to a whole circle of relatives—affect a whole neighborhood; a town—a nation—the world—time—eternity.

[Geo. Banner and Advocate.]

EDITORIAL.

ANNA AND EMILY.—No. 8.

Anna was soon well enough to sit up, and Emily often spent an afternoon with her. One day when she was there, aunt W. had a visitor down stairs, and was obliged to leave the little girls by themselves. Anna had been so long accustomed to have every body in the house ready to gratify her wants as soon as they were expressed, that she could not easily lay aside the whining tone of authority which she had thus acquired.

Emily was so glad to have her little friend get well, that at first she found it easy to bear with this. But now that Anna was so nearly well, it seemed quite time for her to lay aside a habit which was certainly not very agreeable.

After they had amused themselves pleasantly for some time, Anna began to grow tired and a little fretful. "Come Emily," said she, "you must put away all my books now, for I am tired of them."

Emily had just found a story in one of the books which she wanted to read, and she did not move from the place where she had seated herself.

"Make haste!" said Anna, much surprised at the delay. "I tell you I'm tired of having the books here."

"Well, well, just wait till I've finished this story can't you?" returned Emily.

"You ought to do every thing I want you to," said Anna, "for mother says so."

"I don't mean to mind you, I'm sure," returned Emily.

"Then I mean to ask mother to send you home."

Emily dropped the book in which she had been so much interested, and looked ashamed and frightened. What would her mother think, if she should be sent home! Besides, how foolish and how wicked it was to be so unkind to her dear little cousin, who, if she did sometimes seem a little peevish, was after all, a great deal better than herself! These thoughts passed quickly through her mind, and in a moment she silently gathered up the books, and took them into Anna's little room. While she was arranging them in the library she began to think again that it was a great pity that she must mind Anna.

"What if I should go home!" thought she. "I guess that Anna would be sorry for what she has said!"

She immediately put on her bonnet and cloak, and marched into the chamber where she had left Anna.

The little girl was lying back in the easy-chair, with her face drawn up into a very unamiable expression. When she saw that Emily had apparently prepared to go home, she started up with great eagerness.

"Why Emily!" she exclaimed, "you are not going home?"

"Why not?" returned Emily. "You said you wished I would."

Anna's grand argument with Emily was always at hand, and she began to cry with great violence.

Now it so happened that Miss Emily had no inclination to go home, and had only intended to tease Anna a little, by making her think otherwise. She immediately threw off her bonnet and proceeded with many embraces and kisses, to declare that she was only in fun.

Anna was comforted, but still the tears would keep coming, and it was long before she could speak, and tell Emily that she too was in fun in what she had said.

But to Emily's great dismay, Anna's forehead was covered with little red spots, which plainly showed that she had been in tears.

"Oh dear," said she, "there are those little spots, that always come on your forehead when you've been crying, and aunt will see them, and I shall have to tell her all about it."

"Let's rub them off," said Anna.

The more her face was rubbed however, the redder it grew, and she at last declared that the skin was off in one place. So Emily gave up in despair, and when her aunt came in, was obliged to tell her all that had passed.

Her aunt said that they were both to blame a little, and advised them to make use of a motto which she had herself, often occasion to remember, "Bear and forbear."

"But aunt," said Emily, "it is so hard to be good all the time. Sometimes I don't think before I speak, and sometimes when I do think, I can't help saying sharp words, as mother calls them."

"Well," said Anna, "I don't mean to be cross again, as long as I live. I see now, how foolish it is. We should be a great deal happier if we were pleasant all the time."

"Easier said than done," replied her mother.

"Is it hard for everybody?" asked Emily. "Oh dear, I don't want to keep trying, and trying and trying all the time, to be good. I want to grow perfect all in a minute."

While Emily was saying this, Anna had fallen asleep with her head upon her arm. Her mother said it would do her good to sleep awhile, and having advised Emily not to disturb her, she went down stairs. When she had gone, the little girl took from her pocket a bit of lead pencil and a small piece of paper, and wrote a note to Anna, in which she expressed great sorrow for all the unkind things she had done and said to her, and assured her that she loved her better than any body else, except her mother. E.

VARIETY.

A Noble Example.

The following extract, it is hoped, may animate some of our young readers to imitate the example of a patriot of the American Revolution, that like him, by diligence and application, they may rise to the eminence of great and good men.

"Many years ago, in an obscure country school in Massachusetts, an humble, conscientious, but industrious boy was to be seen, and it was evident to all, that his soul was beginning to act and thirst for some intellectual good. He was alive to knowledge. Next we see him an apprentice on the shoe maker's board, with a book spread open before him. Next we see him put forth, on foot, to settle in a remote town in this state, and pursue his fortunes there as a shoemaker, his tools being carefully sent on before him. In a short time he is busied in the post of county surveyor for Litchfield county, being the most accomplished mathematician in that section of the State. Before he is twenty-five years old, we find him supplying the astronomical matter of an Almanac, published in New York. Next he is admitted to the bar, a self-qualified lawyer. Now he is found on the bench of the Superior Court. Next he becomes a member of the Continental Congress. Then he is a member of the committee of six, to prepare the

Declaration of Independence. He continues a member of Congress for nearly twenty years, and is acknowledged to be one of the most useful men and wisest counsellors of the land." At length, having discharged every office with a perfect ability, and honored in every sphere the name of a Christian, he dies regretted and loved by his State and Nation. This man was Roger Sherman."—*Connecticut paper*.

Truly Melancholy.

A little girl aged 10, was burned to death in Wilmington, Del. on the first day of May. She was kindling a fire in a furnace, when her clothing caught, and before the flames could be extinguished, she was so much burned that she died in a few hours. The Journal says: This little girl had been "Maying" with her companions. Her youthful and buoyant heart had beat warm and rapidly with the joyous feelings inspired by the enlivening beauties and pastimes of the season; she had culled the early flowers, and twined them in rich chaplets to adorn the brows of her associates; she had wandered by the clear stream, and listened to the early spring bird singing its merry chant in the shadow of the tender leaved trees; she had felt and rejoiced in the invigorating aid of the spring; the day had been one of buoyant happiness to her young heart; but, as the glowing sun sank in the west, the hand of the Destroyer was laid upon her tender frame, and she passed from the earth, in bitter agonies to her eternal rest.

Accident from Percussion Caps.

A son of Mr. Moses Boone, of Dundee, Kane, Co. Ill. playing with a canister of percussion caps, observed that when he shook them they emitted smoke. The child shook them harder, when they exploded and tore a part of his hand off, and broke his arm in two places. His sister was struck in the neck by a piece of the canister, and the jugular vein cut, which caused her to bleed to death.

Beat this Who Can.

Miss Mary Burnham, daughter of Mr. Henry Burnham, aged twelve years, and Miss Sarah Burnham, daughter of Mr. Luther Burnham, aged 12 years, all of Montague, on Saturday, the 18th of April, braided eleven palm leaf Hats each, between 3 o'clock, A. M. and 9 P. M.—*Hampshire Gazette*.

MAXIMS.—What blindeth the eye or what hideth the heart of man from himself like vanity? Lo! when thou seest not thyself, then others discover thee most plainly.—*Economy of Human Life*.

As the tulip that is gaudy without smell, conspicuous without use; so is the man that setteth himself up on high and hath no merit.—*Id.*

POETRY.

THE BURNT BOY.

Children, I have a story. You are gay
Among the pleasant things that childhood loves,
I fancy—and a serious tale may show
How, even to a child, a heart of peace
Is needful, in the happiest hour of glee.

Not many days ago, a little boy
Of three years' old, was happy in the home
Of his kind parents—with his cradle friend,
A playful babe, and a fond dog that loved
To frolic with them and protect from harm.

But all at once, a fearful fire blazed forth,
Through all that home of love. The father fled,
And mother with her babe; but scarce escaped,
Through fright and suffocation. The fierce flame
Raged on; and 'mid its roar, that little boy
Moan'd, moan'd in vain; they could not save his life.

Say, children, do you wonder, that a man
Could scarcely hold that father from his boy?
And that the frantic mother wrung her hands,
And wrung her hands, and cried, "My child! my child!
My son is in the flames!"

But the hot fire
Consumed itself away in angry haste—
And then, 'mid parting smoke wreaths, they could see
The half-burnt corpse of their beloved boy,
With his poor dog—together laid, to die!
I will not try to say what grief and wo
Follow that painful day. But, children, now
Light-hearted in your comfortable homes,
Would you be ready, with the rapid flame
Commissioned to surround you? Do not turn
And laugh the tears of pity all away,
And with them, something whispering within,
"I am not ready!" It is right to smile,
And to be happy, when the heart is right.
Say, has your bosom peace?

YOUTH'S COMPANION.

Published Weekly, by NATHANIEL WILLIS, at the Office of the Boston Recorder, No. 11, Cornhill.—Price, \$1.00 a year in advance; or \$1.25 if not paid in advance.

NO. 4.

BOSTON, JUNE 5, 1840.

VOL. XIV.



Written for the Youth's Companion.

THE WOUND CURED.

What is the matter with you, little Mary? What! have you hurt your head! Poor little girl! Oh, what a great bump! Well, come and look at this picture, and I will tell you all about it. See, here is a dog. What do you think his name is? Rollo? Yes, I dare say it is; we will call him Rollo. See what long hair he has all over his body. There is a collar round his neck; perhaps his name is written on it. His mouth is open. "What for?" Oh, because he is barking. Do you know how dogs bark? "No." This is the way, bow! wow! wow! wow! wow! That makes little Mary laugh, doesn't it? "What is that?" That is the face of a little boy, lying on his back in the snow. Poor little boy! he is almost covered with snow. You can only see his face. His eyes are shut, and he looks as if he was frozen to death. "What is the boy's name." His name is Charles. Poor Charles! He is lost in the snow. The dog cannot carry him home, so he stands there by him, and barks, to call some one to help him. Rollo is a good dog. He loves his master. He will not leave him to die in the snow. He cannot talk, so he barks. It is as much as to say, "Pray, somebody come and help my poor little master." I dare say this is what he would call if he could speak.

There is a man coming along the road. He has heard the dog bark, and is come to see what is the matter. I suppose he lives in that house on the hill. Don't you hope that he will find the little boy and carry him home? Yes, I dare say he will. He will rub him quite dry, and put him in a warm bed, and give him something warm to drink. Then, if Charles is not dead, he will begin to feel better. He will open his eyes and look round, and I dare say he will thank the kind man who has taken care of him. Then how happy his little dog will be. He will frisk about and wag his tail, and look up in his master's face as if he would say, "Oh my dear master, how glad I am to see you well again!" L.

NARRATIVE.

THE WIDOW AND HER SON.

BY WASHINGTON IRVING.

I approached the grave. The coffin was placed on the ground. On it was inscribed the name and age of the deceased; "GEORGE SOMERS, aged 26 years." The poor mother had been assisted to kneel down at the head of it. Her withered hands were clasped, as if in prayer; but I could perceive by a feeble rocking of the body, and a convulsive motion of the lips, that she was gazing on the last relics of her son with the yearnings of a mother's heart.

Preparations were now made to deposit the coffin in the earth. There was that bustling air, which breaks so harshly on the feelings of grief and affliction; directions were given in the cold tones of business; and there was the striking of spades into the gravel, which, at the grave of those we love, is of all sounds the most writhing. The bustle seemed to waken the mother from a wretched reverie. She raised her glazed eyes, and looked about with a faint wildness.

As the men approached with cords to lower the coffin into the grave, she wrung her hands and broke into an agony of grief. The poor woman, who attended her, took her by the arm, endeavored to raise her from the earth, and to whisper something like consolation. "Nay, now—nay, now—don't take it so sorely to heart." But the mother could only shake her head, and wring her hands as one not to be comforted.

As they lowered the body into the earth, the creaking of the cords seemed to agonize her; but when, on some accidental obstruction, there was a jostling of the coffin, all the tenderness of mother burst forth; as if any harm could come to him, who was far beyond the reach of worldly suffering.

I could see no more—my heart swelled into my throat—my eyes filled with tears—I felt as if I were acting a barbarous part in standing by and gazing idly on this scene of maternal anguish. I wandered to another part of the churchyard, where I remained until the funeral train had disappeared.

It was some time before I left the place. On my way homeward, I met with the woman who had acted as comforter. She was just returning from accompanying the widow to her lonely habitation, and I drew from her some particulars connected with the affecting scene I had just witnessed.

The parents of the deceased had resided in the village from childhood. They had inhabited one of the neatest cottages, and by various rural occupations, and the assistance of a small garden, had supported themselves creditably and comfortably and led a happy and blameless life. They had one son, who had grown up to be the staff and pride of their age.

But unfortunately, this son was tempted, during a year of scarcity and agricultural hardship, to enter into the service of one of the small craft that plied on a neighboring river. He had not been long in this employ when he was entrapped by a press-gang and carried off to sea. His parents received tidings of his seizure, but beyond that, they could learn nothing. It was the loss of their main prop. The father, who was already infirm, grew heartless and melancholy, and sunk into his grave. The widow, left lonely in her age and feebleness, could no longer support herself, and came upon the parish.

Time passed, till one day she heard the cottage door, which faced the garden, suddenly open. A stranger came out, and seemed to be looking eagerly and wildly around. He was dressed in seaman's clothes, was emaciated and ghastly pale, and bore the air of one broken down by sickness and hardships. He saw his mother and hastened towards her, but his steps were faltering; he sank on his knees before her, and sobbed like a child. The poor woman gazed upon him with a vacant and wandering eye. "Oh, my dear, dear mother! don't you know your son?—your poor boy, George?"

It was, indeed, the wreck of her once noble lad, who shattered by wounds, by sickness, and foreign imprisonment, had at length, dragged his wasted limbs homeward, to repose among the scenes of

childhood. The rest of the story is soon told,—for the young man lingered but a few weeks, and death came to his relief.

The next Sunday after the funeral I have described, I was at the village church; when to my surprise, I saw the poor old woman tottering down the aisle to her accustomed seat on the steps of the altar. She had made an effort to put on something like mourning for her son; and nothing could be more touching than this struggle between pious affection and utter poverty; a black riband or so,—a faded black handkerchief, and one or two such humble attempts to express, by outward signs, that grief which passes show.

When I looked around upon the storied monuments, the stately hatchments, the cold marble pomp, with which grandeur mourned magnificently over departed pride, and turned to this poor widow, bowed down by age and sorrow, at the altar of her God, and offering up the prayers and praises of a pious, though a broken heart, I felt that this living monument of real grief was worth them all.

I related her story to some of the wealthy members of the congregation, and they were moved by it. They exerted themselves to render her situation more comfortable, and to lighten her afflictions. It was, however, but smoothing a few steps to the grave. In the course of a Sunday or two after, she was missed from her usual seat at church; and, before I left the neighborhood, I heard with a feeling of satisfaction, that she had quietly breathed her last, and had gone to rejoin those she loved in that world where sorrow is never known, and friends are never parted.

RELIGION.

THE MOTHER AND HER SON.

A distressed mother once remarked, "I have only one painful trial,"—a person who heard the sentiment, presuming that she referred to the mortal state of her graceless son, observed that parents must feel intense agony of mind in the prospect of having their children separated from them in the eternal world. "I have not that prospect to agonize my mind," said the mother; "I have three already in heaven, and I doubt not but the grace of God will reach the heart of my prodigal son. I cannot doubt it. It would be a sin to doubt it. I have felt such a spirit of prayer coming upon me at times in his behalf, that I have wrestled for his conversion, as Jacob wrestled with the angel, and though I have no voice saying to me, 'It shall be unto thee even as thou wilt,' yet I have departed from the throne of mercy in peace, and found my faith strengthened with power from on high. My faith is so strong and so uniform in its exercise, that it has cast out all fear from my breast, and I can rejoice in the prospect of meeting all my children in my father's house."

The believing expectation of this devoted mother was not disappointed. As she lay on her dying bed, her only remaining child, who had been a rover on the sea, returned to pay his parent a visit. After a very touching and tender meeting, "You are near port," said the hardy sailor, "and I hope you will have an abundant entrance." "Yes, my child, the fair haven is in sight, and soon, very soon I shall be landed

"On that peaceful shore,
Where pilgrims meet to part no more."

"You have weathered many a storm in your passage, mother, but now God is dealing very graciously with you, by causing the wind to cease, and giving you a calm at the end of your pas-

sage." "God has always dealt graciously with me, my son, but this last expression of his kindness, in permitting me to see you before I die, is so unexpected, that it is like a miracle wrought in answer to prayer." "Oh, mother," replied the sailor, weeping as he uttered, "your prayers have been the means of my salvation, and I am thankful that your life has been spared till I could tell you of it." With devout composure she listened to the story of his conversion; and at last, grasping the hand of her son, she pressed it to her dying lips, and said, "Yes, thou art a faithful God, and as it hath pleased thee to bring back my long lost child, and adopt him into thy family, I will say;—Now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, for mine eyes have seen thy salvation."

[Mother's Magazine.]

THE NURSERY.

AGE INSTRUCTED BY THE LIPS OF CHILDHOOD.

Good morning! said a bright rosy cheeked little girl of eight years old, to her teacher one day as she came into the school room. I am first this morning, I know, for I have hurried with all my might to get here, so that we could talk a little before the rest came. Did you attend the Lecture Sunday evening?

T. I did not.

C. Well, Dr. H. preached from "Forgive us our trespasses as we forgive those who trespass against us." And don't you think he said, that often, when we repeated it, we ask God to curse us. Sometimes, he said, we did but half forgive folks; and (said he) now if that be so, what do we ask God to send us when we repeat that petition in the Lord's prayer? He said, too, that at other times, we were not willing to forgive at all; and still, when we did wrong we wished others to forgive us, just as much as if we were more willing to forgive them. I wish you would tell me about it, for I have thought of it ever since, and wondered what he meant.

T. Well; we will suppose that yourself and another little girl are at play together; she does something wrong and you become offended with her, and leave her, saying, I will not play with you any more, and I shall not visit you, nor love you at all. Perhaps she is sorry for what she has done, and begs you to forgive her; promising to do better another time—but instead of complying with her wishes, you say in a harsh and unkind tone, no, I am not going to forgive you, and that is not all, for I will not forget it either, for you need not have done so. At night you kneel by your bed, and say, "Forgive us our trespasses as we forgive those that trespass against us." But how did you forgive that little girl? As you would be forgiven? You told her that you would not forgive her, nor forget it either; now if God should forgive you exactly as you have forgiven her, do you think you would have a curse or a blessing?

C. O yes; I see now how it is, and I remember too, that Christ says, "If ye forgive not men their trespasses, neither will your Father forgive your trespasses." But do you think we forgive if we never forget? I have heard people say, I can forgive that but I never can forget it—and they will act as if they had not more than half forgiven it after all, for they still keep talking about it.

T. They probably mean that they can forgive the injury in such a way as not to revenge it. But I doubt whether that be enough. What say you?

C. Why, I rather think I could forgive like that myself, but if I should lay up anything against my playmate, and always bear her a grudge, I should be afraid I might be asking God to curse me every time I said my prayers? Some people, where I go, never say the Lord's Prayer at family worship. What is the reason, are they afraid of it?

T. I do not know about that; but I recollect to have heard a man pray, who used it only once a week, and when he came to speak of trespasses, he would say, "forgive us our trespasses as we should forgive those that trespass against us." Do you think that was right?

C. No, I should not; but why did he not say it just as it is put down? I should think he knew he did not forgive others as he ought to do, and wanted God to treat him better than he was willing to treat others. But do you not think it hard work to forgive others all they do to us, and love them, and be ready to do them good, even when they are determined to do us hurt?

T. I have no doubt but our Saviour knew it would be difficult when he gave it to us, but you know he wishes us to follow his own blessed example.

C. I do not see many who act as if they would follow it in praying for their enemies, and I am afraid we shall not any of us have much forgiven, if we are to receive no more than we are willing to give. Will mankind have more? If they do not, what will become of the greater part of them? Can they go to Heaven? If we do not do as our Saviour tells us, in every thing, I do not see how we can get there.

T. Well, really, Mary, you seem quite interested, and I am glad to see it, but as the other scholars are now here, we must commence school, and I will think of your questions, and give you an answer another time.

Such were the reflections of a child eight years old, and such was the attention she had paid to preaching; and may it not be that many grey-headed fathers and mothers have repeated that petition in the Lord's Prayer, Sunday after Sunday, and never in their life had half the sage reflections that entered the head, and affected the heart of that child?

TEACHER.

MORALITY.

THE CRUCIBLE.

"I have just received two specimens of ore, supposed to contain gold," said the pastor to young Ernest, "I wish you to come and see them." "With pleasure," replied the young man. Now, said the pastor, "which do you suppose contains the greatest quantity of gold?" "Most undoubtedly," replied Ernest, "this beautiful shining specimen; I do not think that rough, homely piece contains more than a few grains." "Let us go," answered the parson, "to the goldsmith." The goldsmith put the shining piece which had so much pleased Ernest, into the crucible, but it was speedily consumed, and not a single grain of pure metal remained. Ernest was astonished. "You need not, I am sure," said he, "try the other, if such has been the fate of my favorite." "Let us see," answered the goldsmith. The rough piece was now put into the crucible. Ernest beheld the ore cracking, and consuming in the intense heat; but to his surprise a small stream of beautiful, shining, pure gold was plainly visible when the dross was destroyed. "I have," said the pastor, "been similarly disappointed. I have admitted many talented, promising young men into the church, who afterwards gave me nothing but grief, they did not endure the trial. While others, who on account of their modesty, and natural timidity, scarcely passed the session, endured every trial, and showed by their works, that they were genuine Christians."

Ernest.—"Was it so in the time of the apostles?"

Pastor.—"Yes, Simon Magus, Demas and Alexander, the coppersmith, were all admitted by the apostles. Yet they caused nothing but grief to the church. While Saul, who could hardly obtain the fellowship of his brethren, so much did they fear him, was soon 'not a whit behind the very chiefest of them.'—*Presbyterian Advocate.*

THE LITTLE SHEEP.

[From the German of Krummacher.]

It was a still, bright summer evening. A mother was sitting in the chamber beside the cradle of her innocent babe, and singing it to sleep.

The little Adelaide came running in with beaming eyes from the garden. "O, dear mother,"

she cried, "come, there is something very beautiful out of doors!"

"What is it?" asked her mother.

"O, something very beautiful!" said the little girl again, "but you come and see!"

"That I would do willingly," answered her mother, "but see, little brother must go to sleep." But the child rejoined beseechingly, "Dear mother, take little brother too, so that he may see it and be delighted."

Then the mother thought in her heart, of that childish simplicity, which is not willing to enjoy the good alone by itself, but loves to share all its delights with others. "O," said she to herself, "thy soul is new to heaven; how can I deny thee!"

The mother rose and looked into the cradle. The infant was sleeping quietly and sound. Then she took the hand of the hopping maiden, and said; "Now, I wonder what you will show me that is so beautiful."

When they had gone out into the garden, the girl raised her tiny hands, and cried, "Now only see, mamma, the little sheep in Heaven! A whole flock! How dear and pretty they are!"

It was only some thin clouds, shaped like lambs that walk on green pastures, white and fleecy, and they shone in the gleam of the bright full moon.

And the mother raised her face, and looked at the clouds with pensive delight. For she thought of that childish innocence, which clothes the earthly with heavenly beauty, and considers not the abyss which separates earth from Heaven.

Thus Adelaide in the clouds of the sky saw lambs of the earth.

"God bless thee!" said her mother, and pressed the child to her breast.—*Christian Register.*

BENEVOLENCE.

MATTHEW STACK.

A great many miles over the sea, is a country where there are no trees—no green meadows—nothing but ice, snow, and rocks. Spring, summer, autumn, all look like winter. And sometimes it is night for more than a month together. It is night, because the sun never rises, so that there is no morning, and no noonday, and no evening, nothing but night. And the poor people who live in this cold, dark country, are in another kind of night also. They know nothing about Jesus, whom the Bible calls the "Sun of Righteousness." But more of this presently.

The name of this country is Greenland; close by it is a sea, sometimes quite covered with ice, and full of large fishes, called whales, almost as long as a steeple is high; and seals, creatures which live both on land and in the water. The Greenlanders eat these seals, for they have no sheep, or oxen, nor even any corn to make bread.

The Greenlanders are very ignorant about God. They call him "the Good Spirit," but they neither know his will, nor love him as their Father. Instead of that, they are afraid of him; and you know that you cannot love any one of whom you are afraid. But I am not speaking of all these poor Greenlanders. Some of them are not afraid of God, but love him, and call him their Father, who is in heaven. And now I am going to tell you the reason of this. God loved the poor Greenlanders, though they did not love him, and he sent Matthew Stack, with one or two other missionaries to teach them about heaven and hell, and sin and holiness; but, above all, about Jesus Christ. Matthew Stack and his friends had no doubt that it was the Lord's will that they should go, and therefore like Abraham of old, they left "their country and their kindred, and their father's house," and set out towards that cold and dark country, of which I have been telling you.

On their way, some persons asked them how they meant to live in Greenland. They answer "We will build a house." "But there are trees for timber." "Then we will dig into earth, and lodge there." Their friend v

pleased with this answer, that he gave them wood and tools to build a house, instead of living under the ground.

At length the missionaries arrived in Greenland, but they could not talk with the people, because they spoke a different language. Matthew Stack began to learn Greenlandic, and, by great labor and God's blessing, he became at last able to tell the poor savages in their own tongue "the wonderful works of God." And now perhaps you think that all is done, and that the Greenlanders will soon learn to love Jesus Christ. No! people in Greenland have sinful hearts, as well as other people; and when the missionaries wished to teach them about God and heavenly things, the poor Greenlanders, instead of listening to them, would run away, and sometimes steal their books, and pelt them with stones. But when the Greenlanders were sick, then the missionaries took care of them, and nursed them, and tried to soften their icy hearts with kindness. But for a long time they had no success.

You know how brightly the morning star shines before sunrise, but many are asleep, and never see it. Jesus, who is called, "the bright and morning Star," had risen upon Greenland; but the people of that country did not rejoice in his light, because they were lying in the deep sleep of unbelief and ignorance; and in that deep sleep they remained until the Holy Spirit shed his bright beams upon them, and caused them to awake from their slumber. Then the love of Christ began to melt the ice and snow from their hearts, as the sun, after their long winter nights, thaws the frozen earth, and sheds abroad joy and gladness.

"Light of those, whose dreary dwelling,
Borders on the shades of death,
Come, and thy bright beams revealing,
Drive away the clouds beneath:

The new heaven and earth's Creator
In our deepest darkness rise,
Scattering all the night of nature,
Pouring day upon our eyes.

L.

Written for the Youth's Companion.

PRIDE AND VANITY.

Pride and Vanity are brothers, and have a strong family resemblance. Some mistake them for the same individual, or think there is only one, with different names. But although they are twins, and in some respects much resemble each other, an accurate observer will discover a striking difference, both in their character and deportment. Pride, the elder, is tall and erect, with a commanding countenance and manner. His brow is lofty, and knit with a shade of scorn, and his lip wears the curl of contempt. His step is firm and unhesitating, even though treading on dangerous and forbidden ground. His whole deportment is reserved and forbidding, indicating conceit and self-sufficiency. His character is bad. He is an enemy to God and man. He looks round on his fellow-beings with contempt, as though they were creatures of an inferior nature to his own; and the language (both of his actions and of his heart) is, "Come not near to me, for I am better than thou." He is so wicked, that he hates every thing which is good, and so conceited that he thinks himself of more consequence than the whole universe besides. Self-confident, he exults in his fancied independence, and almost arrogates to himself the attributes of Deity. Not content with the control of his own actions, he imagines himself competent to manage the affairs of others, and he would even wish to rule the great Ruler of the universe. With all his conceit and self-esteem, he is universally despised and avoided. He shuns society, and is in return shunned by society. The good shun and detest him, on account of his character, and the wicked cannot bear a rival in wickedness. But he has so good an opinion of himself that he cares not what others think of him, and consequently makes no effort, either to merit or obtain their approbation.

Vanity on the contrary has many friends. He is not so tall and erect as his brother, nor so re-

served and forbidding in his deportment. He carries not that scornful brow nor that contemptuous lip; but his countenance is not open and sincere, and there is nothing very prepossessing in his general appearance. The usual expression of his features is that of anxious wish, and unsatisfied desire. Vanity courts society, and derives his chief enjoyment from the applause and flatteries of his fellow beings. He does not (like modest Worth) seek to merit the approbation of the good, but indiscriminately courts the honors and applauses of all, and is as well pleased with the noisy, clamorous praises of the wicked, as with the sober plaudit of the good. But he seeks to please and to court the favor of all. This gains him friends and associates. The good often mistake his character, and think his actions spring from motives of heartfelt kindness and true benevolence. Sometimes too, when the real motive is apparent, they think, or hope at least, that it is intermingled with others, purer and nobler; and in their own hearts unite piety with esteem; feeling that an act of kindness, from whatever motive it springs, demands a tribute of gratitude in return. The wicked love those who love them, and will generally bestow their favor on those who merely seek their praise. It is easy to applaud, and easier still to flatter, and Vanity strives as hard to obtain this, as merit that. But although Vanity endeavors to please his fellow beings and obtain their favor, he seeks not to please his Maker; God is not in all his thoughts. Not one action springs from the right source, not one is dictated by the fear of God. In all he does he is actuated by self-love. Of self-love he has as large a share as pride, though not of self-esteem. No love to God induces him to be kind to his fellow beings. No tender regard to his fellow beings prompts to active exertion for their benefit. But wherever he goes, whatever he does, self-love is the moving spring of all his actions.

Now young friends, I have shown you some respects in which Pride and Vanity differ from each other. Their resemblance too, is indirectly pointed out. And now I would ask, do either of these characters appear to you really lovely? I hope you can all unhesitatingly answer, No! But do not you see any thing to admire? Would you not like to be dignified in your appearance and deportment? Then seek that dignity which springs from conscious worth; and from the feeling, deep and ardent, of the value of your undying soul. Let self-esteem be founded on real excellence of character, and let the comparative worth of things be viewed in the clear sunshine of Eternity. Seek too that dignity which springs from humble meekness, such as the Saviour possesses, and such as he requires of you. Then shall you be truly noble, not merely in your appearance, but godlike in your deportment.

Would you wish to be beloved by your fellow-beings? Then love them with that pure benevolence which the Saviour manifested when he went about doing good. Love them because God has said, "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself." Be kind, for your Creator and preserver, is your constant, unwearied and bountiful benefactor. Be active and diligent (according to your ability,) in every benevolent enterprise, for the Son of God has set you an example, and you wish to imitate him in all his imitable perfections. Then shall you be indeed beloved not merely by your fellow-beings, whose love is feeble and transient, but by Him who made both them and you; whose love is stronger than death, and triumphs over the grave.

ELLA.

NATURAL HISTORY.

BATTLE WITH WILD ELEPHANTS.

In the Bombay Courier appears a letter from Capt. Roughsedge, (son of the late Rev. R. H. Roughsedge, one of the Rectors of Liverpool,) stating that, on the 24th of September, at midnight, he received information, that two elephants, of very uncommon size, had made their appearance with-

in a few hundred yards of the cantonments and close to a village, the inhabitants of which were in the greatest alarm. "I lost no time," says the captain, "in despatching to the place all the public and private elephants at the station in pursuit of them, and at daybreak on the 25th, was informed that their very superior size, and apparent fierceness, had rendered all attempts for their seizure unavailing, and that the most experienced driver I had was dangerously hurt; the elephant on which he rode having been struck to the ground by one of the wild ones, which, with its companion, had afterwards retreated to a large sugarcane adjoining the village. I immediately ordered the guns to this place; but, being desirous in the first instance, to try every means of catching the elephants, I assembled the inhabitants of the neighborhood, with the assistance of Rajah Runnath Sing, and caused two deep pits to be prepared at the edge of the sugarcane, in which our elephants and people, with the utmost dexterity, contrived to retain the elephants during the day. When the pits were reported ready, we repaired to the spot, and they were with the greatest dexterity driven into them; but, unfortunately, one of the two did not prove sufficiently deep, and the elephant which escaped from it, in the presence of many witnesses, assisted his companion out of the other pit with his trunk. Both were, however, with much exertion, brought back into the sugarcane; and, as no particular symptom of vice or fierceness had appeared in the course of the day, I was yet anxious to make another trial to catch them. The bidars, therefore, were set to work to deepen the hole, and prepare new pits against daybreak, when I proposed to make the final attempt.

At four o'clock in the morning of yesterday, however, they burst through all my guards, and, making for a village, about three miles distant, entered it with so much rapidity, that the horsemen who galloped in front of them, had not time to apprise every inhabitant of his danger, and I regret to say, that one poor man was torn limb from limb, a child trodden to death, and two other persons (females) wounded. Their destruction now became absolutely necessary; and, as they showed no indication to quit the village in which the mischief had been done, we gained time to bring up the four pounders, from which they soon received several round shot, and abundance of grape, each. The largest of the two was even brought to the ground by a round shot in the head; but, after remaining there a quarter of an hour apparently lifeless, he got up again as vigorous as ever, and the desperation of both at this period exceeds all description. They made repeated charges at the guns; and if it had not been for the uncommon steadiness and bravery of the artillerymen, who more than once turned them off by shots in the head and body, when within a very few paces of them, many dreadful casualties might have occurred. We were now obliged to desist for want of ammunition; and, before a fresh supply could be obtained, the elephants quitted the village, and, though streaming with blood from a hundred wounds, proceeded, with a rapidity of which I had no idea, towards Hazareebagh. They were at length brought up by the horsemen and our elephants, when within a very short distance of a crowded bazaar, and ultimately, after many renewals of the most formidable and ferocious attacks upon the guns, gave up the contest with their lives. Nineteen four pound shots have already been taken out of their bodies, and I imagine eight or ten more will yet be found. I have been thus particular, both because I think the transaction worthy of being recorded, as well as as from a hope that you will concur with me in the propriety of an application for the damage suffered by the owners of the village of — and Ooria, from the destruction of several huts, and much cultivation. I have taken the necessary steps to ascertain the extent of the injury they have sustained, and shall have the pleasure of communicating to you the result."

EDITORIAL.

ANNA AND EMILY.—No. 9.

When Anna had entirely recovered from her illness, and was able to go out as usual, her mother thought best to send her to school. Emily had long wished that she could have her little cousin with her all day, and when she found that they were now to sit side by side at two desks exactly alike—to study the same lessons, and write the same copies, she was delighted beyond measure. To her great disappointment however, Anna was disposed to make friends of the whole school. The very first day of school, she chose to sit by one of the older scholars who had taken a fancy to the gentle little girl, and notwithstanding Emily's entreaties, she would not change her place.

"Oh Anna," said Emily, "you have said many a time that you loved me better than anybody else, and now you won't sit with me!"

"Well, so I do love you better than anybody, but that's no reason why I should sit by you *always*."

Emily was unable to understand how this could be. She did not know that Anna could, while loving her, care for anybody else. For her own part she had scarcely an acquaintance in school. Her whole heart was devoted to Anna, and for her sake, she foolishly neglected every body else.

From this time there were daily disagreements between the two—(not very sharp ones, to be sure, and on the part of Emily always ending in tears and kisses,) because Anna loved every one!

One morning when Emily came to school, she brought with her two red apples, and three notes, which she had herself written, for Anna. "Did you write me a note yesterday afternoon?" asked she.

"No, I went to see Susan Morton and had a nice time, and it was after dark when I came home, so I forgot that I had promised to write to you. But I had nothing to say, so it's no matter!"

A terrible pang of jealousy shot through Emily's heart.

"Mrs. Johnson sent for me to spend the afternoon there," said she.

"Oh with her dear little twins! And they have white rabbits and all sorts of playthings, what a nice time you must have had!" exclaimed Anna.

"I did not go; you know I never want to go any where, if you are not there. Besides, I had promised to write you a note, and if I had gone there, I could not have kept my promise."

"Poh, what a silly girl! I dare say there's nothing in the note but what you've told me before, that you love me better than anybody else."

Emily's notes certainly were not valuable on account of their variety. They did truly one and all, as Anna said, contain "what she knew before." But Emily would have been glad to have Anna write to her, if she had nothing newer than "I love you dearly," for that was, new or old, just what she all the time wanted to be assured of. She could not help saying so.

Anna thought it very foolish. "I have told you once," said she, "that I love you, and I don't want to keep saying it over and over again."

When Emily went home she was sad and unhappy. If she had only known that all hearts are not made alike, this trial would have been spared her. There was another however, in store for her. When her father came down to dinner, he said:

"I have just been into your room, Emily, and I find that you have been making sad work there. The walls are all covered with scratches which you have made, with a pin."

The walls of this chamber were washed with blue, and it was easy to make marks upon them with a pin. Emily had indeed written the word "Anna," as far as her arm would reach, in every conceivable variety of style. There were innumerable little

squares in which the name had been *fenced in*, for fear of its getting hurt, she said—then there were great flowers, rudely scrawled by the unskilful hand, within whose leaves were Annas by the dozen—little old women, bearing all the same name, stood in stiff array along one whole side of the room, while odd lines of what was dignified by the name of poetry, filled the other.

"Now Emily, when was all this done?" asked her father.

Emily did not know. When she first woke in the morning she had leaned out of bed and made some of them—and sometimes on Saturday afternoon she had done nothing else. She certainly did not think any body would notice it, and when she heard her brothers running up stairs to look at them and heard them laughing, she was greatly mortified. But this was not all.

Her sister produced the beautiful Bible which had been given Emily by her aunt Lucy, on her seventh birthday, and showed her father how all its blank leaves were covered with Annas. Her father took the book with reverence, and Emily understood and felt, the seriousness with which he examined her idle scrawls. E.

VARIETY.

The Rose Bushes.

The winter's snow melted away; and the little brook, glad to escape from its icy chain, bubbled and tumbled merrily about among the stones. The "velvet carpet" of the sloping bank grew green again under the spring sun and April showers; and the buds put out fast on the brown branches of the tall trees. The robin red-breast flew back from the warm country to the old apple tree, and woke Mary up every morning with his sweet song.

The children were busy as bees, and happy as the day was long. Their father had made them a garden by their favorite brook, and they were planting it with every variety of flowers they could get. Among other things, they transplanted two little rose-bushes into the middle of the garden on a mound, and watered them with great care.

For two or three days it rained, and they could not visit their rosebushes; but they thought and talked much about them, and as soon as the sun shone, they begged their mother to go down with them. Mary, as she skipped along, was telling what a beautiful bush it would be by and by, and almost counting the roses.

Charly ran on forward, and they heard him cry out before they were in sight of the garden. No wonder! The rose-bushes were drooping, and the yellow leaves hung down to the damp ground. Charly looked for a moment, and then, in a fit of vexation, pulled them up and threw them into the brook. Every thing else was flourishing. The blue violets peeped out from the water's edge, and the yellow butter-cups opened their leaves close by; the seeds had sprung up every where, and were growing finely. But the two young rose-bushes, which they had tended with so much care, were slowly floating away, and were now nearly out of their sight.

"Charles," said his mother, "you were vexed when you threw those away. You are old enough, my son, to govern your temper. If you do not do it now, should you live to be a man, your temper will govern you. It will cause you many wretched hours; and it will also make those you love unhappy. I wish my little boy would try to conquer himself."

Charles did not say much. He felt sorry for what he had done. He was always sorry after he had done wrong, if he stopped to think. He dug about his seeds in silence, and thought to himself it was the last time he would do any thing when he was vexed.

The mother took her children home a different way from that which they came. She listened to all their plans for the future.

"How beautiful," said they, "the garden will be next year and the year after—and ten years hence, when the little trees will all have grown up."

"Yes," said the mother, "it will look finely then; but ten years is a great while to look forward to. Your rose-bushes have withered and died in the spring time, before they came to blossoming. I will show you two other little plants which perished in the bud." The children did not know what their mother meant, or where she was going. She led them in the foot-path that wound through the pine trees to a gate.

This she opened, when they found themselves in the grave-yard. In one corner, under a weeping willow, side by side, were two little white marble monuments. The graves they marked were of the same length, and both shorter than Mary or Charles.

"Here, my children, are the plants I meant. They were their mother's all; but in their spring time they died, and she was left alone. They were younger than either of you, but they are laid in their grave, while everything around them is springing into life. We hope they are blossoming in heaven. Do not forget that you are never too young to die. Are you ready?"

[*Infant Series, published by C. C. Dean, 18 Cornhill, Boston.*]

Industry and Indolence.

An indolent youth being asked why he was so shamefully fond of his pillow, to the manifest injury of his reputation, replied, "I am engaged every morning in hearing counsel. *Industry and Health* advise me to rise—*Sloth and Idleness* to lie still, and they give their reasons at large, pro and con. It is my part to be strictly impartial, and to hear with patience what is said on both sides; and by the time the cause is fairly argued, dinner is generally on the table!"

Caution.

A little daughter of a gentleman of this town, was brought home from school, on the 8th, in a deep sleep, seeming almost like death. A physician was sent for, who by means of medicine made the child vomit; when it was discovered that she had been eating peach stone meats! These meats contain a rank poison, and the rescue of the child from their deadly effects, is most fortunate.—*Springfield Republican.*

Decision of a Parent.

"We like the decision of that Christian parent,"—said a superintendent, in his report of his school in 1837,—"who, after many unavailing efforts to induce her children to unite with the Sabbath School (and they were not children in age,) resolved that, if they would remain behind, they should not have her company. She accordingly united with the school, and shortly after, her children followed her, and are now members of the school."—*S. S. Visitor.*

Sensible Reply.

A mother, as she was going out one day, said to her little boy of four or five, "Now you will be a good little man while mother is gone, won't you?" "No, mother," said he, "but I will be a good little boy."

MAXIM.—To ourselves, the highest point of utility is to become wise and good—to others, to establish in them the same character.—*Dr. Dwight.*

POETRY.

Written for the Youth's Companion.

THE CROP OF ACORNS.

There came a man, in days of old,
To hire a piece of land for gold,
And urged his suit, in accents meek,
"One crop alone, is all I seek;
That harvest o'er, my claim I'll yield,
And to its lord resign the field."

The owner some misgivings felt,
And coldly with the stranger dealt,
But found his last objection fail,
And honied eloquence prevail,
So took the proffer'd price in hand,
And for one crop; leased out the land.

The wily tenant sneer'd with pride,
And sow'd the spot with acorns wide;
At first, like tiny shoots they grew,
Then broad and wide, their branches threw;
But long before those oaks sublime
Aspiring reach'd their forest prime,
The cheated landlord mouldering lay
Forgotten with his kindred clay.

Oh ye, whose years unfolding fair,
Are fresh with youth and free from care,
Should Vice or Indolence desire,
The garden of your soul to hire,
No parley hold, reject their suit,
Nor let one seed the soil pollute.

My child, their first approach beware,
With firmness break the insidious snare,
Lest, as the acorns grew and throve
Into a sun-excluding grove,
Thy sins, a dark, o'ershadowing tree,
Shut out the light of heaven from thee.

Hartford, Ct.

L. H. S.

YOUTH'S COMPANION.

Published Weekly, by NATHANIEL WILLIS, at the Office of the Boston Recorder, No. 11, Cornhill.—Price, \$1.00 a year in advance; or \$1.25 if not paid in advance.

NO. 5.

BOSTON, JUNE 12, 1840.

VOL. XIV.



Written for the Youth's Companion.

A DAY IN THE WOODS.

How do you do, little Mary? What! have you brought me another picture to tell you a story about? Well, let me see, what is it? First, there are some trees all round, and in the middle there is a pond of water. The water looks very still and smooth. What do you think that boy is doing? "I don't know." Don't you know? Well, I will tell you. You see there are two logs of wood nailed together; that is a raft. On the raft a little girl is sitting, and I suppose the boy is her brother. He is pushing the raft along with his pole, so as to make it go across the pond. "What is the boy's name?" You always like to know names, don't you, little Mary? His name is Robert and his sister's name is Jane. I suppose they had a holiday to-day, and did not go to school. So Robert said to his mother,

"Mother, there is no school to-day; may Jane and I spend the day in the woods?" Then his mother said; "I am afraid you will be tired, if you stay all day." And Robert said, "Oh no, mother, we shall not be tired; we shall find plenty of things to do, and besides we can come home whenever we are tired."

"Well," said his mother, "you may go. But what will you do for dinner?"

"You will give us some to carry in our baskets, won't you mother?" said Robert. His mother said she would, so she put a biscuit and a piece of gingerbread and two apples into Robert's basket, and the same into Jane's. Then the two children kissed their mother and set off. They had a very pleasant walk to the woods, but when they got there, they did not know what they should do first. They ran about for some time under the trees, turning over the leaves and branches that were scattered on the ground, and looking for wild flowers. Then they found a spot all covered with green smooth moss, and they said that should be their island, and they would make believe they were Robinson Crusoe. "But we cannot both be Robinson Crusoe," said Robert; "I am Robinson Crusoe, and what are you?" "I do not see what I can be," said Jane sorrowfully. "O yes, I can be your man Friday." "So you shall," said Robert, "and we will set about building a hut directly." They worked very hard for several hours, building and pulling down; and then they were tired, and stopped to eat some dinner. When he had finished the last mouthful, Robert said, "I like living on a desert island very well, don't you, Jane?" "Yes," said Jane, "if I could bring my dinners with me, but you must remember if we were really on a desert island, we should have nothing to eat." "Except such things as

Robinson Crusoe had," said Robert; "he had cocoa nuts, and I like them very much."

"But you would not like them, all the time, if you had nothing else," said Jane.

They talked some time longer about Robinson Crusoe, each of them lying on the grass, and breaking to pieces the dried sticks and twigs they found. At last, Robert said he knew a place where there were some foxberries, over the other side of the pond, and if Jane would get on the raft he would paddle her across. Jane was rather afraid at first, but Robert persuaded her, and she consented. The pond was very shallow, so shallow that they could hardly have been drowned if they had fallen into it. They got across in safety and found a few foxberries. After they had wandered about for some time, and filled their baskets with a variety of strange things, they went back to the other side of the pond, and went home. This is the end of my story, and here is little Mary—asleep. L.

NARRATIVE.

THE WATCHMAKER AND HIS FRIEND THE BLACKSMITH.

[From the last Introductory Lecture of Professor Gibson, of the University of Pennsylvania; printed in the Medical Examiner.]

I was walking with my old Philadelphia friend in the Palais Royal, in quest of a watch, and, struck with the open and honest physiognomy of a middle aged man, whom we observed, through the window, so busily engaged at his work as not to perceive us, determined to enter and examine his commodities. After selecting an article of beautiful workmanship, such as we had not seen in any other establishment, demanding the price, and then according to usage, endeavoring to get it at the lowest sum, the man, with a deep sigh, and most disconsolate look, said that his profession was a most unfortunate one; that, for years, he had toiled from morning till night, poring over the wheels and springs of watches with magnifying glasses, until he had nearly put out a pair of the finest and sharpest eyes, and by long sitting, had injured his limbs and impaired his constitution. "Oh," said he, "that I had been a surgeon, how different might have been my situation!" Then turning, and looking us full in the face, he continued, "Gentlemen, I am a poor individual, without fame or consequence, but my history, inasmuch as it is connected with that of a dear friend, whose reputation is well known all over the world, is nevertheless a singular and interesting one, and, for his sake, if you can spare time, I will relate it to you." Struck with the manner and earnestness of the man, and favorably impressed towards him, we took seats in his small shop and listened to his narrative. "I was the son," said he, of a poor miller, and the father of my friend followed the occupation of blacksmith in the village of Breches and province of Loire, and, at an early age, we were both initiated in the mysteries of our paternal vocations, he shoeing horses, and I grinding grain from morning till night. In spite, however, of the severe labor to which my friend was exposed, he devoted many hours of the night to improving his mind, and twice a week attended a country school three miles off. His father's library consisted of two books—the complete drovers and a volume of medical receipts—which the young blacksmith was so enamored of as to commit to memory, and, from that period turned his attention to medicine. He continued, however, to shoe horses, and prescribed for their diseases, until his twenty-third year, when growing tired of such labor, and burning to distinguish himself in

higher pursuits, proposed to me to leave our native village and repair to the capital, where he was sure, he said, we should both meet with occupation worthy of our toil. With scanty means, and slender wardrobes fastened to our backs, we commenced our journey on foot, and after a time reached Tours, where the money of my friend giving out, he was obliged to remain and work at his trade, while I pursued my solitary way to the capital, and meeting with no better employment, took up with the villainous business of watch-making. Several weeks afterwards, my friend arrived, and hiring, for three francs, a black coat, which did not fit, and contrasted strangely with his country garments, waited upon the celebrated Dubois—offering to become his pupil—who, impressed favorably, notwithstanding the ludicrous figure he cut in his long-tailed coat and sky-blue pantaloons, told him he might live among his servants and have the run of his kitchen, for some weeks, until he could ascertain the nature and extent of his qualifications. The proposal was joyously accepted, but before the expiration of the allotted time, my friend gave so many proofs of genius and talent, and worked with so much assiduity and success as to astonish Dubois, and cause him, henceforward, to consider him as a companion and friend. From that moment the fortune of my village crony was made; for, under the excellent Dubois, he not only made astonishing progress in his medical studies, but was so diligent and untiring, as to acquire, in a short time, such knowledge of the classics, and most of the languages of modern Europe, as to read them with facility.

"Since that period only a few years have elapsed, and my country friend, farrier, and blacksmith, is now at the head of the profession in Paris, a distinguished professor and hospital surgeon, the author of large and valuable volumes in every department of the profession, and, withal, a man of fortune. And where, he continued, am I? Still a poor, miserable watchmaker in the Palais Royal, and the tenant of this pill-box of a shop, in which you are now sitting." And pray, Mr. Jarrosay, said I, may I ask, who that friend of yours may be? "That friend, sir," said he, slowly rising from his bench, putting forth his right arm, and stamping firmly with his foot upon the floor, "that friend, sir, is no less than the celebrated VELPEAU."

The next day I called upon Velpeau, and found him in his study behind a pile of books, which he was pitching, with great vivacity, from right to left, in search of authorities and quotations for a large work on surgery, then in press. Before leaving, I took the opportunity to ask if Jarrosay's story was correct. "Perfectly so, as far as it goes," said he, "he is still my friend, an honest man, and one of the best watchmakers in Paris, of whom you may purchase without hesitation."

NATURAL HISTORY.

Written for the Youth's Companion.

THE SPIDER.

I was one day wandering alone after the cares and employments of a teacher's busy day were over. In my wandering I was seeking for amusement and relaxation, for something to divert and not fatigue the mind. The first thing that particularly attracted my attention was a large spider, hanging, by his tiny tread from the branches of a small tree. Well! Mr. Spider, thought I, you are beginning to weave a web I suspect. I think you are a very curious workman, but I won-

der how you contrive to fasten your house on the boughs of two different trees. I know you cannot fly, and I should not think you could jump so far, and so accurately as just to hit the branch. I know if you fall your thread might catch you, still I think it must hurt you exceedingly. And I think it must be equally difficult for you to take your thread in your mouth or in your hand, and run down one tree and up another. So long a thread would be apt to become entangled. The spider did not hear me, for I spoke in my thoughts, and if he had heard me, he could not have understood my language. So I had no reason to think he would show me how he managed. But I wished to look at him a while, and see what he was doing. The spider I believe, heeded me not, for he went on with his work at a very rapid rate. He first ran down, some distance, on his slender cord; then up again, apparently doubling it, and leaving it unattached to any thing. When he reached the top I thought he was preparing to descend again, but about this time I perceived the gentle breeze had wafted his light thread, to the high post of a neighboring fence; where, after a few ineffectual attempts its silken fibres at length caught on a projecting sliver, and remained firmly fastened. As soon as the spider noticed this, he tightened the cord, fastened it firmly to the tree, and then ran on the line to the fence, spinning as he went. When he reached the fence, he spent a few seconds, either reconnoitering, or fastening firmly the foundations of his contemplated house? Soon he returned again to the tree, then back again to the fence two or three times, each time stopping a moment to fasten the end of his cord. When it became a six or eight fold thread, he stopped about the middle of it, and remained busy for a moment. He then ran to the fence, and instead of stopping as formerly to fasten his work, he ran a little one side, and fastened it at a little distance from the former place. I now perceived that he had bound his bundle of cords together in the middle, and that this last thread diverged from this point. When he had made the second thread two or three fold, he diverged still more with another and then another, till each end of his work resembled an open fan. He then began to fill up his work with cross threads, as you have often seen in the spider's web. He made the outer ring double or treble, and an occasional cross thread which seemed to require unusual strength three or four fold. I cannot tell how fast time passed while I was watching him, but I should think in half an hour he had woven quite a web, which I left him to complete at his leisure.

What an example this was of industry and perseverance. May the young reader remember it when he is disposed to be indolent, or easily discouraged in a good work. ELLA.

MORALITY.

Written for the Youth's Companion.

"MANY A LITTLE, MAKES A MICKLE."

I have, a hundred times, been very much struck with the truth of this homely old adage; but often as we see it exemplified in all the affairs of life, we seldom recollect, and act upon it. Patient perseverance can accomplish almost every thing; and he who, remembering that "many a little, makes a mickle," undertakes to perform any labor, or attain any desirable end, with faithful perseverance, will certainly effect his object. *

There were two boys in the year 17—who commenced life almost together. The same roof covered them—the same parents cared for them—the same opportunities were opened to them. A kind Providence seemed to have gifted them equally with capacity for knowledge, and improvement. In their age there was the difference of but a single year. The eldest we will call James, the other Albert. They attended the same schools, pursued the same studies, and in process of time entered the same college, and for a little while, both, under the excitement of novelty, held on their way rejoicing together. Little by little

however, James, who had never quite been Albert's equal in perseverance and industry, grew more negligent and incorrect—little by little he listened to the voice of temptation—each succeeding month found him a little worse than the previous one. Just as you, because you are constantly with her, do not observe that that little sister of yours is becoming taller and taller every day; while a stranger, who should see her after an interval of months would mark the rapidity of her growth. So one who constantly associated with James, would hardly perceive that he grew worse from day to day, so slight was the change; but "many a little, makes a mickle;" and James, when the time came to graduate was far behind Albert, who, unlike his comrade, had been growing a little better, instead of a little worse every day. But they both began the world with high hopes and eager expectations. I need not trace minutely their progress, and therefore, I pass over many years, during which I lost sight of them both.

Not long since, I had occasion to call at the house of Judge —, and recognized in him my old friend Albert, now elevated to one of the highest judicial stations in the land. By his fireside sat an infirm and dejected man, whose brow was stamped deep with the tokens of a premature old age—he was just recovering from a state of intoxication. Upon inquiry I found that this wretched man was the same James I had formerly known. Ever since he left college, he had constantly been growing worse and worse by slow degrees, until now Albert and James, whose paths at first diverged but very little, were living proofs that many a little will make a very great deal.

RELIGION.

THE RECLAIMED.

G. S. was born in B—d, New York; he was favored with a pious and excellent mother, but unfortunately, like too many others, at an early age, left his parents' home to reside in the city of New York. He was an amiable and interesting young man, with rather a prepossessing exterior, was beloved and respected by all who knew him; but, frail young man! he knew not his danger, he allowed himself to associate with the gay and thoughtless, the Sabbath breaker and the infidel—they led him from step to step—from one sin to another—from Sabbath breaking to blasphemy his Maker, and finally to deny his very existence. He soon came in possession of infidel books and arguments, and became the pride of his party, and an admirable instrument by which the Arch-Deceiver could decoy others of our race into his fatal snare, and so well did he qualify himself to contend for the ground he had taken, that he sought opportunities of conversing with Christians, and even ministers, upon his favorite subject. He did not, like others, despise or neglect the Bible, but often read it with care, but did not, and could not believe it to be a divine revelation from the Creator, but often expressed his willingness to the writer, to believe it if he could, and wished from his heart to know what was truth upon so important a subject. He was my cousin, of my own age; we had been fond of each other from childhood. He came to visit me at my father's house; we conversed hour after hour; sometimes I would flatter myself that I could convince him of error, but alas! I became convinced that he was out of the reach of any mortal. The more I conversed with him, the more fully I became convinced that none but a mighty hand could deliver him out of a dangerous snare into which he had fallen, and become entangled. I saw, too, with grief, that his health was failing, that consumption had evidently marked him for a victim; I cried unto my God to have mercy upon my poor friend. I did not, I could not give him up. I reminded him of others of his belief, whose fears had been aroused when death approached.

When he observed my solicitude he would almost laugh at me, and declare he was not afraid

to die, and if he knew death was near he would as lief have his place as mine, or that of my excellent pastor, of whom he had frequently heard me speak. At length

The hour of trial came!

And sickness shook his trembling frame.

Then the solemn, awful truths of God's holy word, of judgment and eternity, of heaven and hell, rushed upon his mind; those truths which he had often heard and read to cavil at and to ridicule; but now the Spirit of truth had fastened them upon his heart, and driven unbelief far from him. Of the existence of a righteous God he had now no doubt; he was filled with horror in view of his past life and present situation; his sins rose like mountains before him, and he seemed overwhelmed and distracted; he even imagined that he heard the wailings of the damned in the world of despair, whither he felt himself rapidly hastening; but he was enabled to lift up his heart and voice to beg for mercy at the throne of grace, and we doubt not the Lord heard and answered him, and after he was made to feel how vile, foolish and wicked he had been, he came in possession of that peace, and love, and joy, which the world knows nothing of. He was evidently a new creature, "old things had passed away and all had become new;" he looked back upon his past life with regret, and took the earliest opportunity to commit his infidel books and papers to the flames; he seemed filled with wonder and admiration that God should notice so vile a worm, who had broken His laws and even denied his existence. He lived for some time rejoicing in God his Saviour; he loved the precious Bible which he had once hated and disbelieved, and many of its precious truths which he had read and been heard to cavil and talk about, now came to his mind to comfort him; he seemed confident if he could but see his former companions he could convince them of their error, and expressed a wish to recover, that he might undo what he had done; but such was not his Lord's will. His remaining days were peaceful and happy, and notwithstanding the doubts I entertain of repentance upon sick beds in general, of his case I can have no doubt, he was as "a brand plucked out of the burning," his end was peace. M. S. B.

B—d, 1840.

A BOY TELLING HIS TROUBLES TO THE SAVIOUR.

Several years since, there lived a boy in the Great Valley of the West, who had wicked parents. They were so wicked, and cared so little about God or his word, that they took their little son from the Sabbath School, and forbid his ever attending again. This was a great trial to the dear boy; for during the short time he had attended, he was very happy,—he loved to go,—and he became much attached to his class-mates and his pious teacher. How could he think of never meeting them again, and restrain his bitter tears?

One Sabbath morning, his father and mother locked him into a chamber, for fear he would run away to the Sabbath School. After his parents had shut and locked the chamber door, and gone down, he began to think how his kind teacher once told the class that, "if they ever had any difficulty or trouble, they must go and tell the Saviour of it, and pray to him." And as he sat there alone, and remembered his Sabbath School and his dear teacher, the poor child thought within himself, "I am now in difficulty and trouble surely, and I will go and tell the Saviour." So he knelt down and began to pray.

His mother, knowing how strong was his love to the Sabbath School, thought he might try to escape by the window, and perhaps get hurt. So she went up softly to his chamber door, and looked through the key-hole. And O, what a scene did she behold! There was her dear boy upon his knees, crying unto God in prayer. His father and his mother had forsaken him, and he was asking the Lord to take him up. The mother could not witness such a scene unmoved. Her heart was

melted; she opened the door, went in, and kneeling by his side, begged that he would pray for her. Presently the father came in, and went to the chamber for the same reason that the mother had gone before, to see if the child was there, and what he was doing. As he ascended the stairs, he saw that the door was ajar. His first thought was, that the mother had let the boy out, and he was very angry. But when he entered the room, and saw his little son on his knees, and the mother kneeling by his side, his anger gave place to the most tender affection for his child, and an overwhelming sense of his own wickedness, and he knelt down on the other side, and begged that *he* too might be remembered in prayer! The result of that affecting scene was, the wicked father's and mother's hopeful conversion to God!

Youthful readers! With this story before you, ought you not to be thankful for the privilege of attending the Sabbath School? Your parents not only permit, but *wish* you to attend. Again: will you not learn from this story, to carry all your difficulties and troubles to the Saviour in prayer? You have a kind and sympathizing Saviour. He is more ready to hear you than you are to cry unto him. He loves to have you come to him just as you go to your kind parents, and tell him all your joys and all your sorrows. If you have a wicked heart, tell him of it, and ask him to take it away and give you a new one. If you have a bad temper, tell him of that; if you are tempted to disobey your parents, or break the Sabbath, or do any thing wrong, spread it all out before the Saviour. Do not fear to tell him your smallest difficulties and troubles; and tell him, too, with thanksgiving and praise, of all your joys and happiness. The more you go to him, if you go with right feelings, the more you will love to go.

[Sabbath School Visitor.]

THE NURSERY.

Written for the Youth's Companion.

THE NEGLECTED SISTER.

In the town of — there is a family consisting of several children. All, who are old enough, have attended school and made very fair progress in their studies. They can all behave well, and they appear very interesting, when on their way to school, and when at their seats with their books. They all love each other. At least, I think they do, although they sometimes get *put out* with each other. Still, if one was very sick or in great pain they would all feel very tenderly for that one, and wish if possible to give relief.

But, I have noticed one thing in these children, which I am sorry to see. Will you read a little farther and see what that thing is? Do not throw the paper down, unless you have something that you ought to do now. When you have read a little further I will tell you why I wished you to read.

The thing which I am sorry to see, is this. They have one sister that they *neglect*. I presume they love her, but they *neglect* her. If their school-mates come to see them, they do not seem to wish to have her present. When they go out to play, after they have done their *stints*, they do not seem to wish her to go with them. When they are talking with each other, they do not wish her to join with them in conversation. It is true she plays with her little sister, younger than herself, and oftentimes with the one the next older, but the others neglect her. I am sorry to see it. If they were my children, I would talk with them about it. I do not know as their parents have thought much of it.

But I fear the elder ones are doing more injury than they think of. I will give my reasons. One writer says there is a tendency in our natures to become what we are *taken to be*. My dear readers, do you understand this? If you did, I think you would not neglect a sister or a brother in their youthful days.

I will not now stop for a long explanation. But, it means something like this. If you are in the habit of neglecting a sister; if you don't treat

her as a companion, if you don't want her where you are, if you almost always find some fault with her when you speak to her, she will begin to suppose that you do not think that she is *like other folks*, and she will begin to think herself that she does not know so much as common folks.

Now it is very bad to have a sister feel so. If she does, she will be likely to act very awkwardly, and do things that she would not have done, if she had been treated as an equal. What if she does not have quite so pretty a face as many others have? It is not her fault. She ought to be *pitied* rather than *neglected* on that account. She ought to be treated by you with even more tenderness. Her cup of sorrow will be full enough, without your adding anything to it. And if you neglect her, others will be likely to do so. Now who can tell the grief it may occasion her from day to day.

But I must not say much more at present. I have wished you to read this, in order that you may notice and befriend those, who are, or have been, neglected; whether it be a sister, a brother, or a schoolmate. Don't neglect such, merely because they may do some things which are out of the way. Perhaps the very reason they do so, is because they are neglected, and feel discouraged because you seem to care so little for them.

If any read this who think themselves neglected, I would say to them, do not be discouraged. If you behave well, things will come right at last. The wise and the good will respect you, if they find you make it a principle always to do right. Don't try to gain the good opinion of others any farther than *doing right* will gain it. If any are so weak minded as to have a good opinion of those only who have a *pretty face*, their good opinion is not worth much.

A. F.

PARENTAL.

A PARENT'S BITTEREST AGONY.

Susan and George were as lovely children as ever gladdened a parent's heart, or brightened a missionary's evening hour.

Last night, George was sporting on my knee. I held the happy little fellow a long time; talked with him about God, heaven and hell; about dying; and what made a good, and what a bad boy; told him God would burn up the world. And here he asked me many questions about God and man, that I could not answer. When speaking about the punishment of the wicked, he asked, with a look of deep anxiety, "Will they burn? Will they burn?"

To-day, his cap was found afloat in the river, near the bridge; but the circumstance did not lead to much immediate inquiry. He had been sent to school, and ran from his mother's arms in a frolicsome mood, with a little green bough pinned in his cap. His teacher—for she loved him—waited for him to read, but he did not come. School was out, and he did not return. Seeing a collection of people on the bridge and by the river, I hastened to the crowd. May God, in mercy, spare me from ever witnessing again such indescribable agony of a mother's heart! She pressed through the throng, grasped my hand, called me by name, and exclaimed with a look that told how bitter it is to be bereaved of a first born, "Oh, I have not prayed for him as I ought!"

He had not been found, but there could be no doubt. After an hour's search, a plank was taken up from the bridge, and the body of the poor little dead George hung to the iron hook by which he was drawn from his watery grave.

Little Susan stood there, looking down, and as soon as she saw his face in the water, she cried, "Ma, Ma, is George going up to God now? Oh how I wish I could go with him."

The distressing scene presented to the eye of the father and mother, I will not attempt to describe. God bereaved them in a moment. Their darling boy running away from their door so joyful and merry, and now to be laid in his winding sheet!

I loved George; his teacher loved him; I saw her weep, and weep, as she stood and gazed on his cold, dead face.

The room was soon filled with sympathizing friends and neighbors, and after the body was shrouded and laid at that frightful length, so startling to the living, we bowed down in prayers and tears before our Father in heaven, to implore submission to his will, to adore the mysteries of his providence, and to acknowledge his sovereign right to dispose of all he has made.

Reader, are you a parent? Spare your heart the bitterness of saying in the hour when God be-
reaves you of your children—"Oh, I have not prayed for them as I ought."

Pray for them as you ought, and you may meet them in heaven.—*Pastor's Journal.*

SABBATH SCHOOL.

MOTHER AND CHILD.

Mother. Well, my dear, the Sabbath is now drawing to a close, and, as we are seated alone together, I should like to talk with you a little about the manner in which it has been spent. I know you have been at church all day, and attended the Sabbath School. I should like to find out, with your help, whether you have been made wiser or better by these outward means of grace. You know, my child, God looks at the heart, but he alone has that power. Your mother watches your ways and your doings, but she cannot look into your heart, to see if all is right there. She can tell you when you *do* wrong. Your secret thoughts are hidden from her view. But they are open to the eye of God, and to Him you must give an account, "whether they be good, or whether they be evil." I wish you to remember this at all times, and more especially when you are engaged in this holy worship.

Child. I remember the text, mother, but I thought that I could not understand the sermon; so I took my Sunday School book and read in that while the minister was preaching. I said my lesson at the Sunday School, all the verses quite perfectly, and I was the only one in the class who did; some of them said only half the lesson, some of them only five or six verses; and that little Betsey Brown said only four. I wonder our teacher has patience with her, she is such a little stupid thing; she never studies her lesson at home, and then she must ask so many questions about it; even how the words are pronounced, and what they mean. She never looks off her book to take notice of any thing; and when I asked her this morning just to look at the picture in the beginning of my book, she said she had not time, though she had just taken her seat in school.

M. Stop, my dear; I am sorry to find you indulging a fault, for which I have often corrected you; that of condemning others, and thinking too well of yourself. Have you forgotten the conversation I had with you last week, when you asked me to explain to you the meaning of the verse, "Why beholdest thou the mote in thy brother's eye, and perceivest not the beam in thine own eye?" I happen to know something of little Betsey Brown, whom you so unkindly call dull and stupid, and I don't think there is a scholar in your class more deserving of praise than she is. While you have time to attend to your lessons at home, and a mother ready and willing to explain them to you, and assist you in getting them, little Betsey, young as she is, is kept constantly employed during the week, without the advantage of attending school as you do, and her mother, who is so unfortunate as not to have had the advantages of education herself, is entirely unable to assist Betsey in her Sunday lesson, so that she is left to her own exertions, and the kind attention of her Sunday School teacher. You would feel grieved for what you have said, could you see this dutiful little girl, after her day's work is over, sitting down trying to spell out her lesson, and understand its meaning, with no one to give her the assis-

tance she needs. But Betsey is determined to learn, and I trust, with her kind teacher's assistance, and the blessing of God on her exertions, she will not only be a good scholar, but also become wise unto salvation. And let this, my child, teach you a lesson which you very much need to learn; to discover and correct your own faults, before you condemn another who is less deserving of censure than yourself.

C. I do not think I have done very wrong, dear mother; but more in thinking well of myself, than in finding fault with Betsey; because I did not know any thing about her at home. Next Sabbath I will do all I can to help her, and if you are willing, I should like to go and see her after her day's work is done, try to assist her in learning to read; so that she can get her lesson with more ease.

M. Do not let this feeling pass away, my child, when the Sabbath is over. You have made good resolutions before; let me now see some good fruit springing up, and I shall think my labor has not been in vain. Let this verse be your motto for the coming week, and think of it whenever you are tempted to condemn another:

In other men we faults can spy,
And blame the mote that dims their eye;
Ere you remark another's sin,
Let your own conscience look within.

EDITORIAL.

SABBATH SCHOOL MEETING.

A great meeting of the Massachusetts Sabbath School Society, was held at the Marlboro' Chapel, in Boston, on Thursday, the 23rd day of May; and addresses were made by a number of gentlemen. Rev. Mr. Cleaveland was there, from Michigan, which is a great distance from this place, as our readers will see by looking on the map, among the great lakes; and he related an interesting story of some children he had seen there. A certain minister has four children, two sons and two daughters, one of whom is a very little girl, and the other twelve or thirteen years old. There was a revival of religion there, when many were seeking the salvation of their souls. This daughter was one of them; but, after she thought she was a new creature, she began to feel very deeply for her two brothers. They were proud boys; but she took them one by one alone, and talked and prayed with them. She continued to feel very deeply for them, till it seemed as if her heart would break. They began to appear more and more solemn. One morning, she came from her closet where she had been praying, to attend family prayers, with her face red with weeping; and she told her father how she felt for her brothers. There were other persons there; and they all knelt down and prayed very earnestly to God for these two boys; and before family worship was over, both of them were hoping in the mercy of God, through Jesus Christ. And, why may not all children who read this, follow their example? Did these children need the mercy of God any more than you do? And was Christ any more willing to receive them than he is to receive you? And, if any of you have sweet peace in Christ, have you not brothers or sisters, for whom you may pray, and to whom you may speak? And will not God be as willing to bless what you do, as he was to bless what was done by this little girl?

And Mr. Sawtell was there, who lives at Havre, in France, which you will find on the map, over the other side of the Atlantic ocean. And, if you put one finger on France, and another on Michigan, and another on the Island of Ceylon, away in the Indian Ocean, you will see from what a distance people come to attend these interesting meetings; for Mr. Meigs was there, who has been twenty-five years in Ceylon. Mr. Sawtell said that, in Paris, in France, there is a man who sometimes goes about driving two great lions in a car; and he drives them about just as if

they were horses. And did you know that the Bible says the day is coming when little children shall lead about the lions and the leopards and the tigers, and shall play with the serpents. And how is this? Your Sabbath School teachers are showing you. But what are these lions and tigers? Did you ever hear a little boy cry because he was going to have his face washed, to go to Sabbath School? Did you ever hear a little girl say, "I will wear this," or, "I won't wear that?" There were lions and tigers and wild beasts there. These bad dispositions are the lions and tigers; and some are so careless as to let them carry them off and destroy them. But the object of the Sabbath School is, to tame these lions and tigers, so that you can lead them about, instead of letting them run away with you; and then, how pleasant and happy you will be. The design of the Sabbath School is, to fill the minds of children with a spirit of love, so that they will be able to govern and control these lions and tigers. Then, what pleasant families we shall have.

And one story I will tell, that you may know what good you can do. A little girl went to Sabbath School, whose father did not love and please God. One day, as she was sitting on his knee, she said to him, "Father, did you ever pray?" "Hush, my child," replied the father. "But, father," said the little girl, "did you ever pray?" "Hush," said he, "who taught you that?" "But, father," she continued, "did you ever pray." That was too much for him. It touched his hard heart. He thrust the child from his arms, and rushed into his closet, where, for the first time in his life, he prayed; and he became a new man. Mr. Sawtell had been telling them about the new sharp threshing instrument, which you may read about in the forty-first chapter of Isaiah, and fourteenth and fifteenth verses; and now, said he, you see that little children can be *teeth* in this instrument; for this threshing instrument, he said, meant the means that God will use to bring all the world to submit to Christ.

VARIETY.

The Generous Girl.

Once there were two little girls. Their names were Kitty and Sarah. One afternoon they went to visit a kind lady. The lady gave each of them a piece of cake, and told them to go and sit under the cherry trees and eat it. So they made themselves a seat in the long green grass, and sat down in the shade, both as happy as could be. The grasshoppers skipped about and made the children laugh, and the bees came buzzing along to sip the honey from the red clover tops, and in the next field the lambs gambled and frolicked by their mother's side. Kitty and Sarah put down their cake to look and enjoy the sight. They would like to have gone and frolicked with them, but it was very warm, and the kind lady had told them they must keep in the cool shade under the cherry trees. They were both happy, as I said, for they were both pleasant and good natured. They had made a box with clover leaves and put away their cake, to save it along, thinking it would taste better by and by. At last they began to feel hungry, uncovered their cakes, shook off the green specks, and were in high glee.

But before they began to eat, Sarah said, "Kitty, let us measure and see who has the largest piece. Oh, you have a good deal larger than me. That isn't fair. Won't you give me that piece right off there? then we shall be even." "I don't want to, Sarah. It is a pretty cake; I don't want to break it." "But you have got the most, and yours is the prettiest. I won't have mine. If you don't change with me I will throw it right away," and so she threw it down and pouted out her lip.

The green grass waved as prettily around them as before, and the birds sang in the cherry branches, and the bees buzzed, and the grasshoppers skipped, and the lambs played their gambols, as gaily as before; but these children did not see and enjoy it any more. They were no longer happy. Sarah was cross and selfish, and Kitty was sorry. No one can be happy when they are cross and selfish, and no one can enjoy the pretty things around them then. What a pity for a little girl to be cross and selfish! No one loves her then.

Kitty was a good little girl. She did not like to see Sarah cross, so she took up the cake, and looked first at that and then at her own, and then at Sarah's red face and pouting lips, and she said, "Well, Sarah, you may have mine if you want it." Kitty was a generous little girl, and every one loved her. Yes, every body loves a generous girl. So she gave Sarah her cake for the little one, and began to eat that very good naturedly and with a light heart. Sarah took the large cake and ate too; but somehow or other she did not feel very happy. Her heart was heavy. We cannot be happy when we are cross and selfish.

[Infant Series, published by C. C. Dean, 13 Cornhill, Boston.]

A Missionary Spirit.

A little boy in one of the primary schools in this city, who frequently brought cents to school that were given him, was asked one day by his teacher if he would not like to deposit them in her desk and see how many he could get. He said yes, he should. One day as he came with one in his hand, she asked him what he was going to do with his money, and if he would not like for her to buy him a book with it. He looked up smilingly and said, I want to give it to the Heathen, and has since brought a missionary box, where it is carefully preserved for that purpose. What little reader will do likewise. B. W.

CHRISTIAN CHEERFULNESS.—"If good people," said Archbishop Usher, "would but make goodness agreeable, and smile, instead of frowning in their virtue, how many would they win to the good cause."

Nothing is easier than to find fault with others; and nothing more difficult than to do right ourselves.

POETRY.

Written for the Youth's Companion.

A SISTER'S GIFT.

TO MARIAN.

Dear sister, I've a gift for you,
But must divide with others too;
There's Willy, he will want a slice,
For it is *sweet*, and *light*, and *nice*.
Now I suppose you think it's cake,
But don't imagine I would make
Verses on such a trifling theme—
Poets on such things do not dream!
Except when "wedding cake" is laid
By some fair hand beneath their head.
The gift I have for you, my dear,
Good Mr. Graham would not fear;
'Tis not to eat, 'tis not to drink,
But what it is, say, can you think?
'Tis given to children for rewards,
'Tis excellent for making *cords*!
They are—I've tried them and I know,
As strong again as hemp or tow.
They make a more than Gordian knot,
Which Aleck's sword could never cut;
A sharper instrument I ween,
Than any knife you've ever seen
'Twill take to cut these little cords,
And what is that? 'Tis *cutting words*!
Bad tempered blades you say are these,
And yet they do their work with ease.
Now I suppose you've settled it,
The answer to my riddle hit;
What is it that's so *soft* and *strong*,
So *sweet*, and *stretches* out so long,
That if you went to Jericho,
Would reach as far for aught I know!
What is it that when once 'tis lost,
Cannot be bought at any cost,
What none can sell, but all will give,
And none without it wish to live?
We prize it more than tongue can tell,
Yet do not always keep it well.
'Tis not alive, it is not dead,
It does not eat, yet must be *fed*,
It cannot walk, but often *flies*,
Can feel, but seems to have no *eyes*;
You see it not, but hear its voice,
And in its gentle tones rejoice;
Those tones a thrill of joy impart,
And waken echoes in the heart.
This gift sometimes may make you sad,
But oft'ner it will make you glad;
In a cold world will keep you warm,
And *would* protect you from all harm—
A talisman of virtue rare,
May you its choicest blessings share!
Of treasures bright, below, above,
What richer gift is there than *Love*? S. J.

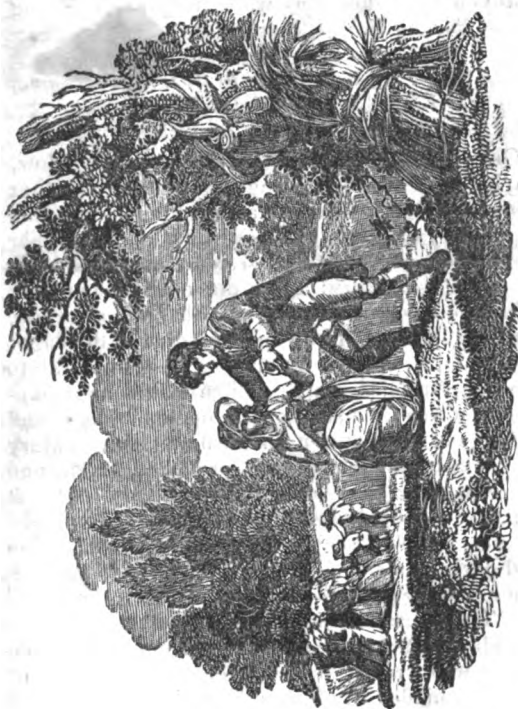
YOUTH'S COMPANION.

Published Weekly, by NATHANIEL WILLIS, at the Office of the Boston Recorder, No. 11, Cornhill.—Price, \$1.00 a year in advance; or \$1.25 if not paid in advance.

NO. 6.

BOSTON, JUNE 19, 1840.

VOL. XIV.



Written for the Youth's Companion.

BOAZ AND RUTH.

Here is little Mary with another picture. Let me see what it is about. Oh, I see. Boaz and Ruth. I wonder if I can make little Mary understand about them. See here, Mary. That is corn growing. We make bread out of corn. Mary eats bread every day for her breakfast. The corn grows up out of the ground, just like Mary's little posy that she loves so much. When it grows up high, then come the ears of corn. Mary has had ears of corn to play with, so she knows how they look. Then the miller grinds the corn in his mill, and Dolly makes it into bread and bakes it, and Mary eats it.

Well, once there was a poor girl named Ruth. She had not any bread to eat nor any corn to make bread. Her mother lived with her. Her mother was old and could not work, and Ruth did not know how she should get bread for her, and for herself. At last she thought she would go out into the fields and pick up the ears of corn, which the men had dropped. The field into which she went belonged to a very rich man. His name was Boaz. He had a great deal of corn, and a great many servants, and a great deal of money. He happened to come out into the field when Ruth was there. He saw her, and thought she was a good girl. He spoke kindly to her as you see in the picture. He told her to come always to his field, and that nobody should hurt her. Then he told his servants to be kind to her, and to drop some ears of corn on purpose for her to find.

It was God who made Boaz so kind to Ruth, because she was a good girl and prayed to God. Afterwards he loved Ruth more, when he found how good she was, and he asked her to be his wife, and to live with him. So Ruth went to live with Boaz, and after this she and her mother always had enough to eat. And I dare say, Ruth was kind to other poor people, when she remembered how she had once been poor herself. You see how God takes care of those that love Him. If you love Him, He will take care of you.

Since writing the above, I have heard of another instance of God's goodness. A Minister in New York stated that during the hard times, last winter, three daughters of a poor widow were in

want of food, and requested their mother to supply them. She told them she had no bread in the house, nor any money to buy it with, and that they must go out and try to beg some. These little girls had attended a Sabbath School, and recollected that their Teacher once told them, if they wanted any needful thing, they should pray to God for it, and if he saw it was best for them, he would give it to them. They stepped aside and sat down, and sang one of their Sabbath School Hymns, then the oldest one prayed to God to pity their hunger, and send them some bread. A lady passing by at that time saw them, and inquired what they were doing? They told her the simple story; when she said, "Come with me." She led them to a Baker's shop, gave each of them a loaf of bread—inquired where they lived, and afterwards provided for their wants. Children, let this encourage you always to look to God in time of trouble. L.

NARRATIVE.

THE CERTAINTY OF DEATH;

And the comfort then afforded by the Gospel.

Why then must every body die? The Bible tells us, "Death hath passed upon all men, in that all have sinned." Yes, all are sinners, and must therefore die. The old, greyheaded man must soon go. Death will not respect his silver locks. He will put him in the grave. The man in middle life is cut down too, though wife and children may weep and pray against it. The fair youth and the sweet child are not spared; and I think I have never had my heart more affected than when called to attend the funeral of children. I have seen them in the coffin, when they looked so fair and beautiful that it seemed hard to bury them up in the ground. The beautiful lines which I am now about to give you, describe two little twin babes, dead, and in the coffin, and the mother bending over it, and looking upon them through her tears.

" 'Twas summer, and a Sabbath eve,
And balmy was the air;
I saw a sight which made me grieve,
And yet the sight was fair.
Within a little coffin lay
Two lifeless babes as sweet as May.
Like waxen dolls which infants dress,
Their little bodies were;
A look of placid happiness
Did on each face appear;
And in the coffin, short and wide,
They lay together side by side.
A rose-bud nearly closed I found
Each little hand within;
And many a pink was strewed around,
With sprigs of jessamine;
And yet the flowers that round them lay,
Were not to me more fair than they.
Their mother, as a lily pale,
Sat by them on a bed,
And bending o'er them told her tale,
And many a tear she shed;
Yet oft she cried, amidst her pain,
"My babes and I shall meet again!"

Do you know what it was that gave comfort to this weeping mother, as she saw her dear twin babes in the coffin? It was the hope of the gospel—hope that Jesus Christ would watch over them in the grave, and at last raise them from the long sleep of death, and that she would be allowed to meet them again in heaven, to part from them no more. Yes, the Gospel of Christ gives us that blessed hope; "I heard a voice from heaven, saying, Write, Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord; yea, saith the Spirit, from henceforth,

for they rest from their labors, and their works do follow them." For this reason we cannot go and stand by the grave of a Christian without having hope spring up in the breast. It may be the grave of some dear friend; but if he died a Christian we feel that Christ will one day come to that grave, and awake his sleeping disciple.

A short time since, just at sunset, on a summer's day, I went to the grave of a dear sister of mine. Her two little boys went with me. When we had arrived there I saw four little rose-bushes standing, two at the head and two at the foot of the grave, bending over as if to meet and hang over the grave."

"That is her grave—our mother's grave," said one of the boys.

"And those rose-bushes?" said I, as the tears started in my eyes.

"Those," said the eldest, "brother and I, and father set, soon after she was laid there. Those two at the head she planted in the garden herself; and we took them up, and set them there, and call them 'mother's bushes.'"

"And what do you remember about your dear mother, my boys?"

"O, every thing."

"What in particular?"

"O this, uncle, that there never was a day since I can remember, in which she did not take us to her closet, and pray with us, unless she was sick on the bed."

Never did that sister seem so dear to me as at that moment, and never did my heart feel so full a hope in the words which were engraved on the tomb-stone:

"No mortal woes
Can reach the peaceful sleeper here,
While angels watch her soft repose."

Dear children, you and I must die, because we are sinners. And every grave that is dug and filled up is a new monument to show that men are all sinners. Men sometimes are so foolish as to deny that there ever was a flood which drowned all the world in a few days; but they cannot deny that death now sweeps off the whole world once in about thirty years. Go to that grave-yard yonder. How full of graves! You tread on some sleeper at every step. "Who slew all these?" Suppose you should go to a great prison full of little cells, and every cell had a prisoner chained in it, and the number was as great as the number of graves in that grave yard. Would you not think to yourself, "Here must be a great deal of guilt and sin in order to fill all these cells?" And the grave-yard is the prison-house where God has confined so many prisoners. There is no grave in heaven, and there never would have been one on earth, had it not been for sin.

What a beautiful piece of workmanship is destroyed when a child dies! The hands hang motionless; the bright eye is closed and dull in darkness; the fresh cheek is pale and cold; the tongue is silent, and the whole body, like a broken vessel, is in ruins. But we may rejoice that the disciple of Christ may go shouting into the grave, "O grave, where is thy victory?" Christ himself has been in it, and sanctified it. Besides, the grave can only receive and claim the poorer part of us. It only takes the body; while the soul, the immortal part, escapes its power. You know you can seem to see things when the eye is shut, and you dream of things when asleep. And so the soul can live, and think, and act when the body is in the grave. You will sleep in the grave a long time, but not always. God can and will raise up the body again. He is able. Do you see that beautiful little humming-bee dancing from flower

to flower? He was once confined to the little waxen cell, but God brought him out. See that looking glass; how perfectly you can see your face and form, and every hair on your forehead in it; but had you seen the coarse sand lie on the sea-shore before the workmen began, would you think that they could make such a thing from that sand? God will raise us up from the grave by his wisdom and power.

O, how much do we owe to Jesus Christ! At the opening of every grave I seem to hear the angel saying, "Come, see the place where the Lord lay."

SABBATH SCHOOL.

INTERESTING AND PATHETIC TALE.

At the late anniversary of the American Sunday School Union in New York, several extracts were read from the reports of the different schools belonging to the Union; among which was the following little tale, furnished from the minutes of a long established school, in relation to one of the children who had received his religious education there:—

"He had a pious mother, who died when he was seven years old. He left school, and after two years became a sailor boy. After ten years spent amid exposure to the snares of vice, he came to this port—was but about ten days on shore, and made a pilgrimage to his mother's grave, and a visit to a beloved sister, sixty miles from New York.

"On his return he visited the superintendent, after ten years absence from home, and nearly twelve from Sunday School, announced his name, and taking a little book from his bosom, added, "This will tell you better. I had a box of little books; they are worn out and gone, but," holding it up with a grasp of triumph, he added, "I HELD ON TO THIS." It was a Sabbath Scholar's Magazine, for proofs, bound with a prayer written on the blank leaf by the superintendent.

"In the course of conversation, he mentioned some lines he had written on visiting his mother's grave, a touching specimen of filial affection and true poetry. A verse or two I cannot refrain from subjoining—

"And I could love to die,"

To leave untasted life's dark bitter stream,
By thee as when in childhood, lie,
To share thy dream.

"Oft in life's withered bower,
In still communion with the past, I turn
To muse on thee, the only flower
In memory's urn!

"Where has thy spirit flown?
I gaze above—thy look is imaged there!
I listen, and thy gentle tone
Is on the air!

"God bless thy weeping child,
Who finds thy grave, religion's holy shrine!
And may his spirit undefiled,
Yet bend with thine!

"Such are the fruits of a Sunday's infant class, and a mother's pious instruction, till only the age of seven. Our sailor boy has had no other schooling, no other defence from the shafts of vice, but the pious lessons taught him here."

SELF-DENIAL AND FRATERNAL AFFECTION.

Ague had blanched her cheek, her frame was naturally delicate, her face was pallid and oval, it was that species of beauty which is sometimes though seldom to be met within the cottage; her form seemed to have been turned in a lathe; it was the very reverse of rough hewn; her hair was flaxen; her eye bloomed expressive; her manners soft, mild, unobtrusive—any thing but vulgar. Every body loved little Jane—for she loved God. Whatever seat was vacant at nine o'clock on a Sunday morning, Jane always filled her's; whose ever lip was mute, Jane's tongue was always vocal with the song of praise. Poor was she—so poor that potatoes and bread constituted her only sustenance, while she was the vic-

tim of the relentless and wasting intermittent. She called on her teacher on Monday. That Christian teacher saw traces of disease, hunger and exhaustion in her beautiful and expressive countenance. "My child," said she, "I think you are very hungry." Modesty said *No*; while nature through her eyes, said *Yes*. That kind friend forced some nutritious food upon her. Jane retired into a corner, and for once in her life greedily devoured *one half only* of this opportune luxury; the rest was stealthily conveyed to poor Jane's empty pocket. The action did not escape the keen eye of Christian sensibility (how quick but how mild is its scrutiny.) "Jane my dear," said the teacher, "what are you saving it for, I am sure you can eat it all?" The little invalid looked confused; and hear her reply, ye selfish! hear the nobleness of a cottager's ague-stricken child! hear it, ye affluent, who may admire but cannot equal, the self-denial of the little suffering one! "It is for my brother Tommy; he has got the ague too!" Jane thou art now in heaven, eating the bread of life, thy teacher is on the road; and when her eye reads this paragraph, it will dissolve in tears, her bosom will throb with heartfelt gratitude, her imagination will recall little Jane in the corner, and she will mentally ejaculate a prayer that she may meet little Jane in that better, brighter, purer world, where they shall hunger no more, and where sorrow and sighing shall flee away. May little Jane's God be my God.

[Jersey Herald.]

MORALITY.

THE OLD MAN WITH THE "FORELOCK GRAY."

I know an old man, who has a very pleasant and sensible face. He is very old, yet he always walks quite straight; never turning to the right hand or left. He carries a scythe in his hand with which he mows down all before him. Houses, trees, and indeed all things this world contains, fall down or crumble to pieces when he passes over them. He has a large bundle of books, full of instruction, good clothes, and food and every thing that can make us happy in his hand. He will give good things to all who catch and hold him. But he walks very fast; and if we are not quick, he will get away before we have time to speak to him, or get any of the good things he gives, from him. And unless we do, many of us will not have clothes to wear, or food to eat, without begging them of others. And even if people are willing to give us, which is not always the case, the things which we beg, or which are given to us, will never be so good as those which he has. He has only one lock of hair. That is very long, and is on his forehead. If persons catch hold of it as soon as they see him, he will not be able to pass on without leaving them something to remember him by. But if he slips by, they may call as loud as they please, he will never turn back. Should you like to know the name of this pleasant old man? His name is *Time*. Always remember that you cannot be happy in this world or another, if you do not keep fast hold of time. If you waste your time at your week-day school you will never grow wise. If you play at the Sabbath School you will never grow good. Make haste, and try to improve your time as well as you possibly can. Think good thoughts when you are alone. Attend to all the good things you read and hear. Speak good words. Spend your time in teaching other children to be good. Learn every thing that is useful. Don't waste any time. You know what is said in the New Testament about the man who hid his talent in the earth.

Your time is a talent. Do not, by wasting, hide it in the earth. But use it so that God will call you a good and faithful servant. If you do not understand all this, ask your parents or teacher, or some one else to tell you what it means. Think a great deal about time. Think about this old man when you go to bed, and when you get up. Say in the morning, I intend to keep fast

hold of the old man's lock to-day. And to pray to God to help you to improve your time. Say when you go to bed at night, have I let the old man pass me to-day? Or have I caught and held him fast? Have I wasted my time? If you have done so, pray to God to forgive you; and try very hard to do so no more. You all know that you may play at proper times, and your teachers and friends love to have you. But you also know that you must not play while they are teaching you.—*Sunday School Teacher.*

Written for the Youth's Companion.

ELLEN AND THE BIRD.

BY A LITTLE GIRL.

One day Ellen was standing at the window, playing with a bird in a cage. It belonged to her brother Thomas, who had as many as four. She happened to look up and saw a little girl of her acquaintance looking at her, very much amused; her name was Mary; Ellen did not like her very well, and wishing to show her what she could do, she said, "Mary, I can open the door of the cage, and the bird will not fly out." "I should like to see you," replied Mary. Ellen had done so before, but this time she kept it open too long, and before she thought of it, the bird was gone. Mary laughed triumphantly; this provoked Ellen, and she shut down the window, and began to think what she should do. Thomas had a very bad temper, and she knew she should have a scolding and perhaps a slap. She was frightened at what she had done, and she thought she might conceal it. The more she thought of it the more she liked the plan, but still she felt something whispering that it was wrong; this was her conscience, and if she had minded it, all would have been well, but her fear overcame it, and she waited impatiently till Thomas should find it out, which he did soon, and run over the house, crying out, "where is my bird?" Ellen declared she knew nothing about it, and got off very well; but she was to be found out in a way she little expected. Mary had told it about in school, and it reached Thomas's ears; he came home and saluted his sister with a push, which knocked her down and cut her head against a chair, then slapping her, he went away saying, "learn not to touch my things." Ellen got up and told her mother; this led, however, to the disclosure of her falsehood. Their mother, much shocked at the behaviour of her children, punished them both severely.

From this it may be seen that a falsehood can never do any good in the end, however it may seem at first; and that a person who tells one, cannot be believed afterwards. There is no person among children and grown people who is so much despised as a liar. No one can put any trust in such an one, and she is universally disliked.

SARAH.

NATURAL HISTORY.

AZOR AND BERTRAND.

[Translated from the French, for the Youth's Companion.]

Who is there, that has not read again and again on a yellow or red placard, pasted on all the walls of Paris, these words in large letters. "Dog lost, 50 frs. reward to the one who will return him to such an hotel. No questions will be asked." Such notices are so often repeated, that one might believe them to be permanent, if we did not know that every evening the newsmongers, (Chiffonniers) remove them, and that those of the morrow claim new dogs, and offer new rewards.

I was standing there, the other day, in front of such a notice, placed at the side of the coach-house door of the house in which I reside, and I there learnt that my neighbor, Madame the Marchioness of — was in despair at being separated from a little *carlin*, and that she testified her grief, by an offer of 100 frs.* to the charitable soul who should console her, by returning to the bosom of the family, the interesting creature! One hundred francs for a dog, the size of one's hand, is a

great deal, but so it is. When one is rich, they may be allowed to indulge themselves in some fancies.

Such were the philosophical thoughts which were passing through my mind, as I ran my eye mechanically over the notice, while waiting for the Porter to pull the string, when approaching a little nearer, I perceived at the bottom, these words, traced in pencil; *Azor is worth not less than 200 frcs.* "What is this," said I, and I remained reflecting on this commentary, when the porter, tired of pulling the cord, without seeing any one enter, came himself to the door to receive me. "Who has written these words in pencil," said I. "I do not know, but probably the person who has stolen the dog, for the notice does not give the name, and the collar only can make it known. This is one way, among others, of gaining a living." In reality such was the intention of the new owner of Azor, for the next day I saw, at the same place, another notice, offering the 200 frcs. demanded, and I learnt that Madame the Marchioness had recovered the object of her tender affection!

Madame, the Marchioness, lives on the third story,† it is a very natural transition to speak to the reader of another tenant, lodging, by charity in an attic in the eighth story.‡ Bertrand was an old soldier, too much ashamed to ask for anything, and poor enough to die of hunger. An old cook of the Marchioness, touched by his misery, and nevertheless not daring to offer him a bit of bread, thought to interest her mistress in his favor. Not knowing how to read or write, she begged me, in my quality of neighbor, to write under dictation the following note to her mistress.

"Azor is well—he drinks very willingly every morning, the milk which is become superfluous by the absence of Madame. I take him to walk every day in the Tuilleries, as Madame has given me orders. I profit by this occasion to recommend to the bounty of Madame, an old soldier, dying of hunger, who sleeps under the roof of your house. Some money will be very necessary to him; he never asks for anything, but I know that he is entirely destitute, for every day I see disappear from his little nook some new object, which goes to be sold to buy bread. I am, Madame, your very humble servant."

As my quality of Secretary gave me the liberty of opening the answer to this note, and as it remains in my possession, I will give a copy of it to the reader.

"I did not give you orders to take Azor to walk, every day, but only in fine weather. With the morning fogs and evening showers which we have had for the last week, it is impossible that Azor has not taken some cold. I recommend you, therefore, to keep him warm; you will find his flannel vest at the bottom of the cupboard in my chamber; be careful to wrap him up in it, when he goes out, and to light the fire when he goes into the house. If he should be at all ill, do not delay to take him to his Physician, Rue —."

As to your soldier, you would do much better to remain in your kitchen than to occupy yourself with strangers. I have already enough poor at my door; if we should undertake to supply the wants of all, we should soon need charity ourselves. Let him work. I am sorry for it, but I can do nothing for him. Your mistress

The Marchioness.

P. S. The milk sometimes gave me the heart-burning; make yourself sure by tasting it, that that of Azor is always very fresh; in the contrary case, you would do better to make use of it yourself in the kitchen."

The cook, however, had not time to execute these orders. When she went to visit the old man, he was ill, and unable to leave his bed; and when she prepared to envelope Azor in flannel, her mistress returned from the country to take care of

him herself. The old soldier died of hunger and misery, and the little dog continued in good health! Paris, April 14, 1840.

RELIGION.

WHERE ARE YOU GOING?

A traveller overtaking another person in the road, said to him, "Well, my friend, I suppose we are going to the same place; but if we should both be going to the same heaven, it will be still better for us."

The man, looking very earnestly at the traveller, replied: "Do you speak of going to heaven? Surely I am going nowhere else."

He meant that his thoughts were so fixed upon getting to heaven, that he scarcely thought of the earthly journey on which he was then engaged. He looked further on than the town to which he was then going; just as the man who has a thousand miles to go from New York to New Orleans, does not say he is going to Philadelphia, or Baltimore, or Charleston, though all these places may be in his way; but he will say he is going to New Orleans, for that is the end of his journey, and he passes through the others only to reach that city. So the Christian ought to keep heaven so much in view, that his life in this world may seem to him but the journey to heaven. That is his home. There are his friends. There are all the holy ones who have taken the journey before him, and are safe arrived. There is his Saviour and his God. There he is to dwell, not as a pilgrim or a stranger, but as a son who has reached his father's house, never more to wander.

It is this disposition the Bible means when it speaks of looking not at the things which are seen, but at those which are unseen; of walking by faith, not by sight; of having our conversation in heaven. It was this character that Abraham had, of whom the Bible says that he sojourned in the land of promise as in a strange country, for he looked for a city which hath foundations, whose builder and maker is God. And so of many other faithful saints it is said that they saw the promises of God afar off, and were so persuaded of them, that they confessed they were only pilgrims and strangers on the earth. And it is declared of all who have the same faith now, that they desire a better country, that is a heavenly, therefore God is not ashamed to be called their God; for he hath prepared for them a city.

Let me ask you then, my young friend, where are you going? Are your thoughts fixed upon this life? Or are they constantly going forward to heaven, as the end of your journey. Stop and think.—*Youth's Friend.*

THE NURSERY.

CONSCIENCE AND CONFESSION.

Not long ago a gentleman who had been taking great care of an orange tree, was delighted to find that it was likely to produce at least one fine orange. He watched that orange from day to day, as it grew larger and more beautiful, and was pleasing himself with the prospect of seeing it become quite ripe, when one day he missed it from the tree. It had not fallen; some one must have plucked it; and the question was who could have been guilty of the mischief.

The gentleman had good reason to believe that the offender was no other than his son; but upon being asked he denied that he had touched it. His father was more grieved that his child should be guilty of a falsehood, than he was for the loss of the orange; but still he thought that his son had committed both the mischief and the sin. He tried to induce and compel him to acknowledge the offence, but it was all in vain. The child persisted that he told the truth, and knew nothing of the orange.

Some time afterwards a magic lantern was exhibited to the children of the neighborhood; and this boy, together with his father, went to see it.

The room was made dark, with the exception of the light that the lantern threw upon a large sheet of white muslin. Pictures painted on glass were then held before the lantern, and were reflected in large figures and bright colors upon the muslin. The pictures represented the evil consequences of many sins, such as intemperance and others; so that it was like a silent address or sermon to those who saw them. Presently there were some scenes, showing the awful guilt of falsehood, and the danger of the habit. There the wicked person might see, that though he should conceal his crime by a lie, it would be very likely to become known at some time, and that it could not be kept from God's knowledge for a single moment. Just at this time, the boy of whom I have been speaking whispered in his father's ear, "Pa, I took the orange."

Now what induced him to make this confession? It was not because he did not know, or had forgotten that he had done mischief and had concealed it by a falsehood. No; but it was his conscience that was then for the first time made to feel his sinfulness enough to lead him to acknowledge it. He now saw that it was his duty to make confession, and that to conceal his sin longer, was only to increase it. He therefore came and honestly confessed it. So let us do with the sins we have committed against God.—*Ib.*

OBITUARY.

A GRAVE YARD SCENE.

"You see, Frederick," said Mr. Fletcher, "that death is no respecter of persons. All are equally exposed to his power. Here lies Mrs. Harvey who lived to the age of threescore years and ten, and there an infant, perhaps not one week old; both gone to Him in whose sight, 'one day is as a thousand years, and a thousand years as one day.' Here the resemblance of the life of man to the falling leaves fails; for they have their season, while death comes at any and at all times.

"Leaves have their time to fall,
And flowers to wither in the north wind's breath,
And stars to set; but all—
Thou hast all seasons for thine own, O Death!"

While they were speaking, they observed a group of people entering the church-yard, bearing a coffin which they had just taken from the bier. There was no funeral procession, and the attendants seemed only those whose business it was to perform the last duties to the dead.

"Who can this be?" said Mr. Fletcher, "who is to be consigned to the grave unattended by relatives or friends?" It appeared to be the body of a grown person, and Mr. F. was surprised that such a death should have occurred in the neighborhood without his knowledge.

When the sexton had completed his task and turned to leave the church-yard, Mr. F. joined him, and inquired for whom he had been performing the sad office.

"It is the grave of Richard D——, sir, a young man from the city. Two days ago he was as well as either of us. Yesterday morning when I was going to church to ring the first bell for worship, I met him and a party of his young companions, with their guns on their shoulders, going to spend the Lord's day in shooting.

"My heart ached when I saw Richard D——, for I once knew his mother, and a better woman never sat in yonder meetinghouse. I wanted to speak, but dreaded the scoffing reply I feared I might receive; yet when I thought of the honor of the Master, whose day they were profaning, and whose servant I professed to be, I ventured to speak to them, and said—

"I cannot pass you, young gentlemen, without beseeching you to think of Him who has said, 'Remember the Sabbath day, and keep it holy.'"

"You go and ring your bell, and we will go and kill our birds," was the reply of Richard D——; "you let us alone, we will let you alone."

"I do not wish to let you alone," I answered;

* About 20 dollars.

† "Premier Etage," the most expensive and elegant of all.

‡ Sixieme—Garret.

"I wish to remind you of the Lord of the Sabbath, and of her who watched and prayed over your infancy." Richard stopped a moment at this mention of his mother, and then, with a profane jest, proceeded on his way.

"May God grant you time for repentance!" I exclaimed as I left them.

"More time than you will probably have, old fellow," said Richard, with a loud laugh, imitating my feeble step.

The next news I had of him, was an order from the innkeeper to dig his grave!

I went directly to the hotel to learn the particulars of this sudden death. He had been among the gayest of the party, and very successful in his shooting. With a bag full of birds he was preparing to return, when one more shot was proposed. He wadded his gun heavily, and raised it to fire. There was some mistake or defect in the iron. The barrel burst, and the contents were lodged in the breast of Richard. He was carried immediately to the village, and a surgeon was sent for, but his skill was useless—he died that night. I asked the doctor if he spoke at all.

"Only once," he said. "Once he faintly spoke the words, *Mother! Mother!*"

"O! that poor mother! I hope the Lord will stand by her. 'Tis a dreadful thing, sir, to go into the presence of God at the very moment you are breaking one of his commandments!"

Mr. Fletcher had listened to this narrative with deep attention, and Frederick covered his face with his hands as the old man concluded. As they walked along, Mr. Fletcher inquired about the family of the young man.

His mother had formerly lived in the village and was a very pious woman. Her husband died when Richard was a little boy, and she had worked hard to give him a decent support. While he was under her watchful eye, he did well; but when he was twelve years old she felt obliged to place him in a store in the city. His employers were worldly men, and he soon fell into bad company.

Last Saturday he came out to the village to spend a day or two with a party of his young companions. He did not live to return.

"They tell me," added the old sexton, "that his mother has been in the habit of writing to him constantly, exhorting him to consider his ways, but he paid no attention to her counsels and reproofs. All I blame her for is, that she did not take him away from his employers, and place him with some pious man. To be sure they were rich, and treated him kindly; but a poor man who feared God would have been a better master, for the 'blessing of the Lord maketh rich,' and doth not bring sorrow like this with it."

Mr. Fletcher and Frederick were serious and thoughtful during the remainder of their walk. The truth of the lessons of the afternoon had been painfully impressed upon them.—*Autumn Walk.*

EDITORIAL.

SABBATH SCHOOL ANNIVERSARY.

It has been a custom of Mason street Sabbath School, Boston, to celebrate each year the anniversary of its establishment.

This service has uniformly been attended by the parents and friends of the scholars with interest, and by interesting them more deeply in the school, has been a means of promoting its usefulness.

The twenty-third anniversary was observed Sabbath afternoon, May 31st. The exercises of the occasion were of a very appropriate and interesting nature. Being present I give you some account of them, with the hope that your little readers may be interested, and that schools where such an exercise has not heretofore been observed, may make a trial, and find it an important auxiliary to their labors.

Agreeably to an invitation given in the morning, the large school room was filled with parents and friends, at an early hour.

The meeting was opened with the following

ANNIVERSARY HYMN.

The happy day we hail again,
When heaven seems smiling o'er us,
And from the sky in joyful strain,
Breaks forth the angels' chorus;
Peace on earth, Good will to men,
Glory in the highest.

For Thou, who wert thyself a child,
In more than infant meekness,
Wilt never, in thy mercy mild,
Despise our childhood's weakness,
Peace on earth, &c.

Oh! send thy Spirit us to bless,
That in thy footsteps holy,
Our feet may turn to righteousness,
From paths of sin and folly.
Peace on earth, &c.

Then led by Thee, our souls shall rise,
Where thou has gone before us,
And bless thee ever in the skies,
That earth hath heard the chorus,
Peace on earth, &c.

After prayer the following hymn was sung:

THE LILY AND THE ROSE.

By cool Siloam's shady rill,
How sweet the lily grows!
How sweet the breath beneath the hill,
Of Sharon's dewy rose!

Lo! such the child whose early feet,
The paths of peace have trod;
Whose secret heart, with influence sweet,
Is upwards drawn to God.

By cool Siloam's shady rill,
The lily must decay!
The rose that blooms beneath the hill,
Must shortly fade away.

And soon, too soon, the wintry hour
Of man's maturer age,
Will shade the soul with sorrow's power,
And stormy passions rage.

O! thou whose infant feet were found
Within thy Father's shrine,
Whose years with changeless virtue crowned,
Were all alike divine.

Dependent on thy bounteous breath,
We seek thy grace alone,
In childhood, manhood, age, and death,
To keep us still thine own.

Three solemn and interesting addresses were then made by Gentlemen formerly connected with the school, two as superintendents, and the other as a scholar and teacher. The latter related a pleasing fact in connection with the school, (which should encourage every teacher to be faithful) it was that he had been taken by the hand twenty-one years ago, and led into the school by a teacher who, he saw before him, still occupying her important station as a teacher in the school. The instruction he there received from her when quite a youth, had been cherished with peculiarly tender emotions, and it was a source of no ordinary interest after spending several years in foreign countries, to return and be permitted to visit the spot that has so many interesting associations connected with it.

Their absent Superintendent, S. H. Walley, Esq. was not forgotten. The children were exhorted to remember the last words of counsel of one of their best friends, "be sure you always do right." It was a scene that will not soon be forgotten by those who had the pleasure of attending it.

The following was the closing Hymn:

WE ARE THINE, O LORD.

Youth, health, and strength, are ours to-day,
And years to come in prospect lie;
But youth and strength must soon decay,
This hour, this moment, we may die.

Lord, to thyself our spirits draw,
Bind our affections with thy love;
Incline our hearts to keep thy law,
And fix our hopes on things above.
The fragrance, dew, and flower of youth,
The health and strength of nature's prime,
Are not our own,—Oh thine in truth
Be all our talents, all our time!

Still heavenward may our course be bent,
Where'er on earth our lot is cast;
And life, thus well and wisely spent,
Be pure, and holy, to the last.

VARIETY.

A Goat, a Barometer.

When at Rosehall the other day we were shown a very beautiful goat, the dam of which came from the East Indies, and were told by the owner, Mr. M'Harg, that he attached more importance to its motions as regards the weather than to the best barometer. Billie when the weather is fine, loves to frolic in the sunniest spots; but when rain is at hand, seeks and durns under the closest cover, until the storm is over. When to others all appears fair and promising, his goatship knows better, and he takes himself to the house, or bush, hours before the rain patters or the wind raves. On Thursday week, when the sky looked black, and the mercury fell nearly half an inch, he was basking on an outer stair; and when his master noticed this, he instantly said, "There will be no rain to-day at any rate." And the fact was even so, while on the following day his tactics were reversed, in consequence, no doubt, of the heavy showers that fell at mid-day. In repeated instances, since harvest work commenced, Mr. M'Harg has been much indebted to the prescience of his four-footed friend, and would not, we suppose, part with him for the best Ayrshire in his bowen of Cows.

(Dumfries Courier.)

Children's Time.

It is sometimes said that a child's time is not worth much; some even say, they send their children to school to get them out of the way. But parents sometimes find that they do learn some things very young. Children "learn to go astray as soon as they are born, speaking lies." And to their joy, too, they sometimes find, that when very young children have the facilities afforded them, they lay a foundation for such a superstructure, as makes men hold up their hands in wonder. The mother of Baron Cuvier, I remember to have heard, would have her son recite his Latin to her every morning before going to school, although she did not understand a word of it, because she had an impression that, on the whole, spring was the time to cast in seed. His schoolmates and teachers wondered how it was, that the little Baron always had so good a lesson, and France has still wondered how Cuvier came to be so great a man; the secret was, he was schooled upon his mother's lap.

I SAW AMONG THE YOUTH A YOUNG MAN VOID OF UNDERSTANDING.—Such an one did Solomon see in his day, and such an one we have now in our eye. Who has not such an one in his eye, as he thinks over the youths of his place or neighborhood? There he goes—a man of the world and of fashion;—He dresses in all the extravagance of the age;—he assumes all the prevailing vices of the times;—he visits,—he travels,—he feasts,—he drinks,—he dances,—he sings,—he plays,—his hours fly like a dream. But who is this with pallid cheek, and hollow eyes?—it is that "young man!" Who is this whose trembling limbs can scarce support him as he passes along? It is that "young man!" Who is this that is grown old before his time? It is that "young man!" Here he stands, cheerless and broken; his fortunes ruined; his reputation blasted;—creditors pursuing him; his wife or his mother broken hearted; and all for seeking happiness in the poisoned recesses of intemperate pleasure.—*Frederick Visitor.*

Three Questions for Children.

1. Why is the prayer which you repeat, "Our Father who art in heaven," called the *Lord's Prayer*?
Ans. It is the prayer which Jesus Christ taught his disciples.

2. Why is the partaking of the bread and the cup, by the Church, called the *Lord's Supper*?

Ans. It is the supper which Jesus Christ introduced among us to commemorate his death.

3. Why is the first day of the week called the *Lord's day*?

Ans. It is the day on which Christ arose from the dead, and has ever since been sacredly observed in commemoration of that event.

A CHILD'S PRAYER.—The following sweet and simple expression of early appeal, is from the pen of Isaac Pray, junr:—

Father! now the day is past,
On thy child thy blessing cast!
Near my pillow, hand in hand,
Keep thy guardian angel hand!
And throughout the darkling night,
Bless me with a cheerful light!
Let me rise at morn again,
Free from every thought of pain;
Passing through life's thorny way,
Keep me, Father! day by day.

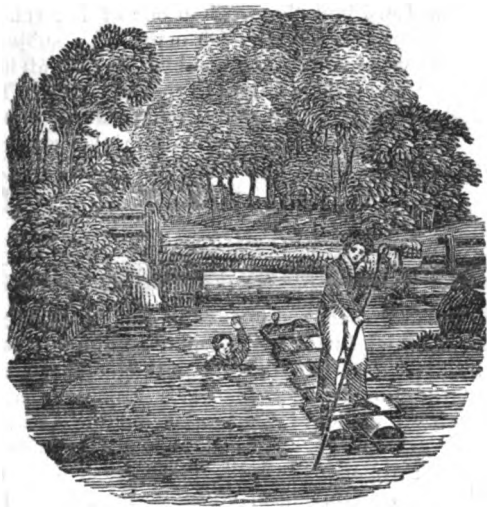
YOUTH'S COMPANION.

Published Weekly, by NATHANIEL WILLIS, at the Office of the Boston Recorder, No. 11, Cornhill.—Price, \$1.00 a year in advance; or \$1.25 if not paid in advance.

NO. 7.

BOSTON, JUNE 26, 1840.

VOL. XIV.



Written for the Youth's Companion.

ABOUT GETTING WET.

Well, little Mary, what have you brought for me to-day? A picture? Why then I must put on my spectacles, and make room for you up here in the corner of my great chair, and talk with you about it. There is Robert, about whom I dare say you have heard before, standing upon his raft, looking quite pleased and happy, but what is that in the water, behind him? A little boy! It is his cousin George you may depend upon it, for it was only a few days ago that Jane took the trouble to go away down to her uncle's, that she might tell George about the raft; and to ask him if he should not like to go the next time. I suppose she staid at home, that he might go. That was very kind in Jane. I know, just by that one thing, that she is not a selfish girl. Well, but what is George in the water for? Why, I cannot tell you certainly, but I think that one of those andirons fell overboard, and that in reaching over to catch it he lost his balance and fell in. Those andirons are aunt Lucy's. I should know them anywhere. George thought it would not do to play Robinson Crusoe without some furniture in his kitchen, and so he has borrowed them. I don't think aunt L. will ever see that little black andiron again. But all this time poor George is in the water. Will he be drowned, think? No, the water is not very deep, and George can keep his head up above it, long enough to call out, "Robert, I've tumbled in," and just as soon as he calls, Robert will turn his head round, to see what is the matter. I don't know how George will like being wet all over. But there's no danger of it's making him sick, for his mother always lets him paddle about in the water as much as he likes, and this is not the first time of his falling in. I know one little girl who doesn't like to have water touch her any where. One day when she was a little bit of a thing, she went off two or three miles all alone, and we had a great deal of trouble about her, because we did not know where she was, and because it rained that morning. When we found her she was very tired and very hungry, and we begged her to tell us where she had been; but all she would say, was, "It wained on me, it did!" But though she did not like the water to be put on her, I never saw her make up a face when her mother wanted to wash her. She used to stand as still as a mouse. And I know another little girl whose name is Hatty, and the other day she was reading in her book about Peter Smith, who always cried when he had his face washed, and she said, "Oh I let my mother wash me in cold

water, and don't you think, I don't make a mite of fuss!"

Well, I am tired now, and I guess you are tired too, so you may jump down out of my chair and run off to play. E.

NARRATIVE.

A SIMPLE STORY FOR LITTLE MARY.

Lucy came to her mother one day, and said, with a beseeching look, "Mother, I wish you, or some one who writes stories, would write some thing that little sister Mary can understand; every time I have a new book, she comes running with it in her hand, and says, 'Sister, do read me something in this little book; it is just large enough for me, I'm sure, and has such a pretty cover, that I know I should like it. Come, sister, do read me a story, for I cannot read it very well myself.' And mother, I can never find a story simple enough for her to understand. She loves to hear about good children, and when I read to her about a naughty little boy or girl, she says, 'No, no, sister, I don't love naughty little girl, love good girl; tell me about good girl, sister.' So, mother, do let it be a story about a good little girl, it will please her so." "I will try, Lucy; and as I am as unwilling to write about naughty children, as little Mary is to hear about them, it shall be as you desire; and the more simple, the better for such a little girl. But do you know, Lucy, the benefits of writing accounts of wicked children who disobey their parents, and do many things to displease their Heavenly Father?" "I don't exactly know, mother; but I suppose it is to let them see how disagreeable they are to every body, and how sinful they appear in the sight of God." "Another thing, my dear; little children do not know or do not think of their faults, until they are placed before them in their true light, and they are made to see and to think of them as they really are. Do you remember, Lucy, when I told you yesterday that your face was very dirty, you doubted it, and said, 'Mother, I don't think it can be very dirty, for I washed it clean this morning.' But when I allowed you to look in the glass, you saw it as it really was, and gladly ran to wash off the stains. Now stories for children are often like little mirrors, in which they see their own characters reflected. But I must leave talking with you, Lucy, and begin Mary's story.

ELLEN MAY AND HER GOAT.

I once knew a little girl, her name was Ellen May; she was a pleasant, happy child, and every body loved her. She did not cry and fret as some little children do when they are not pleased, or are denied any thing they desire; but she would try and not think about it, and be happy in some other way. She was very kind to insects and animals. She would not hurt anything that had life; but would often say, when she saw a cruel boy tormenting a dog or a cat, "do you think he knows that God made them, mother, and that it is wicked to treat them so?" She had a little goat of her own, which she was very fond of; and her father had a little house made for Nanny (as she called her,) to live in; and it was large enough for Ellen to get into; and sometimes she would take her playthings there, and sit for hours, talking with Nanny about her doll and rocking-horse. He learned to love her very much, as animals always do, if you treat them kindly; and he would follow her and eat out of her hand. He grew fat, and large and strong, (for she never forgot to feed him,) and Ellen said, "I am afraid that Nanny

will grow so large that I cannot play with him." She did not know then how much service her goat would be to her, and how much she would need his strength when her own failed her.

Ellen was five years old in June, in the warm summer weather, when every thing looks bright and gay; and she was in the country with her aunt and cousins, as frolicsome as the lambs that gambolled in the meadows. One day her uncle made a swing for the children, by fastening a large rope from one apple tree to another, and oh! how the enjoyed mounting up in the air, and then down again, without a thought of danger. "Now give me a good high swing, cousin Frank, so that I can see the top of the barn," said Ellen. He did as she desired—when, sad to tell! just as she was high in the air, the rope broke, and little Ellen fell to the ground with a sad blow—she could not move—she could not speak—and her little cousins were too frightened to do any thing but scream and run to the house for help. The family were soon collected and a doctor called, but poor Ellen was hurt in such a way as no physician could cure; though every thing was done to make her feel better, the bones in her little back could never be made to move as they did before her fall. Her father and mother were sent for, and I cannot tell you how grieved they were to see their dear little girl so helpless and so full of pain; but they did all they could to soothe and comfort her; and Ellen soon learned, that though God had deprived her of the free use of her limbs, he had other blessings for her; and that by being patient and submissive to his will, she could yet be happy. Those who had loved her in health, loved her still more in sickness, and were always finding something for her amusement and comfort—some would bring her fruit, others flowers, and another a pretty book. She would often say, "I did not know how kind my friends were until I was sick; I hope I shall never forget their goodness to me, or be ungrateful to my Heavenly Father, who gives them, and every other blessing I enjoy."

But where is Ellen's favorite little Nanny goat all this time? She did not forget him, I can tell you; but almost every day, she would think of him, and wish she could see his shaggy coat and pretty curled horns. "How sorry Nanny would be," she would often say, "if he could understand and know how lame and helpless I am—and that I shall never run about with him again, and feed him in his little snug house, where we used to be so happy together." While she was shut up in her chamber, which she was not yet able to leave, her father, who was always thinking of her comfort, had a little carriage made, with nice, soft seats, and stuffed all round the sides, to make it easy; the wheels so low that Ellen could be lifted into it with ease, and so light, that a boy could draw it. Into this he tackled Nanny, and in a short time he learned to draw it about, as well as a little horse. As soon as Ellen was able to be moved, her father told her she should like to give her a short ride, if she thought she could bear it. "O! yes, dear father, I should not mind the pain, I am so used to it, if I could go out into the air again; for it is now a whole year since I lived in this little chamber—and though I have been contented and happy here, I think the fields and flowers will look brighter, and the birds sing more sweetly than they ever did, or it will seem so to me." So her father took her in his arms, one pleasant morning, and carried her down stairs, and what do you think she said when she saw her dear Nanny goat, and the nice comfortable carriage he was tackled into. She could not speak

one word, but she looked at the goat and then at her father, and the tears trickled down her pale cheeks; and the pleasant smile that played through her tears, told how full her heart was of gratitude and joy.

Little Nanny trotted along so gently through the soft grass, that Ellen did not suffer from the motion of the carriage; and when she got back to her aunt's door, she said, "This is the pleasantest ride I ever took—thank you, dear Nanny, for carrying me so gently—you are a kind, good creature—I love you more than ever I did." Every pleasant day she took a ride in her carriage; and the children in the village would run to the doors and windows, to see the little goat draw Ellen along so easily; sometimes they would bring her a pretty bunch of flowers, or a basket of ripe fruit—and she would make them little books and work-bags, in return; she always spoke to them so sweetly, that they loved her very much. In a short time she was able to ride as far as her father's house, which she had not seen for more than a year—and O! how happy she felt when she was placed in her own little chamber, which her mother had fitted up for her, with every thing pleasant and comfortable. Over the fire-place hung a picture of little Nanny and the carriage—and under it, a neat shelf of books, with little globes, and shells, prettily arranged. In this room, which she seldom left, Ellen was contented and happy; for she trusted in God, and was patient under her bodily sufferings; knowing that in her heavenly home, there would be no more pain; but "God would wipe away all tears from all eyes"—and to that home she looked for everlasting rest.—*Chronicle of the Church.*

MORALITY.

THE OLD OAK.

The old oak, that had flourished for two centuries, lay prostrated by the fury of the tempest. The next morning Mr. Thornton, who was not so much grieved at the loss of his favorite tree, as anxious to improve the occasion to impress a useful lesson on the minds of his children, took them by the hand and led them to the spot. There it lay "stretched out huge in length," with its enormous roots upturned towards the azure vault of heaven. The children's eyes were moistened with tears as they gazed upon it, for they recollected how many happy hours they had spent together under the shade of its broad branches, using its acorns for cups and saucers. At last Charles spoke,—"Father, how could the wind be strong enough to blow down so large a tree?" This was the very question that Mr. Thornton had been expecting and waiting for. He replied, "My son, the old oak was pulled down by its leaves." "Pulled down by its leaves!" the children all at once exclaimed; "how could these little leaves pull down a huge tree?" "The wind," continued Mr. Thornton, "pressed upon the leaves, the leaves clung to the branches by their stems, and so they pulled it to the ground." William ran to the tree, and plucking off a handful of leaves, cried, "See how easy it is to pull off these leaves! Why did not the leaves blow away, instead of pulling down the tree?" The father replied, "If it had been but a handful of leaves, they would have been blown away before the old oak would have bent. It was not a single handful of leaves, nor a hundred handfuls, but tens of thousands that accomplished the work. You will notice, William, that, when the wind blew, the leaves all pulled together, and all pulled the same way, and so they pulled down the tree.

Now, my dear children, listen to me. We may all of us, men and women, old and young, be compared to leaves. When we act alone we cannot accomplish much, but when we all pull together, and all pull the same way, we can accomplish any thing that we undertake. There is the sin of intemperance,—an old tree with stout trunk and deep roots, that has been growing in our nation

almost as long as this oak. One man cannot pull it down, nor ten, nor a hundred; but let all determine that they will neither drink any thing that intoxicates themselves, nor encourage others to drink,—let all pull together, and all pull the same way, and the tree will fall. Then there is the sin of Sabbath-breaking. Let each individual, old and young, keep the Lord's day holy, and be found punctually in his place in the house of God, and the sin of Sabbath breaking will be pulled down, and so it is in the case of every other sin. Let all pull together, and all pull the same way, and it will fall. Think not, my children, that it is of little consequence to others whether you are temperate or intemperate; whether you reverence the Sabbath or profane its holy hours by idleness and vain amusements; whether you are dutiful to your parents, or stubborn and rebellious. God expects each of us, whether old or young, to do his share in pulling down the kingdom of the devil. This kingdom is not to be levelled by the labor of ten, or a hundred, or a thousand Christians; but by the labor of millions, all pulling together, and all pulling the same way.—*Ohio Obs.*

SABBATH SCHOOL.

BENEFIT OF PRAYER.

I attended with deep interest, last evening, to a sermon from the Rev. Mr. Bullard, on the subject of Sunday Schools. He related several anecdotes which I know will please you, while they will encourage you to hope that even little children may be very useful.

He told us he visited a Sunday School, and saw a little girl about five years old. He asked her if she ever prayed. She replied no. Well said he, when you go home, ask your parents if they will teach you how to pray. He did not know that they were impenitent. The little girl went home, and immediately addressed her mother thus—Ma, why do you not teach me how to pray? The mother burst into a flood of tears and left the room. She ran to her father and put the same question. As he afterwards confessed, it cut him to his heart. And what do you think was the result? Why, both father and mother became pious and united with the church, and traced their conversion to the preaching of their little daughter. A little boy ten years old, was a Sunday School scholar, but quite a bad boy. Bad as he was, however, he attended a meeting one day, and was led to see himself a great sinner. On his return from meeting, his father, who was an intemperate infidel, asked him if he had been at the meeting, and upon his acknowledging it, in a great rage told him if he went again he would whip him within an inch of his life. The broken hearted boy left the house and went to the barn. The father supposing that he had gone to get a horse to go back to the meeting, followed him, full of vengeance, stick in hand. He opened the barn door, with his arm stretched out, ready to strike the moment he saw him, when a voice from the hay loft arrested him. He paused and heard his little son praying thus, "Oh Lord, bless my father, and incline his heart to let me go to meeting, and to go to the meeting himself also." His arm fell and he returned to the house. The little boy soon followed him, and upon entering, his father with a voice of kindness said—My son, why do you weep? He answered, father, I want you to let me go to meeting. The father fell upon his neck burst into a flood of tears, and exclaimed, yes, my son, you may go, and I will go with you. Both became pious, and the father confessed that his little son was the instrument in the hands of God, of his salvation.

But I must not close this communication without saying one word to your parents, to encourage them to become Sunday School teachers. Mr. Bullard stated that in a town in Massachusetts twelve or fourteen young ladies about fifteen years of age formed themselves into a class and chose for their teacher an old lady sixty years of age.

She consented to take the charge, on condition some of her sisters in the church would unite with her in making her class the subject of prayer. Two only of the class were pious. This precious teacher selected one of her class, and her friends united in pleading particularly for her salvation. On the next Sabbath the scholar was hoping in Christ. She selected another and the next Sabbath she was hoping. On the third Sabbath another was rejoicing. She then stated to the class what the Lord had done, when one of her scholars exclaimed with tears—Oh make me a subject. Soon she was hoping, and ere long, indeed all her class had given their hearts to the Saviour. This said Mr. B. I know, for that teacher was my mother. To our fathers and mothers in the church, I would say, "go ye and do likewise." H. G. L.

(New Haven Record.)

OBITUARY.

JULIA HARWOOD.

Last fall I spent a few days in one of the lovely villages which beautify the valley of the Connecticut. It was a chilly afternoon in October, when I entered the grave-yard. The winds moaning through the leafless branches, seemed as if chanting a funeral dirge. I stood beside the grave of a little girl, named Julia Harwood. On her tombstone was this inscription—"Yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labors, and their works do follow them." The name awoke many painful recollections, for Henry Harwood had been the companion of my boyhood. We had mingled in our sports and studies, and together graduated. Since that time I had not seen him, and his letters had become less frequent, until I was ignorant of his situation altogether. I was wondering whether this little girl could be his daughter, when a voice said, "George, my old friend, is that you?" I turned, and recognized Henry Harwood, the companion of my youth. His features bore the impress of grief. "This little girl," said he, "was my daughter. When I abandoned myself to the intoxicating cup, it was she who would move among us like an angel of mercy, shedding a ray of happiness wherever she was. When her mother was sad, she would cheer her lonely hours, with scenes of brighter days to come; and on my return, in tones of tenderness, beseech me to let the poison cup alone. If my heart had not been stone, it would have melted; but I cruelly repulsed her kindness, and bade her be silent. She obeyed me, but after that her cheek was paler and her step more feeble. And shall I say it? Yes, I plunged more deeply into the vortex of sin and folly. The day before her death, Julia called me to her bedside; and pressing my hand tenderly to hers, addressed me thus: "Soon, dear father, I shall die, and your daughter will depart from you. Must it be a final separation? Shall we never meet again but at the judgment day? Oh, beloved father, will you not grant me the last request I ever shall make? Night and day I have prayed that you might have grace to resist the temptation; and thus light up with joy hearts now pining with sorrow. Will you not, dear father? Oh, say yes. Promise now at the bedside of your dying Julia, that you will never taste the poison again—that which destroys your intellect, and will send you to the drunkard's dreadful home." I left her, even while in gentle accents she entreated me to smile on her forgiveness, for pressing so importunately that which was so near to her heart. I left her to drown my feelings of remorse in intoxication. When I saw Julia again she was a corpse; and her pale, sad face seemed reproaching me for my cruelty. Since that moment I have not touched, tasted, or handled the accursed thing." My friend ceased, overcome with emotion; and I felt how true it is that "our works do follow" us. If, my dear young friends, you are discouraged in well doing, think of Julia Harwood. Though she did not live to reap the fruit of her labor, God heard her prayer, and answered it in His own good time.

THE NURSERY.

LITTLE EDMUND AND HIS SISTER.

The old church bell tolled the hour of noon. When it sent forth its first stroke, the street was silent, but ere the last note floated on the breeze, the air was filled with loud peals of youthful and joyful acclamation; the noise, together with a troop of bright, healthy and happy children announced that the village school had closed its morning session. Among a group of some forty children were a little boy and girl, who hand in hand, were lovingly walking homewards. The girl appeared about nine years old—the little boy about seven. They were two sweet children—the pride and delight of a fond mother. Their faces were flushed with the rosy hues of health, and their bright eyes sparkled like dew drops in the sun, as they prattled to each other on their way home.

"Come, dear Edmund," said the little girl, "we must make haste or mama will be angry."

"Angry! Caroline, what for?" asked the smiling boy.

"Why you know Edmund," said Caroline, "mama told us never to stop in the street for fear we should learn to be idle and naughty, like James Careless, and Elizabeth Wildgirl."

"Oh yes," replied Edmund; "and she said she would love us better if we minded her words, didn't she, Caroline?"

"Yes," said the little girl, "and that's why I want to hurry home."

"Then let us run Caroline, for I want mama to love me, she is so good," replied Edmund.

So these sweet and interesting children ran towards home, where they soon arrived, and were met with the smiles and kisses of their fond and indulgent mother.

Only two weeks from that day, a long and mournful procession was seen slowly wending its way towards the village grave yard. They were clad in sable attire, and several wrapped in all the silence of heart-corroding grief. A small coffin covered with black, was borne along at the head of the mourners. Then followed a lady and gentleman, leading a weeping little girl by the hand. After them followed many other persons. It was a sad and sorrowful scene.—Upon arriving at the grave, the coffin was let down into its cold and gloomy home. As the woman and little girl looked down upon it, they dropped big and burning tears upon the coffin lid, and seemed as if they wished to see the body it contained; but they could not see it. Poor little Edmund was in it; but he did not see them weep—his eyes were sealed in darkness. He could not feel their tears, nor hear their sobs, for his ears were stopped, his cheeks pale, and his once active body lifeless, cold and stiff. Poor boy! how soon he died! When he got home from school, as the story was told you, he sat down in his chair, and said—

"O mother, my head was so bad."

His mother took him upon her knee, and seeing that his face was pale, told him to lean his head upon her bosom. But he soon grew worse. The doctor came and tried to cure him, but the dear little boy grew more and more sick. O how he suffered; his mama and sister stood by his bed side and wept to see him suffer. After a few days his strength was all gone, and angels carried his soul away to dwell with Jesus Christ. No doubt he went there, for he was a good and obedient child; he used to pray, and try in all things to please his kind mama, his sister and his teachers. It is hoped that all our young readers will profit by this story.

Let each think how soon they may die; and if they are wicked, swearing, disobedient children, it will be very painful for them to die; but if like Edmund, they are good and kind, they will find it easy and delightful; for then their blessed Saviour, the dear Jesus,

"Will make their dying bed
Soft as downy pillows are." [S. S. Messenger.]

NATURAL HISTORY.

TWO FOOLISH LAMBS.

Walking across a pasture a few days since, my attention was suddenly arrested by two lambs fighting. They would draw back a few feet and then running forward, butt each other on the head with all their might. The lamb, like the

dove, is commonly regarded as the emblem of peace and innocence; I was therefore surprised and sorry to see the lambs forfeit their good character, and conduct themselves so naughtily. Had the strife been between two dogs or two boys, it would have been less strange, for I have seen boys fight, much oftener than I ever saw lambs. The cause of this battle I did not ascertain; but it was probably about as important as the difficulties which sometimes lead boys to beat each other, or men to blow out one another's brains. Perhaps one of the lambs gave the other a naughty look, or accidentally soiled his white frock, or trod on his toes; and this might be deemed an insult too great to be passed over without "satisfaction;" or they thought they would show their courage and vindicate their "honor" by beating each others' heads till they were quite bloody. No doubt their mothers, if they ever heard of the quarrel, gave them a severe reprimand—perhaps even chastised them for their folly; but probably they never told their mothers; just as wicked boys after quarrelling with each other are very careful never to let their mothers know it. I have wondered much how these lambs learned to quarrel; and after long and careful study on the subject, have come to a conclusion satisfactory to my own mind, though perhaps some would think differently. My explanation is this:—perhaps they learned to fight by seeing boys quarrel with each other. I would advise boys never to fight; but if they will fight, let them keep out of the sight of lambs, so as not to teach them bad habits by their example.

[Cabinet.]

Written for the Youth's Companion.

THE LITTLE GREEN SNAKE.

BY FRANCES.—No. 1.

It was a warm afternoon in summer. At the bottom of a pleasant garden in the country, was a beautiful arbor. A large Isabella grape vine ran over one side, the other was covered with different kinds, and the arbor was completely shaded with them. Seats were around the inside, and in one corner, lay a satchel of books. Each side of the walk from the house to the arbor, the whole length, was a bed of flowers—the greatest variety, and most beautiful. Hundreds of butterflies and bees, with now and then a humming-bird, sported gaily and happily among the flowers; and near the arbor, upon a grass plat, sat Alfred Hamilton, with a book in his hand, and his finger between the leaves, at the place where he had been studying. He was intently watching a humming bird, that was fluttering near, and thinking, if it would only go into the large cup of the tulip for its honey, how easy he could put his book over, and catch it, when his twin brother, Albert, inside the arbor called, "Oh Alfred, look here, do. Come quick, come. There, see there," pointing to one corner of the top, where a little green snake was emerging from the leaves of the vine, and stretching itself in the shade nearly a foot. It was little more than half a yard long, half an inch through, as green as emerald, with eyes like two sparks of fire, and a little red, forked tongue, that flew out of his mouth as quick as lightning. The boys looked at it a moment, then Alfred laughed, and turning to his brother said, "Do you suppose its tongue was as limber as that, when it told Eve such a lie, about the forbidden fruit?"

"I guess not," replied Albert seriously. "Such a weight of sin, upon so small a member, I should think must slacken its movements a little. What a silly woman Eve must have been, to have listened to such a horrible looking creature. Come, we must despatch him, for of all animals in creation, I most detest a snake." "Emily and little Willy are coming," said Alfred, as his elder sister, with his younger brother in her arms, came up to the entrance of the arbor.

Little Willy saw it swinging from the top of the vine, and reached out his little hands for it. "Tis poison—naughty snake—'twill bite Willy," said Alfred, as he affectionately kissed the hand of his dear little brother. Then said Emily, "You

must not kill it, boys, it is perfectly innocent. These small green snakes never hurt any one. I should be as willing to have it stay here, as if it were a robin. It is a beautiful color; it seems quite at home; not at all afraid of you."

"No," said Albert, "it wants to make us afraid, instead of being alarmed itself. Don't you think they are terrible evil looking creatures, sister?"

"No," she replied. "These small snakes are so perfectly harmless. I see nothing at all terrible about them. I suppose large serpents look very fearful, and are so, because they frequently kill people." "And sometimes small ones kill too," said Alfred.

Emily replied, "Only a few, and of these we have not many among us. The rattle snake is one, then there is a black snake with a white ring round its neck, which is said to be very venomous; and there is one kind of greenish snake, or of a greenish brown, which is called poisonous, but these are not very common here."

"What kind of a snake was it, do you think, that tempted Eve?" asked Albert.

"That was a serpent," said Alfred, then turning to Emily, said, "Doesn't it seem as if Adam and Eve must have been afraid of some of the great serpents, and dreadful wild beasts around them?"

"I suppose," answered Emily, "that all the wild beasts and dreadful serpents, and every animal which God created were mild and gentle, before Adam and Eve transgressed."

"Was it their sin, that made all these creatures so ugly?" asked the boys earnestly. "What a great pity."

"Yes, my dear brothers," replied Emily, "It was a great pity indeed. Their wickedness seemed to affect everything which God created; and it is certainly sad, to think, that what God had pronounced very good, was so soon marred by man."

"Why, sister, did God curse the earth, and animals, if they were not all to blame?" asked Albert.

"The ground was cursed for Adam's sake," the Bible says," replied Emily, and the animals were too, I suppose, for they were under his dominion, and it showed God's hatred of sin."

"Is God as much displeased with sin now, as he was then?" inquired one of them.

"Yes," she answered, "God is the same yesterday, to day, and forever."

Just then, the little snake began to slip down. It lost its hold, and fell, exactly upon the boy's satchel. They went towards that corner, and the snake, trying to get away from them, crawled into the satchel.

"Now, what shall we do," said Albert, "How shall we get him out."

"Let it be in," said Emily, as she drew up the string very tightly, "and we will carry it into the house."

"For what, sister," asked one of them. "I am sure you don't wish to keep the little mean fellow. Mother will be displeased too. You know she does not like to have us bring in such things."

"Well, I will carry it," said Emily, "and tell her all about it. You may stay here, until you get your lessons, and if you recite them well, I will tell you what I am going to do with it." The boys walked a little way up the gravelled path, then went back to the arbor, to get their lessons. They studied a moment, then wondered what Emily could wish to do with that snake. Studied a moment more, then said they had a great mind to go and see where she had put it. Occasionally they looked around to see if there were any more near; and it seemed as if they never could learn their lessons. They got very tired, studying, at last, and stood in the entrance to the arbor, when a handsome carriage, drawn by a splendid pair of gray horses, drove up to the door. The boys looked till the inmates alighted, and Albert said, "It is uncle William, and cousin Charley from Boston." They threw down their books, and in their joy and haste to see them, the lessons and snake were together forgotten, and nothing more

said about them that night. Early the next morning, as soon as Albert's eyes were open, he asked Alfred, "Do you know where Emily put our snake?"

"No," he replied, "I have not thought of it since uncle came."

"Nor I either," returned Albert, "until this minute, and I have been thinking what glorious fun it would be to frighten Charley with it. Come let's get up, and see where 'tis." So in a few seconds they were running down stairs to Emily. "Where is that snake, Emily," said Albert, in a hurry, "we want to scare Charley."

"You must not trouble me now, I am assisting about breakfast," answered Emily.

"Will you get it after breakfast?" inquired one.

"Yes," she answered, very pleasantly, "but you mustn't say anything to Charles about it, now. When I am ready, I will tell you what to do." So the boys turned away, and went to find something else to amuse their cousin, saying, "What a good sister Emily is?" If all little boys and girls were as affectionate, and obedient to the wishes of older sisters, as these brothers, how many more might have the happiness of saying, "What a good sister!" They forget that it is their very waywardness, which tires, and wears out an older sister's patience. Let the little readers of the Youth's Companion know, that people older than themselves, can understand better, what is for their good; and if a child is pleasant and obedient, nobody will ever be unkind.

[To be Continued.]

EDITORIAL.

PROVERBS.—SECOND SERIES.—No. 1.

"A burnt child dreads the fire."

Did you ever burn your finger? Ah yes, I see you have by your look, before you reply. Yes, you remember it well, don't you? You and your brother were trying to parch some corn in a shovel, and in your hurry to take out some of the kernels that had "popped" nicely, before they burned, you hit the side of the shovel, and burned your finger. It was not a very big place, only a little blister, not so large as a pea; but it smarted pretty bad. You pinched your finger very hard to stop the smart, and blew upon it, and held it in water, but I believe the pain lasted all the rest of the day. The next time you parched corn, I dare say you were more careful.

Now, which do you suppose would make you most careful; to get burned once, or to be told a great many times that a burn was very painful, and that you must take care not to get one? Why, the first you say. Well that is the meaning of the proverb. In other words, we learn best by *experience*. After having *experienced* the pain of a burn, or any other pain, you will be likely to try to avoid it.

Did you ever do anything wrong, secretly, and do you remember how unhappy you felt afterwards, and how afraid you felt that your fault would be discovered? I dare say you have. The consciousness of having done wrong is, in itself, a very painful feeling, and when there is joined to it the fear of detection, it becomes almost intolerable. I hope the pain which you suffered on that occasion made you more careful not to sin again.

It is a great pity that we cannot learn by other people's experience. If we could, it would save us a great deal of misery. "My son, do not associate with that young man," says an affectionate father to his child; "he is not such a companion as I approve, and if you are intimate with the wicked, you will become like them." But the son thinks he knows better. Oh there is no danger, he says to himself, that I shall ever become ruined; so he distrusts his father's experience, and "trusts in his own heart," and is ruined.

However, it is better even to learn by our own experience, than not to learn at all. Some people will not even do this. The drunkard, even when he has experienced the misery that results from intemper-

ance, will not give it up. And I have seen children, who knew and confessed that they were making themselves and their parents unhappy, by the indulgence of certain faults, who yet would not seek to overcome them.

There is another danger too, and that is, that if you wait to learn by your own experience, the knowledge may come too late. If you spend your life in disobedience to God, and thus ruin your health and reputation, it will be too late to perceive the sin and folly of your course on a dying bed. And if you neglect the invitations of the gospel, and the warnings of the Spirit, through life, and die impenitent, you will learn by *experience* what it is to lose the soul; but this knowledge will come *too late*. Believe *now* therefore the words of Him who cannot lie, and "seek first the kingdom of God and his righteousness." L.

VARIETY.

The Golden Streets.

Little Mary D. not much over two years and a half old, was left to the care of her father, one afternoon, while her mother went to the female prayer meeting. Little Mary had no brothers and sisters to play with, and she was very busy, for a while, in playing with her "village" of little painted houses, which her father had bought her.

She set them up in a chair until she became tired; and then she asked her father to set them up for her. So he took her houses and went to the back side of the room and set them up on the carpet in two rows, leaving a space between them wide enough for Mary to walk in, and told her that was a street. She seemed much pleased and began to walk in it, and her father left her and went to writing at his table.

Soon he overheard little Mary talking to herself, as she walked backward and forward in the street which her father had made for her with her little houses, and saying, "In *heaven* we shall walk the golden streets, and all the little children that are good will be there, and Christ will be there, but there will be no sin there." "Oh! how happy we shall be in heaven when we walk the golden streets!"

Now the probability is, that little Mary's mother had told her about heaven, and had mentioned the "golden streets," and she remembered it. May all the little children remember what their mothers teach them about heaven, and be good children, so that when they die they may go there, where all good children go, "where Christ is, and where they may walk the golden streets."—S. S. Visitor.

Children can do Good.

A little girl about nine years of age, residing in Catskill, Green County, in the state of New York, was remarkably attentive to all the instruction given her at the Sabbath School. Her teacher, who was desirous of impressing the truths of religion upon her mind, said she wished her to remember particularly, the four following facts:—First,—That she had a very wicked heart. Second,—As such, she needed a new heart. Third,—None could change her heart but God. Fourth,—It was her duty therefore, in the name of Jesus, to pray for a new heart, in order that her sins might be pardoned, and her soul saved.

This little girl carried home to her parents (who were impenitent,) these several truths from her teacher, and after repeating them, put the question to her mother, "Ma, do you ever pray?" This went like a dagger to her mother's heart, and led her to repent and pray. She is now a devoted lady in a Christian church.—S. S. Gleaner.

My Wicked Heart.

Ah! that will just suit a boy I know,—and a girl too, who always come to Sunday School, but are too stiff to speak to us. I hope they will take it to themselves. How thankful I am, that I am better than they. Stop! stop! not so fast, my dear child; it is intended for you. For me? I have not a wicked heart. Oh yes you have! God says "the heart is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked." Can you believe God? Do you remember what the proud Pharisee said? "God, I thank thee, that I am not as this publican," &c. But Jesus told the people how wicked he was. Are you not a little like him?—think.

A minister of the gospel has kindly sent me the following interesting anecdote, which I hope you will read with care, and see if your heart is better than that dear little girl's.

A pious little Sabbath School girl was observed by

her mother, to look very downcast and sorrowful, and on being asked the cause, said, that she had neglected prayer for several days, and assigned as a reason, that her heart appeared so very wicked that she could not, and dared not pray, but having seen a verse of a hymn, containing a prayer that seemed to suit her case, she said, "Ma, is it right to pray in poetry?" Oh yes! my child, replied her mother, if it contains the real desires of your heart; the great God looks at the heart, and whatever is presented to Him from the heart, is prayer. She immediately burst out in the language of the poet:—

"Oh for a heart to praise my God;
A heart from sin set free;
A heart to triumph in that blood
So freely shed for me."—*Ib.*

War.

Oh, who would go to war! would you boys? If I had all the money that has been spent in war, I could buy every foot of land on the globe; I could clothe every man, woman and child as if they were kings and queens; I could build a school house upon every eminence and in every valley, and supply competent teachers for every one; I could build an academy in every town, a college in every state, and a church on every hill, so that on every Sabbath the chime on one hill should answer the chime on another, all over the face of the earth. Oh, what an amount of money has been wasted in war! had you any idea of it? And who can tell the number of lives lost too?

Dear children, don't forget to pray that you may never see war.—*Stebbins, altered.*

POETRY.

THE LADY BUG AND THE ANT.

BY MRS. SIGOURNEY.

The lady-bug sat in the rose's heart,
And smiled with pride and scorn,
As she saw a plain drest ant go by,
With a heavy grain of corn;
So she drew the curtains of damask round,
And adjusted her silken vest,
Making her glass of a drop of the dew,
That lay in the rose's breast.
Then she laughed so loud, that the ant looked up,
And seeing her haughty face,
Took no more notice but travell'd on
At the same industrious pace.
But a sudden blast of autumn came,
And rudely swept the ground,
And down the rose with the lady-bug fell,
And scattered its leaves around.
Then the houseless lady was much amazed,
And knew not where to go,
For coarse November's early blast
Had brought both rain and snow.
Her wings were chill, and her feet were cold,
And she wished for the ant's warm cell,
And what she did when the winter came,
I'm sure I cannot tell.
But the careful ant was in her nest,
With her little ones by her side,
She taught them all like herself to toil,
Nor mind the sneer of pride.
And I thought as I sat at the close of day,
Eating my bread and milk,
It was wiser to work and improve my time,
Than be idle and dress in silk.

MY MOTHER IN HEAVEN.

I bend me o'er thy pallid form,
A spell steals o'er my soul;
I scarce can think that thou art gone,
Yet tears unbidden roll.
I hardly thought of thee as one,
Whom Death would make his prize;
I never dared anticipate
What now I realize.
I could not think that eye would close—
Its orb no more to move;
That tongue be sealed, no more to speak
Thy fond, maternal love.
But thou art gone; although to me
The stroke may seem severe,
I would not call thee back to earth
To pain and trial here.
My thoughts turn in upon myself,
And tears of sorrow flow;
I think of thee in heaven, and weep,
But shed not tears of woe.
What though consumption's ghastly hand
Thy features hath impressed?
The angel left his traces there
That bore thee to thy rest.
So lingers yet in western skies
The radiance of the sun,
Gilding the summit and the cloud,
E'en when his race is run.
Thy form we soon commit to earth;
Must it to earth be given?
I will not think of thee, entombed,
I'll think of thee, in heaven.

YOUTH'S COMPANION.

Published Weekly, by NATHANIEL WILLIS, at the Office of the Boston Recorder, No. 11, Cornhill.—Price, \$1.00 a year in advance; or \$1.25 if not paid in advance.

NO. 8.

BOSTON, JULY 3, 1840

VOL. XIV.



Written for the Youth's Companion.

MORNING HYMN FOR HENRY H. B.

We've safely passed another night
Beneath the Almighty's care,
O, may our thoughts with coming light,
Rise to our God in prayer.
May prayer exalt our hearts above
The trifling things we see,
And seek through thy redeeming love
True happiness from Thee.
May we with dread behold the way
Which sinners choose to go;
Keep us, O God, throughout *this* day
Even all our days below.
We know, without thy blessed care,
Our strength, our life is gone,
Keep us from every hidden snare,
Or we shall be undone.
O, may thy *grace* with greater light
Than morning's brightest ray,
Beam on our soul—give moral sight,
And bring Eternal day.

N. B.

NARRATIVE.

Written for the Youth's Companion.

READING IN THE NIGHT.

BY FRANCES.

"Emily, Emily," said Angenette Williams to her sister, long after they had retired, "Don't you hear a noise?" "Yes—hark!" answered Emily, in a whisper, just awakened from a sound sleep. They listened a moment in breathless silence; then said Angenette, "What is it like?"

"A little like distant thunder," answered Emily; "but it is perfectly clear," she continued, as she drew aside the curtains at the head of her bed.

"What can it be?" said Angenette, as the low rumbling ceased. "There, now, I hear a *step*, Emily," and the girls raised themselves in bed, and strained their eyes, to see if any thing was in the room, which ought not to be, but there was nothing to be seen. They listened a moment more and hearing nothing, laid their heads again upon their pillows, and tried to get to sleep, but the noise had started them so much, it was a long time before they succeeded. The next morning, Angenette arose very early, opened the door into an adjoining chamber, where a friend slept, who was boarding with them, Tirzah Locke. She was sleeping, but Angenette, being very anxious to know if she had heard the noise the night before, awoke her, and seating herself on the bedside asked, "Tirzah, did you hear any noise last night after you went to bed?" "I did not," answered her friend, "I went immediately to sleep." At that moment Emily came in, saying, "what could it be. I think it must have been midnight, for we had been asleep, when we heard a noise like something heavy, rolling very slowly. It was not very loud, though it seemed near, and then

we heard footsteps. We should have got up and come in here last night, but we were frightened almost to death."

"Might it not have been a horse and carriage passing?" asked Tirzah Locke.

"Oh no," answered Emily, "it was in the house. We could not have heard a carriage so far from the street as our chamber. Besides the steps we heard were not like those of a horse." Tirzah did not choose to say anything more about the noise, and after the girls had inquired of all in the house to no effect, the subject died away.

Tirzah could have informed them of the cause of the noise, if she had been so disposed; for she sat up the night before until after midnight to read, and as the evening was very warm, she did not close the window until just before she went to bed. The window moved very hard, and as she drew it down slowly, it made the strange noise which so alarmed Angenette and Emily, succeeded by her footsteps across the chamber. Tirzah Locke was a girl, who really desired to be useful and make every body around her happy. But she did not think it *necessary*, to say that she heard a noise before she went to bed, when she was asked if she heard it after; or to say *she* made it herself.

There was nothing she loved so well to do, as to sit up late at night, after all others in the house had retired, to read. She did not perceive any immediate effect upon her eyes or nerves, and as she could arise just as bright and early in the morning, and all the hours of the day were occupied in study, except those which she *must* have to exercise and repair her wardrobe, she *could* not possibly conceive any harm in doing so. However, she thought it probable, Mr. and Mrs. Williams might not be pleased to have her remain up so long at night, and therefore wished to conceal it from them. The shutting of the window was the first time she had disturbed any one, and this, she thought would soon be forgotten. Her custom was, to change her afternoon for a night dress—to wrap a large blanket around herself, which covered her from head to foot, then recline back a large easy chair against the side of the room, which stood near the table, and place herself in it in the most comfortable position.

Thus she always read. And two or three times, fell asleep there, and rested very comfortably until morning, when she found her lamp still burning or the oil entirely gone. When this was the case, she thought it best to carry her lamp to the kitchen, and as soon as possible to replace the mispent oil. She had never been suspected. Some weeks after this, one night Mr. Williams arose to prepare some medicine for his wife who was unwell, and as he opened the door he thought he perceived a smoke. He went to the stairs, found he was not mistaken, and hurried up to ascertain the cause. He opened the door where his daughters slept, but it was not there—he opened another—then hastily that of Tirzah's chamber. The smoke rushed out so that he was obliged to step back to get his breath. But in a moment he went back, and opened the windows. The smoke was so dense, he could not see any thing in the room, and thinking that Tirzah could not live there long, his next step was to the bed, but she was not there. At that moment there was a blaze near the table, which discovered Tirzah lying in the large chair, surrounded by flames, and apparently suffocated. Mr. Williams caught her from the fire, carried her down stairs away from the smoke, and roused his family. They all assisted to put out the fire, which was accomplished with some difficulty, and then to seek the cause. It was eyi-

dent that Tirzah had fallen asleep reading, and in her sleep, thrown out her arm towards the light, with the book in her hand, or left it leaning against the lamp or somehow so, for it was almost entirely consumed, and there was nothing else which would take fire so easily. It was a beautiful annual which had been given to her, by her mother. There was a large place burnt in the top of the table—a small place in the floor, and the whole covering of the chair. Tirzah was stifled, almost beyond recovery, and it was long before she could be revived. Then she was almost delirious, in view of the consequences of her carelessness, and her narrow escape. She was sick a number of days. As she became better, her heart burst forth into a thousand thanksgivings, for the merciful interposition of the Almighty Sovereign of the Universe, and before she was completely recovered, she had surrendered herself to Him entirely. This providence led her to serious reflections, which resulted in a happy change of character. She was lovely and amiable before, but now, she was truly good. And pure and holy were the influences of her gentle spirit felt to be, upon Emily and Angenette. The fire was never spoken of, for they wished not to wound her feelings; and what could they say against an incident so glorious in its effects. They did not think of the trifling loss, of course, for what is the loss of a table, a house, or even a world, when placed in a balance against the worth of an immortal soul.

Some years after, I saw Tirzah, a young woman. It was near the close of a warm, still afternoon, in midsummer. Not a breath of air was stirring. The leaves and flowers looked languid, and all nature seemed lifeless. Tirzah sat in an open window. A fan and glass, were in one hand, and the other moved cautiously over the branch of a rose bush, which grew so near the window, that it entered the room upon its being raised. Her thin, delicate fingers rested on the soft velvet leaves of a rose, which she broke off, and was placing the glass to her eye, through which to look at it, when a gentleman came in, and sitting near her, said tenderly, "How are your eyes this afternoon?" "No better," was the reply. "I have just been trying to distinguish the colors of some flowers, but they seem to me all blended and indistinct."

"Well, my love, be comforted," said he, "there may yet be help for them. Then after a moment's pause he continued, "It is certainly, exceedingly to be regretted, that in your youthful ardor to improve and inform yourself, you should adopt a course so fatal to your sight. But let the thought console you, that you did it conscientiously. And if you should never recover it, confide in me, my dear Tirzah. You know I have promised to lead and sustain you through life, and impart all the joy and happiness, which the fondness of my heart can know."

"I do trust in your kindness, my husband," she answered, "comforted by your sympathy, and happy in your love, but would not trespass upon your time."

"Do not fear that, Tirzah," said he, "and now our carriage has come, and I will take you to ride, if you please. You said this morning you should be better able to go out this afternoon; if you are, Mary will get your dress."

"I feel pretty well," answered Tirzah, "and shall enjoy the ride, I think," then kindly said, turning to her servant, "You may get my things, Mary, if you will." Soon, the affectionate husband, with his unfortunate and sightless wife leaning upon his arm, was walking through his

splendid garden, to the carriage, now and then stopping to gather flowers for her, that she might not lose their fragrance with their beauty.

Tirzah had married a man, whose circumstances, habits, and affections, were all she could desire. But who could envy her. She had transgressed organic laws, and organic suffering must be the punishment. And who would not be more happy with two eyes, and the mere necessities of life, than without them, in possession of a kingdom.

Let my young friends who have eyes, and would keep them, avoid as much as possible reading at night, or at twilight. *North Brookfield, Ms.*

RELIGION.

A CALL TO DUTY.

We have often been struck with the simple and effectual methods which God takes to remind his creatures of their duties and obligations to himself. The following fact illustrates our idea.

It was at the close of day, when the children had left their sports and returned to their quiet homes, when nothing broke the stillness of the hour but the rattling cart or wagon drawn by the weary beast to the place of his release and rest, that little H. and Z. sat at the window waiting the return of their father. Like children they talked with each other, and then asked their mother questions, and listened to the explanations which she gave. Their conversation soon turned to serious subjects such as heaven and a preparation for its joys. H. wished he was prepared to go there, and said he meant to be happy, and hoped his father "would get happy." The hour to retire soon arrived. But before they lay down to rest, said H. "Will you pray with us, mother, to night? Other little children's mothers pray with them." This request was unexpected, and touched a mother's heart, who had never yet bowed with her little ones in prayer. She declined by saying, "You had better ask your father when he comes in to pray with you." It was not long before the father entered, when this little son said to him, "Father, we want you to pray with us to-night." The father immediately replied that he could not. "O! yes you can," exclaimed his little daughter, "you can pray; if you only say a few words, God will hear you." She then repeated some appropriate passages of Scripture as proof of what she had said, and the readiness with which she did it surprised her parents. She told her father about the Saviour—what he had said; but their united entreaties availed nothing. They fell asleep without hearing the fervent supplications of father or mother, that God would prepare their dear children for that heaven to which their thoughts in early life had been directed by the kind teacher, and by the word of God.

What a timely, eloquent and powerful sermon! God seemed to open the mouths of these babes to speak and enforce the truth! Who could suppress their feelings under such circumstances? Was not a reproof administered, more forcible and alarming than could come from another? That father and mother felt that they have neglected their duty, and this was an admonition to them no longer to neglect it. They were then beginning to ask for the way of life under the conviction of the Holy Spirit. May they be brought to bow with their offspring before the throne of God in humble adoration and praise, all being saved by the blood of Christ.—*S. S. Treasury.*

HOW TO BE HAPPY.

All seek to be happy. The youngest child in the Sabbath School as well as the oldest, desires happiness. Some expect to find it in riches, some seek for it in scenes of vice, while others resort to the attracting but deceptive charms of company and amusement. They try one pursuit, and soon turn to another, but continue unsatisfied. Sometimes the child feels a little disappointment when his sports, in which he had anticipated great delight, prove unsatisfactory, or even leave a sting behind.

Why is it that children cannot be perfectly happy in their sports. Why can nothing of this nature satisfy the young and sportive mind? I will tell you. This mind is not made for earth. All earthly objects decay and die, and therefore the pleasure which they afford cannot continue. Not so with the soul; that will live on, long after all things that we now behold have perished. When the whole earth, the glorious sun, and the twinkling stars, have all ceased to exist, that will still continue to live and think. How then can it be happy?

Permit me to answer this question by telling a short story. A few days ago I saw a little boy who appeared to be very happy, and I inquired why he was so happy now, when only a few days since he said he was very unhappy? He said that "he had been unhappy because he was a great sinner. He felt that he had been very wicked in not giving his heart to the Saviour who had done so much for him, instead of loving the world, as he had. He felt that he ought, first of all, to have loved his heavenly Father."

"But now," said he, "I am happy, for I feel that my sins have been forgiven. I prayed to God to give me a new heart, for I felt that my heart was very wicked. I now love the Saviour because he died to save me, and yet lives to intercede for me, and for others. O, how I wish all my young companions knew how happy religion can make them! Now I have no fears, for I know that my Redeemer liveth." Are you seeking, dear young friends, for the same kind of pleasure as did this little boy? If so, happy are you. This, and this alone, can satisfy your immortal mind. I. P.

MORALITY.

LITTLE BILLY AND HIS CHIPS.

Little Billy was a poor boy. His mother worked very hard to get him and his little sisters food and clothing. He was obedient and kind, loved his books and schools. He might be seen every Sabbath in his class. Billy would run errands for his mother, and between the hours of school, he would pick up chips to make a fire for his poor mother. Sometimes for a whole week, Billy's chips were all the wood his mother had.

Many wicked children in his neighborhood would steal chips wherever they could find them. But Billy would go into the shop, or where the men were at work, and ask the men for them, and would not touch them till they gave him leave. So while other boys were carried to prison for stealing and were afraid of every constable that came along, Billy was not alarmed or carried away by any of them. He picked up his chips and carried them home to his poor mother; but he would not go with other bad boys.

There was one place where Billy went for chips oftener than to any others. It was where his teacher worked. He loved his teacher and his teacher loved him. He gave Billy as many chips as he could. He would fill his basket and run home to his mother saying, "my teacher gave me these." This little boy was poor, but he had kind friends. He had friends because he was an honest and kind boy. When his mother tells him to go to school, he always obeys her. On the Sabbath he may be seen on his way to the Sabbath School with his Testament. He passes many wicked boys in the streets, but he never stops to speak with them or join them in their wicked sports. A.

THE SERPENT.

At last it biteth like a serpent, and stingeth like an adder. Proverbs xxiii: 32.

A company of persons once left their homes to take a voyage to sea, in order to learn all they could about different places, and people abroad. They found it a very delightful employment, and each assisted one another in trying to remember the information they had gained. After having visited different countries, and become a little acquainted with their manners and customs, they

thought of returning home full of hope and joy; but alas, their joy was turned to mourning, and they had to sail home again in sorrow. One day they went ashore at a place that looked very inviting, where the shrubbery looked very green, and the tall trees afforded a delightful shade. All at once they espied at a distance a tremendous serpent, and immediately returned to the ship for more help, intending to kill it if possible, and take his beautiful skin home. They were soon on shore again, but what was their dismay when they perceived that the monster had already coiled himself around one of their companions who had wandered into the woods by himself, and he was devoured before they could reach him.

Some serpents are so strong that they can entwine themselves around a cow, crush all its bones, and can open their mouths so wide as to swallow it all at once.

This man was in an awful situation, was he not? But he who uses intoxicating drinks reminds me very much of him; when he takes a glass now and then, he is like the man who strayed into the woods; when he takes one regularly every day, the serpent is in sight; when he takes two a day the serpent has seized him; when he takes one whenever he can get it, the serpent has broken his bones; and when he falls down and gets killed in the street through being drunk, the serpent has swallowed him whole, for his body is dead, and his soul lost for ever. Oh dreadful!

The friends of the man could take no more pleasure in travelling, but returned home very sorrowful.

The friends and relations of the drunkard can take no more pleasure in his company, and it fills them with sorrow to think of his awful death.

Dear children, keep out of the way of the serpent. Avoid the path that leads to the path of ruin, and you will be safe. I hope now you will tell your parents that you wish to sign the "total temperance pledge."—*S. S. Gleaner.*

NATURAL HISTORY.

Written for the Youth's Companion.

THE LITTLE GREEN SNAKE.

BY FRANCES.—No. 2.

The boys thought a moment what they should do, then concluded to go and find each a four-leaved clover, to wish with. They had not looked long, before Charles came out into the grass, saying, "What are you looking for?"

"Four-leaved clover," was the reply.

"What are they good for?" asked Charles.

"To wish with," answered one of them.

"Why how can you wish with those? I don't understand it," said Charles.

Albert explained it by saying, as he pointed to the grass, "There, you see all these clovers have three leaves on a stem; once in a great place there are four on a stem. If we can find one, you will take hold of two leaves, and I two, and wish and pull, then the one who gets the stem will have the wish."

"It is something like pulling apart a wish-bone," said Charley, "but do you believe we should ever have our wish? Father says it is all nonsense."

"No, I don't suppose we shall," replied Albert, "but there is some fun in wishing if we don't get it; sometimes we wish with these long stalks of grass, that have a thick bunch on the top. They are full of sap, and if we can get them out, just right they are. Albert could not tell him quite as well as he could show him, so he drew two spires of the particular kind of grass, and giving one to Charley said, "Now see me," and he turned it upside down, and pressed the sap all to the top—then said, "Now do yours just so, with your thumb carefully;" and there was a small drop on the opening at the top. And Alfred said, "Now wish, and touch the drops together, and the one who gets the whole, will have his wish." They did so, and as the drops mingled on Charley's grass they all laughed heartily, and Emily came out to ask them if they did not hear the bell for breakfast. After they had eaten, Emily beck-

oned them into the back-kitchen, where a long, wide board was laid upon two benches, with an old pair of thick leather gloves upon it. Emily took from an old closet near, a large glass can, full of water, containing the little green snake, and placed it upon the board, saying, they must not touch it, while she went up stairs to get something else.

Charles looked earnestly at it a few seconds, and said, what is it? Why, it is a snake! and he screamed with all his might, and ran into the sitting room to his father, who was talking with Mr. Hamilton, and said, "Do come and see what Emily has got out here, father, do come; and he got hold of his father's hand, and pulled, and entreated, so that he got up and went, followed by Mr. Hamilton. Emily now came down, and the two gentlemen took chairs, and seated themselves near, to see what she was going to do.

She took the cover from the glass, turned out the water, and put on the old leather gloves.

"Why do you put on those gloves, if it will not bite?" asked Albert.

"Because its body is covered with a dirty slime," she answered, and she took an old piece of white cloth from the rag-bag, and turning the glass down on one side, laid the cloth at the mouth. When the snake crawled out, it left a slimy track behind it, upon the cloth. At first, it moved about the board rather slowly; but soon went quite fast, and tried to get off. When it came to the edge of the board, Emily touched it gently with her gloves, and it went towards Albert. He moved back a little and said, "I suppose it is hungry, but I cannot afford a luncheon off my fingers to-day." When Emily thought they had seen it move about long enough, she took a microscope from her pocket, and putting on her glove again, requested her father to show the boys how to examine the snake, while she held it. So sitting upon the board she placed her hands lengthwise upon the snake, to keep it still, and the boys looked long and delightedly at its varied and beautiful skin. Then she moved her hand a little away from its head, that they might see how exquisitely that was formed. The boys said they never saw any thing so curious in their lives. One moment Alfred saw silver scales bordered with gold, and green spots on them. Then he saw veins, of gold, and green, and all colors, running in all directions. Then there was something down between the high ridges on its back, that looked like beautifully painted flowers—and its eye, "Oh it was enough to make me jump a rod," said Alfred, "so frightful." But there was something splendid round it, and he could not tell what it was like. At first he thought it was like a fringe, made of every thing rich and beautiful. Then he looked again, and said it did not look at all as it did first, and it changed so, that the longer he looked, the more difficult it was to say what it resembled.

All the boys said the same, and when they had all looked enough, and the snake had become quite uneasy, she told them all to stand back, and she took away her hands. She did not know but the snake might spring off the board for having been confined so long, but it only coiled itself up, and laid quite still. The boys thought it very good natured, and were almost in love with it for being so gentle, and so beautiful. Emily said if they had seen it enough, she would let it go. But they wished to keep it. Alfred said they could preserve it in alcohol, and it would always be as beautiful as now. She said the poor little creature had already suffered a great deal for their enjoyment, and she thought it would be cruel to keep it any longer. The boys saw that Emily was right, and she carried it, coiled in her hand, some distance from the house, and let it go. When she returned, she related to her father and uncle the whole story from the very beginning, and added, that she thought this would be a good way to show her brothers that God had made nothing to be hated. Nothing—ever so evil, that is not admirably formed, and adapted to its condition. Her father commended her very affectionately, and the boys also, for having done as Emily desired. Their uncle

said that to complete the instructions of Emily, he would send them each a beautiful book, showing that God has not only made every thing beautiful, and to be admired, but for some great and wise purpose. That every creature moves in a sphere marked out by its wonderful Creator—God.

North Brookfield, Ms.

SABBATH SCHOOL.

From the S. S. Treasury.

AN EXAMPLE.

Whilst a teacher connected with a Sabbath School in the city of New York, was on a visit to the house of a friend, the conversation turned upon the collection and disposition of money in the school. A little boy, not more than five years of age, standing by, was much interested in the conversation, and inquired if the heathen children had any Bibles to read. The teacher told him that they had but a very few. "Then," said he, "I will save my money for them." Some months afterwards, the teacher who had forgotten the conversation, called again upon the family, and judge of her surprise, when the little boy went upstairs, and brought down the amount of his savings, *one hundred and two cents*, which had been given him by his father to spend. This little child, upon hearing the teacher advert to the poor heathen children, was willing to go without his toys and confectionary, that he had been in the habit of buying, in order to give his money to obtain Bibles for the heathen. A little girl, also, who was living at service, when the children met in the school room to receive their New Year's presents, gave to her teacher ten cents, which had been given her to spend on that day. Another little girl gave her teacher a shilling, which had been given her for a like purpose. Sabbath School scholars, will you read the above accounts, which are strictly true, and think of the poor destitute heathen boys and girls? Compare their situation with yours. The sun rises and sets for them, the earth yields her fruits for their support—but they thank not the "Giver of all good" for his kindness to them; the Sabbath morning comes, but with it no "sound of the church-going bell,"—for all days are alike to them; and when the sun goes down, and they retire to repose, no voice ascends to the Father of all, to thank him for his kindness and mercy to them through the day; but they live as it were but to die. I might tell you of many little heathen children, who have learned in the Sabbath School to read and spell, and have been made quite happy, by means of the money that has been sent from Christian countries; but you have probably read them. Then I hope you will be encouraged, and give your mite for so good a cause as this, and if you have not a missionary society in your school, form one, and by means of the cent a week, which any boy or girl may save, you can gather money enough to buy Bibles and other books for the children of ignorance. W. B. T.

CURIOUS KIND OF EXCUSES.

A gentleman not long since visited a large and flourishing Sabbath School. He had not been in the room long, before the Superintendent informed him, that one of his classes was destitute of a teacher, and asked him if he would take charge of it. He signified his willingness, and was conducted to a very interesting class of lads. He being a stranger, something was very naturally said, respecting the absence of their teacher. The boys said, with some feeling, "*he is not here more than half the time*; and when he does come he does not know much about the lesson. When he makes an excuse to the class, *they are curious kind of excuses*."

Now, these are grave charges, considering whence they come. They are impeachments of Christian fidelity. They were evidently not made without good reason. Who could be willing to meet or stand against such an accusation? Who could be guilty of such remissness of duty, when voluntarily assumed? The best school that exists

would soon run down under such teachers. The scholars would lose all interest in studying Scripture. Souls would go down to hell if much depended on their exertion. How can a teacher so little interested, meet his class at all? How can he pretend to be a Christian? If he has not love enough to influence him in this work, has he love to God and man, which entitle him to the name of Christian? Such an one is a burden to a school; the cause of painful anxiety to the superintendent. How then must he feel to have a whole class come with complaints of this kind?—S. S. Treasury.

THE NURSERY.

A POOR STAFF.

Our little readers have all seen their grandfather, or some aged or lame person, walk with a staff or cane. They lean upon it, and it helps to support them when their limbs are weak, or they have lost the use of one. Very often, persons cannot walk at all without the aid of such a staff. "Mary, Mary," says your grandfather, "bring me my staff, and I will go out with you and see the lambs and chickens." You see the poor man cannot go a step without his staff, and if Mary is kind and attentive to old people, as she ought to be, she will bring it to him and help him up. If his staff is made of pasteboard, or a little slender stick, which breaks very easily, it will be of no use—it cannot hold him up when he leans on it. It is "*a poor staff*."

I was inquiring about some little children and their mother, the other day. "O," said a lady, "their father is a poor staff." But you ask what this means. I will tell you. You know little children are quite helpless; they cannot take care of themselves—cannot earn their clothes or bread, nor pay for a house to live in. They look to their father for these things. They lean upon him for support; and they need it as much as old people need a staff to help them and lift them up. But these little children had no kind father to take care of them. He went off and left them without a home, or any thing to eat. He has been gone two years, and has not seen them. He lives part of the time in the same town. He earns something, but spends it for rum, and lives in the filthy grog-shop. Their mother could not take care of all the children, and one poor little boy is now in the poor house. He leaned upon his father, but he was a poor staff, and he fell, in his helpless state, into the hands of others, who now have to support him.—*Id.*

THE LOST SAILORS.*

Columbus made three voyages to the new world, which he discovered in the West. A great many vessels, containing in all twelve hundred men, were with him on the second voyage. They found many islands, unknown before to the world, particularly one which was pleasant and beautiful, its green shores being washed by the gentle waves. Columbus called it Guadaloupe. The vessels anchored near this delightful spot. The men were weary of being shut up in the vessels and living upon salt meat and hard bread, and were very glad to get leave of Columbus (for he was commander of them all) to go on shore, penetrate the forests, and roam over the plains, and gather the fruits of the island.

At night, when the boats returned to the vessels, it was found that one captain and eight men were missing. Columbus was much displeased, for though all the others had obtained leave, these had gone without. But he was very much alarmed too. Through all the night and the next day he waited, but they came not. He feared that they had been murdered by the natives of the island. These Indians were called Caribs. They were exceedingly fierce and cruel, and were said to be so savage as to eat the bodies of their enemies whom they killed. How then could

* See Irving's Life of Columbus, vol. 1.

Columbus, the kind-hearted and brave, allow the vessels to sail away and leave the men in that strange land?

A young Spaniard, named Ojeda, with forty men, went to explore the island, in hopes of finding the wanderers. Ojeda, with his party, searched through the woods and climbed the mountain's side; they fired guns, and made the forests resound with their shouts, in hopes that the lost ones might hear the sound—but in vain! Ojeda returned with his disappointed party to the vessels. Columbus grieves for the wanderers, and will not go till they are found, though he wishes much to sail away and discover more islands, and more of the wonders of the new world. At last, after waiting some time longer, and fearing that the men would never come, to the great joy of all, the lost ones appeared on the beach, and made signs to be taken on board the vessel. They had been wandering in the woods, unable to find their way out; the more they tried to gain the shore, the more deeply they became entangled in the pathless forest. They were received with joy; but though the noble heart of Columbus was glad when he saw them, he still thought it necessary to punish them for going on shore without his consent.

What child does not pity these sailors separated from their friends, wandering in an unknown land, exposed to the cruel and fierce Caribs? But is not every one who has sinned and allowed wrong feelings to come into his heart, and forgotten God, lost in a far more terrible wilderness than were these men? They were separated from their friends; but is not the sinful child separated from God? These men grieved that they should never again see their own bright and sunny native land; but the sinful child, whose heart is not changed, shall never see heaven. They feared the fierce and warlike Caribs; but far worse enemies lie in wait for the sinner. These islanders only devoured the body; but Satan will seize upon the soul. How willing too was Columbus, and all the men in the ships, to receive the wanderers; and is God less willing to take back to his friendship, those who seek his face through Christ?

But mark the difference. Columbus thought it necessary to punish these men, and we do not know but he did right; but those who return to God shall be freely forgiven; for, let it be written on the heart of every child, who reads this story, that "there is therefore now no condemnation to them that are in Christ Jesus!" M. A. C.

Boston, Jan. 6, 1840.

EDITORIAL.

PROVERBS.—SECOND SERIES.—No. 2.

"An ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure."

This was a favorite saying with my aunt Debby. Not a day passed that she did not find some occasion for it. How well I remember the brass andirons in the little parlor, with the branches of evergreen and asparagus stuck between them? This parlor was never opened except on great occasions, and consequently I regarded it and all its contents with the greatest veneration. The red and yellow carpet, the painted card racks over the mantel-shelf, the cow and milkmaid which alternated with a great bunch of pionsies and marigolds on the paper of the walls; all these were in my estimation, the utmost limit of the grand and beautiful.

Nevertheless, there was one part of my daily labor connected with this room, which was very wearisome to me. I was expected every morning to take a cloth with a little rottenstone on it, and rub those same brass andirons of which I have spoken. This always seemed to me an unnecessary and useless labor; not only because, as the room was kept constantly shut, nobody profited by the brightness of the andirons, but because they seemed to stand as little in need of the operation, at the beginning as at the close of my task. But if I ever ventured to express my opinions on the subject to my aunt, she always had

an answer ready. "An ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure, Nelly. A few rubs every day will keep them bright, but if you once let them get rusty it will be hard work enough to brighten them again, I promise you."

It was the same about weeding the garden, or mending my clothes, or any other domestic operations, which I was always in favor of deferring as long as possible. Tuesday afternoon, after the ironing was finished, was the regular time for mending the stockings; and on that afternoon my aunt Debby and I might always be seen with a work-basket between us containing all the stockings of the family. My aunt never failed to examine those which had passed through my hands, and very often were they returned to me, with the assurance that they were "not done yet." "You have only mended the holes, but you should have darned all those thin places, which will be holes next week, if you don't. Remember 'an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure.'"

For my own part, I had always a particular aversion to this anticipating of work. I used to tell aunt Debby sometimes that I would much rather mend a good big hole, than darn a thin place which only threatened to be a hole; but she always replied, "Tush! tush! child; you know nothing about the matter!" which was very true.

There were some other applications of aunt Debby's proverb of which the wisdom was more doubtful. For instance, if I complained of a slight headache, I was very sure, on the principle that prevention is better than cure, to receive a dose of castor oil or some other equally pleasant remedy. To be sure, this mode of procedure had one advantage, as it made me careful not to complain, unless there were some pretty serious ailment.

But the best application of this proverb is one that my aunt never thought of. She never applied it to my character; never told me how much easier it is to keep out evil than to drive it out. I did not know when I suffered weeds to spring up and take deep root in the garden of my heart, how hard it would be afterwards to pull them up. If I had known it, perhaps I should have been more careful. I would therefore advise all my young readers to watch against the beginnings of evil, and to remember that in all things pertaining to character, *prevention is better than cure.* L.

VARIETY.

A Little Girl's Thoughts.

A little girl recently returned from the Sabbath School, and said with some earnestness, "a girl in my class said to our teacher, I think I gave my heart to the Saviour last night. But I don't think she did, because when I went to fix her shawl, she was very snappish. She told me also that she was going to have a new gown, and I don't think she would be thinking of such things if she really had a new heart." Now this shows what her ideas of a Christian are. She has been in this class two years, and has learnt from the Bible what are some of the fruits of a good heart. She thought if her little school mate had really become a Christian, and loved the Saviour, she would not get angry at so trifling a matter as touching her shawl, nor would she be thinking in meeting, about new gowns. This little girl had no means of knowing whether her friend was a Christian or not. She could only judge by her words and actions. And when she showed anger or talked about improper things on the Sabbath, and in the house of God, she thought her heart was not right. Do my little readers think she was right? May this little girl and all Sabbath School scholars go to the Saviour and give him their hearts.—S. S. Treasury.

A Little Mohammedan Tract Distributor.

It was in 1827, that a poor Mohammedan girl, about five years old, was pointed out to Mrs. Wilson, of the Female Orphan Refuge near Calcutta, as a creature suffering hunger almost to starvation, and pining under an aged father's cruelty, who, having nothing to give her, beat her whenever she asked him for food. After much persuasion, the old man was

induced to make over the child, by writing to Mrs. Wilson, in order that when he was gone she might claim her from the hands of an unkind brother. A native Christian was instantly sent to draw up the necessary paper, but the old man had just expired when this person reached his dwelling. The poor little girl was standing by the corpse eating a piece of biscuit, which fell from the father's hand as he expired. The brother, after giving much trouble, at length allowed the child to be removed. She has the name of Anna; she is tall and thin, and of a very interesting countenance.

Having been three years in the institution, this girl, with an elder orphan, accompanied Mrs. Wilson on a tour to the upper provinces.

"Dear little Anna was of great use," says Mrs. W. "as the villagers, to whom we wished to give tracts, were too timid to wait our approach, but would always admit the child amongst them; so we sent her forward, and by the time we reached the spot she was engaged, perhaps on tiptoe, assisting a poor man to read a tract. If they were backward in taking them, she would encourage them to do so with, 'Take it brother, take it; it is God's book; it will teach you about Jesus Christ.' Other interesting conversations are also recorded between this child and the natives. At length she returned to the institution, and was for some years a valuable assistant in teaching the younger children. She is now married to a catechist of the Church Missionary Society, and both she and her husband have eminently enjoyed the regard of the missionaries, with whom they have been placed.—S. S. Journal.

Frederick and his Nephew.

Frederick the Great was so fond of children, that the young princes, his nephews, always had access to him. One day, writing in his cabinet, where the eldest of them was playing with a ball, it happened to fall on the table; the king threw it on the floor and wrote on. Presently after, the ball again fell on the table; he threw it away once more and cast a serious look on the boy, who promised to be more careful, and continued his play. At last the ball fell unfortunately on the very paper on which the king was writing, who being a little vexed, put the ball into his pocket. The little prince humbly begged pardon and entreated to have his ball again; but was refused. He continued for some time praying for it in a very piteous manner, but all in vain. At last, grown tired of asking, he placed himself before his majesty, put his little hand to his side, and said with a menacing look and tone, "Do you choose Sire, to restore the ball or not?" The king smiled, took the ball from his pocket, and gave it to the prince, with these words; "Thou art a brave fellow; Silesia will never be retaken whilst thou art alive."

'Tis more to say, I will not go, and yet to go, than to say, I go, sir, and yet not to go; but say and do is best of all.

POETRY.

GOD SEES EVERY THING AND KNOWS EVERY THING.

I'm not too young for God to see;
He knows my name and nature too,
And all day long he looks at me,
And sees my actions through and through.
He listens to the words I say,
And knows the thoughts I have within,
And whether I'm at work or play,
He's sure to see it if I sin.
Oh! how could children tell a lie,
Or cheat in play, or steal, or fight,
If they remember'd God was by,
And had them always in his sight!
If some good minister is near,
It makes us careful what we do;
And how much more we ought to fear
The Lord, who sees us through and through.
Then when I want to do amiss,
However pleasant it may be,
I'll always try to think of this,—
I'm not too young for God to see!

MORNING PRAYER.

My God, I thank thee that the night,
In peace and rest hath passed away,
And that I see in this fair light,
My Father's smile that makes it day.
Be thou my guide, and let me live,
As under thine all-seeing eye,
Supply my wants, my sins forgive,
And make me happy when I die.

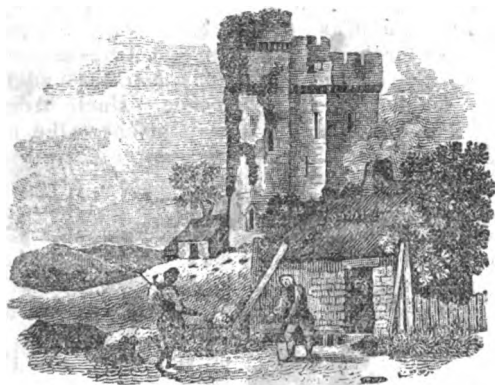
YOUTH'S COMPANION.

Published Weekly, by NATHANIEL WILLIS, at the Office of the Boston Recorder, No. 11, Cornhill.—Price, \$1.00 a year in advance; or \$1.25 if not paid in advance.

NO. 9.

BOSTON, JULY 10, 1840.

VOL. XIV.



Written for the Youth's Companion.

THE OLD MAN IN THE COTTAGE.

I thought little Mary had forgotten her picture this week, but no—here she comes running with it in her hand. Take care! oh! there's a fall! But no matter, it did not hurt her, did it? Up she jumps, and laughs; and now for the picture. Oh, there are two houses, one great big one, and one little one. That big house is made of stones. It is very high. It is called a castle. I suppose somebody who is very rich lives in it. What funny windows it has. They are not like the windows of papa's house, are they, Mary? "What is that?" Oh, that is moss growing on the walls of the castle. Mary has seen moss out in father's woods. Pretty soft moss! Mary laid her cheek on it, and called it her pillow.

Now look at the other house. See how small it is. It has a chimney, and smoke is coming out of it. There is a fence along one side of it, and some trees growing over the roof. Grass grows on the roof too. Mary never saw any grass before on the top of a house. The door is open. I guess that old man has just come out of the house. "Does he live there?" Yes, I think he does. Poor old man! He carries a stick to lean upon. That is like Mary's grandfather, isn't it? Mary plays with grandpapa's stick, sometimes.

"Who is that other man?" I think that is the old man's son John. John ran away when he was a boy, because he wanted to go to sea. It is a great many years ago, and now he has grown up into a big man. He has come to see his father again. But his father is so old that he cannot see very well. He does not know that it is his son. John comes along with his bundle on his back. What do you think he will say to his father? "He will say, how do you do?" Will he? No, I think he will say, father, here is your son come back. Then his father will be glad. He will kiss his son and cry, because he is so glad to see him. Then John will stay at home and live with his father, and take care of him. I guess he is sorry he ran away. Goodbye, little Mary. L.

NARRATIVE.

A NIGHT IN THE WOODS.

William was the son of a clergyman in the country. At the time when he was eight or nine years old, his father was very ill, and the care of the family and the education of the children rested for the time entirely upon his mother, who was fortunately a woman of very superior understanding, and consequently well fitted for the task.

It was in the month of November that he one day obtained leave of his father to go and pay a visit at his uncle's house, at a few miles distance. He had a donkey, of which he was very fond. The poor animal was a great favorite with all his brothers and sisters; and though they had often

the pleasure of riding it by turns, yet it was never ill-used by any of them, but led a comfortable and happy life.

Well, upon this donkey little William rode when he went to visit his uncle; it was a fine autumnal day, and he had a delightful ride. The chief part of the road was cut through a wood, and William amused himself as he went along in watching the squirrels, which were jumping about in the branches.

When William arrived at his uncle's, he found a large party of boys and girls, beside his cousins, waiting his arrival; and the day passed so quickly, (as happy days are apt to do,) that it was much later than William was aware of before he mounted his donkey again, and set off upon his return.

His mother, who had been taken up by her attendance upon her husband all day, as soon as she saw the sun declining, began to look out for her little boy; and as he was not yet arrived, she put on her hat and shawl, and went out to meet him. She walked some little distance, but as she could not see him she was obliged to return, as she feared her husband would miss her, and inquire into the cause of her unusual absence; and she could not bear to make him uneasy about William, because the least anxiety of mind would have endangered his life.

It now grew darker and darker, and yet little William did not return; and his mother, who began to be alarmed lest some accident should have befallen him, sent off a servant on horseback to meet him, with orders that he should go on to her brother's house, unless he met little William on the road.

She waited a tedious hour without any relief to her suspense, and at the end of that time the servant returned, and said that Master William had set off two hours ago, and ought to have been at home long before. This intelligence, of course, doubled the alarm of his mother, who now sent every servant out in search of him; and at the same time that she felt herself almost distracted by apprehension, she still concealed it from her husband, and suffered the shutters to be shut, and the candles to be brought in, as usual; but hour after hour passed, and he was not to be found.

Bed-time arrived, and William's mother, having seen everything done that was in her power to provide for his safety, resolutely determined, for fear of alarming her husband, to go to bed as usual, though she was herself much too unhappy to sleep for a moment.

All this time poor William had lost his way in the wood. He knew the road very well by daylight; but the sun was setting when he left his uncle's, and by the time he got into the middle of the wood it was quite dark; and having taken a wrong turning, he soon found himself in a sort of wilderness, where, though he could just get on through the underwood with much difficulty; yet nothing like the right road could he find. He tried first going a little to the left, and then a little to the right, and then he got off and led his donkey backwards and forwards, still expecting to get back into the road; but instead of this, he only ran up against a great tree, or fell over an old stump of one, or tore his legs in the brambles. So at last he was obliged to give it up, and then he began to feel very much frightened. He was frightened for himself, when he thought of staying alone all night in the wood; but he was not a selfish child, he did not think only of his own distress; his thoughts of his mother and his poor father came into his mind, and putting his hands before his face, he burst into tears.

In a very little while, however, he recovered himself, and drying his eyes, determined to make another attempt to find his way on. This was quite as unsuccessful as before. After wandering about for a long time, he at last came to an open place in the wood; here he stopped, and tried to rally his spirits, by thinking of all the most entertaining things he had ever heard or read of. "Now," thought he, "if I was a wild man of the woods, I should live all my life in such a place as this; or if I was Robin Hood, I should take up my quarters here with Little John, and call to my 'merry-men all' to come and feast with me. But I have neither merry-men to call, nor feast to eat, and it begins to be very, very cold," said he, shuddering from head to foot, and feeling that these fanciful thoughts were not sufficient to entertain him now. "Perhaps I shall die before the night is over," thought he, as the wind whistled mournfully amongst the trees, and the dry leaves pattered down at his feet. "I shall die with cold, and my poor donkey, too, will be starved to death. My father and mother will never see me again; and perhaps they never will know what is become of poor William! And what will become of me if I die?"

This awful question, which seldom occurs in full force to so young a mind, carried his thoughts immediately to God, and he knelt down and said his prayers. William had often prayed before, but never with such sincerity and fervor as now. No human being ever addresses himself to God, in spirit and in truth, without finding comfort and support, let his situation be ever so forlorn and desolate; and little William arose from his knees cheered and animated.

As he raised his eyes towards heaven, he saw the twinkling stars, which now appeared in the sky, and as they shone through the dark branches of the trees, he recollected the pious instructions of his good father; and many of the lessons which his mother had taught him came into his mind, and brought support and comfort with them. He thought of the great and good God who is equally present every where, who "neither slumbers nor sleeps," and to whom "the night is as clear as the day." He repeated the lines he had learned,

"My noon-day walks he shall attend,
And all my midnight hours defend."

While he was engaged in these comforting meditations, he heard a noise at a little distance; he listened, and thought it was only the wind rustling amid the branches of the trees; but in another instant he heard the sound of a man's voice, and halloo! halloo! resounded from different parts of the wood. "Perhaps it is a robber!" thought William; but the next instant he considered that a robber would not want to make himself heard; and as he was sure it was much more likely to be some of his father's servants sent out in search of him, he immediately hallooed in return as loud as he possibly could. But poor William had the disappointment of hearing the sound of the voices grow fainter and fainter, till at last they died away in the distance, and he could distinguish them no longer.

As he now gave up all hope, and was almost worn out with fatigue and cold, he determined, with great presence of mind, upon the best plan for preserving his life. He took off the saddle from the donkey's back (who was glad of the relief,) and immediately laid down upon the mossy ground, and repeating the words, "I will lay me down in peace, and take my rest," he stretched himself across the back of his poor donkey, hoping that the warmth of the animal would keep him

alive, and in this situation the poor little fellow sunk into a sound and peaceful sleep.

At the dawn of morning, the servants, who had been all night continuing their search, discovered the poor little boy. He was still sleeping in all the security of innocence. They gently raised him up, and wrapping him in a warm cloak, carried him with all speed to the arms of his happy mother.

THE NURSERY.

MARIAN AND HER MOTHER.

"O why need the weather be so hot? I can hardly breathe," said Marian, as she hastily fanned her red cheeks, and wiped the moisture from her forehead. It was on one of the warmest days of the season, and the sun shone with intense brightness.

To Marian's impatient remark, her mother replied; "The reason why it is so hot, my child, I could better tell you some weeks hence than now. I will content myself to-day with assuring you, that it is God who sends us this heat, and that he is too good a Father to do anything, which is not for our good."

Marian remained silent; for she believed her mother, whom she had never known to tell her anything which was not true.

She tried to bear with proper patience the warmth of the weather, which continued for some time. At length the month of August was at an end, and with it the time of heat and languor.

The fresher air of September and the gentler rays of the sun now attracted Marian every day to the garden. The fruit became ripened, and the harvest commenced. Marian was delighted with the beauty of the apples, the pears, and the peaches; nothing could surpass the sweetness of their flavor, or the brightness of their colors.

"Ah, mother!" cried the little girl, "see the fine fruits, which the Creator has given us! what must be his goodness and his love for us!"

"Yes, my child," said her mother; "but consider a little. You would have been almost angry with him, when he wished to bestow on us these blessings. Remember that it was that very heat, which one day made you so impatient, that has ripened these fruits, and not only these, but the corn and the wheat, without which men could hardly subsist. Accustom yourself, my child, to be content with all that God ordains; for you will always see, sooner or later, that he does every thing for the good of his creatures."

MORALITY.

THE OLD OAK.

[Continued from page 26.]

"Well children," said Mr. Thornton, a day or two after the last visit, "the old oak has fallen, and we must try to make the best use of it we can; would you like to pay it another visit?" The children consented with great pleasure, for their father always managed to make his rambles with them so agreeable and instructive, that they would leave their pastimes any moment to accompany him. Upon arriving at the spot they saw two men with a large saw, busily employed in converting their favorite old tree into saw-mill logs. They had stripped it of its thick rough bark, had propped it up with large blocks, and were now severing the top from the roots. In a few minutes the task was completed, and down the huge stump went, plump into its native bed. There it rested, upright as before, but all its glory it had left behind. The children gathered around it, when the following dialogue ensued.

Mr. Thornton. Which of you can tell me where is the oldest part of this stump, I mean the part that grew first, when it was yet a little tree?

Charles. I can tell; in the middle.

Mr. T. In the middle; well, where is the middle?

William. I can find the middle; I will measure across the stump in two ways with the string of my

top. [He measures and marks the point.]

Mary. That may be the centre, but it is not the middle; I mean it is not the part that grew first.

C. Why not?

M. Do you see that little dark spot? [Putting her finger upon it.] There is a small ring around it; then another ring a little larger; then another, and another; and so on to the outside of the tree.

All. O, I see it now.

Mr. T. Mary is right; that little spot is the centre of growth, and each ring is a year's addition. By counting the rings, you can ascertain the age of the tree. You may make the attempt while I am giving some directions to the workmen.

Mr. Thornton now left them for a few minutes and they went eagerly to work counting the rings. But they found it no easy matter. They were so numerous, and the spaces between them in some parts so exceedingly narrow, that they could hardly distinguish them. Mary, who had noticed that this little spot lay some distance to the north of the mathematical centre of the stump, and that the rings on the south side were the broadest, succeeded in counting one hundred and seventy. When Mr. Thornton returned, they reported to him their success, and he then informed them that the tree was at least two hundred years old.

"And now," said he, "I have brought with me this little acorn, which I picked from one of the limbs. We will open it, and see what we can discover." So he removed the shell, when the fleshy part readily separated into two pieces, disclosing a small white speck lying between the two. "This," said Mr. Thornton, carefully placing it on the point of his knife, "this is the young oak." Upon looking at it through a magnifying glass the children could distinctly discover a straight taper root, and what appeared to be the rudiments of two little leaves. "This oak," continued Mr. Thornton, "was once a white speck like this, shut up in an acorn shell," and at the same time, he laid the embryo oak upon the huge old stump, that all might see what

"Tall oaks from little acorns grow."

"Now I wish you to understand," said he, "how the small white speck became a mighty tree. It was BY ADDING A LITTLE TO ITS SIZE EVERY YEAR. The first year perhaps it was not over a foot in height. When it was a dozen years old a child could have bent it to the ground. But it kept steadily on, adding one more ring to its size each year, till it became a majestic tree. And this, my dear children, is the way, and the only way, to become wise and learned. You must add a little to your knowledge every day. The greatest scholars and the most profound statesmen were once children like you. But they made it a rule to be wiser each day than they were the preceding day, and thus they became learned and wise men. You may become as wise and as learned as they, if you will take the same course; the grand secret is to improve each day, and not to waste it because it is only a day. If the oak had said in the spring, "What is the use of putting forth ten thousand leaves for the sake of adding one little ring to my size?" and so had lain still all summer, would it have ever become this enormous tree? But it never failed to improve the summers, hot or cold, wet or dry; it added one ring to its growth every season; true it was but a little; but "many a little makes a mickle," as you here see.

Remember, my children, to add something to your store of learning every day. Never return home from school without bringing a new ring of knowledge with you, and you will certainly become learned and wise.—Ohio Obs.

UNCLE ADAM AND THE SWEARING BOY.

Uncle Adam always used to take a good deal of notice of boys in the streets, and often stopped to talk with them. Sometimes he carried children's books about with him, on purpose to give away. I have seen him, when he was starting out to take a walk, stow his pocket full of such books, bound in red and yellow covers; some of them had pic-

tures, and they generally contained stories suitable for boys, intended to lead them to hate sin, and to put them in mind of God. He hardly ever came back with any of the books; for he could find boys enough who were glad to get them.

One fine afternoon, early in April, he went out to take his usual walk, and got into a street which had been newly opened; there was no pavement, and the curb stones were lying scattered about, ready for the workmen to set them up. It was not a choice place, therefore, for carts and carriages, or for foot passengers; but it was a grand spot for boys, who could play marbles and fly kites, without much disturbance. Uncle Adam did not mind picking his way amongst the big stones, and over the rough ground, especially as he saw some half-a-dozen boys before him engaged in playing marbles. Just as he got close to them, one of the lads, who seemed to be in a passion, spoke out a shocking oath. It was too bad for me to tell, but it had the name of the Lord in it. Uncle Adam stopped short as if a bullet had struck him.

"My lad," said he, "do you know who the Lord is, that you were swearing by?"

"The boy blushed. "No, I don't," said he. "I didn't mean any thing by it. This cheating fellow made me mad, and I ripped out the first thing that came uppermost."

"Yes, yes," replied Uncle Adam; "but who is this Lord, whose name you were using? Can't you tell me that?" By this time the play was broken up, and the boys were all gathered around my uncle, some smiling, and some looking serious.

"I never thought any thing about it," said the boy; "I hear other people swear by the Lord, and so I learned it of them."

"Then you must mean the Almighty God, who made you, and who made heaven and earth; for there is no other Lord. Did you never hear that he says—THOU SHALT NOT TAKE THE NAME OF THE LORD THY GOD IN VAIN? And don't you know what he will do to those that break his commandment?"

The little transgressor hung his head, and said nothing; but another here spoke up. "Where's the harm in it? My father swears, and sometimes he curses me, and mother too; but it is only when he is in a passion: he never means what he says."

Uncle Adam. Did your father ever talk to you about the Lord?

Boy. Not as I know of—only as I told you when he swears.

Uncle A. Does your father ever pray with you and with your mother?

Boy. No, to be sure he does not. I don't believe he knows how.

Uncle A. Well, it is a shameful thing that people can only use the name of their Maker when they want to abuse it. Swearing and praying will not come out of the same mouth. Yesterday I went into a poor man's house, about dusk, and there I found him on his knees with his family, using the Lord's name in humble prayer; and a happy family it is. But at the very next door, I heard the people using that holy name in the midst of their talking and laughing, with no more respect than they would name each other, or even a brute; and this was enough to make one's heart sick. You see, boys, there are two sorts of people that call on the name of the Lord; the swearing sort, and the praying sort; and they are just as unlike each other as bread and poison. Now which sort will God condemn, in the great day of judgment?

The lad answered not a word.

"Now," continued Uncle Adam, "here are some little books, about profane swearing, and I will give them to you, if you will promise to take them home and read them. And whenever you hear people damning themselves, or one another, just think of a story that is in the Bible. It tells of a man who died, and went to hell; but instead of wishing that anybody else might be damned, he begged that he might come back to the earth, to

warn his brothers not to come into that place of torment, where he was not allowed even a drop of water to cool his tongue."

Here he was silent, until he had distributed books to all the boys, who seemed to receive them very gratefully.

My uncle then added, "I want to tell you, before I go, something that I saw at the Deaf and Dumb Asylum, on a day of public examination of the scholars. Yonder is the house, as you can see. It is full of boys and girls, who can neither hear nor speak. It is the Lord's will that some should be so, even from their birth. This is not because they are sinners more than other children, but perhaps one reason is, that we who have the use of our ears and tongues may be thankful to God for his mercy, and be careful not to abuse such valuable gifts. Well, as I was going to tell you, some of these children were stationed before large black-boards, on which they wrote their lessons with chalk pencils. Their teacher made signs to them with his fingers, and arms, and head; so that by watching him, they could understand his questions, and write down answers to them. After they had got through, the teacher requested the spectators to put any questions that they wished. So some person asked, 'Have you any signs by which you can curse and swear?' This seemed to shock the teacher a good deal; however, he gave it to the pupils in some way, and they all answered that they had no such signs, and never thought of such wicked things. Then another spectator put this case to them; 'Suppose a deaf and dumb boy could have the offer made to him from heaven, that he should have his speech instantly, if he would promise never to swear or speak bad words,—and yet the boy would refuse to make such an agreement; what would you think of him?' To this, some answered one thing, and some another; but they all agreed in this, that such a person would either be mad, or else too wicked to live in society. Now boys, you have heard my story; what would you think of such a boy?"

The little marble-players answered, "He would be a fool, or something worse."

"Very well," replied my uncle, "would he be any worse than a boy, or man, to whom God has given the use of his tongue, and who uses it to speak bad language, and to profane his Maker's name?"

So saying, he nodded a good bye, and left the boys to reflect upon the monstrous sin of CURSING AND SWEARING.—*Youth's Friend*.

SABBATH SCHOOL.

Written for the Youth's Companion.

A SISTER'S TEAR.

BY FRANCES.

"Oh how different my feelings now from what they were a few years ago," said William Bartlett. "How I hated the Sabbath School! How my lessons tired me! There was nothing else in the world so difficult to understand; no place so odious. It was one of my eldest sister's duties, to see that we learned our Sabbath lessons; and Saturday evening was the time appointed for the study of them. Judith, my sister, devoted the whole evening to explaining to us, and assisting us about our lessons. She was patient and kind, or meant to be so; but I was a continual trial to her. My sister was very energetic, decided, and perhaps rather stern. Whatever she had to do was done in its proper time, and manner. Every thing she possessed, had its place, and was always there. I was entirely different;—ignorant, indolent and careless. She wondered how I could be so, and talked with me frequently and seriously. But I thought she pretended to know so much and to have so much authority, I would not hear her, and left her looking as I thought very cross—when it was only her disappointment. I always dreaded the approach of Saturday evening, and managed so as to have some excuse to be absent from the circle, and avoid getting my lesson. I omitted

some lessons at school during the day, which I *must learn*, to escape a punishment on the next Monday morning, or borrowed a book which must be returned—or promised to make or receive a call, although this was inconsistent with the wishes of my parents—or I must finish reading a story in my Sabbath School book—*something* constantly interfered with my lesson. Then Sabbath morning, my sister endeavored again to persuade me to look at my lesson. Sometimes I yielded, and by the time I had found my question book and Bible, (which never had a place, and consequently never could be easily found,) and ascertained where the lesson was, which I never remembered, the first bell rang for meeting, and I must immediately prepare. Thus, Sabbath after Sabbath, have I entered the school, without knowing either the chapter or subject of my lesson; and when I could do it secretly, *left my class*. Judith sometimes heard of this, and it tried her almost beyond endurance. She thought to say the least, I ought to have more regard for my respectability and that of my family. I was a disgrace to them all. I should mortify her to death. What *could* be done with me! All this I cared very little for. I became almost a young man, and still, was seldom at Sabbath School.

One beautiful Sabbath morning, Judith came to me, and looking very sadly said, "Come brother, to day our school is to be reorganized, and why will you not join us, and attend regularly." "Because," I replied, "I will not be *driven to any thing*. You have undertaken to *make* me go to the Sabbath School, and I wish you to know, that for once, at least, your determination will fail." "I do not wish to *make* you do any thing, unless you can see that it is for your advantage," said she. "It must be very advantageous," I answered, ironically, "to be connected with hundreds of little children, to recite lessons from the Bible." "Our school consists of all ages, and all the respectable young men in town attend," said Judith. "What is that to me," I coldly replied. "If you wish to be respected, I should think you would go," said she. But I quickly and angrily answered, "I will not be driven." "I fear, brother," said she, looking at me tenderly, and the tears flowing fast from her eyes, "I fear you are *driven*, by an evil spirit, away from the path of duty and happiness, and that your mind will be so blinded, you will never"—

I could hear no more. I was moved by her affectionate tears, and obliged to leave her to conceal my feelings. I went to my room thinking about it, whether I had better go or not; for I had been away from the school so long, I suspected myself very ignorant of the Bible, and felt rather ashamed to expose my folly; however, by the time I had found my books, I concluded to get a lesson. When I assisted the family into the carriage, to go to church, Judith said she would sit on the front seat with me, and as we rode along she exclaimed, "How happy I am, to see you with your books, once more. I hope you will never leave the school again." I made no reply, but it has been as she hoped. I have been constantly engaged in the school ever since. My character has much improved, and my happiness increased. And if the world would know how a brother's heart may be softened and subdued, I answer, "by a sister's tears."

North Brookfield, Ms.

OBITUARY.

Written for the Youth's Companion.

JANE R.

It is seldom parents are called to mourn more deeply the loss of a kind and affectionate child than in the death of Jane R. of Troy, N. Y. She was possessed of uncommonly quick perceptive faculties, and was esteemed by all who knew her for her kind and affectionate disposition. Her little brother and herself were inseparable companions. They were always very kind and affectionate to each other. She was a father's pride and a

mother's joy. They usually carried her into the country every summer among her friends, where she did not fail to entwine herself in their affections by her kind and gentle disposition. She was lovely. Well might a father and tender mother doat on such a little being. But death is busy with the world every day. How often do we see that death is without order. None are exempt from it. All must die. Some in infancy and childhood, some in middle life, and a few continue to old age. Little Jane was 4 years of age when she died. She was attacked with measles, which were accompanied with inflammation of lungs that proved fatal in six days. She suffered extremely during her illness, but bore all without complaining. At one time when she was laboring for breath and thrusting her hands into her mouth, she observed her mother weeping, when she looked up to her. Oh! that look, so full of affectionate kindness for her mother, and said, "don't cry ma, little Jane won't bite her fingers any more." In a few hours more she became very easy and quiet, inquired if her friends had come to see her. But the change was that fatal change which sometimes precedes death. In a few hours she was no more.

Now my dear little readers, this same little girl, only a fortnight before she died, was found by her mother, kneeling down by the side of the sofa, praying. Her mother asked her what she said. She replied "that she read a chapter in her Bible as Pa did; then prayed, saying 'Jesus Christ, Bread of life, pardon all my sins; then I repeated the little prayer you taught me, ma.'"

You see, dear children, that little Jane prayed. She prayed that her sins might be forgiven. It was evident she wished to learn the way to Heaven. How pleasant it would be if all the readers of the Companion would do as little Jane did. We none of us know when we may be called to leave our friends, and all we hold dear on earth for the untried realities of another world. Let us pray then that *our* sins may be forgiven, and that we may live in constant readiness for the coming of the Son of Man.

S. C.

June 15, 1840.

BENEVOLENCE.

CHARITY REWARDED.—A FACT.

B. was a native of Alsace; and on a journey he made to K——, he married. He inhabited a small house without the gates of the town; and his employment barely subsisted him, though he constantly worked for rich and respectable people in the city. He was a painter and gilder. Every evening he was accustomed to bring bread home with him for his family, from the produce of his work. It happened, however, once, that he did not receive his money. Although God has expressly commanded "that the sun shall not go down before the laborer receives his hire," yet the degenerate Christian pays but little attention to the commands of his Maker. Very many, and clergymen amongst the number, are not even acquainted with all his written commands, more especially those in the Old Testament, notwithstanding Jesus Christ has absolutely declared in Matt. v. 18, that all shall be strictly observed, and that not a jot or tittle thereof shall fail. Now could the poor gilder no longer get paid by his employers. For some time, however, he was enabled to carry home bread with him as usual, to his hungry family; but at length every source was exhausted. Throughout the day, during his work, he put up an inward prayer to God, that he would graciously dispose the hearts of his masters in his favor, so that they might not allow him to go home penniless; but the day passed, the term of labor finished, and the poor husband and father had nothing, nothing at all to take home with him! Melancholy and sad he entered the suburbs where he lived, with a heavy heart and downcast eyes. Some one going towards the city met him, saluted him as he passed, and slipping a piece of silver into his hand, glided by him. B. stood stock still, astonished; and shouting aloud, with eyes uplift-

ed, tears ran down his cheeks; and he bitterly reproached himself for his vile unbelief in that God who feeds the ravens, and numbers the very hairs of our heads.

Passing onwards, his way lay through a path between two hedges, where he heard a faint voice in a mournful, complaining strain; and as he looked around him to know from whence it proceeded, he saw a young man, who had the appearance of a traveller, lying on the grass, pale, weak, and emaciated. "What is the matter, my friend?" asked the poor painter. "Sir, I am a travelling mechanic, and am going towards home. I have yet far to go. As my money ran short, I was obliged to act with the utmost frugality, and expended daily only what my most urgent necessities demanded; notwithstanding, my money is all gone. The whole of this day have I pursued my journey without tasting food; and my strength is so entirely exhausted, that I can go no further." What was poor B. to do? He had nothing but the small piece of silver; should he give him that? But what would remain for his hungry, expecting children? Perplexed, confounded, almost mechanically, without knowing what he said, he demanded of the young man if he had no small money about him, even of the most trifling value, to give in exchange for his little piece of silver. "O, my dear sir, would I had; I should not lie longer here!" The heart of poor B. felt a terrible conflict. At last, shrugging his shoulders, with great sorrow and heaviness of mind, he pursued his way, but went not far; his piece of money burned like fire in his pocket; he hastily turned back, gave it to the poor traveller, and with great agitation turned away quickly, weeping, sobbing, and almost reeling like a drunken man. He had not proceeded far before he met a man with several loaves of bread, which he carried under his arms, coming directly towards him. As they approached each other, the man saluted him in a friendly manner; and passing him, slipped one of the loaves under his arm, and putting a dollar into his hand, hastened away. The poor painter threw himself on the grass and wept aloud.

Who can read without the deepest emotion this wonderful relation of the gracious providence of God towards the necessities of his children! The worthy painter acted with such pure humanity, and the hand of God so visibly interposed, that while we are compelled to bestow our warmest approbation on his conduct, we are led to offer our humble adoration at the throne of grace. Such tales as these are like apples of gold in dishes of silver; and though at all times, yet in our days more especially, a word in due season. If the poor Christian is led to further perseverance in his confidence in God, who hears and answers prayer, and the weak believer taught to blush for his unbelief, this memorable instance of God's paternal care will not have been recorded in vain!

[Swiss Magazine.]

EDITORIAL.

PROVERBS.—SECOND SERIES.—No. 3.

The devil is pleasant when he is pleased.

I well remember the first time I heard this proverb. There was an old lady in the parish where my mother lived, who was called "Grandma" by all the children of the neighborhood, though she did not happen to sustain that relation to any of them. It was one of my greatest pleasures to be permitted to spend the day with "Grandma Martin," especially in the season of fruit; for the old lady had a garden well stocked with currants, gooseberries, raspberries and strawberries. I was besides, somewhat of a favorite with her, and between the fruit and flowers out of doors, and the great picture Bible in the house, to say nothing of the story-books occasionally provided when my visits were expected, I made out to spend my time with great satisfaction to myself at old Mrs. Martin's.

At the end of one afternoon in June, after such a day as I have described, I returned home, laden with

the spoils of my visit. In one hand I carried an enormous nosegay, composed of all the flowers of the season, in the other a little basket of strawberries for my mother, and under my arm was Bunyan's "Holy War," which I had come across for the first time, that day in Mrs. Martin's library, and in which I had become so much interested that I could not rest without taking it home to finish. The good old lady assured me that I could not carry so many things at once, and that I had better leave the book till the next day; but this I could not think of. It is true the book slipped from under my arm several times on the way home, and it was rather a difficult matter to pick it up again; but no matter, I was content, and reached home in high good humor.

After my mother had put the flowers in water, and while she was eating the strawberries, I had leisure to give her an account of the day. This I did with great minuteness, amplifying and expatiating upon all its pleasures, and relating the stories Mrs. Martin had told us about her childhood. At last I summed up all with, "And grandma told me to tell you that I had been a very good girl all day."

My mother smiled. "How were you good?" said she. "What did you do?"

"I don't know," said I, rather perplexed by the question; "I have told you, mamma, what I did, all day."

"You eat strawberries, and gathered flowers, and arranged them in glasses, and read, and looked at pictures, and listened to Grandma's stories. Which of these things was so 'good'?"

I began to feel rather foolish. "Why—mother—why, I don't suppose she meant that I *did* any thing in particular; only that I did not do any thing that was *bad*."

"But what *could* you have done that was *bad* if you had tried?"

"If I had tried? why mamma! just as if I should try to be bad. But I'm sure I might have done, I might have been cross, for instance."

"But did you ever hear of any body that was cross when he had everything he wanted? My dear child, I do not wish to diminish your gratification at all, but only to lead you to examine yourself, and see just how much merit you can claim. Now to-day you were in good health, you had a constant variety and succession of pleasures, and no one to oppose your wishes or contradict you in the least. You have done just what you pleased, all day, haven't you?"

"Yes, mamma."

"Well now tell me candidly, had you the least temptation to be 'cross' as you say?"

"No mother, I confess I had not. I don't see how I could have been out of temper, unless I had tried to be on purpose. So as you say, mother, I don't see as I have been so very good after all."

I must confess that I felt no little mortification in admitting this, and in finding that I had no ground for my self-complacency. My mother perceived it.

"Do not look so sad, my daughter," said she. "Perhaps you would have resisted temptation if it had met you. I only want you to remember that there is no merit in not doing wrong when we have no temptation to do it. There is an old proverb which I used to hear when I was a child, which says that even 'the devil is pleasant when he is pleased.' I hope you will try to be patient and pleasant, even when things are not according to your wishes. But I hear Charly's voice; run and tell him to come and get some strawberries." L.

VARIETY.

The African Verdict.

Alexander, of Macedonia, once entered into a neighboring and wealthy province of Africa. The inhabitants came forth to meet him, and brought him their robes filled with golden apples and fruits. "Eat this fruit among yourselves," said Alexander; "I am not

come to see your wealth, but learn your customs." They then conducted him to the market, where their King administered justice. A citizen just then came before him and said, "I bought of this man, oh King, a sack full of chaff, and have found in it a secret treasure. The chaff is mine, but not the gold, and the man will not take it again. Command him, oh King, that he receive it, for it is his own." And his antagonist, a citizen also of the place, answered—"Thou fearest to retain any thing unjustly, and should not I also fear to receive such a thing from thee? I have sold thee the sack, with all that was in it; keep it, for it is thine. Command him, oh King!"

The king inquired of the first one if he had a son? He answered "Yes." He inquired of the other if he had a daughter, and the same answer, "Yes," was returned. "Well," said the King, "you are both just men, marry your children to each other, and give them the discovered treasure as a marriage portion. That is my verdict." Alexander was astonished when he heard this decision. "Have I judged unjustly," said the King of this remote country, "that thou art thus astonished?" "Not at all," answered Alexander, "but in our country they would have judged far otherwise." "And how then would they have judged?" inquired the African King. "Both parties would have lost their heads," answered Alexander, "and their treasure would have fallen into the hands of the King." Then the King clasped his hands together, and said, "Does the sun then shine upon you? And do the heavens still shower their rain upon you?" Alexander replied, "Yes." "It must then be," continued the King, "for the sake of the innocent beasts that live in your country; for upon such men no sun should shine, and no rain should fall."

The Little Girl and the Minister.

A pious English clergyman, calling one day, in the course of his pastoral visits, at the house of a friend, affectionately noticed a child in the room, a little girl about six years old. Among other things, he asked her if she knew that she had a bad heart, and opening the Bible, pointed to the passage where the Lord promises, "I will put a new spirit within you, and I will take the stony heart out of your flesh, and I will give you an heart of flesh." He then entreated her to plead this promise in prayer, and she would find the Almighty faithful to his engagement.

Many years after, a lady, at the age of twenty-three, came to him to propose herself for communion with the church, and oh! how inexpressible was his delight, when he found that she was the very person with whom, when she was a child, he had so faithfully conversed on the subject of religion, and that the conversation was blessed, and made the means of her conversion to God. Taking her Bible, she had retired as he advised, pleaded the promise, wept, prayed, and the Lord heard her, and answered her prayer. He gave her what she most anxiously desired, a *new heart*.—S. S. Messenger.

The Goodness of God.

"Grandma," said a little girl to her aged grandmother, "I cried last night." What was the matter, my dear? replied the old lady. "Why, after I went to bed last night, I got thinking about the goodness of God, and I couldn't go to sleep. It made me feel so that I cried. Why only think, grandma, if it wasn't for the goodness of God we couldn't get a piece of bread."

Children, imitate the example of this little girl. Think of the goodness of God—He made you—preserves you—if you are in danger He delivers you—if you are sick He provides you medicine and restores you—if you are hungry, He feeds you. "If it were not for Him, you would not get even a piece of bread." The goodness of God should lead you to repentance.—*Id.* B.

POETRY.

THE BOSOM SIN.

A SONNET, BY GEORGE HERBERT.

Lord, with what care hast thou begirt us round!
Parents first season us; then schoolmasters
Deliver us to laws; they send us bound
To rules of reason, holy messengers,
Pulpits and Sundays, sorrow dogging sin,
Afflictions sorted, anguish of all sizes,
Fine nets and stratagems to catch us in,
Bibles laid open, millions of surprises.
Blessings beforehand, ties of gratefulness,
The sound of glory ringing in our ears:
Without, our shame; within, our consciences;
Angels and grace, eternal hopes and fears!
Yet all these fences, and their whole array,
One cunning bosom sin blows quite away.

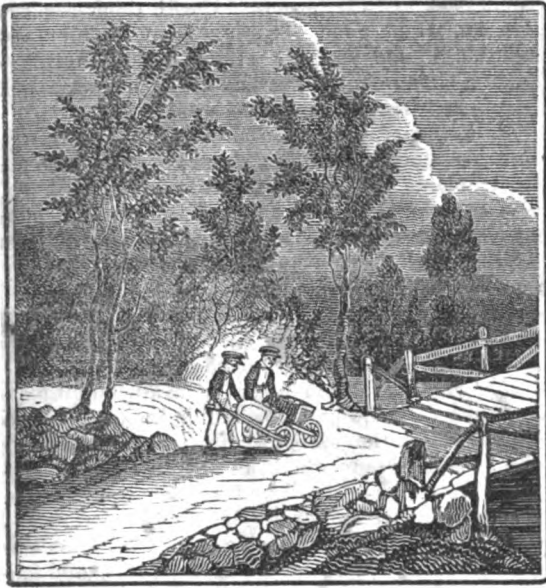
YOUTH'S COMPANION.

Published Weekly, by NATHANIEL WILLIS, at the Office of the Boston Recorder, No. 11, Cornhill.—Price, \$1.00 a year in advance; or \$1.25 if not paid in advance.

NO. 10.

BOSTON, JULY 17, 1840.

VOL. XIV.



The following story is from "*Rollo at Work*," a very interesting book for boys, published by T. H. Carter, and sold by W. D. Ticknor, 135 Washington Street, Boston.

THE TWO LITTLE WHEELBARROWS.

"Now," said Rollo's father to him one day, after he had been doing a fine job of wood-piling, "now we will go and talk with the corporal about a wheelbarrow. Or do you think you could find the way yourself?"

Rollo said he thought he could.

"Very well; you may go; I believe I shall let you have a wheelbarrow now, and you can ask him how soon he can have it done."

Rollo clapped his hands, and capered about, and asked his father how long he thought it would be before he could have it.

"O, you will learn," said he, "when you come to talk with the corporal."

"Do you think it will be a week?"

"I think it probable that he could make one in less than a week," said his father, smiling.

"Well, how soon?" said Rollo.

"O, I cannot tell you; wait till you get to his shop, and then you will see."

Rollo saw that, for some reason or other, his father was not inclined to talk about the time when he should have his wheelbarrow, but he could not think why; however, he determined to get the corporal to make it as quick as he could, at any rate.

It was about the middle of the afternoon that Rollo set off to go for his wheelbarrow. His mother told him he might go and get his cousin James to go with him if he chose. So he walked along towards the bridge, and, instead of turning at once off there to go towards the mill, he went on over the bridge towards the house where James lived. James came with him, and they walked back very pleasantly together.

When they got back across the bridge again, they turned off towards the mill, talking about the wheelbarrow. Rollo told James about his learning to work, and about his having seen a wheelbarrow at the corporal's, and how he trundled it about, and liked it very much.

"I should like to see it very much," said James. "I suppose I can, when we get to the corporal's shop."

"No," said Rollo, "he said that that wheelbarrow was engaged; and I suppose it has been taken away before this time."

Just then the corner of the corporal's shop began to come into view, and presently the door came in sight, and James called out,

"Yes, yes, there it is. I see it standing up by the side of the door."

"No," said Rollo, "that is not it. That is a green one."

"What color was the wheelbarrow that you saw?" asked James.

"It was not any color; it was not painted," said Rollo. "I wonder whose that wheelbarrow can be?"

The boys walked along, and presently came to the door of the shop. They opened the door, and went in. There was nobody there.

Various articles were around the room. There was a bench at one side, near a window; and there were a great many tools upon it, and upon shelves over it. On another side of the shop was a lathe, a curious sort of a machine, that the corporal used a great deal, in some of his nicest work. Then there were a good many things there, which were sent in to be mended, such as chairs, a spinning wheel, boys' sleds, and one or two large wheelbarrows.

The boys walked around the room a few minutes, looking at the various things; and at last Rollo spied another little wheelbarrow, on a shelf. It was very much like the one at the door, only it was painted green.

Rollo said that that one looked exactly like the one he trundled when he was there before, only it was green.

"Perhaps he has painted it since," said James; "let us go to the door, and look at the other one, and see which is the biggest."

So they went to the door, and found that the blue one was a little the biggest.

Just then they saw the corporal coming across the road, with a hatchet in his hand. He had been to grind it at the mill, where there was a grindstone, that went round by water.

"Ah, boys," said he, "how do you do? Have you come for your wheelbarrow, Rollo?"

"Yes, s'r," said Rollo; "how soon can you get it done?"

"Done? it is done now," said he; "there it is." And he took the blue wheelbarrow, which was at the door, and set it down in the path.

"That is not mine," said Rollo, "is it?"

"Yes," said the corporal; "your father spoke for it a week ago."

Rollo took hold of his wheelbarrow, and began to wheel it along. He liked it very much.

James said he wished he could have one too; and while Rollo was talking with the corporal, he could not help looking at the green one on the shelf, which he thought was just about as big as he should like.

The corporal asked him if he wanted to see that one, and he took it down for him. James took hold of the handles, and tried it a little, back and forth on the floor, and then he said it was just about big enough for him.

"Who is this for?" said he to the corporal.

"I do not know," said the corporal; "a gentleman bespoke it some time ago. I do not know what his name is."

Just then he seemed to see somebody out of the window.

"Ah!" here he comes now!" he exclaimed suddenly.

Just then the door opened, and whom should the boys see coming in, but their uncle George!

"Why, James," said he, "have you got hold of your wheelbarrow already?"

"My wheelbarrow!" said James. "Is this mine?"

"Yes," said his uncle, "I got it made to give to you. But when I found that Rollo was having one made, I waited for his to be done, so that you might have them both together. So trundle them home."

So the boys set off on the run down the road, in fine style, with their wheelbarrows trundling beautifully before them.

NARRATIVE.

Written for the Youth's Companion.

THE LITTLE GLUTTON.

I have been reading a story with this title, written in French for little boys and girls in France. It was translated into English, and printed in Paris, and a copy sent to the Editor of the Youth's Companion by an American gentleman there. It is too long for the Companion, so I will relate the substance of it to you in fewer words.

It is about a little boy named Charles, who thought more of good things to eat than of any other kind of pleasure. He was so very greedy that at last his companions gave him the name of the little glutton.

One day Charles was sent by his father to carry a bag of sweetmeats to the good pastor of the village, who lived at some distance. His father gave him a strict charge not to meddle with the sweetmeats, and Charles fully intended to obey him. But he thought there could be no harm in just opening the bag and looking at them. When he had done this, the plums looked so inviting that he could not forbear taking "one, only one." It was delicious. But then what a pity that he had not taken a larger one! at any rate, two small ones would not be more than one large one, so he might have another small one. The next time he peeped in, he saw some of a different color, and of course he must taste one of those.

In short he went on finding one excuse after another, till he came in sight of the pastor's house. Then he drew the strings of the bag and resolved not to eat another one. He arrived at the house, delivered the bag and his father's message. "Very well," said the good pastor, "and I will now make you a present; hold out your hand." So saying he loosened the strings of the bag so as to let a few plums fall into Charles' hands. But nothing came. The bag was empty. Charles turned pale and red, his knees trembled, and he burst into tears. The reason he had not before discovered that the bag was empty was, that it was made of stiff gilt paper.

The good pastor talked with Charles about his sin, but forbore to punish him, only requiring him to take back the empty bag to his father, and confess the whole. This he was obliged, however unwillingly, to do, and the shame and pain he suffered was a lesson to him for some time. However he was not cured yet. He felt sorry that he had eaten all the plums, but he did not repent of having touched one. Next time he resolved to be more moderate. I cannot detail minutely all the lessons which Charles received, some of them very severe ones. One of his brothers was sick, and Charles on going into his room, found a box of sugar pastiles, which looked as if they might be good. He took half a dozen of them, hastened to his own room and eat them. Alas! they were of ipecacuana. Charles was attacked with terrible vomitings, and was obliged to confess what he had done.

His next theft, which was not committed until

after he had in some measure forgotten this lesson was eating one out of a plate full of white round bullets, which he found in the cupboard. They were made of arsenic to kill mice, and Charles came very near dying. However, his life was saved by a powerful antidote, and he thought he should never forget this warning. The rest shall be told in the words of the book.

"Since that time Charles had such a horror of theft and gluttony, that he hardly dared to look on good things to eat. It seemed to him that everything contained poison, and it was in trembling that he ate his meals. His parents were obliged to repeat to him that he had nothing to fear, and that if he eat only sugar-plums that were given him, they would do him no harm. At last Charles regained his confidence, as you will see by the anecdote I am now about to relate to you.

One day, Charles had received at dinner a pear for desert, as also had each of his brothers and sisters. He found it so good that he was tempted to ask for a second. But as there was only one remaining on the table, he dared not do so. The family rose, and went into the garden to breathe the evening air. Charles found it very difficult to follow them; the pear fascinated him; he could not take his eyes from it. But whilst he longed to set his hand upon it, he said to himself: "First, a pear is not so much as a bag of sugarplums; the plate is not full; a pear is not six pastiles; a pear is not a bullet; it cannot do me any harm, for my mother has given me one. A pear—" and whilst he thus reasoned, he looked around him, to ascertain that no one could see him; he approached the table, put out his hand, and as the last word passed through his mind, the pear passed, from the plate, into his pocket. He then hurried off as fast as possible, and whilst his brothers and sisters were playing in the garden with joyous hearts and light consciences, he was hiding himself behind the house, eating his pear without an appetite, but with gluttony, and with so much the less pleasure as his former faults came strongly back to his memory. But this time, he was not found out; he was neither sick, nor had the cholic, and he congratulated himself on his address, when the whole family assembled to hear the Bible read. On this day his father read from the second book and fifth chapter of Kings, the history of Naaman, the Syrian. Naaman had been cured of his leprosy by the prophet Elisha, and had offered him a present in token of his gratitude; but Elisha had refused to accept of it. His servant Gehazi, however, after the departure of his master, had run after him, and demanded, fraudulently, in his master's name, money and apparel which were immediately given him. On the return of the servant, the prophet asked him whence he came, and the servant, being convinced that he had been seen by no one, answered that he had been no where. Upon which Elisha thus addressed him; "Went not mine heart with thee, when the man turned again from his chariot to meet thee? The leprosy therefore of Naaman shall cleave unto thee, and unto thy seed for ever. And he went out from his presence a leper as white as snow."

"Do you understand what I have read?" said his father to the children, when he closed the book. It was his habit to provoke their questions, that he might give them any explanations they might want. Now a passage of this narrative had singularly struck Charles. It was the word of the prophet to his servant: "Went not my heart with thee, when the man turned again from his chariot to meet thee?"

Charles had applied it to himself and the application was terrifying. He, therefore, said to his father. "But if the Spirit of God, which was in the prophet, could see Gehazi, who was far from Elisha, God, by his Spirit, can see us when we are alone in a chamber?" "Without doubt, my dear," said his father, "and in the day of judgment, when our secret faults will be brought to light, God may say to us: When you thought you were alone, was I not there?" "But, papa, if the door should be shut?" "That makes

no difference; God would still see us, and say, Was I not there?" "But, papa, if it should be evening, almost night?" "There is no darkness for him who made the sun, and he would still say to us: Was I not there?" "But, papa, heaven is so far, so very far?" "My child, God is not only God near at hand, he is God afar off; as the Bible tells us, and if we should be hidden in the depth of a cavern, in the bowels of the earth, at the bottom of the sea, God would, notwithstanding say to us: Was I not there?" This explanation, uttered with a solemn voice, struck Charles with terror, for then he understood, for the first time, that when he thought himself alone, when he stole in secret, shut up in his room, in the darkness of the night, God was always there. He understood that when he had eaten the stolen pear, unseen by any one, that God was there. Charles was evidently much agitated; his father perceived, and suspected that his conscience accused him of some wrong, and thought him therefore well disposed to terminate the family-worship by prayer. When all were on their knees then, his father said to him: "Charles, pray." Charles remained for a moment silent; all the family waited, at last he began, and cried with a loud voice: "My God, my God, thou art here; thou seest, and hearest me; pardon, my God, pardon, and give me thy grace! Pardon my sins of this day; I have again committed theft this day; thou alone knowest it. Thou alone didst see it; thou wast there. My God, I promise thee to steal no more. Give me strength to obey thee; cure me of theft and gluttony, and grant that I may always think, speak, and act, as in thy presence. My God, my God, Amen!"—Sobs interrupted his voice; he broke abruptly from his prayer, and threw himself into the arms of his father, without speaking, but still sobbing.

This, my children, is the history of little Charles. From that day forth, he was completely cured. God heard his prayer, and whenever, afterwards, an evil thought came into his mind, he conquered it by these words:

"WAS I NOT THERE?"

THE NURSERY.

WHAT GOOD DOES LIGHTNING DO?

John B. had pious parents who labored assiduously to instil into the minds of their children correct moral and religious principles. They were in moderate circumstances and could not expect to give their children much property; and indeed they did not feel anxious to leave a large estate to their children, as it too often leads to idleness and dissipation. They knew that a good education and sound principles were a far better portion for children than thousands of gold accompanied with ignorance and vicious habits.

One lesson which these parents early taught their children was, that *God is good*, and that *all his works are designed for some wise and good end*. Hence these children never complained of the dealings of God when their own wills were crossed. If they were prevented by the weather from taking a proposed ride or walk, they bore the disappointment patiently and quietly, knowing that God orders all things for the best.

John was much terrified by thunder and lightning. I have known him to lie down during a thunder shower, trembling from head to foot with terror; and he sometimes wondered what good could result from thunder and lightning, which so often destroys buildings and lives. One day a very black cloud rose in the west, and as it passed over, the lightning struck a house near Mr. B's, doing considerable injury to the house and one of its inmates. After the shower, Mr. B. took his children over to see the effects of the lightning. It had torn off the boards and shattered to splinters some of the largest timbers in the house, and had left fearful marks of its power on one of the family, having blackened one side of his face, and melted his vest buttons and torn one of his shoes to pieces. As Mr. B. and his children walked homewards the following dialogue ensued:

John. Pa, I don't see what good lightning does; and surely it does much injury.

Father. Well, may it not answer some wise and good end, though you may not be able to see what?

J. Why, yes sir, it may—but if it does any good I should think we might see it.

Father. We have no right to infer that a thing does no good because we cannot see any good accomplished by it. If we ever go to heaven we shall probably understand many things which now seem dark and mysterious. But I think we can see important good resulting from thunder and lightning. Do you not perceive that there has been a change in the air, and in the appearance of plants and trees since the shower?

J. Yes, sir; before the air was hot and sultry; animals stood still in the shade, panting with the heat; plants seemed to be withering and dying. But now the air is cool and refreshing; the cattle have quietly returned to feeding; the grass looks greener and the flowers smell sweeter than they have for a long time.

Father. And what, my son, is the cause of all this change?

J. I don't know; is it the shower?

Father. Yes, the change is to be attributed partly to the rain and partly to the lightning. Lightning purifies the air by scattering or consuming the noxious vapors which, in warm weather, gradually accumulate in it and render it unhealthy. In many warm countries, the air, if not purified from time to time by lightning, would soon become poisonous and destroy the lives of men and animals, and prevent the growth of plants. Hence we see it is a wise arrangement of God, by which, in warm climates, there are frequent showers of thunder and lightning to purify the atmosphere; while there is less lightning in colder countries where there is less need of it. Were it not for these wise provisions, our summers would be extremely unhealthy; we should drag out a short and sickly life and then die. True, lightning does sometimes do injury; it destroys property and life; but these cases are comparatively rare. Very few are injured by it, whereas immense multitudes are benefited by it. Fire sometimes does injury; it destroys vastly more property and lives than lightning. Still fire was designed for our good; without it we could not cook our food or keep comfortable in cold weather. So lightning, though sometimes injurious, is yet essential to our health and comfort.

By this time they had reached home and the conversation ended.—*Amherst Cabinet.*

MORALITY.

THE GOOD USE OF BAD COMPANY.

Some of our readers will be likely to ask what good can possibly be had from such company. Others will be ready to say, do you mean to advise us to keep such company that we may get benefit from it? Let me then explain what I mean, and you will all be satisfied.

The subject was brought to my mind in reading these verses from the second chapter of the book of Judges, where the Lord is speaking of the Israelites in the land of Canaan. "I also will not henceforth drive out any from before them of the nations which Joshua left when he died; that through them I may prove Israel, whether they will keep the way of the Lord to walk therein, as their fathers did keep it, or not."

It seems that when the Israelites were brought by Joshua to Canaan, the land was full of idolatrous nations. For their sins God had determined to drive these people out of the land, and appointed the Israelites to be his instruments in doing it. But when it was found that the Israelites were disposed to disregard this commandment of God, and not only to make friends of the idol-worshippers, but to join in their worship, God declared he would let some of those nations remain in the land together with the Israelites, so that it might be clearly seen whether the Israelites would choose the true God or the idols. This then was their trial,

by which it was to be seen whether God was right in forbidding his people to have anything to do with idolaters; or whether the people were right in wishing to be allowed to do as they pleased. I need hardly say how it turned out. One verse of the history will tell enough. "The children of Israel did evil in the sight of the Lord, and forgot the Lord their God, and served Baalim and the groves."

Now, I say to all young people:—You are surrounded, and will be all your life, by persons who neither love nor fear God. You live in a world of transgressors. Even in your school and in your neighborhood may be found children and youth, whose conduct is just such a temptation to you as that of the nations of Canaan was to the Jews. They would lead you to profaneness, to falsehood, to deceit, to wickedness of many kinds. Their example is before your eyes, their words are in your ears. If you were to try you could not, perhaps, so entirely escape their company as not to know something of their evil character. Therefore, while I advise you to avoid the company of such; to make no friendships with them; and to keep as much as possible out of their sight and hearing, yet let me say there is a good use to be made of them. It is this. Let these instances of sinfulness be like a light-house to warn you of the danger of such conduct. Or the warning is more like that which a sight of a jail or a gibbet gives. They are to be shunned; but yet it is a good use of such bad things when we make them admonish us of the consequences of crime. Think to yourselves how you would appear if you were to become as depraved as these persons are; how your parents would feel; and what would become of you in this world and in eternity.

Bad company will also "prove" you as it did the Israelites, by making it seem to every one whether you mean to obey God or not. In this life we have good and evil set before us; we have good and bad examples around us. As in the days of Elijah there was an altar to God and an altar to Baal, and the prophet cried, "If the Lord be God, follow him; but if Baal, then follow him"—so there are now the people of God and the people of the wicked one, and our conduct soon shows which side we take. We shall either be attracted by the example of the wicked, or it will shock us and drive us from them. If the latter be the effect of bad company, it is making a good use of it; just as an ancient nation used to keep their children from drinking liquor, by showing them drunkards, and letting them see how hateful and disgusting a human being becomes when in a state of intoxication.

Remember that I do not recommend you to go into bad company in order to get these lessons. We must do no evil that good may come. Avoid the way of the wicked; go not near it; have no intercourse with them. But if you are ever compelled to know of their conduct, regard it as you would a serpent—only to be warned to flee.

[Youth's Friend.]

Written for the Youth's Companion.

THE WAY TO MAKE YOURSELF AND OTHERS HAPPY.

Young people err very much in supposing that a certain set of manners and fine speeches are proper to be used in company and among strangers, entirely different from those they use every day, at home. This is a great mistake. The more simple and natural you appear, the more you will be respected and loved.

I think this moment of a little girl who seemed to me to be as free from vanity and selfishness, as any person I ever saw. I will tell you something about her. Mary Smith was a little girl about thirteen years old; she had been educated by a pious mother, who had tried to subdue all those wrong feelings which are constantly springing up in the heart of every child of Adam. Let me stop here for one moment to inquire if any of the young people who may read this story, have pious mothers? If so, let me tell you, that you know not, and

never will know, till you are deprived of it, the extent of the blessing you enjoy. Prize, oh prize, your mother's prayers and pious counsels now, and strive to do more than you ever yet have done, to promote her comfort and happiness. A day may come, when she will be taken away from you, and, if you have been disobedient children, that will probably be the saddest day of your whole lives!

Whether the instruction Mary received, had any effect in forming her character, you can judge after I relate to you two incidents in her history.

During one of Mary's vacations, her mother allowed her to visit her aunt, who lived in a neighboring town. Mary had fine musical talents which her mother had cultivated, taking care however, that her music did not interfere with more useful studies. She was therefore glad to find that Mrs. Williams owned a piano, which she had purchased for the amusement of her visitors, and on which Mary was allowed to practice. Several ladies being at her house one day, some one of the company inquired if Mrs. Williams would favor them with some music? Mrs. W. replied that she did not play, but that if they wished it, her niece, who played and sung very sweetly, would be happy to oblige them. Mary was accordingly sent for from the garden, and entering the room very modestly, walked up to her aunt, and enquired what she wished of her? Her aunt told her the ladies wished to hear some music, and asked her to play and sing to them. Without waiting to be asked a second time, or making any foolish apologies, Mary very quietly took her seat at the instrument and went through with the pieces which were called for, without the slightest affectation or desire to "show off." Then, without stopping to hear the praises of the ladies, Mary very modestly retired to her story book and the summer house. After her friends had left, Mrs. Williams went to the garden in search of Mary whom she found still reading. Now, what think you Mary said when she saw her aunt? Can you guess? Very many older people than she, would have exclaimed, "oh aunt, I felt dreadfully when you called me in before all these ladies! Do tell me how I appeared! wasn't I very awkward, and terribly out of tune? I know I must have played shockingly, for I was so embarrassed!" But Mary used no such art as this to draw forth praise from others! She seemed to have forgotten the subject entirely, and made no remark about it!

At another time, when some little cousins were visiting Mary, her father proposed taking them all to ride, to visit some delightful spot in the vicinity. Now Mary had a little friend whose father was poor, and could not afford to grant his children any indulgencies of this sort. Mary therefore proposed, that, since there was not room for both, her little friend might take her place in the carriage on that day. Some of her cousins wondered that Mary was so willing to give up a charming ride so willingly, and tried to dissuade her from her purpose; but she persisted, and her father wishing to encourage habits of generosity in his children, consented. Ah, those little girls knew not the real, lasting pleasure there is in sacrificing our own enjoyment for the good of those about us! Mary stood on the steps looking as happy as the merriest of them, to see the party drive away, and then went into the house to find her pleasure in thinking of their enjoyment.

When they returned, Mary was the first to welcome them home, and listen to the story of their pleasures with as much satisfaction as if she had partaken of them. She was not constantly reminding them of her self-denial by saying, "you can't think how lonely I have been," or "I missed you so much that it seems an age since you went away," but so much did she enjoy their happiness, and particularly that of her little friend, that she seemed to forget it had cost her any effort!

My young friends, when the next opportunity occurs, will you try to imitate Mary's example? Since you have been reading this story, have you found out the secret of Mary's happiness? Lest you have not, I will tell you. It was simply that

she was constantly forgetting herself, in her efforts to make those about her happy. And if you will act from the same principle, you will be loved and respected as was Mary.

OLIVE.

RUDENESS REPROVED.

The thunders roared, the lightnings flashed, the winds whistled, darkness reigned around, all was gloom, save within the peaceful cottage of the farmer of West Moreland.

Forgetting the contending of the elements without, the father with four lovely children, gathered around a cheerful fire which blazed upon the hearth. "Father, won't you tell us a story?" said a sparkling black-eyed boy, about four years old, as he climbed upon his father's knee.

"George, you shall not sit on father's knee," said a peevish, petted little Miss, about 12 years of age, at the same time giving an unkind push, which soon placed her little brother on the floor; then seating herself on her father's knee, said, "now father, won't you tell the story." Her father sat musing awhile, as if in deep thought. Miss Julia soon became impatient and said, "Father, why don't you commence, I am tired of waiting." Her father, as if awaking from a reverie, in which he had apparently been so much engaged as not to be conscious of what was passing without, began thus: "I once knew a family of four lovely children; their father was a man of great respectability and talents; their mother, a lady of refined manners and cultivated taste. Owing to some misfortunes, their father was obliged to remove from the great metropolis, to a retired, but rural country seat.

"Every day, these little boys and girls might be seen tripping off to school, with their books on their arms, sometimes running from one side of the path to the other, to gather the wild violet, and sometimes walking hand in hand. But even among this small number, there was one to mar the happiness of the rest. And though that one had the hues of the rose and the lily blended upon her cheeks, and though she fascinated the stranger, yet upon acquaintance, no judicious mother would have chosen her as a companion for her daughters, because she was deficient in that refinement and politeness which might be expected from a young lady of her advantages."

"Father, won't you tell us what she did that was impolite," said little William, "that we may avoid doing the same things."

"Oh! hush, William," said Miss Julia, in an impatient tone, "and let father tell the story: how rude you are!"

The father then proceeded. "It was sometimes manifested by an abrupt answer to a polite question, sometimes by laughing at the mistakes of others, or by neglecting to apologize when she had accidentally injured another, sometimes by being fretful and unkind to her little brothers and sisters, or by not treating her teachers with due respect, or by showing indifference to strangers. You know true politeness is 'kind feelings kindly expressed.' A truly polite person holds the feelings of others too sacred to wound or irritate them unnecessarily; and if some accident should occur calculated to excite unpleasant emotions, they will give it such a gloss, and pass it over with so much ease and kindness, that those unpleasant emotions will be almost entirely removed."

"Now, my dear children, do you know any one who would answer this description?" "Oh! yes, father!" exclaimed Julia. "That Miss Edwards is always exchanging looks with her friends in school, and you know mother says that is extremely impolite."

"Yes, my dear," replied the father, "that was very trying to all present. And what would you say if you should see a little Miss force her little brother to leave his seat, that she might take it herself?"

At this question the whole aspect of Miss Julia's countenance underwent a complete change. "The design of her judicious father's story rushed upon her mind with peculiar force. She saw it was intended to correct a fault which her gentle mother had endeavored in vain to eradicate. She then remembered the unkind push, the harsh reproof, the impatient answer, which, but a few moments before, she had given her little brother. Methinks the hues of the rose were never deeper on her cheeks than at this

moment. Never was the pert Miss Julia more subdued, than when she remembered how ready she had been to condemn others for what she had been guilty of in a much greater degree. She struggled, in vain, to suppress her agitated feelings, till finally, bursting into tears, and throwing her arms about her father's neck, exclaimed, "Father, you have taught me a lesson, I never, never shall forget!"

EDITORIAL.

PROVERBS.—SECOND SERIES.—No. 4.

"Take care of the pence, and the pounds will take care of themselves."

I have known some people who did not seem to me at all to understand the meaning of this proverb. They seemed to think that to *take care* of a thing means to shut it up tight, under lock and key, and there to keep it. And this is undoubtedly one way to take care of money, and sometimes a *safe* way, but I never heard that money shut up in this way did any body much good.

It seems to me that the proverb does not justify the miser, any more than it does the spendthrift. To *take care* of a thing, in the best sense of the words, is to *use it properly*; not to waste it or to let it lie idle. And it is perfectly true that if you *take care of the pence*, that is, take care to use them in a right way, the *pounds will take care of themselves*, that is, they will be used properly. For are not pounds made up of pence? Or to use words which some little children will understand better, are not dollars made up of cents?

I know a little boy, who never can keep money a moment. If he has a few cents given him, he is in as great a hurry to spend them as if they would burn a hole in his pocket. Out he runs to the first shop, and buys something of which he has not the least want, merely to get rid of his money.

Other little boys hoard up all their money. They not only never spend any for themselves, but they never give any away. Both these extremes are foolish, to say the least, and I don't know but the last ought to be called wicked.

But there are some things in the world worth more than money. *Time* is worth more than money. And the proverb is true about time. Minutes are like cents, and hours and days are like dollars. If you take care of the minutes, the hours and days will take care of themselves. But if you waste a little time every day, saying, "Oh it's no matter; only a few minutes;" by and by these minutes will make a great deal of time.

Indeed, you might say about almost everything, Take care of the *littles*, and the *greats* will take care of themselves. These little things do a great deal of mischief. We despise them because they are little, and forget that, *together*, they make a great deal.

L.

VARIETY.

Sabbath Scholars.

The first Sabbath School scholar who ever sat at a pupil at my side, was a man twenty-five years of age—the head of a family—the overseer of a large estate, who, when he entered the school, did not know a letter. In three Sabbaths he learned his alphabet—in six Sabbaths more he read. Twelve years after we parted, as teacher and pupil, during which time I had neither seen nor heard of him, we very unexpectedly met. He recognized his old teacher, offered me the gratulating hand of friendship, and said, "I owe all that I am, and all that I have that is valuable, to the Sabbath School. When I had once learned to read, I resolved on trying to look up a little. After leaving your school and neighborhood, I got private instruction in penmanship and arithmetic, and God has greatly blessed me." I afterwards learned that in the State to which he had removed, he held a reputable rank as an intelligent Christian gentleman.

Take another case. In the spring of 1820, as the superintendent of a Sabbath School walked through a retired and filthy street in one of our large cities, his attention was arrested by a little boy, badly clad, who

sat upon a large rock by the side of the street. On asking the boy where his father lived, he received this touching answer, "I have no father." The next question was, have you a mother? To this the little sufferer said, "my mother's dead, too, sir." Who would not have wept over such a case. He had no father—he had no mother—he had no peaceful and happy home. When the Sabbath School was named he seemed pleased, and expressed a wish to attend, but said he had no clothes sufficiently decent to wear to such a place. This difficulty was soon obviated, and the next Sabbath he made his appearance. A brighter countenance than his was scarcely ever seen. He learned rapidly—soon became one of the most reputable scholars in the school. He was sent by the charity of two gentlemen to a day school just six months. A place was now procured for him, in which he barely earned his food and raiment. Suffice it to say, that the once ragged, outcast, friendless orphan, is at this moment an intelligent, genteel and prosperous member of one of the most respectable firms in that same city.—*Watchman of the South.*

A Faithful Son.

A young man, about nineteen years of age, called at the office of the British consul, in New York, some years ago, and made himself known as one whom, but a few years before, the consul had taken into his own Sunday School, in the north of Ireland. He was then a poor, little, helpless, wretched outcast. No father owned him for a son; but the Sunday School was to him as a father, a sister, and a brother. The precepts of religion and morality which he learned there, had taken deep root in his heart, and are now ripened into abundance of fruit. He put into the consul's hand more than one hundred dollars, the little earnings he had laid up, to be remitted to his destitute mother.—*Youth's Friend.*

Where is God?

The superintendent of a Sunday School, discoursing with the children, asked among other things, "Where is God?" One of the elder boys answered, "In heaven." The teacher, not appearing satisfied with this reply, repeated the inquiry, when a lad, younger than the other, answered, "Everywhere." Requiring still further explanation, the question was again put, "Where is God?" when a third boy called out, "God is here." The views of the superintendent were now met; and he endeavored to impress upon the minds of the children the important truth, that "God is everywhere; God is in heaven; God is here."

O may this thought possess my breast,
Where'er I rove, where'er I rest;
Nor let my weaker passions dare
Consent to sin—for God is there. [id.]

A Home School.

In the delightful little vale of Ulfa, in the north of England, lived a poor peasant with his wife and children. Of these, two sons and one daughter were deaf and dumb. The other child, a daughter, was in the full possession of her faculties. This little girl went to a Sabbath School, and became so great a proficient in what was taught, that, on her return home, she set about establishing a Sunday School of her own, and undertook the difficult task of communicating to her brothers and sister the knowledge she had acquired. She did this with zeal and earnestness; and, after some time, by the blessing of God on her efforts, one of her brothers and her sister became acquainted with the knowledge of the Lord Jesus.—*Id.*

Sabbath School Teachers.

A few days ago, when conversing with the mother of two little boys, she mentioned some circumstances, which I will mention, as illustrating the importance of Sabbath School teachers' faithfully attending to their great work of instruction. The eldest of these boys, not six years old, about a year since, became the subject of some religious impressions. He often made very interesting inquiries relative to Christ, heaven, the soul, &c. which increased the anxiety of the mother, that those thoughts and impressions should be cherished. That he might be under a good influence in school, and, at the same time enjoy the watchful care of pious teachers, she sent him to school in the country, and placed him in the family of the teacher, who was thought a very suitable person to have charge of him in this very interesting state of mind. The mother gave the reason for placing him under his care. At the close of the term he came home. On the first evening after reaching home, he said to his mother, "I have almost forgotten how to pray, mother, and have hardly read my Bible since I left home." His mother, surprised to hear this,

asked him, "Why, did not Mr. or Mrs. — talk with you about the Bible, and teach you to pray?" "No, mother, THEY DID NOT SPEAK TO ME ONCE about it."

Who can tell what may be the result of this neglect? or, had they faithfully discharged their duty, who can tell how changed might have been his situation ere this? Soon after returning home, he went to the north part of the city to visit a friend, and spent the Sabbath with him. His little friend was a member of the Salem street Sabbath School, and invited Edward to go with him, which he cheerfully did. Returning home early in the week, he said to his mother, "I wish I could always go to Moses' Sunday School, the teacher talked so pretty about Jesus; I loved to hear him talk." "Well, did not your teacher at N—n, talk like him?" asked the mother. "No, he did not talk like him."—*S. S. Treasury.*

Oh, the Bible!

A little girl who was detained from the house of God on the Sabbath, was asked what she was going to entertain herself with. She replied with a pleasant smile on her countenance, "Oh, the Bible—the Bible!"

We fear there are very few children, who would be contented for half a day, in perusing the word of God. And why? Because they have not learned the value of the precious book. When they have yielded their hearts to the Saviour, and delight in his service, then it will not be a task for them to read the Bible, but a pleasure.—*Youth's Monitor.*

POETRY.

Written for the Youth's Companion.

THE BIRTH DAY.

Mid smiles and tears thy parents greet
This April morn,
For thou to day art twelve years old
Our eldest born.
A hand unseen hath led thee on
In life thus far,
And thou hast slept, and wak'd each morn
Beneath its care.
Through dangers seen and hid, ofttimes
Thy way hath lain,
And love unsought hath shielded thee,
From grief and pain.
Thou hast not yet been left on earth
An orphan lone;
And want, and cares, and sorrows keen,
Thou ne'er hast known.
Thy bark has floated smoothly on,
Beloved child,
And o'er thy head has never roll'd
The torrent wild.
To praise this morn sustaining love,
Sure it is meet;
How can we fail thy natal day,
With smiles to greet.
And yet we weep! O why do tears
Dim this bright morn?
Why does not joy unmix'd pervade
Our bosoms warm?
The narrow stream no longer holds
Thy bark so frail,
We see thee fast approach that sea
Where strong hearts quail.
And wilt thou navigate in peace
Life's ocean vast?
And though rude storms may beat, still gain,
The port at last?
O there are rocks, and shoals, and snares,
Upon thy course;
E'en now, we hear the tempest's rage,
Its waves dash hoarse.
And can we see thee onward glide,
No pilot near,
And view the perils on thy way
Unmov'd by fear?
It is not strange that sorrow's tears
Mix with our joy,
That pleasure, on thy natal day,
Finds some alloy.
And is there none to guide thee o'er
Life's treach'rous sea?
Yes One. His name is here. Jesus
Thy friend will be.
Then seek him quickly, for the night
Approaches fast;
O linger not! Thy day of life
May soon be past.
April 24, 1840.

V.

YOUTH'S COMPANION.

Published Weekly, by NATHANIEL WILLIS, at the Office of the Boston Recorder, No. 11, Cornhill.—Price, \$1.00 a year in advance; or \$1.25 if not paid in advance.

NO. 11.

BOSTON, JULY 24, 1840.

VOL. XIV.



THE WELSH SHEPHERD.

On the top of a wild and bleak mountain in Wales lives Alfred the Shepherd; on his cheeks the roses of health appear in full bloom, and form a fine contrast to the sun-burnt brown of his face. Coarse are his clothes, hard is his fare, and severe are his labors; yet he is content with his lot; his apparel is warm and clean, his dry crust is sweetened by hunger, and his toils render repose more delightful.

As I was climbing up the hill on which Alfred lives, in my tour through Wales, I heard the tinkling sheep's bells and the barking dog above me, and on reaching the top I saw the Shepherd slowly driving his flock before him. His faithful dog Tray was sharply rebuking the straggling lambs, and then running back to his master, wagging his tail with pleasure, as if sensible that he had done his duty, and deserved a cheering part as his reward.

"Poor peasant," said I, as I was walking towards the Shepherd, "thy life is simple, thine employment is peaceful, thy pleasures are pure. Perhaps thou art more happy than the rich and gay, more virtuous than the great and busy, more pious than many flaming professors of religion." These ideas revolved in my mind till I overtook and accosted him. He seemed disturbed, his solitude was interrupted, his meditations were broken; he bowed his head with rustic simplicity, and said, "Good morning, sir." I walked along the hill with him; at first he said but little; however, he gradually became more unreserved and communicative; and I quickly found that though Alfred had mixed but little with the world, yet he had read and reflected more than I could have thought it possible for a person in his situation.

After talking on a variety of subjects, I inquired of the Shepherd, if he really felt himself happy and comfortable in his employment; he replied, "Thank God, sir, I am very happy; for though my situation is humble, yet my wants are but few, and my desires do not exceed my necessities.

"Man wants but little here below,
Nor wants that little long."

"I do not envy the wealthy and the noble; because, if I had been like them, perhaps I should never have thought of my duty to God, and should have loved this world so much as to neglect the world of eternal happiness. If I am not comfortable, it is my own fault; because God has given me many undeserved favors, for which I can never feel sufficiently grateful. I have food and raiment, however homely, and I wish to be therewith content. I have a house to dwell in, and though my friends are poor, yet they are many of them 'rich in faith, and heirs of the kingdom of heaven.' I have an industrious wife, and God has given us six as fine healthy children as ever lived. In some

respects I am much better off than my namesake, Alfred the Great."

I then asked the Shepherd how he had gained that knowledge of books which he seemed to possess. "Why, sir," replied he, "I was always very fond of reading, from a child, and our good minister has lent me a great number of books; and while I am with my sheep I often lie down on the grass, or sit under a tree, and read; indeed I always carry that best of books, the Bible, in my pocket."

"Some of the most excellent men that ever lived," said I, "were shepherds; we have accounts in the Bible of Abel, the three Jewish Patriarchs; Joseph and David; the retirement required for this occupation seems calculated to promote reflection of contemplation and pious reflection."

"We must not forget in this list," added Alfred, "those humble shepherds of Bethlehem, to whom the angel, passing over nobles and kings, imparted the glad tidings of 'peace on earth, and good will towards men.' We find that in the Scriptures there are many allusions to pastoral scenes. 'The Lord is my shepherd, I shall not want,' says David; 'he maketh me to lie down in green pastures; he leadeth me beside the still waters.' It was prophesied of Jesus Christ, 'He shall feed his flock like a shepherd; he shall gather the lambs in his arms, and carry them in his bosom;' and he himself said, when upon earth, 'I am the Good Shepherd; and I lay down my life for the sheep.' As I have been wandering through the fields and woods to find out a lost lamb, I have often thought of that passage, 'All we, like sheep, have gone astray; we have turned every one to his own way.' When we depart from the fold of God, Jesus Christ, who was sent to seek and to save those that were lost, will reclaim the wanderers. As I have borne a weak or wounded lamb on my shoulders, I have thought of the tender compassion of Christ to helpless sinners. He restoreth our souls, and leadeth us in the paths of righteousness. He encourages us: 'Fear not, little flock, it is your Father's good pleasure to give you the kingdom;' so that we are enabled to reply, 'We are the people of thy pasture, and the sheep of thy hand. We were as sheep going astray, but are now returned unto the Shepherd and Bishop of our souls; and, when the Chief Shepherd shall appear, we shall receive a crown of glory that fadeth not away; so we, thy people and sheep of thy pasture, shall give thee thanks for ever; we will show forth thy praises to all generations.'"

Thus talking together, we insensibly arrived near the house of Alfred. The barking of the dog, and the tinkling of the bells, which could be heard at some distance, apprized the children of their father's approach at his usual dinner hour, twelve o'clock. Immediately, on hearing the pleasing signals of their beloved father's return, they all rushed out of the cottage door, and had a well contested race who should welcome him home first. I retired a few steps behind to observe their behaviour. Soon the joyful little creatures surrounded their sire, and began, all of them at once, to tell him of their childish concerns; their prattle was sweetly interesting to a father's ear. I was delighted at the native simplicity and unaffected love which the Shepherd's children displayed. One of the little ones at last spied me, and cried out, "A gentleman!" They looked round and all scampered back again to their mother, except the least of them, who was engaged in playing with the dog Tray too busily to be disturbed.

When we arrived at the cottage gate, I wished

Alfred good-bye, and intended to continue my journey, but he persuaded me so earnestly to go in and rest myself for a few minutes, that I at last complied with his wishes. The cottage was solitary on the top of the hill; a large elm tree grew by the side, and overshadowed it; it was surrounded with a plantation of potatoes and vegetables, which Alfred cultivated when he had any spare time. As I entered the house, a decent cleanly woman arose at my approach, while the shy country children ran to hide themselves in the corners. Their father, however, soon called them out, and I encouraged them not to be afraid; in a few minutes we were very good friends, and talked together on various subjects. One of the children asked his father, if they should say their daily lessons now, as usual. He answered, that he would excuse them to-day as they had a visitor. "No," cried I, "you must not do this; the only difference to-day shall be, that I will take your place, and hear the little folks say their lessons." Saying this, I put my hand into my pocket, and pulled out a bundle of tracts (which I always carry about with me,) and, looking out those which had pictures, I promised to reward those children who said their lessons best. The little folks were soon crowding about me, reading, and spelling, and repeating catechisms, hymns, and chapters from the Bible, with very great fluency and ease. I found that they performed so well that I was obliged to give them all a reward, and to the best a double portion. When all the lessons were said, Kitty, the eldest daughter spread the cloth, and put on the table a loaf of brown bread, a cheese, a dish of potatoes, and a pitcher of water. After a blessing asked by one of the boys, we attacked our homely fare with greater relish than the pampered sons of luxury find in all their dainties. During dinner time, Alfred entertained us with several entertaining stories of the country; and I told him some of the wonders of the metropolis. All were very much surprised at the facts I mentioned, and one of the children very simply inquired if London was really any larger than their market town; when I answered that it was larger than fifty such places, they were lost in astonishment. The curiosity of the whole family was excited, and they were all asking me questions about the great city, which I answered to their satisfaction.

When the time came for parting, the children were very unwilling to let me go, and would not be satisfied till they had obtained permission from their parents to go down the hill along with me. I rose and took Alfred by the hand; "Friend," said I, "farewell, we shall most probably never meet again on earth; but I hope, when the great Shepherd shall separate his sheep to himself, we shall be placed together on his right hand, and hear him say, 'Come, ye blessed of my Father, enter into the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world.' " "Amen," said Alfred, lifting up his eyes to heaven—"Amen!"

[The Sabbath Day Book.]

NATURAL HISTORY.

THE STORK.

The habits of many beasts and birds give useful examples to our own race, and it would be well if mankind (and I mean boy-kind too) should give more time to observing these animals, than to injuring and destroying them. The Stork is a bird which may teach us much about the duty of affection, and the advantage of a useful and harmless life. Their kind dispositions show themselves at all times of their life. The female covers her eggs

with the most tender care. Instances are recorded in which she has rather chosen to die than resign her charge. An affecting incident of this nature occurred on the day of the battle of Friedland. A farm in the neighborhood of the city was set on fire by the falling of a bomb, and the conflagration extended to an old tree on which a pair of storks had built their nest. It was then the season of hatching, and the mother would not quit the nest until it was completely enveloped in flame. She then flew up towards the sky; and when she had reached a great height, dashed down into the midst of the fire, as if endeavoring to rescue the precious deposit from destruction. In one of these descents, enveloped in fire and smoke, she fell into the midst of the burning embers, and perished.

This constancy during the period of hatching, is followed by the greatest care in the rearing of the young. The parents never lose sight of them. While one of the two is abroad in search of serpents, lizards, frogs, or snails, the other remains in charge of the nest. When the young have acquired strength and vigor, it is highly interesting to observe the tender couple assist them in their first career through the air. The young are said to repay this care and kindness, when the parents are old and feeble, by supporting their wings, when weary, in the long flights of their migration. But though it be true that the weak and old are thus assisted by the vigorous and young, we have no means of knowing that the assistants are the progeny of the assisted. The parents and the young continue to live together until the season of migration.

There is a peculiar interest attached to this bird, from the protection which, in all ages and countries, it has received from man. In ancient Egypt it was a capital crime to kill a stork; and there, and elsewhere, its safety and existence are still defended by laws. Indeed, there is, perhaps, no country which it is accustomed to visit where its death would not be avenged, either by the law or the people. This protection is, doubtless, in some measure owing to the amiable dispositions it exhibits; but must chiefly be attributed to the importance of its services in destroying the reptiles which abound in the districts that it usually frequents. The protection it receives is returned by the confidence with which the stork constructs its nest in the midst of the most populous cities, and views from it the near approach of man without alarm.

The Turks hold the bird in more than even the usual esteem. Their name for the stork is *Hadji lug-lug*; the former word, which is the honorary title of a pilgrim, it owes to its annual migrations, and its apparent attachment to their sacred edifices. The latter portion of the denomination, "lug-lug," is an attempt to imitate the noise which the bird makes. The regard of the Turks is so far understood and returned by the intelligent stork, that, in cities of mixed population, it rarely or never builds its nest on any other than a Turkish house.

I hope that if there is among my readers a mischievous boy, or a child that takes no pains to make himself useful and pleasant, they will learn the lesson which this part of the character of the stork teaches them; that they may be as welcome wherever they go as this bird is.—*Youth's Friend*.

MORALITY.

From the Lowell Advertiser.

COLD WATER ARMY.

The first celebration of the Lowell Cold Water Army was holden in "The Grove," on Wednesday morning, July 1st. At an early hour, the several detachments of the Army, with appropriate banners and badges, assembled in Dutton street; and being properly organized by Mr. E. B. Patch, Chief Marshal, and the Assistant Marshals, the soldiers took up their line of march for the Grove. Passing through Lowell, Merrimack, Central and

Gorham streets, accompanied by the Lowell Band, the Army reached the place of destination in good order. The following were the exercises of the celebration:

1. Music. 2. Prayer by Rev. Mr. Stickney. 3. Address by the Hon. Mayor of the city. 4. Address by Mr. Crosby, State Agent. 5. Voluntary by the Band, Marseilles Hymn. 6. Address by the Rev. Mr. McDermott. 7. Address by Rev. Mr. Thomas, who introduced the following song, which was sung by the whole Army in the tune Auld Lang Syne.

1. With banner and with badge we come,
An ARMY true and strong,
To fight against the hosts of Rum,—
And this shall be our song:
We love the clear Cold Water Springs,
Supplied by gentle showers;
We feel the strength cold water brings,—
"THE VICTORY IS OURS."

2. "COLD WATER ARMY" is our name,—
O may we faithful be,
And so in truth and justice claim,
The blessings of the free.
We love the clear Cold Water Springs,
Supplied by gentle showers;
We feel the strength cold water brings,
"THE VICTORY IS OURS."

3. Though others love their rum and wine,
And drink till they are mad,
To water we will still incline,
To make us strong and glad.
We love the clear Cold Water Springs,
Supplied by gentle showers;
We feel the strength cold water brings,—
"THE VICTORY IS OURS."

I pledge to thee, this hand of mine,
In faith and friendship strong;
And fellow-soldiers we will join
The chorus of our song:
We love the clear Cold Water Springs,
Supplied by gentle showers;
We feel the strength cold water brings,—
"THE VICTORY IS OURS."

8. Address and Benediction by Rev. Mr. Naylor. The procession consisted of about 1600 children and youth, who, by signing a simple Cold Water pledge, became members of the Army. More than 300 soldiers were probably absent, from a variety of causes.

It may be well to remark, that this movement in the Temperance cause began in the Grammar Schools. No. 5, consisting exclusively of children of Irish parents, mustered about 300 faithful and true soldiers in the procession. Besides the members of the Army, there were hundreds of children and youth present, who have not formally enlisted. Probably 3500 or 4000 persons were in the Grove, and great attention was given to the proceedings.

We can but regard this movement with especial interest; and it does not require a very sanguine temperament to consider it the harbinger of a glorious day.

SABBATH SCHOOL.

Written for the Youth's Companion.

SABBATH SCHOOL CELEBRATION, JULY 4TH.

On the morning of Saturday, July 4th, 1840, a meeting of Sabbath School children was held at Rev. Mr. Fairchild's meetinghouse, South Boston. The children had provided themselves with four banners, on which were printed in large letters the following mottos. "Holiness to the Lord," "Hosanna to the Son of David," "Phillips Church Sabbath School, established Jan. 1824," and on the other "American Independence, 1840, Cold Water Army." A juvenile choir with sweet voices sung five appropriate hymns; prayer was offered by Rev. Mr. Driver, and addresses were made by Rev. E. N. Sawtell of Havre, France, and Rev. R. Turnbull of Boston. Most of the children wore a small pink ribbon with a vase of flowers and the date printed on it, as a badge, and several fine bouquets of flowers were placed in the church during the services, and distributed to the clergymen present at the close. The services were appropriate; the addresses interested the youthful

audience very much, and the whole exercises were calculated to leave a pleasing and useful impression on the minds of all present.

ANOTHER MEETING ON JULY 6TH.

AFFLICTING EVENT.

On Monday, July 6th, the Sabbath School connected with Mr. Fairchild's Society, South Boston, held another meeting under very different circumstances. One of their number, a lad named Samuel Blasland, between 9 and 10 years old, who was with them in health on Saturday morning, and took an active part in the choir on that occasion, was killed that evening on the Free Bridge, by falling from an Omnibus, on which he was returning home. This School to the number of more than a hundred, assembled to follow him to the tomb. The same badges were worn, one of the same banners trimmed in black was borne by members of his class, and Samuel's remains were carried on a bier by four of his day school associates, a large number of whom led the long procession that walked to the tomb under the Episcopal Church, where they were deposited.

After the family had taken their last view of the corpse, the children passed round in order, to view their late associate now cold in death, while a little band of his Sabbath School companions, sung a plaintive hymn. It was a solemn season, for but a few hours had elapsed since Samuel in perfect health had joined with them in their celebration on Independent morning.

This sudden death has a solemn voice to speak to all the readers of the Companion. One who lately loved to read it as well as any of you who now peruse this article, was in a moment hurried into eternity without any previous warning. Samuel had many serious thoughts, especially during the last few months, and was one of several boys in the school who sometimes met for prayer among themselves. He was a member of a Juvenile Missionary Society in the Sabbath School, and on the very morning of his death, he joined the "Cold Water Army." Children are you ready to die as suddenly as he died? In view of early death, "Wilt thou not from this time cry unto God, My father, thou art the guide of my youth?" S. B.

DIFFERENT FATE OF TWO SCHOLARS.

An incident was related to the children of the "Bethel Sabbath School," recently, by Mr. S. of Marietta, Ohio; and the circumstances of the occasion, the interest manifested by the scholars, and the manner of the narrator, as well as the thrilling nature of the anecdote, made an impression on my mind which I trust will never be obliterated; and I pray God that it may never be forgotten by those for whose especial instruction and learning it was designed. I will give it as nearly as I can recollect in the words of the narrator.

"About twenty years since," said Mr. S. "two boys came under my instruction in a day school. They were both not far from eleven years of age, of about equal natural abilities and much the same improvement in the school; indeed there was in no respect any marked difference between them, except that one was somewhat more playful and of a more restless disposition than the other.

They continued under my instructions about a year, when they were separated. But mark their different fate. Last summer within one week of each other, one of these boys was ordained as a minister of Jesus Christ in the Presbyterian church, and the other was—*hanged!*

"I took," continued Mr. S. "considerable pains to learn the different stories of these two boys; and it may all be told in almost a word. The former (and the more restless and wayward one of the two) was requested by his parents to remember the Sabbath day as sacred time—to attend regularly the appointed ordinances of that day, and to spend no portion of its precious hours in vain or childish amusements; while the other was left free to seek his own pleasure on God's holy day."

Christian parents, who may read this article,

how do your children employ the holy Sabbath? Beloved youth, whose characters are now forming, whose prospects are bright and glowing, and for whom youth and hopeful ardor have traced a pathway of honor and success for your future footsteps, how do you spend your Sabbaths? Much depends upon whether those sacred hours are improved or wasted. If you call the Sabbath a delight, the holy of the Lord, honorable, and honor him; not doing your own ways, nor finding your own pleasure, nor speaking your own words, the Lord has graciously promised that you shall delight yourselves in him—that he will bless you; and whom the Lord blesseth, is *blessed* indeed. But if you reverence not its sacred hours, and despise its blessed privileges, you throw contempt on the God of the Sabbath—your own consciences will condemn your course; and He who is greater than our consciences, and knoweth and remembereth all things, will be your enemy, and “who can contend with him and prosper.”

Another thought for all who may read this piece. By how many merciful dispensations does the great Head of the church testify his pleasure in the observance, and by how many awful providences does he mark his displeasure at the contempt of any of his Divine institutions; and especially is this true of the Christian Sabbath. Christian, do you regard the sanctity of the Sabbath as God views it? and do you so order your worldly affairs, so order your household, as to promote its strict observance on your own part, on that of your family, and on the part of those in your employ? and are you willing to labor in any and every way, for its better observance throughout our country and the world?

A TEACHER IN THE BETHEL S. SCHOOL.

DESCRIPTIVE.

Written for the Youth's Companion.

INTRODUCTION OF IDOLATRY.

[From a Teacher.]

My Dear Pupils,—You know that the sin of idolatry was very prevalent in ancient times, and that the greater part of mankind are still mad upon their idols. You no doubt will feel an interest in knowing something about the introduction of this sin into our world.

All the idolatry in the world was divided between two sects, the worshippers of images, called Sabines and the worshippers of fire called Magians. Noah taught his posterity to worship one God, the Creator and Governor of the universe, and to hope in his mercy through the promised Mediator. The necessity of a mediator between God and man was handed down to posterity and became prevalent. Conscious, in some degree of their own vileness, men could not conceive it possible, that, of themselves alone, they would have access to the supreme governor of the universe, and therefore concluded there must be a mediator. But having no clear conceptions of a mediator appointed by God, they presented their addresses through mediators of their own choosing. They thought the sun, moon and stars were the habitations of intelligent beings, who animate those orbs, as the soul of man animates the body. These beings they thought possessed a nature, midway between God and themselves, and that they were the most suitable beings to become their mediators. Regarding the planets as nearer to them than any other of the heavenly bodies, they at first made choice of them for their mediators, and worshipped them as such. This was the origin of all the idolatry that has ever been practised.

They at first worshipped the orbs themselves. But these orbs, by their rising and setting, being as much under the horizon as above, they were at a loss how to address them in their absence. To remedy this evil, they had recourse to images, on which, after their consecration, they thought these beings were as really present by their influence as in the orbs themselves. This was the beginning of image worship, and to these images were given names of the planets they represented. Hence,

we find Saturn, Jupiter, Mars, Mercury, Venus, etc. first ranked among the gods of the ancients.

After this, they conceived the idea that departed good men had the power to intercede with God. Then they deified, and thus increased the number of their gods. The professors of this religion were called Sabines. It was commenced by the Chaldeans, who were celebrated for their knowledge of Astronomy. From them it spread all over the East, then passed into Egypt; from thence to Greece and was then propagated through the western world. A remnant of this sect still exists in the East, who pretend to have received their religion from Sabine, the son of Seth. Among the books which contain their doctrine, they have one, which they call the book of Seth, and say it was written by that patriarch. The fact, that the most celebrated Astronomers of the East belonged to this sect, conduced greatly to augment their fame.

Directly opposite to the Sabians were the Magians, another sect who had their origin in the East. Abominating all images, they worshipped God only by fire. This religion commenced in Persia, and from thence spread into India, but never extended any farther. The most prominent doctrines of the Magians was that there were two principles, the one the author of all good, and the other the author of all evil, or, in other words, God and the devil. The former was represented by light, the latter by darkness. The good god they called Yazdan and Ormuda, and the evil god Ahraman. They thought there would be a continual opposition between these till the end of the world, and that then the good god, having overcome the evil god, would have his world with all good men, and the evil god his world with all bad men. They always worshipped the good god before the fire, especially before the sun, and they had fire continually burning on their altars. Before their sacred fires they performed all their public devotions, and their private devotions before fire in their own houses. Thus they paid the highest honor to light as being the representation of the good god; but always hated darkness, as being the representation of the evil god. This god they held in the utmost detestation, and whenever they had occasion to mention his name in their writings, they always wrote it inverted, and backward as thus, *uawajy*. R. E.

THE NURSERY.

OUT OF SCHOOL.

Here is the play-ground of Mr. Milman's academy. A few minutes ago, it was empty and silent, and every boy was at his desk in quiet study, or reciting his lesson to Mr. Milman. All was as quiet and orderly as it is in every good school; and the scholars seemed to have no thought but what belonged to their books or slates. But what a change! The satchel and the slate are lying on the ground. The boys appear like colts let loose from a stable, full of life and fun, and taking every means of exercise. All their voices are heard at once, shouting and talking, but not a word about their lessons. One tries his kite, and is delighted to find the wind is so favorable, that he may expect to see it rise as high as his string will allow. Others are trying their activity in leaping over each other's backs, and thus wearing off the fatigue of sitting so long in school. Some are hopping; others are seeing who can jump the farthest.

There is one lad who cannot partake of any of these amusements. When he was a very young child, he was so much injured in one of his feet by a railway car, that he can only walk with the help of a crutch. He cannot run or leap like his school-mates; but he enjoys the sight; and is still more pleased when he has an amusing book to look into, which he can do at the same time that he hears the pleasant sounds of play around him. A cheerful, contented disposition will make one happy, when others are so about him, though he cannot take part in their sports. And it is a mark

of selfishness when a person cannot have enjoyment in seeing others happy. This lame boy has the whole school for his friends, because they not only feel for his affliction, but know that he does not complain, and that he takes delight in their company.

In their amusements, boys ought to remember that they will enjoy themselves the more as they show a spirit of kindness to their play-fellows. The surly, selfish lad has not half the pleasure in his sports that the boy has, who delights in seeing others happy, and who is always ready to give up his own wishes, for the sake of gratifying the rest. The selfish person is never contented, unless he has every thing in his own way, and has the best place, and is put first in every thing. But he must be often disappointed in these wishes, and then he is cross and unhappy. The boy, on the other hand, who takes his delight in seeing all around him pleased, is just as well contented to be last as first, and is of course more happy.

Play, out of school, when conducted in the right spirit, is profitable both to mind and body. It refreshes the mind after the study and confinement of the school, and prepares it to go to work again. It also strengthens the limbs, circulates the blood, and promotes cheerfulness and health. And with all these effects, it ought besides to promote friendly and benevolent feelings. But to make any sports truly useful and pleasant, we should take care that nothing be either done or said that is improper or dishonorable. No boy should feel at liberty to utter words to his school companions, which he would be ashamed to speak before his own family. Nor will a boy of good principles be guilty of any wrong action because he is out of his parents' sight.

I am sorry to have to believe, that much evil is sometimes done in boys' sports out of school; and I would call upon every youth who loves his own happiness and character, who honors his parents, and who would remember his Creator, to avoid all company that is not pure, and to use all his influence to promote kindness, love, and brotherly feelings among his playmates.—*Youth's Friend*.

Written for the Youth's Companion.

THE FAIR, OR FOURTH OF JULY.

BY FRANCES.

The 4th of July came at last, and the long anticipated fair. It was at our Town Hall. The day previous, had been spent, by the young ladies, (members of the Sewing Circle,) in arranging their articles for sale, assisted by the male members, who prepared the tables, furnished trees, vines, evergreens, &c. to adorn the room. Then there were numberless little boys, who came to see, and learn how to manage such business, ready to run and do their errands.

At sunset they had every thing in, and about the Hall arranged to their satisfaction; and had appointed two young men to stay there through the night, and take care of the things, until they should return the next morning. The sales commenced at 9 o'clock, A. M.

The Hall was splendidly trimmed. I never saw an Episcopal Church, at Christmas time, that displayed more taste. The sides of the room were hung with festoons of vine evergreen, with large rich tassels of the same, and small twigs of cedar. Large stars were made above the festoons, of Cedar, Hemlock and Spruce. Large and elegant Spruce trees stood in each corner; the middle of the room, looked like a grove of young and living pines, and on the front of the desk, at one end of the Hall, was placed in large green letters, “Seamen's Friend Society.” A table the whole length of the Hall stood upon each side, covered with all kinds of fancy work. Every possible form and variety of needle-books, pin-cushions, bags, baskets, card cases, boxes, rich embroidered muslins, and many articles of apparel, as worked aprons, hose, embroidered slippers, caps, children's dresses, &c. all made by the female members of the Society, who stood behind the tables,

to wait upon purchasers, dressed in white with blue trimmings. Here and there at suitable distances, stood a loaf of nice cake—or a large tumbler of confectionary, or a waiter of custards, all of which were going off at double their price.

A shorter table stood at each end of the Hall. One near the desk, was covered with cake, (which had been given in abundance by the benevolent matrons of the village,) confectionary, &c.; this was attended by the male members of the Society, each having for a badge a white rose, and a knot of blue ribband, with long ends, in a button hole of his coat. The table at the other end of the Hall was attended by little girls, who sold lemonade, blanc-mange, &c. In the centre of the room, was another small table, attended by the President of the Society, and some official members. Upon this table were but three articles for sale. A very beautiful bunch of wax flowers, made by the Society, a cake, containing a two dollar ring, and upon a small board, eighteen or twenty inches square, covered with moss, was a Log Cabin—cider barrel, and Tippecanoe Flag. The cabin was six or eight inches long, the little rabbits in the moss, two thirds of an inch, and all the other things which belonged to it in proportion. It was made, not to indicate the political sentiments of the Society, but to attract attention; and it succeeded well. In little more than an hour from the commencement, the Hall was full. Every one seemed very happy.

I have attended many kinds of Anniversaries, Conventions, and great celebrations of the 4th of July, and seen many tens of thousands around me many times; but never saw a more cheerful, smiling collection of people, than filled our Town Hall, on this 4th of July.

Soon the president announced the sale of the cake with the two dollar ring. It was cut into sixteen slices, twenty-five cents each. The slices were all numbered, and the purchasers, could have their choice of a number. Now who would get the two dollar ring, for twenty five cents. All were ready to buy, as the object was charitable, and it was all immediately sold.

Then commenced the inquiry, "Who has found the ring," and it went round and round the Hall, to no purpose. All who had bought, broke their cake into crumbs, without stopping to taste of it, expecting every piece they took off, to see the ring. Some thought it must have fallen on the floor—and one was sure he heard it, but it could not be found. Two or three were suspected of having it, who would not say positively, until the president went to them, and begged them to let it be known if they had it, for she had overheard people saying, "very likely there was no ring in the cake." They declared they had not found it. After a little further search, the ring was found unfortunately for the president, who made and sold the cake, in the possession of a near relative. She manifested much regret that it was found by one of his family, for she knew people would say it went to her by design. A very few did so, but it did not injure the other sales.

Almost everything was disposed of, and nearly sixty dollars taken, before night, to be appropriated to the aid of seamen. Great, indeed, was the joy of the society, when they knew the amount of their money; but who can tell how much greater may be the joy of that neglected, but useful class of people the seamen, in consequence of these efforts. Who can tell how much it may improve their condition, or how much good it may accomplish in other lands, through their instrumentality.

Last year, sixty-five dollars were taken at a Fair, at the same time and place. And, in a small country village, like ours, who will not say, "this is doing well." And where is there a community of young people, who may not have the happiness and the honor to do likewise, or even better.

North Brookfield, Ms.

PAY IN ADVANCE.—"William," said a mother to her little son, "if you go out in the street I'll whip you." The boy with a knowing look replied, "but, mother, if I let you whip me now, may I go out afterwards?"

EDITORIAL.

PROVERBS.—SECOND SERIES.—No. 5.

"What can't be cured, must be endured."

"Oh dear!" said little Lucy Weston, as she came into the nursery one day, with her hair dangling into her eyes, and looking very disconsolate; "Oh dear! I wish all the mosquitoes were to Guinea!"

"Why, what is the matter?" asked the nursery-maid, Abby; "I have hardly seen any mosquitoes this summer."

"I know there are not many here, but yesterday, when I went out to uncle Charles's, they bit my hands and feet all over, and they are so bad I can't do any thing with them; just look there!" And as Lucy spoke she held out her hands, covered with large red blotches.

"I am sorry for you," said Abby. Those bites are troublesome things.

"Besides, they are worse for me than for other people, mamma always says so; did you ever see such great bunches? What shall I do?"

"I don't know what you can do, Miss Lucy. Patience is the only cure that ever I heard of for such sort of things."

"Patience! I don't see how that will cure them."

"I don't suppose it will cure them, but 'what can't be cured, you know, must be endured.'"

Lucy stopped rubbing her hands, and assumed an attitude of meditation. "Where have I heard that before?" said she, half to herself and half to Abby. "Somebody used to say it to me all the time—and I remember, it was Martha, the girl that took care of us before you came. Yes, I remember. Mother was sick and I had to be sent away from home, and I went out in the country with Martha. She was not a very pleasant girl, and never told me stories and talked to me as you do, and I was just as homesick as I could be. I cried half the time, and she never did anything to comfort me, only sometimes she would say, 'It's of no use for you to cry so, miss. If you cry all day it won't bring your mother here.' Just as if that wasn't the very thing I was crying for. And then she always finished with saying, 'What can't be cured must be endured.' The only good it did was to make me cry still harder."

"Well, she told you the truth, did she not? Your crying did not do any good I suppose."

"No, for I did not go home till mamma was well. But then she might have tried to amuse me, or find something for me to do, instead of scolding at me. Or if she had even told me that it was necessary I should stay there till mother got well and that I should go back then—but she never did."

"She might have managed a great deal better to be sure, but I dare say she did as well as she knew how. But you are older now, and I suppose you would not be so foolish again."

"Do you think I was foolish?"

"I think it would be foolish in anybody but a very little child, to fret and cry for what could not be helped."

"Well, I don't see how any body could help fretting sometimes."

"Perhaps you cannot help it entirely, on first trying, but I think you might learn in time."

"How?"

"Why first, be sure that the thing you want to fret about is something that you cannot remedy. If it is any thing that you can remedy, you ought to do it even if it requires some pains; or else, submit patiently."

"Tell me something in particular, so that I may know what you mean."

For instance, the other day you preferred sewing with a needle that was much too large, to going up stairs for another. Now I think you ought to have gone, or at least, if you did not, you ought not to have complained of the one you had."

"Yes, I see."

"Well, when the thing cannot be remedied, you should 'endure' it patiently. For instance, I will tell you two ways in which you can manage about your mosquito bites. One way is this. You can keep saying, 'Oh dear! oh dear! what shall I do?' and rubbing your hands, and asking every body to pity you. Then you can take off your stockings and put your feet into cold water, and thus go on through the day, worrying other people, and giving up every other employment but that of attending to your mosquito bites."

"Well, what is the other way?"

"You can say to yourself, I must expect some inconvenience and suffering to day, and I will try to bear it as well as I can. Then you can set yourself resolutely about some employment that will prevent you from thinking of your bites, and so keep busy all day."

"So I will; I choose the last way; now what would you do first?"

"Let me see. I would finish stringing those beads you began the other day, so as to have them ready for Fanny the next time she comes."

"Well, I will."

L.

VARIETY.

An Attentive Hearer.

There was one little girl I will tell you about, to show you what kind of hearers we want among children. I had noticed her as she sat always in her father's seat in the church, remarkably fixing her eyes on me as soon as I rose up in the pulpit to begin the exercises; but I did not know so much about her, till one day, when I was sick and confined to my chamber, her father called to see me, and began to talk about his dear little Mary, that was about nine or ten years of age. Said he, "Have you ever noticed how my little girl sits in church?" I said I had not particularly noticed anything but this, that I used to love to turn to that side of the church, because, if any one is preaching, he loves to see every person's eye on him, and, whenever I looked, this little girl's bright eyes were always fixed on me. But her father told me more about her. He said, that from the time I rose in the pulpit, she never turned her head one moment away from me, except sometimes when I said anything that touched her heart very much, she would turn round to her mother, and say, "Is not that sweet?" and that was the only time she would turn away from the preacher. But here was what struck me with great force about this little girl, one so young; it was the custom of this father, every Sabbath afternoon, after the second service, to go home and get all his children around him, and begin to talk over the sermon of the morning, and then the sermon of the afternoon; they found the text, and each one read it, and then the father would begin to tell what he recollected of the sermon, and then the mother repeated what she recollected and that he had omitted; and the father assured me, that sometimes they forgot one of the heads of the sermon, one of the divisions, and they would turn to little Mary, and she would recollect it.—*Kirk's Sermons.*

The Little Bethel.

A pious mother, in New York lost a beloved and only son at the age of great promise. He very early manifested an uncommon mechanical genius. A short time before his death, he built a little church about two feet square—perfect in all its parts and proportions. The slips—the altar, with the Bible on the cushion; the chandeliers; even the windows were of the usual number; and the door opened and shut, and nothing seemed wanting, but the little living preacher, to finish this beautiful model of a sanctuary. After his death his mother resolved that this precious relic of genius, so endeared to her by many tender associations, should be a Bethel Church. The little cupola was converted into a contribution box. The Bethel flag waved over it, with this motto, "Cast thy bread upon the waters." The first fruits of this Bethel church, collected in a few months, being \$2,30 cents, were recently forwarded by that fond mother, to the treasurer of the "Female Bethel Union."

[Olive Leaf.]

MAXIM.—To ourselves the highest point of utility is to become wise and good; to others, to establish in them the same character.—*Dr. Dwight.*

YOUTH'S COMPANION.

Published Weekly, by NATHANIEL WILLIS, at the Office of the Boston Recorder, No. 11, Cornhill.—Price, \$1.00 a year in advance; or \$1.25 if not paid in advance.

NO. 12.

BOSTON, JULY 31, 1840.

VOL. XIV.



THE MAN THAT FOUND A HORSESHOE.

A poor man picked up a horseshoe one day, which he carried home, and put by carefully in the cupboard, and next morning set busily to work to make a stable in front of his house. His neighbor, after watching him some time, at length asked him what he was about. "Why, I've found a horseshoe." "Well, and what of that?" "Why, perhaps I may pick up another to-morrow." "Likely enough; but you won't want a shed to keep 'em in." "No; but then, you see, if I should have the luck to pick up four, who knows but some day I may have the good fortune to find the horse that belongs to them? so I'm getting a stable for him, and next week I mean to lay in some hay." "I like that indeed!" said the neighbor, starting up in a rage; "and do you suppose that I'm never to be married and settled in life?" "I hope you may," said the horse finder, "and that I shall come to the wedding; and by the bye, if you should want my horse, you can have it." "Much obliged to you; but suppose I should have a family—do you think your horse is to stand there, and kick my poor children when they are at play?" And thus they went on disputing about the horse and the children, till from words they came to blows; when the constable interfering, put them both into the stocks, where he left them to wash their bruises with vinegar, and cure their folly by repentance.

This is no uncommon case with many who think themselves wiser; thousands are daily wasting their strength and time in laboring about improbabilities, or quarrelling about consequences, which will never exist but in their own imagination.

[Week Day Book.]

NARRATIVE.

HOME—ITS HOPES AND FEARS.

"A star that sheds its mild control,
Brightest when grief's dark cloud surrounds it;
And pours a soft pervading ray,
Life's ills can never chase away."

A. A. WATTS.

The *hopes* of home! What a vision of bright and lovely things do these words summon around us! How many sparkling eyes and smiling faces peep over the circle of our thoughts, and claim our notice! There would be no such thing as home, were it not that hopes hang within its bowers. Cold and cheerless as the world may be, the heart is solaced by the bland whispers of Hope's syren voice. Her radiant imaginings, far though they may lie in the future, still entrance the spirit, and forbid utter abandonment. Her song, prophetic only of good, glides sweetly down into the heart's depths, and calls up there echoes all its own. The young and lovely bride, as she enters her new chosen home, wreathes round its altars her hopes; and what freshness, what fragrance is

there in them! Years are before her—years which are to link yet closer the bands of sacred union with one most beloved. On every side—along the path they are to tread hand in hand together, buds of promise and blossoms that open gently, yet radiant with life's best hues, throw out their allurements, and hide the thorns that may wound the unwary. She looks and smiles; no raven pinion of doubt shadows that hour; it is all full of expectation. Her heart has made its election, and the time is reached to which the past has been summoning her spirit; childhood's home she has left, or rather has exchanged for a husband's abode—the home of her heart. But are there no fears too? Is there no bird of ill omen to utter its startling note upon the ear of that soul ready to drown itself in the circling eddies of present and future happiness? There may be such, and yet they seem but fancies that are not worth regarding. They come and go, but they break not the golden chain of assurance on the faith that has been plighted; for they hold no connection in the thoughts with a want of fealty to that claim. She doubts not that he will be true, as she knows herself to be; and she, if her love fail to stay its approach, will see no cloud gather over the sunshine of that abode. The trembling is of one, if trembling there may be, who feels that no love can entirely shield from harm, and that some dart may be speeding to its high mark, to bring down the soul's idol, or to cut in twain the silken cord which years would bind in links of more perfect strength.

The mother, too! what hopes ride buoyant on the heaving swell of that bosom! Light as the little paper ships which the child sets afloat, and often, too, as frail, they glisten in the sunbeam, mock the efforts to seize on them of the hand that sent them forth, and tremble with every breath that freshens over the stream on which they have been launched. The merest pebble cast on the surface where, in the watery mirror, it is imaged, may agitate the slightly constructed bark; and so, too, with the tranquil stream down which are gliding the mother's hopes; it may be disturbed; the little vessel, freighted with unnumbered cravings of her spirit, may be reached by the movement, which as it extends, gathers force, and the expectations that have cheered her, may sink beneath the increasing tide. Fears will sometimes scud over the sky of the brightened day, and becloud the landscape; for the same bosom of maternal tenderness that feels a warmer glow of hopeful thoughts, as it catches a ray of gratified delight from the dawn of that hour when the eye of a young immortal first opens upon life and its eventful scenes—cannot help feeling, too, the uncertainty press there of its continuance long to bless parental hope. Ay, gaze on that family circle, stand there within the sacred precincts of yonder home, and watch the group that cluster on that spot, and say if there is not the weaving and twining of hopes and fears; say if every morning and every evening hour does not bear testimony to many a castle reared in air, which will fade in a moment, as topples down at one blow the child's architecture, which he calls his house—his palace. Still there is in the hopes of home a purer influence than flows from any other earthly ones; and though fears cling round them, and too often weigh them down, yet well is it to cherish and prize them while their greenness and their freshness may last; we need them, and a kind Providence has vouchsafed them to us. The spirit that rules the domain of this inner circle of sympathies and loving offices, must be one of Hope; the fears that flit over the field are needful to attemper the heart to

the realities of life, and prepare it for its appropriate allotments of discipline here below the skies. The bird that leaps from bough to bough, luring on the seeker; the rainbow, after which the deceived eagerness of childhood chases; the spring that gushes up, and then sinks again into the deep bosom of the earth—these are the true images of the hopes and fears of home. Day begins the alternations, and night closes them only to renew them again in the dreamy fancies of the slumberer on his bed. They wrap about us like the drapery in which we are clad—every fold, every hem of our social existence, hides its hope; there is not a nook or corner of the hallowed domicile but renders back an echo of what we long for, what we hope we may be. The bright eyed little warbler, whose tones of voice are music dear as earth can give, breathes hope with the first note the unpractised lips may utter. The aged grandame, or hoary sire, notch down on their calendar hopes and fears; and the blooming sister, or the manlier brother, grasp the hand and join in the fraternal embrace with hope painted on the cheek, catching at the heart-strings, and only struggling with fear because things so much beloved, cannot forever endure. These all are part of that wise discipline by which Infinite wisdom tries his creatures; feelings which spring from that constitution, and those adaptations by which we are rendered capable of discharging the parts of rational and immortal beings, in training for a home beyond the skies.

The hope that has its birth below, and which looks out from the bounds of Time to grasp upon the revelations of Eternity may, too, be the dearest hope of home. Its beams may gild the little world which sit down and rise up together beneath their own canopied heavens—whose morning and evening incense ascends in truest devotion to the Giver of all Good, and who bind in one loving embrace of pious faith, the spirits of feeble strength or of riper years. To that world, that home where fear has no place, where hope is turned to perfect happiness, may we all turn our most ardent gaze. God only can brighten for ever the hopes; God only can forever quell the fears of Home.

[Fireside Review.]

MORALITY.

THE HEIRESS.

A sprightly, rosy cheeked, flaxen haired little girl, used to sit, on the pleasant evenings of June, on the marble steps opposite my lodgings, when I lived in Philadelphia, and sing over a hundred little sonnets, and tell over as many tales, in a sweet voice, and with an air of delightful simplicity that charmed me many a time. She was then an orphan child, and commonly reported to be rich. Often and often I sat after a day of toil and vexation, and listened to her innocent voice, breathing forth the notes of peace and happiness, which flowed cheerfully from a light heart, and felt a portion of that tranquillity steal o'er my bosom. Such was Eliza Huntley, when I first knew her.

Several years had elapsed, during which time I was absent from the city, when walking along one of the most fashionable squares, I saw an elegant female figure step into a carriage, followed by a gentleman and two pretty children. I did not immediately recognize her face, but my friend, who was by my side, pulled my elbow. "Do you not remember little Eliza, who used to sing for us when we lived together in Walnut street?" I did remember it was herself.

She used to be fond, said he, of treating her little circle of friends with romances—and at last she

acted out a neat romance herself. She came out into the gay circle of life, under the auspices of her guardian. It was said by some, she was rich—very rich—but the amount of wealth did not appear to be a matter of publicity; however the current, and as we generally believed, well founded report, was sufficient to draw around her many admirers—and among the number not a few serious courtiers.

She did not wait long before a young gentleman, on whom she had looked with a somewhat partial eye, because he was the gayest and handsomest of her lovers, emboldened by her partiality, made her an offer. Probably she blushed, and her heart fluttered a little; but they were sitting in a moonlight parlor, and as her embarrassment was more than half concealed, she soon recovered, and as a waggish humor happened to have the ascendant, she put on a serious face, told him she was honored by his preference, but that there was one matter which should be understood before, by giving him a reply, she bound him to his promise. "Perhaps you may think me wealthy; I would not for the world have you labor under a mistake on that point; I am worth eighteen hundred dollars."

She was proceeding, but the gentleman started as if electrified. "Eighteen hundred dollars!" he repeated, in a manner that betrayed the utmost surprise; "yes, ma'am," said he, awkwardly, "I did understand you were worth a great deal more; but—"

"No, sir," she replied, "no excuses or apologies; think about what I have told you; you are embarrassed now; answer me another time;" and rising, she bade him good night.

She just escaped a trap; he went next day to her guardian to inquire more particularly into her affairs—and receiving the same answer, he dropped his suit at once.

The next serious proposal followed soon after, and this too came from one who succeeded to a large portion of her esteem; but applying the same crucible to the love he offered her, she found a like result. He, too, left her—and she rejoiced in another fortunate escape.

She sometime after became acquainted with a young gentleman of slender fortune, in whose approaches she thought she discovered more of the timid diffidence of love than she had witnessed before. She did not check his hopes—and in process of time he too made her an offer. But when she spoke of her fortune, he begged her to be silent; "It is to virtue, worth, and beauty," said he, "that I pay my court—not to fortune. In you I shall obtain what is worth more than gold."

She was most agreeably disappointed. They were married, and the union was solemnized; she made him master of her fortune with herself.

"I am indeed worth eighteen hundred dollars," said she to him, "but I never said how much more; and I hope never to enjoy more pleasure than I feel this moment, when I tell you my fortune is one hundred and eighty thousand."

It is actually so—but still her husband often tells her, that in her he possesses a far nobler fortune.

HINTS TO YOUNG LADIES.

[From Gregory's Legacy to his Daughters.]

One of the chief beauties in a female character is that modest reserve, that retiring delicacy, which avoids the public eye, and is disconcerted even at the gaze of admiration. This modesty, which I think so essential in your sex, will naturally dispose you to be rather silent in company, especially in a large one. People of sense and discernment will never mistake such silence for dullness. One may take a share in conversation without uttering a syllable. The expression of the countenance shows it, and this never escapes an observing eye. * * * Converse with men of every rank with that dignified modesty which may prevent the approach of the most distant familiarity, and consequently prevent them from feeling themselves your superiors. Wit is the most dangerous talent you

can possess: it must be guarded with great discretion and good nature, otherwise it will create you many enemies. Wit is so flattering to vanity, that they who possess it become intoxicated, and lose all self-command.

Humor is a different quality. It will make your company much solicited; but be cautious how you indulge in it. It is often a great enemy to delicacy, and a still greater one to dignity of character. It may sometimes gain you applause, but will never procure you respect.

Beware of detraction, especially when your own sex are concerned. You are generally accused of being particularly addicted to this vice; but I think unjustly. Men are fully as guilty of it when their interests interfere. As your interests more frequently clash, and as your feelings are quicker than ours, your temptations to it are more frequent. For this reason be particularly careful of the reputation of your own sex, in all cases where ours is concerned. Show a compassionate sympathy to unfortunate women, especially to those who have become so by the villainy of men. Indulge a secret pleasure in being the friends and refuge of the unhappy, but without the vanity of showing it.

Consider every species of indelicacy in conversation as shameful in itself, and as highly disgusting to us. All *double entendre* is of this sort. The dissoluteness of men's education allows them to be diverted with a kind of wit, which yet they have delicacy enough to be shocked at when it comes from your lips, or when you hear it without pain and contempt. Virgin purity is of so delicate a nature that it cannot bear certain things without contamination. It is always in your power to avoid these. No man but a brute or fool will insult a woman with conversation which he sees gives her pain; nor will he dare to do it, if she resent the injury with becoming spirit. There is dignity, a conscious virtue, which is able to awe the most abandoned and shameless of men. You will be reproached, perhaps, with prudery. By prudery is generally meant an affectation of delicacy. Now I do not wish you to affect delicacy, but wish you to possess it. At any rate it is better to run the risk of being thought ridiculous, rather than disgusting. The men will complain of your reserve; they will assure you that a franker behaviour would make you more amiable; but trust me, they are not sincere when they tell you so. I acknowledge that on some occasions it might make you more agreeable as companions, but it would make you less amiable as women; an important distinction, of which many of your sex seem not to be aware. After all, I wish you to cultivate great ease and openness, the frankness of conscious innocence, in your conversation. I only point out some considerations which ought to regulate your behaviour in that respect.—*Youth's Magazine*.

BENEVOLENCE.

Written for the Youth's Companion.

TRUE GENEROSITY.

Walking a few weeks since with the mother of a noble boy of 5 years, I called with her at the house of a friend and admirer of our youthful escort. She greeted him with many kisses, and soon produced from that oft gladdening repository, her sideboard, a huge handful of early "black-hearts;" "hold your hands," she shouted playfully, and the tiny dimpled hands were most eagerly extended and amply filled with the tempting clusters.

Quickly they were borne to his mother, and then the finest and most glossy were quietly selected for me, and as one *solitary one* passed his own lips, he glanced at me in the full enjoyment of the delicious fruit, and exclaimed, "O, ain't they nice! I'm going to save the rest for 'sissy!'"

He carefully gathered the remaining ones together and patiently finding the stem of each, he held and surveyed them as if they had been glittering gems from the mines of India.

On our return home the little fellow followed at his own pace behind, skipping and singing like a

blithe bird, yet clinging manfully all the while to his cherries.

A miserable child passed us with the ruins of a basket on her arm, poorly clad, and slowly scuffling in the grass; as I looked after her I saw her pause at the side of Jerome, and gaze at his glistening treasure; one moment elapsed, and he stepped towards her, took silently cherry after cherry, holding them one by one high in the air and roguishly dropping them into her basket till all was gone. "Look at that generous soul!" I exclaimed to his mother, and seeing us stop, he turned, and gave a look full of winning archness and frank simplicity exclaiming with a bewitching smile, "they're all in, mother!" and rapidly walked on, leaving the child transfixed to the spot; first glancing at her prize, then at the generous little donor, and timidly at us.

No sound was uttered by either party, but the charming pantomime will long remain fresh and vivid in my memory.

LILA.

SABBATH SCHOOL.

A THRILLING NARRATIVE FOR TEACHERS.

Some years since, a Superintendent of a Sabbath School was walking out at the edge of evening, in one of the pleasant villages of Massachusetts. By some providence he turned out of his accustomed walk, and was accosted by a child, who inquired if he were not a Sabbath School teacher. On being told that he was, she sighed, and said she had long been wishing to go to the school, but that her parents forbade her. On being asked the reason of their objections, she wept profusely, said that her father was intemperate, and her mother so wicked, that when she asked to go to the Sabbath School, they would chastise her for it, and make her work all the Sabbath.

"O! if my parents were willing, how glad I should be!"

"Will you direct me, my child, to your home? I will have some conversation with your parents respecting your coming to the school."

"O yes, and will thank you too."

On entering this dwelling, I breathed forth a prayer to God that my visit to this family might be long remembered by me, and by them. The child introduced me as one of the Sabbath School teachers, who wished to have some conversation with her father on the subject of his permitting her to attend the school.

"You wretch!" he exclaimed to his child, "have I not forbid your going to such places?"

He then called for the rod to chastise her. I felt that I was in a delicate position, and at first stood amazed at such cruelty. I remarked that I hoped he would not punish the child, particularly as on this occasion I had been the cause of exciting his anger.

"Your little daughter is kind, sir, and obedient, is she not?"

"Yes. But who are you?"

"I am your friend, sir, and wish to have a little conversation with you, if you please."

"Well, talk on."

"I hope you will not correct your child on account of my calling to see you, as I was pleased on meeting her, with the simplicity of her conversation, and thought I should be pleased to see her father."

"Sir, I will take your advice. Jane you will attend to your evening's business."

After conversing with this man nearly two hours on the subject of Sabbath Schools, and the propriety of his sending Jane, he partially promised she might go.

"What say you, mother, to our Jane's going to the Sunday School?"

The mother refused with an oath!

My heart then began to despair, for I thought I had succeeded, and was now disappointed from a quarter which I did not expect. I continued my entreaties for a short time to no purpose, and then left, observing that I should call again.

On the day following, I called, and after three

hours of painful and laborious conversation, gained the consent of those parents that Jane might come to our Sabbath School.

The next Sabbath, with gratitude to God, I had the pleasure of introducing Jane into the Sabbath School. After supplying her with books, I placed her under the care of Miss D——, one of the most faithful teachers. Jane had not been long with us, before it was plain she had serious thoughts and feelings; and a few Sabbaths after, her countenance indicated that a change too pleasing and too visible to be concealed, had taken place.

At the close of the School one Sabbath, Miss D. requested me to remain, that I might have some particular conversation with Jane. We tarried after the school was closed, and I turned to the little girl, who said:

"O, Mr. —, you are the kindest of friends in this world. You have, by bringing me into this school, taught me how to worship God. Before I came here, I used to feel bad, but could not help it. Miss D. has told me that sin is the cause of all our bad feelings—that we are all sinners in the sight of God. I have also learned in this school that we must pray to God that he would forgive us our sins. O sir, a few Sabbaths since I felt that there was no peace to my poor soul, and saw, that if I should then die, I must go to hell with the wicked. On leaving the school, I resolved to pray God that he would give me a heart to fear and obey my parents; a heart to love every body. And, you cannot know what a weight my sins were to me. I could get no sleep on account of my sins. But I have longed for the last few days to see you. I have had such new feelings—my load is removed—I could hardly wait for the Sabbath to come that I might tell you what a Saviour I have found. I trust I have given myself entirely to God. I feel that there is something in my heart which I cannot express. O how thankful to God I am for your care and attention—for the instructions of Miss D.—for ever coming to the Sabbath School—for here I have found the Saviour who loves me, and who hath said to me, Seek me early—seek me now, and you shall find me. O, will you pray for me? Pray for my father, mother, brother and sisters. I have prayed for them, and I will continue to pray for them."

This account, which I have related in her own language as nearly as possible, was almost too much for me. She was then only thirteen years of age. She was not only happy herself now in the enjoyment of religion, but it was her heart's desire that all her father's family might enjoy the same. While she did not forget to pray for them, she often introduced topics in conversation, to interest them in religion.

From continued dissipation, the father induced a disease, which brought him near the gates of death. One morning, on Jane's visiting him, while very weak and low, he asked her if she thought he would get well. She replied with tears, that she hoped he would—"but if it is God's will dear father, that you should soon die, where will your soul be when you enter upon eternity?" He gazed at her in silence. She then asked if he wished to have the good Sabbath School teacher call to see him. He will pray for and with you. He then said, "Oh! my child will you pray for me, and do you think God would hear prayer for such a wicked man as I am?" The weeping child knelt by the bed side of her sick father, and breathed out her soul to God in prayer, that he would pardon her dear father's sins, and prepare him for the events of the future. The unkind father was melted into contrition, on hearing such importunity to God, to bestow blessings from the throne of grace upon such a sinner as he had been. The old man now prayed—felt the efficacy of prayer—yes, the aged sinner prayed, and his prayer, we believe, was heard.

Under God, Jane was the instrument of her father's conversion. God in mercy restored him to health, a new man—an humble Christian. On his recovery, he was soon seen in the Sabbath School which he had so long opposed, where he then con-

fessed, before teachers and scholars, how much he then felt on account of his past conduct to the school. He asked the forgiveness of all!

He is now an active teacher, in the fifty-eighth year of his age, in the Sabbath School! The mother soon became serious, her brothers, and one sister, were also anxious for the salvation of their souls, and to make their peace with God. In a few months from the time that Jane entered our school, she came forward with her father, mother, four brothers, and a sister, who all joined the church of God! Thus she was instrumental in one short summer, in the conversion of seven immortal souls, and all of her own family. Where formerly oaths were daily heard, now morning and evening prayer is offered, and the blessing of God supplicated to rest upon Sabbath Schools, to which, through the goodness of God, eight undying souls ascribe their conversion.—*Todd's S. S. Teacher.*

RELIGION.

LETTER FROM AN ABSENT SUPERINTENDENT.

[We are permitted to make the following extract from a Letter of SAMUEL H. WALLEY, Esq. to the pupils of Mason street Sabbath School, dated Paris, (France,) June 1, 1840.

Let me address one word to those dear youth, who, I perceive, have given their hearts to God, and have set their faces heavenward. Dear youth! you have engaged in an honorable service, in a glorious service. You are contending for the best of friends, the kindest of masters, the most holy and most powerful Sovereign. You have assurance of final victory, if you persevere. You are promised a crown of unutterable brightness, and of perpetual and increasing splendor, when you shall be called from the field of battle to the rest of Heaven. But, remember, your enemy is subtle and powerful, and busy. You are young, and the world will spread out before you a thousand charms to draw your feet into the pit of ruin. Imitate the "Watchman Bird" of Africa. This little bird rises from the bushes 6 or 8 yards perpendicular into the air, and on reaching a certain height it seems to rest for a short time, looking round on every side as if examining whether all is safe. Seeing no enemy approaching, it descends directly down, with a chirp, as if informing its companions that all is safe. In this way it rises and descends, almost every two or three minutes. So, my young friends, do you continually ascend in prayer, for light and guidance.

"Satan trembles when he sees,
The weakest saint upon his knees."

Remember, also, that you have been converted by the grace of God, that you may convert others. Your instrumentality, if used prudently, perseveringly, and prayerfully, will be blest. "A single word spoken in due season, how good is it!" It may be as a "nail in a sure place." Dr. Pinkerton, whilst in Russia, was employed by an illustrious Princess, to educate her sons in the English language. He soon discovered that the family knew nothing of evangelical religion; he accordingly resolved at some early opportunity to speak to her Highness about her eternal welfare. Such a season presented itself, of which he availed himself. She was indignant at the supposed presumption of his conduct, and stamping on the floor with her foot, said, "what sir, will you speak to a Princess about her soul?" and she forbade him again even to allude to the subject; in defiance of his threat however, he resolved again, at all hazards, to renew the topic; he did so,—what was the result? the Princess became a converted person, and she said, "now Dr. P. I have determined Christ shall be my master, and I will be his servant! And from that time she became an eminently active and successful instrument in promoting the cause of religion, by translating religious books, and circulating the Bible." The spirit of God had taken the word of instruction given by this faithful man of God, and carried it with such power to her heart, that she could not but yield.

"The truth was mighty, and it prevailed;" that same spirit is ready, willing, desirous, of seizing your words, also, my young friends, and using them to recover revolted, rebellious souls. Try, Try, Try.

A SISTER'S CONVERSATION.

"Sister," said Mary Newton, addressing Lucy Ann, who was about nineteen years of age, and who was seated beside her at work; "when I was talking about our lesson for next Sunday with some of the girls of our class, and saying what a sweet hymn it was that Miss Smith had given us to learn, though they could say every word of it, they did not seem to think anything about the meaning. I think I understand the meaning of it; but I have not command of language, as you call it, sister, to talk with the other girls about it. Now this verse—

"And in this fair machine
Dwells an immortal mind,
Placed here by some great hand unseen,
For some great end designed,"—

I should like to be able to explain in simple words, so that if dear little James should ask me what it means, I could tell him."

"Well, Mary," said Lucy Ann, "you can tell him that 'this fair machine,' means the body which God has given him; and that it is called a machine because the soul, which you know he is so fond of talking about, uses the body just as it pleases, just as his arm uses his ball to play with; that the soul is what lives in the body; that it is the power within him that thinks and feels and remembers, which loves his friends, and tells the body what to do; and that 'immortal' means what will never die. You can then speak of God as the 'great unseen' being, who placed this soul in his body. You can tell him that the 'great end' for which God made him, was, that he might be wise and good in this world, and wise and good forever."

"I was talking with Margaret Ann, the other day," added Mary, "and was surprised to find her views of life were so strange. She said something which made me ask her what she thought God made people for. She said she had never thought much about it; but she supposed it was to eat and drink, and earn their living. I said, O, Margaret Ann, don't you suppose it was for any thing more than this? Sister says it was that they might become good, and make others good, and like Jesus Christ. It seemed to be a subject on which Margaret Ann had never thought."

"You should not wonder, Mary, that Margaret Ann should be thus ignorant, when you consider how she has been brought up," answered Lucy Ann; "you know that her parents died when she was quite young, and that she was in the almshouse until she was ten years old. Mr. R's family, who have the care of the almshouse now, are much better people than those who were its keepers formerly. Had Margaret Ann been under Mr. and Mrs. R.'s influence, she would probably have been a better child than she was when Mrs. M. took her to bring up. She has been with her but about three weeks, and Mrs. M. has been sick all the time. The doctor has forbidden her to talk; so that she has had no opportunity to give Margaret Ann any instruction. This accounts for her not knowing as much as you do, on this most important of all subjects."

Lucy Ann ceased speaking, and seemed to be engaged in thought for some time. She then continued—"Are you sure, Mary, that you exactly understand the purpose for which your Heavenly Father placed you in this world? I felt a little afraid you did not take right views of life the other day, when you said you thought Sarah Nelson must be very unhappy, because she had to work so hard. I was fearful you thought life was to be one long scene of enjoyment, in which we were not to make any great exertions; and in which no painful sacrifices were to be required of us. Now this idea is so false, that the sooner you correct it the better. I do not doubt that Sarah does work

very hard, but then you know she has the sweet satisfaction of thinking it is to purchase comforts for her invalid mother. And don't you believe she feels much happier when she sees her taking her oysters with so much pleasure, and knows that it is her own industry which has procured them, than Eliza Williams did last Sunday, with her handsome new breast-pin, when she knew her little brother had been staying at home for want of shoes for several weeks past. Our happiness, my dear sister, does not depend on outward things nearly as much as we generally imagine. Even in the humblest situation in life, if we are only faithful to our duties, we may be laying up treasures in heaven; and our light afflictions, which are but for a moment, may be 'working out for us a far more exceeding and an eternal weight of glory.'"

[Sunday School Teacher.]

EDITORIAL.

PROVERBS.—SECOND SERIES.—No. 6.

"A soft answer turneth away wrath."

"A pin a sight! A pin a sight! who wants to see my sight?" called out Anna Clayton, as she entered her mother's parlor, about half an hour after school was done.

"Oh let me see it! let me see it!" exclaimed Lucy, rushing to her sister with as much eagerness as if the "sight" had been something very splendid, instead of a mere bit of glass with a few shreds of colored silks and flosses behind it. "Where did you get it?"

"Oh I staid after school and made it; all the girls were making them." "How I wish I had staid too! But let me see yours, wont you?"

"Where's your pin," said Anna, putting her hands behind her, to keep "the sight" out of reach; "you must pay a pin or you can't see the sight."

"Oh dear, I don't want to wait so long," said Lucy impatiently; "what shall I do for a pin; there are none on the floor as I see, and mother's pincushion is gone. I should think you might, Anna, let me see it without; just me, you know."

"No, no," replied Anna, triumphing in the possession of power; "no, no! then every body else would say just me, and just me; no, I must have my pin."

"I wonder if I can't find one in my clothes," said Lucy, feeling unsuccessfully all around her waist; "I declare, Anna, I do think you are the—but here comes mother, and she will give me one I know; mother, will you please to give me a pin?"

The request was complied with, but in the mean time, Anna who had no objection to tease her sister by a little longer delay, advanced towards her mother, exclaiming, as she still kept her hands behind her, "A pin a sight! Don't you want to see my sight, mamma?"

"Your sight? I don't know what you mean by a sight," said her mother.

"Here is the pin, Anna, let me see it," said Lucy; but Anna, without taking any notice of her, went on talking to her mother.

"Why mother! don't you know what a sight is? I thought every body knew that. But give me a pin and you shall see."

"But there is your sister waiting all this time, with her pin; why do you not shew it to her?"

"Oh, she can just as well see it after you, mother, you are the oldest, and you ought to see it first."

"I do not wish to see it first," said her mother gravely, almost severely; "let Lucy see it."

"Well then, Lucy, now see it; I'm sure I wouldn't begin to cry for such a little thing as that."

But Lucy's philosophy could never bear more than a very slight trial, and having had one fit of crying already that morning, she was just ready to be overcome by such an exercise of her patience as that she had now undergone. She was making an effort to swallow her sobs, when the contemptuous tone of

Anna's last remark, made her break forth afresh."

"You have done wrong, Anna," said her mother, "when will you leave off your habit of teasing?"

"She did not mean to tease me, mother," said Lucy, speaking as well as she could through her tears; "it is only because I am so foolish; I know I am a—a—a cry-baby;" and then came a fresh burst of sobs. Anna was fond of power and fond of teasing, but she had a generous heart. As soon as she heard Lucy's excuse for her, which she felt she did not merit, she ran and threw her arms round her neck.

"No, Lucy, you are not a cry-baby, dear; I did mean to tease you, and I was wicked. But don't cry any more, dear, and you shall have this sight all for your own. Come, I'll make me another, and you shall have this."

Lucy kissed her sister and dried up her tears. She was unwilling at first to take the sight, but Anna insisted on it, and it would be difficult to tell which enjoyed the exhibition most, Lucy or Anna. Two other little girls who went home the same day from Miss Preston's school, also had a sight, and I will tell you next week how they behaved about it. L.

VARIETY.

Account of the Marriage of Two Dwarfs.

From an old work entitled the Memoirs of Peter Henry Bruce, Esq. we extract the following account of a marriage between two dwarfs in Russia.

"The princess Natalia, only sister to the czar, by the same mother, ordered preparations to be made for a grand wedding for two of her dwarfs, who were to be married; on which occasion several small coaches were made, and little Shetland horses provided to draw them; and all the dwarfs in the kingdom were summoned to celebrate the nuptials, to the number of ninety-three; they went in a grand procession through all the streets of Moscow; before them went a large open wagon drawn by six horses, with kettle drums, trumpets, French horns, and hautboys; then followed the marshal and his attendants, two and two, on horseback; then the bridegroom and bride, in a coach and six, attended by their bride man and maid, who sat before them in the coach; they were followed by fifteen small coaches, each drawn by six Shetland horses, and each containing four dwarfs. It was somewhat surprising to see such a number of little creatures in one company together; especially as they were furnished with an equipage conformable to their stature. Two troops of dragoons attended the procession to keep off the mob, and many persons of fashion were invited to the wedding, who attended in their coaches to the church, where the small couple were married; from thence the procession returned in order to the princess' palace, where a grand entertainment was prepared for the company, two long tables were covered on each side of a long hall, where the company of dwarfs dined together; the princess, with her two nieces, princes Anne and Elizabeth, the czar's daughters, were at the table themselves to see them all seated and well attended, before they sat down to their own table. The company which attended the princesses on this occasion were so numerous, that they filled several rooms."

Why do you come to the Sabbath School?

A teacher in one of the Nether Chapel schools, Sheffield, Eng. on one occasion undertook to ask of six children, in succession, chiefly selected from one of the inferior classes, the following simple question: Why do you come to the Sabbath School? The first boy replied, that he came to learn to read to make him a good boy. The second, that he might learn God's holy will in the holy Bible. The third, that he might know God, and Jesus Christ, and man. The fourth, that he might get to know how to love and serve God. The fifth, that he might know he was a sinner, and how he was to be saved from his sins. And the sixth, that he might learn to keep out of hell, and find the way to heaven. These answers were given to the questions, exactly in the promiscuous and successive manner in which they are related.

[Youth's Monitor.]

* Sabbath Schools do Good.

A family, which was ignorant and depraved, was persuaded to send their children to the Sabbath School; and now, the father, two daughters and three sons have become hopeful Christians, and one of the sons is in a course of preparation for the gospel ministry.

A Lion's Remorse.

In the beginning of the last century, there was in the menagerie at Cassel, a lion that showed an astonishing degree of tameness towards the woman who had taken care of him. This went so far that the woman, in order to amuse the company that came to see the animal, would often rashly place her hand, or her head between his tremendous jaws. She had frequently performed this experiment without receiving any injury; but, having once introduced her head into the lion's mouth, the lion made a sudden snap, and killed her on the spot. Undoubtedly this catastrophe was unintentional on the part of the lion; for, probably, at the fatal moment the hair of the woman's head irritated the lion's throat, and caused him to cough or sneeze; at least the suggestion appears to be confirmed by what follows; for, as soon as the lion perceived that he had killed his attendant, the good tempered, grateful animal exhibited signs of the greatest melancholy—laid himself down by the side of the dead body, which he would not suffer to be removed—refused to take any food—and thus soon pined to death.—*Zoological Anecdotes.*

Gratitude to a Horse.

The late Dr. Parish of Philadelphia, who died last month, made an express provision in his will that one hundred and fifty dollars of his estate be annually expended in making his old horse comfortable as long as he lives. The will requires that he shall be quartered in Burlington, be liberally fed, have a bed of straw every night, be regularly curried and kept clean, and used just enough for his own agreeable and healthy exercise; no more than this. This fact demonstrates the benevolence and kindness of the good doctor.

The Book—Anecdote of Walter Scott.

At the late meeting of the American Bible Society, as we learn from the New York Observer, Rev. Mr. Brainard related a fine incident in the life of Sir Walter Scott. While lingering near his end, after returning from Italy, with no hope of being restored to health, he said one day to a friend, "Bring me the book." "What book?" inquired his friend. "Why," said that great man whose genius had waked the world, "how can you ask what book? There is but one book!"

The Little Scholar.

A little Sabbath School scholar, says a minister, has been the instrument, in the hands of God, of bringing a father and mother, with several brothers and sisters to the house of God, and some of them near the kingdom of heaven.

The Sabbath School is like a stream which has go cataracts to astonish us with their magnificent thunder, but which winds along the tranquil valley, asserting its existence only in the life and verdure which appear along its course. Such is the humble Sabbath School.

POETRY.

Written for the Youth's Companion.

TO H. A. B. AND E. C. B.

Twin children, named for the author and her sister.
Sweetcherubs of innocence! bright gifts from Heaven!
Say what shall we bring you to herald your morn?
A bird from the free air, a flower from the woodland,
Or from the far India shall diamonds be borne?
No gift from the wild-glade we bring to adorn you,
Though precious the floweret just opening to light;
For fairer, more delicate far than the wild flow'r,
Are the little twin "lily-buds" greeting our sight.
No glittering diamond is needed to deck you,
To flash its bright ray mid your soft silken hair,
The rich gem from out the dark caves of the mountain,
May not with the cherub-like infant compare!
Shall the birds of a southern clime warble to cheer you,
And carol your coming in melodies clear?
Oh! sweeter to those who so tenderly shield you,
Are the low cooing voices they gratefully hear.
We've brought you a prayer from the heart's deepest fountain,
That the close of a long life be bright as its morn;
That angels of Heaven for aye hover round you,
And the roses of earth be bereft of their thorn!
Boston. H. N. J.

EPITAPH ON AN INFANT.

The cup of life just to his lips he prest,
Found the taste bitter, and declined the rest;
Then gently turning from the light of day,
He softly sighed his little soul away.

YOUTH'S COMPANION.

Published Weekly, by NATHANIEL WILLIS, at the Office of the Boston Recorder, No. 11, Cornhill.—Price, \$1.00 a year in advance; or \$1.25 if not paid in advance.

NO. 13.

BOSTON, AUGUST 7, 1840.

VOL. XIV.



Written for the Youth's Companion.

THE NEW DOLL.

"Have you seen my new doll?" said Emily Carlton to Jane Lewis, one Saturday morning, at the close of school.

"No, have you got a new one? When did you get her?"

"Mother made her for me; at least she bought the head and neck, and then made a body to fit on to them."

"Did she? How queer! I never heard of such a thing. I guess I shall come and see her this afternoon."

"Well, I wish you would. Oh no, I forgot; I am going to the Oaks this afternoon, but if you will go too, I will carry Dolly, and you can see her there. Will you go?"

"Yes, if mother will let me, and I almost know she will."

"I will call for you then, as soon as dinner is over."

Jane admired the doll as much as could reasonably be expected, and when they reached the Oaks the question was what they should play.

"Oh, we will play keep house; you shall be the father and I the mother, and this is our little daughter."

"Well, let's begin. But how old shall she be?"

"Why—how old are children when they learn to go alone?" About two years, aren't they?"

"Two years! no indeed," said her friend rather scornfully. "Why, our Tommy goes alone, and he is not a year and a half yet."

"Well, she shall be a little more than a year then; here darling, come to mother and learn to walk!"

"Come to mother! why you are not her mother, you are her father."

"Am I? I had forgotten. Well, now we must let her walk from one to the other."

After they had tried this plan for some time, the little girls seemed to think they needed more variety.

"Let's make believe she is naughty," said Jane, "and then we shall have to whip her. Suppose she is grown up into a great girl, and she won't do something we tell her to."

"But if she is a great girl she will be too big to be whipped."

"Oh, I don't mean so big as that; I only mean five or six years old. I will tell her to do something first. Anna, pick up that handkerchief and bring to me. What! do you say you won't? Pick it up directly; if you don't I shall whip you. There; now see if you won't mind me. But after all," said Jane, suddenly changing her tone; "I don't think there is much fun in playing with dolls, that can't speak or move. Why can't you be my child, and I will be the mother?"

Emily assented, and they went on very pleasantly, in this kind of play, till a gray squirrel ran across their path, and put everything else out of their heads. They both started to run after him, but he was out of sight in a moment.

"Oh, did you ever see such a pretty creature?" said Emily. "I wish I had one for my own. How much prettier it would be than a doll. I mean to ask brother Edward if he cannot catch one for me."

This proposition led to a long talk about squirrels, rabbits, white mice and birds, their respective merits and defects, at the end of which the little girls concluded it was time to go home. They stopped long enough to gather a few wild flowers, and got home just in time for tea.

NARRATIVE.

THE TWO APPLE TREES.

A rich husbandman had two sons, the one exactly a year older than the other. The very day the second was born, he had set in the entrance of his orchard, two young apple trees, equal in size, which he had since cultivated with the same care, and which had thriven so equally, that nobody could give the preference to one of them before the other.

When his children were capable of handling garden tools, he took them, one fine spring day, to see these two trees which he had planted for them, and called after their names. When they had sufficiently admired their fine growth, and the number of blossoms that covered them, he said, "You see, children, I give you these trees in good condition. They will thrive as much by your care, as they will lose by your negligence, and their fruit will reward you in proportion to your labor."

The youngest, named Edmund, was indefatigable in his attention. He was all that day busy in clearing his tree of insects that would have hurt it, and he propped up its stem to hinder it from taking an ugly bend. He loosened the earth all round it, that the warmth of the sun and the moisture of the dews might cherish its roots. His mother had not tended him more carefully in his infancy, than he did his young apple tree.

His brother Moses did none of all this. He spent his time on a mount that was hard by, throwing stones from it at passengers in the road. He went among all the idle country boys in the neighborhood, to box with them; so that he was always seen with broken shins and black eyes, from the blows and kicks he received in his quarrels. He neglected his tree so far, in short he never once thought of it, till one day in autumn he by chance saw Edmund's tree so full of apples, streaked with purple and gold, that were it not for the props which supported its branches, the weight of its fruit must have bent it to the ground.

Struck with the sight of so fine a growth, he ran to his own, hoping to find as large a crop on it; but what was his surprise, when he saw nothing but branches covered with moss, and a few yellow leaves! Quite angry and jealous, he went to his father, and said, "Father, what sort of a

tree is this that you have given me? It is as dry as a broomstick, and I shall not have ten apples on it. But my brother! Oh! you have used him better. Bid him, at least, share his apples with me."

"Share with you," said his father; "so the industrious would lose his labor to feed the idle. Take what you get; it is the reward of your negligence, and do not think to accuse me of injustice when you see your brother's rich crop. Your tree was as fruitful and in as good order as his. It bore as many blossoms, and grew in the same soil; only it had not the same usage. Edmund has kept his tree clear even of the smallest insects; you have suffered them to eat up yours in its blossom."

As I do not choose to let any thing God has given me, and for which I hold myself accountable to him, go to ruin, I take this tree from you, and call it no more by your name. It must pass through your brother's hands, to recover itself, and is his property from this moment, as well as the fruit he shall make it bear. You may go and look for another in my nursery, and rear it, if you will, to make amends for your fault; but if you neglect it, that too shall belong to your brother for assisting me in my labor."

Moses felt the justice of his father's sentence and the wisdom of his design. He went that moment and chose in the nursery the most thrifty young apple tree that he could find. Edmund assisted him with his advice in rearing it, and Moses did not lose a moment. He was never out of humor, now, with his comrades, and still less with himself; for he applied cheerfully to work, and in autumn, he saw his tree fully answer his hopes.

Thus he had the double advantage of enriching himself with a plentiful growth of fruit, and at the same time, of getting rid of the vicious habits which he had contracted. His father was so well pleased with this change, that the following year he shared the produce of a small orchard, between him and his brother.—*Looking-glass.*

MORALITY.

A SHORT TABLE TALK.

ADDRESSED TO YOUNG LADIES.

Few things are more liable to be abused in society—especially by young ladies—than the gift of liveliness. No doubt it gains present admiration while they continue young and pretty—but it leads to no esteem—produces no affection, if it be carried beyond the bounds of graceful good humor. She, for instance, who is distinguished for the odd freedom of her remarks—whose laugh is loudest—whose *mot* is most *piquant*—who gathers a group of laughs around her—of whom shy and quiet people are *afraid*—this is a sort of person who may be invited out—who may be thought no inconsiderable acquisition at parties whereof the general opprobrium is dulness—but that is not the sort of person likely to become the honored mistress of a respectable home.

We lay this down as a general truth, not denying that everybody's experience may suggest two or three exceptions. For some indeed there are, from a certain luxuriance of beauty, or a nameless fascination diffusing itself like a magnetic influence over all they say and do, can seduce judgment altogether from its sovereign throne, and turn even their extravagance and their waywardness "to favor and to prettiness." Such magically endowed creatures must always, however, be exceptions, and it would be madness to think of *imitation* in such cases. Such fascination is not educated, but

inspired. It is not made, but is born. It is a gift, not an acquirement.

As a general rule, then, what is to be done in order to be prepossessing? Every one likes to be thought well of—to be esteemed—to inspire affection? What is to be done? The most simple abstract rule is that of Shakspeare, which applies to the art of permanently pleasing in all society:—"Do not o'erstep the modesty of nature." One might descant, or at all events meditate, for hours upon the matchless beauty and mild wisdom of this phrase. But you may say that, as a rule of practice, it is not definite enough. You do not understand what it commands you to do, and to refrain from.

Well, then, let us philosophise upon this matter. Affection, such as we have been alluding to, is a compound of strong individual liking, with considerable respect. Bear in mind this latter. It is not enough that you amuse, interest, or even charm; you must produce at the same time a sentiment of respect, or else you are no more thought of than an actress at a theatre. Many fellows there are with exceeding good clothes on, easy, impudent, laughter-loving, who are so barren-minded—so hard and shallow of soul, as to be incapable of respect.

Such people it is chiefly that the very lively young lady gathers round her. In doing so she actually gives offence to the better sort of men—men of the class from which even the lively person herself would choose that her future husband should be taken. Remember then, that along with being agreeable and intelligent—which are very, very necessary—you must be something more besides, which leads to a feeling of respect.

And what is that? Why a sedate gentleness, which is not at all incompatible with a cheerful temperament, though upon the very surface it may seem so. But do not confound either sedateness or gentleness with vacancy and silence—a something that one sees occasionally among the educated, often offends along with stupidity.

Let your liveliness have no sprinkling of unkind smartness in it—no loudness, no broad display. And then let your judgment appear too, and let it be like your speech, distinct and yet not vehement—mild, and yet not wanting in earnestness. Moreover, if it be unfavorable, let it be shaded off with words of consideration or compassion; and if it be favorable, let it rise into graceful eulogy, so that it may appear you have a heart as well as understanding.

And then—but no more at present; and remember, you forgive the Table Talker for what he has said, if it in anything displease you. He knows—alas! too well—though you tell it him not with your silver voices, how much easier it is to philosophise than to act philosophically—to teach than to do—to preach than to practice. But a habit of analysis—a gentle spur to observation of ourselves may do good, and by reminding us of the error, at least put us on the way towards its amendment.

THE PROUD HEART.

On the fourth of July last, I saw a little girl walk past my window, dressed in white, with blue ribbons on her hair and bonnet, and dangling down from her waist. As she went along, she kept looking at her clothes, and then at everybody she passed in the street. Her look seemed to say, "Don't you think I look very pretty to-day?"

But a poor ragged boy stood in the road, and the little girl looked at him and curled up her haughty lip and tossed her head so proudly, you would have fancied she was a great lady. In her heart, she no doubt thought herself a great deal better than that poor ragged boy. O foolish little girl! What a wicked heart she had!

"A wicked heart!" exclaims a young reader, "how do you know, sir?"

"Because she acted proudly. Her lofty airs, and curling lip, and vain looks, too strongly showed that she had a proud heart, and all proud hearts are wicked; for God says in his holy book,

"Every one that is PROUD IN HEART, is an abomination to the Lord."

"And again he says: 'The Lord HATETH A PROUD LOOK.'"

So then, this girl, who trod so loftily with her white frock and gay ribbons, was in danger of losing her precious soul. She was doing wickedly, and God was angry with her. O, she had more need of weeping over her wickedness, and praying for divine mercy, than of showing her fine clothes.

Are you proud, my dear reader? Is your heart proud? How do you act when you have fine clothes on; when you do a piece of work; when you recite a lesson or gain the top of your class in school? If you look proudly then, and feel yourself to be better than other persons, your heart is wicked and must be changed, or you will lose your soul in hell forever.

This is an awful thought, but it is true. It is also true that the blood of Jesus Christ can wash your wicked heart clean from all its pride; it can obtain forgiveness for all your past acts and thoughts of wickedness, and procure you a seat in the world of glory. O then seek, do seek, the Lord Jesus, by prayer and faith, and you shall be made happy.—*Sabbath School Messenger.*

WHO'LL TURN THE GRINDSTONE?

When I was a little boy, I remember one cold winter's morning I was accosted by a smiling man, with an axe on his shoulder; "My pretty boy," said he, "has your father a grindstone?" "Yes, sir," said I. "You are a fine little fellow," said he, "will you let me grind my axe on it?" Pleased with his compliment of "fine little fellow," "O yes, sir," I answered, "it is down in the shop;" "and will you my man," said he, patting me on the head, "get a little hot water?" How could I refuse? I ran, and soon brought a kettle full. "How old are you, and what's your name?" continued he without waiting for a reply, "I am sure that you are one of the finest lads that I have ever seen; will you just turn a few minutes for me?" Tickled with the flattery, like a little fool I went to work, and bitterly did I rue the day. It was a new axe, and I toiled and tugged till I was almost tired to death. The school bell rung and I could not get away; my hands were blistered, and it was not half ground. At length, however, the axe was sharpened, and the man turned to me with, "Now you little rascal, you've played the truant, scud to school or you'll rue it." Alas, thought I, it was hard enough to turn a grindstone this cold day, but now to be called a little rascal was too much. It sunk deep into my mind, and often have I thought of it since.

When I see a merchant over polite to his customers, begging them to taste a little brandy, and throwing his goods on the counter, thinks I, that man has an axe to grind.

When I see a man flattering the people, making great professions of attachment to liberty, who is in private life a tyrant—methinks, look out good people, that fellow would set you turning grindstones.

When I see a man hoisted into office by party spirit, without a single qualification to render him either respectable or useful—alas, methinks, deluded people, you are doomed for a season to turn the grindstone for a booby.

"I'LL TRY, SIR."

"Try," was never conquered.

It is recorded of Dr. Paley, one of the brightest ornaments of the Christian church, that, while in college, he was inclined to idleness and dissipation. One morning a rich and dissipated fellow-student came into his room with this singular reproof,— "Paley, I have been thinking what a fool you are. I have the means of dissipation, and can afford to be idle. You are poor, and cannot afford it. I should make nothing if I were to apply myself. You are capable of rising to eminence,—and, impressed with this truth, I have been kept

awake during the whole night, and have now come solemnly to admonish you." The effect of this remarkable admonition was his immediate reformation, and the final result, that he became one of the guiding minds of his own and succeeding ages. He became an acute and powerful reasoner, and Christianity found in him one of its ablest defenders. The reprover is dead, and his name has perished; but that of Paley will live

"To the latest period of recorded time."

This reformation and these results were accomplished, under God, by a resolution deliberately formed, and which never for a moment wavered.

Perhaps the eyes of some young men already inclined to dissipation may fall upon these hasty lines, and will they not be induced to stop a moment and count the cost of idleness and vice, and calculate, too, a few of the advantages of industry and untiring perseverance in well doing? The example of Paley ought never by such individuals to be forgotten.—*Watchtower.*

THE NURSERY.

UNGRATEFUL CHILDREN.

Ingratitude is a great sin, and he who is guilty of it, shows that he possesses a very wicked heart—a heart that God cannot love until it is changed.

Does the little reader wish to know what it means? We will try to explain it to him.

It means a want of kind and thankful feelings towards those who have done us favors, as when a child is unkind to its mother or to his teacher; but we will insert a beautiful story of an ungrateful boy, and then you will see what ingratitude means. This story was written by the Rev. J. Abbot, and may be found in his book called "The Corner's Stone."

A nosy boy, three or four years old, was once running about the house, disturbing very much, by his rattling playthings and his loud outcries, a sick mother, in a chamber above stairs. I called him to me, and something like the following dialogue ensued:—

"Where is your mother?"

"She is sick up stairs."

"Is she? I am sorry she is sick."

A pause.

"Were you ever sick?"

"Yes; I was sick once," said he, and he began to rattle his little feet upon the chair, and to move about in a restless manner, as if he wished to get down.

"O, you must sit still a moment," said I, "I want to talk with you a little more. When were you sick?"

"O, I don't know."

"What did your mother do for you when you was sick?"

"O, she rocked me in the cradle."

"Did she? did she rock you? I am glad she was so kind. I suppose you liked to be rocked. Did she give you anything to drink?"

"Yes, sir."

"Did she make a noise to trouble you?"

"No, sir; she did not make any noise."

"Well, she was very kind to you. I think you ought to be kind to her, now she is sick. You cannot rock her in the cradle, because she is too old to be rocked, but you can be gentle and still, and that she will like very much."

"O, but," said the boy in a tone of confidence, as if what he was saying was perfectly conclusive and satisfactory, "I want to ride my horse a little more."

So saying, he struggled to get free, that he might resume his noisy sport.

Now you can see what ingratitude is. If this boy had been grateful to his mother, he would not have made a noise while she was sick; but he felt no kindness, no thankfulness, for her love to him, and therefore he rode his horse a "little more," though it injured his mother's health, and disturbed her on her sick bed. He was ungrateful.

Children are very much disposed to be ungrate-

ful, especially to their parents. Now this is very, very wicked, and makes God angry with them, and will cause him to punish their souls when they die, unless they repent. If any boy or girl, therefore, who reads this article, is guilty of this sin, either towards his parents, his teachers, his playmates, or even towards God himself, let him repent, lest he die in his sin and perish forever. Ungrateful child! repent, and the precious Saviour will redeem you.

NATURAL HISTORY.

A FIGHT—SNAKE AND DOGS.

[From the Adventures of a Cadet in India.]

Near the roots of many of these plants, were holes, resembling rabbit burrows. Suddenly one of the dogs, a spaniel, which had been hunting about at some distance in advance of us, gave a yell, which summoned the others to him, and we followed as fast as our bipedal powers would permit us. The dogs united in a general howl, and when we came up with them, we found them scratching almost madly in one of the above mentioned holes, but at a very respectful distance from the centre, for, from its interior issued an indescribable sound which might have appalled a lion. As near as I can convey an idea of it, it was a fierce hissing, mingled with a growl. Conceiving that the tenant of this asylum might be a weazel, or some animal of that tribe, we poked at the aperture with our sticks, and cheered the poor dogs on to an assault.

We could not, however, with all our endeavors, induce our best dog, though a noted *scratcher*, to invade the sanctuary; on the contrary, it appeared to be his object to fill up the hole, by throwing the earth into it. He also bit off every branch of the mudar-plant, laying each cautiously over the same place. At this time, one of the party suggested that the occupant might be a snake; whereupon we called the dogs, but they were under the influence of a spell, and paid not the least attention to us.

At length to make a long story short, as with justice I can, an enormous cobra de capello burst forth, furiously enraged. On the first appearance of his head, the four footed tribe retreated a few yards, then halted, turned, and held the foe at bay, whilst the rational portion of the party commended themselves to the protection of their locomotive engines, so well spoken of in Hudibras, and so naturally referred to on such occasions.

Our ignominious flight continued to the full distance of 20 paces, when we halted and faced about. We then witnessed a most extraordinary spectacle. In the centre of a large circle formed by the dogs, rose the snake, with head distended, and about a yard of his body erect, gracefully curved like the neck of a swan. In this attitude he wheeled rapidly about, fixing his diamond like eyes, quick as light, on any antagonist, which bolder than the rest, attempted to draw the circle closer around him. This war of "demonstrations" lasted for perhaps a quarter of an hour, the dogs barking furiously all the time, when one of them (the spaniel too) made a spring upon the reptile, when his head was partly turned in another direction, but he underrated the activity of his foe, and was bitten.

A general attack now commenced, and the snake was soon torn to pieces. He died not unrevenged, as Byron says. Two of the dogs received their death wounds, by being bitten in the upper lip, viz: the spaniel before mentioned and a valuable Scotch terrier. For about ten minutes afterwards, their spirits appeared to be unnaturally excited; they then began to sicken and retch, though they were unable to vomit; violent convulsions and death soon followed. The spaniel, which was first bitten, died in about twenty minutes, and the terrier in half an hour after the infliction of the wound.

Eau de luce would have saved them, had we had it at hand. I have myself witnessed the cure of a

man who was bitten by a venomous snake; he was restored by a tea spoonful of *eau de luce*, given in half a wine glass of water, and although he was in a state of insensibility, and foaming at his mouth, with his pulse apparently gone, yet in less than twenty minutes he became convalescent and able to walk.

RELIGION.

WILLIAM AND HIS FATHER, ABOUT SINGING.

W. What is singing? said a little boy to his father one Sabbath evening, after he had returned from Sabbath School; is it making sweet sounds with our voices which makes us feel happy?

F. My child, said the father, do you not know that singing is praising God? that it is a part of public worship? that when the minister reads a hymn the singers rise and sing?

W. Yes, father, I know when the minister reads a hymn, the singers up in the seats rise up and sing. And there is a man behind them, who plays on the organ, which makes a great noise. And sometimes when there is no organ, they have a number of instruments, which I like very much. If that is praising God why do not you and mamma, and sister sit there and praise him too. I thought when the minister says let us sing praise to God, and reads a hymn, that he means that all should sing his praise. Do the rest of the congregation take no part in this exercise, or do the singers up in the seats do it for them?

F. My child, said the father, those are very important questions. Singing is indeed a part of public worship, and we all ought to join. People have generally thought that there were only a few who could sing, and that it was the duty of those only to do the singing in the house of worship. Sometimes it has been difficult to obtain even a few to perform this part of public worship without hiring them with money. But we hope these days are going by, and the time is coming when all who worship in the sanctuary, will perform one of its most important duties.—*Musical Visitor.*

BENEVOLENCE.

THE LOST BOY.

The following interesting fact is related by Rev. J. H. Steward, in his account of the wreck of the "Rothsay Castle."

"Amidst these almost overwhelming distresses, involved in one general calamity, men, women, children, and even tender infants, it is a rest to the heart to turn for a moment to some marks of Divine mercy. I am sure, my very dear friends, the following incident related to me by the father of the boy, will deeply affect you. He was near the helm with his child grasping his hand, till the waves rolling over the quarter-deck, and taking with them several persons who were standing near them, it was no longer safe to remain there. The father took his child in his hand, and ran towards the shrouds, but the boy could not mount with him. He cried out, therefore, "Father! Father! do not leave me!" But finding that his son could not climb with him, and that his own life was in danger, he withdrew his hand. When morning came, the father was conveyed on shore with some other passengers who were preserved, and as he was landing, he said within himself, "How can I see my wife, without having our boy with me?" When, however, the child's parent let go his hand, his heavenly Father did not leave him. He was washed off the deck, but happily clung to a part of the wreck on which some other of the passengers were floating. With them he was miraculously preserved. When he was landing, not knowing of his father's safety, he said, "It is of no use to take me ashore, now I have lost my father." He was, however, carried, much exhausted, to the same house where his father had been sent, and actually placed in the same bed, unknown to either, till clasped in each other's arms. When we read the interesting fact, regarding this poor ship boy,

let us remember the words of David, "When my father and mother forsake me, then the Lord taketh me up."

THE COMPASSIONATE MERCHANT.

"James," said a merchant on Main street to his clerk the other morning, "go down to Water street to Mr. —, and tell him his rent must be paid to-day; I can't wait any longer, as he's already two quarters in arrear."

The clerk obeyed the direction, and soon returned with great appearance of mildness about his eyes. "Mr. — wants to see you, sir, about the rent very much."

The merchant happily was at leisure, and went at once to visit the tenant. He found him extended upon a coarse bed in an insensible state of a dangerous malady. His wife was busy over a scanty fire, apparently preparing some aliment for her sick husband. Three little children sat shivering in a corner. His approach was unnoticed.

"Ma," said one of the little urchins, "when be you going to get breakfast?"

"Breakfast! my dear child, that is more than I can tell."

The merchant advanced.

"My good woman—my good woman—them—that is"—and the worthy man felt very much like choking. He grasped his pocket-book convulsively, and laid some bills upon the table—he opened the door and disappeared.

"James," said he again to his clerk, "take this order to Mr. —, and tell him to have the provisions delivered immediately."

The merchant felt much better than he would have done if he had got his rent. There is something in a good action that makes one's heart feel lighter—warmer—better. We would publish the good man's name, but we know he would dislike it, and we could not for all the world offend him.

[Buffalo paper.]

PARENTAL.

A GOOD BOY.

No mother, who has a son far away, can run her eye over the following acknowledgement of a mother's letter, which we clip from the *Western World*, without pronouncing its author "a good boy." In announcing the arrival of a late mail, the editor beautifully remarks:

"It also brought us a letter from her who nourished us in infancy; from her who taught us our alphabet; a letter in the same hand writing of the finest copy after which we made our first attempt to trace the forms of letters; yes, a letter from her whose pious lips were the first to tell us of 'the sinfulness of sin,' and the excellence of virtue; from her whose cheek has paled in nightly watchings for months together, by the couch, to which, with shackles of pain, disease had bound us; from her who always acknowledged our joy with a smile, and our wo with a tear; from her who, though of no kindred blood, has ever loved us with a mother's love; and who now writes to repeat her warmest prayer that we may meet again on earth, and tell, in terms whose truth we know, that she who thus has ever loved us will love us thus forever. More than two long years have been passed since last we met, and more than the distance of earth's diameter divides us; and which time and distance may be more than twice double ere we meet again; yet, in reference to her, how warmly do we feel, and how truly say,

"Where'er I go, whatever realms to see
My heart untravelling fondly turns to thee."

A MOTHER'S INSTRUCTION.

The following quotation from an Address of the Principal of the Flushing Institute, Rev. Dr. Muhlenberg, should be laid in the heart of every mother.

We are often asked, "What kind of boys do you want?" To this question too the theory of our institution furnishes an answer. Give us such boys as have been blessed with the instructions of a pious mother. This is a qualification for which

no substitute can be found on earth. Never would we despair of the child who has been used in infancy to hear the precepts of heavenly truth inculcated in the accents of maternal love. Truths thus instilled live forever in the memory. They are interwoven with all the sensibilities of the soul. They are the fortress of conscience, not impregnable, it is true, but indistructable. They furnish the mind with chords which in later life seldom fail to vibrate to the touch of faithful expostulation. They are an inextinguishable spark, which being seemingly smothered under a heap of corruption; may be fanned by the breath of friendly and spiritual counsel into the pure and genial flame of piety. The child of a mother's prayers, said St. Augustine, (and may we not believe it?) is never lost. It is those children who have been dedicated to their Maker under the auspices of a pious and vigilant mother, whose education we should esteem it a happy and useful vocation to continue. While on the other hand, we should deem it an act of temerity equally hopeless and presumptuous, to become responsible for the youth in whose mind a mother's voice was connected with no other associations than those of apathy to religion and devotedness to the character and frivolities of the world.—*Flushing Journal*.

EDITORIAL.

PROVERBS.—SECOND SERIES.—No. 7.

"Grievous words stir up anger."

Fanny and Emily Maitland were two sisters, who also attended Miss Prescott's school. They too had staid after school, and imbibed the general enthusiasm about sights. They ran eagerly to their mother as soon as they reached home.

"Oh mother!" exclaimed both at once, "please to give me some silk to make a sight."

"Make a what!"

"A sight, mother; we will show you what it is after it's made, only please to give us some silk quick;" said Fanny.

"What kind of silk do you want?"

"Oh, any thing that has pretty colors; floss is the best. Haven't you some of the flosses left you used in embroidering that picture—you know, mother, the one you did at school?"

"Oh yes, those would be complete," exclaimed Emily, "haven't you any left, mother?"

"No, I think not. But here is a piece of silk which has all the colors of the rainbow in it; you can draw out the threads, and they will be as good as floss?"

"Yes, so they will; how much may we have of it, mamma?"

"You may divide it between you; here I will cut it."

So far all was well, and the girls proceeded to draw out the threads of silk with much glee.

"Now what are we to do for a glass," asked Fanny.

"Sure enough, that is the hardest part," said Mary, thoughtfully. "Oh I know!" she exclaimed at last starting up and running out of the room, while Fanny, calling in vain to her sister to stop and tell her too, followed. Mary ascended one flight of stairs after another, till she came to the attic, and then made her way to a large box, which seemed to be full of all sorts of mixed up contrivances. Old shoes, nails, pieces of leather and pasteboard, parts of old boxes and baskets, &c. appeared among the rest. Fanny reached the spot, panting with exertion, just as Mary had drawn out from this receptacle two pieces of broken looking-glass.

"Why didn't you tell me," said she, in rather a peevish tone, "what you were coming after."

"Tell you! yes, and let you get the largest piece first," replied her sister, provokingly. Mary held two pieces in her hand, of which one was nearly square, and larger than the other, which was more irregular in its shape. "I shall take this piece," said Mary, selecting the first, "and you can have the other if you want it."

"Oh dear! this isn't a good piece at all," said Fanny, mournfully; "why can't you help me to move some of these things, and see if there isn't a better piece at the bottom."

"Oh I can't; I want to be making my own sight! that piece will do well enough."

Fanny, after scratching her hands in the vain attempt to get at the bottom of the box, was obliged to content herself with what she had. Or rather, she was obliged to take it, for as to contenting herself with it, she did no such thing; but in a very fretful and complaining spirit, she set about making her sight. Mary meanwhile, satisfied with her own share, gave herself no concern about her sisters.

Fanny went up to her sister, after her unsuccessful search, and saw that she was scraping the quicksilver off the back of her piece of glass.

"What are you doing that for?" she asked.

"Why, how could any body see through it, without, you foolish child?"

"You needn't be so cross, Mary, I'm sure, just because I asked you a question. But that's just the way with you, always."

"Cross! nobody's cross but you, I'm sure."

It is not necessary to pursue this conversation any farther. The same fretfulness on the one hand, and the same proud and selfish disregard on the other, appeared in every thing that was said, till the sights were finished.

Then came the exhibition, and then a repetition of the same taunting observations.

"My sight is a hundred times prettier than yours."

"It's no such thing; James said mine was the prettiest."

"James knows much about it, to be sure. Boys always like gaudy things."

"Mine isn't gaudy. Besides, I've got the most pins."

"As to that, you don't know how many I've got."

"I do, too; you have got nineteen, and I have got twenty-two."

"Then what business had you to go to my box and count mine, I should like to know?"

But my young readers will undoubtedly agree with me that this is quite enough of such conversation. And I dare say it will confirm in your opinion, as it did in mine, the truth of Solomon's declaration, that "grievous words stir up anger." L.

BLIND BARTIMEUS.

The Rev. Mr. Kirk, in his recent visit to this city, preached one afternoon to the young. His sermon, which seemed greatly to interest the multitudes of children and youth present, was about the story of blind Bartimeus, in Mark 10: 46—52. He said, when we read a story like the one in the text, we must always think it all out. What is the first thing you see? A blind man. Where is he? By the way side. Near what place? Jericho. What is he doing? Begging, &c. Mr. K. then went on to show,

I. That unconverted children are like Bartimeus. They are like him in these three respects, 1. They are *blind*—blind, not in body but in sin. They do not see God in his house or in his word. They do not see their own hearts. 2. They are *poor*. Suppose I should see one of these children, as we go out of this house, weeping, and should ask, "What is the matter?" "I don't know where to go." "Have you no home?" "No sir; I have no home." "Have you nothing for supper?" "No, sir." Should we not pity the poor child? But suppose I should come to see one of you on a dying bed. I should ask, "Have you a home in heaven?" "No sir, I have no home." Poor, poor child, no home in heaven! 3. You are *helpless*. You need a powerful friend.

II. Jesus Christ is passing by. This is a mighty, glorious Saviour; he says, "Bring all these children to me. My church can be made up of children." The Saviour is passing by, because he will now hear

you pray; and because his Holy Spirit is here. Many children are rejoicing in the Saviour. It is a blessed time for the young. Parents and ministers are doing a great deal for them.

III. Bartimeus felt that *that* was the important time for him. And now is the important time for children. Now they should pray, and ask the Saviour for new hearts.

IV. Just as soon as Bartimeus began to call on Jesus Christ, the Saviour stood right still and heard him. How condescending in Jesus, to stop and hear the poor blind beggar! And he will stop and hear children when they pray to him. Yes, you can stop Jesus right still. Supposing Jesus Christ were walking down this aisle, and one of you should say, "Dear Jesus, do give me a new heart." He would stop and hear you.

V. Bartimeus, when he heard that the Saviour called him, threw away his cloak. Why was this; he was poor and had no money to buy more. It was only a large piece of cloth which he threw around his shoulders, and it was in his way. Some of you will find difficulties in going to Jesus. Other children may laugh at you, when you begin to pray. But you should always think of the people who tried to stop Bartimeus; the more they tried, the more a great deal he cried, "Jesus, thou Son of David, have mercy on me." What is it prevents some of these children from coming to Christ? Whatever it is, it is like Bartimeus' old cloak—you must throw it away.

VI. Jesus healed Bartimeus. How happy he must have been. Supposing you were blind and had never seen your dear mother, and suddenly sight should be given you to behold her pleasant face, how happy would you be. If you should be healed from the blindness of sin, you could see God and the Saviour. You would see them in the Bible, in the Sanctuary, and every time you visit your closets.

VII. Bartimeus followed the Saviour. Mr. K. here told the children, that the object of his sermon was, to get them to follow Jesus. He mentioned some ways in which they could do it, and some examples of children who had followed the Saviour; and he repeated a beautiful hymn about Bartimeus, and said he loved to hear little children repeat it.

POETRY.

LITTLE CHILDREN.

BY MARY HOWITT.

Sporting through the forest wide,
Playing by the water side,
Wandering o'er the heathy fells,
Down within the woodland dells,
All among the mountains wild,
Dwellet many a little child!
In the Baron's hall of pride,
By the poor man's dull fire-side,
'Mid the mighty, 'mid the mean,
Little children may be seen;
Like the flowers that spring up fair,
Bright and countless every where!
In the far isles of the main,
In the desert's lone domain,
In the savage mountain glen,
'Mong the tribes of swarthy men
Where so'er the sun hath shone,
On a league of peopled ground,
Little children may be found!
Blessings on them!—they in me
Move a kindly sympathy,
With their wishes, hopes and fears,
With their laughter, and their tears,
With their wonder so intense,
And their small experience!
Little children, not alone
On the wide earth are you known;
'Mid its labors and its cares,
'Mid its sufferings and its snares;
Free from sorrow, free from strife,
In the world of love and life,
Where no sinful thing hath trod
In the presence of our God!
Spotless, blameless, glorified,
Little children, ye abide!

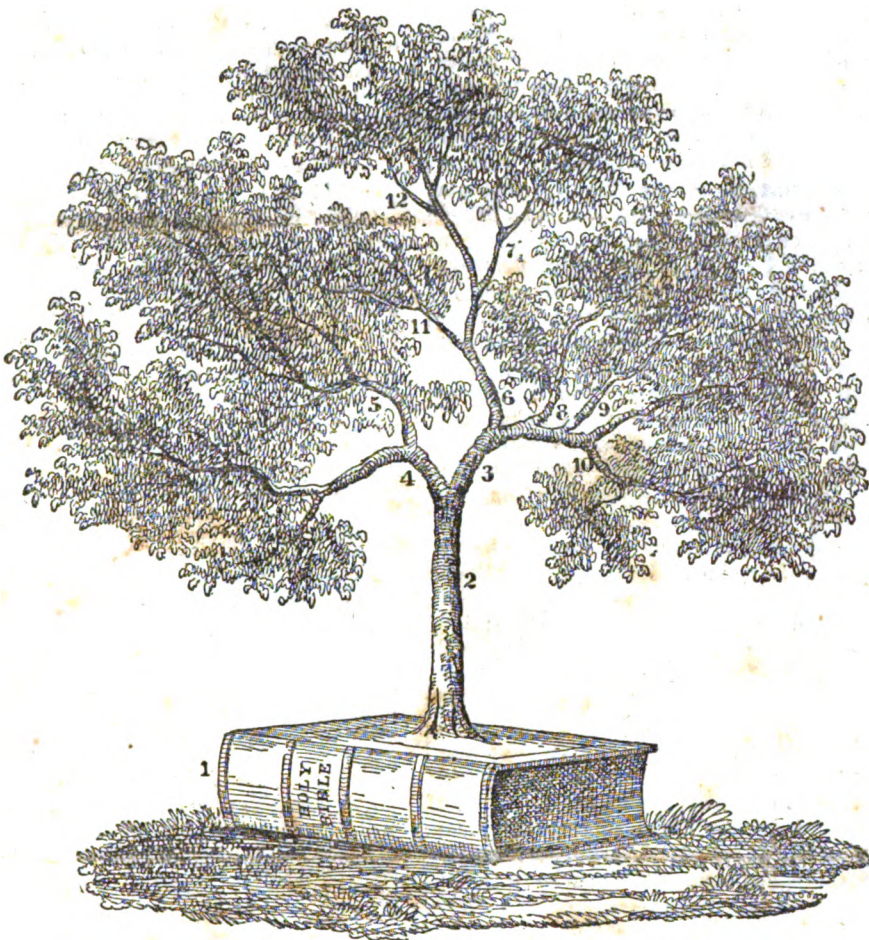
YOUTH'S COMPANION.

Published Weekly, by NATHANIEL WILLIS, at the Office of the Boston Recorder, No. 11, Cornhill.—Price, \$1.00 a year in advance; or \$1.25 if not paid in advance.

NO. 14.

BOSTON, AUGUST 14, 1840.

VOL. XIV.



1. Holy Bible.
2. Christian Church.
3. Written word of God.
4. Preached word of God.

5. Missionary Cause.
6. Civilization.
7. Education Cause.
8. Tract Cause.

9. Sunday School Cause.
10. Temperance Cause.
11. Arts.
12. Sciences.

Written for the Youth's Companion.

THE BIBLE TREE.

Every child has seen trees growing. You know that the tree has strong roots, which go down deep into the earth. These roots are like mouths. They suck up moisture and nourishment into the tree. This moisture is called sap, and it feeds the tree and makes it grow, just as your food makes you grow. The sap goes out even to the tips of the smallest branches and into every leaf. If the tree is planted in good earth, where it can get plenty of nourishment, it will grow fast, and be full of branches and leaves. If the soil in which it is planted is sandy or stony, so that it cannot get much food, it will grow slowly.

The object of this picture is to show you how all that is good grows out of the Bible, and is supported by it. Where the Bible is known, the people have civilization; and the arts and sciences; and all sorts of benevolent societies. But in countries where the Bible is not known, the people are savage, or only half civilized. They live in a very rude manner, and have few comforts and conveniences. They do not understand the arts of building, and weaving, and painting, and cutlery, as we do. They do not know anything about other countries; they have not the sciences of geography, and astronomy and mathematics, as we have.

Of course they have no correct ideas of God. They worship some disgusting idol, or perhaps some evil spirit. As to Missionary Societies, Tract Societies, &c. of course, they never heard of such things. The design of Missionary Societies is to send out ministers to preach to those who are

ignorant, and teach them the way of life. But how can these people teach others what they do not know themselves? How can they educate others when they are not educated themselves? How can they send out tracts when they do not know how to write or print?

We must do all these things for them, till they learn how to do for themselves. If we send them the Bible, in their own language, and they learn to read and understand it, they will soon have every thing else that is good. They will leave off worshipping idols and begin to serve God. They will cease to lie and steal and kill each other, and learn to be kind, to speak the truth, and to be honest. They will then begin to care for others, as ignorant as they used to be, and will want to send the Bible to them.

Thus you see the Bible is the good soil in which the Tree of Life and Knowledge, of Holiness and Happiness must be planted. If you give some of your money to send the Bible to the heathen, you will make a leaf or a little branch grow on that tree.

L.

RELIGION.

Written for the Youth's Companion.

THE LITTLE GIRL WHO THOUGHT SHE WAS TOO YOUNG TO BE A CHRISTIAN.

I spent a day or two at a brother minister's house in the town of G—, N. H. He had a daughter named Ellen, a little girl with a kind and gentle heart, and quick to learn. One morning I arose early, and sat down in my chamber to write in my Journal. Soon Ellen came and got upon

my knee, and said she wanted to talk with me. So I began to talk with her about Jesus Christ, and to tell her Jesus loved little children, and how he suffered and died for them, and wanted all little children to love him, and go to be with him in Heaven. Ellen looked at me very earnestly with tears in her eyes, and said, "I should like to be a Christian." "You may be one if you wish, as well as your pa and ma." "I wish pa would let me be a Christian." "Dear Ellen, your pa would be glad to have you, if you wish to be one. Don't you think he would?" "I don't believe he would let me be put into the church till I am as old and big as ma is." "Don't you think your pa wants you to love Jesus Christ?" "I suppose he does." "Don't he want you to go to Heaven when you die, and be where Christ and all good people are?" "I don't know. I should think he would want me to go there!" "I know, dear Ellen, your pa wants you to be a Christian, and go to Heaven when you die!" "Did he tell you so?" "No; but I heard him pray for you last night, that you might be a Christian and go to Heaven. He wants all the little children in the Sabbath School to be Christians, and he tries to make them so." "Would he let me go into the church if I loved the Saviour?" "Yes, my dear, I am sure he would, if he thought you loved the Saviour. What makes you think he would not let you go into the church?" "Because he thinks I a'n't old enough, and big enough."

Here Ellen jumped down from my knee and went out of the room. I continued my writing. In about half an hour she returned with a Sabbath School book in her hand, which she had been reading. She got upon my knee and showed me this passage, quoted from Proverbs, 8, 17. "I love them that love me, and those that seek me early shall find me." She wanted to know what it meant? So I got a Bible and found the verse and showed it to her. I will leave out our talk about the first part of the verse, which was affecting to me, & give you that which relates to the latter part.

"What, dear Ellen, does the latter part of the verse mean?" "I don't know." "What is meant by those that seek me early?" "Those that seek him while they are young." "How young may they seek God, and love him and serve him?" "I don't know." "How young can they seek him? You said a little while ago that you were too young to love Christ, and be a Christian." "Well, a'n't I? Would God let me find him while I am so young?" "How old are you, dear Ellen?" "Only six years old." "Did you ever read about John Moony Mead?" "Yes, sir!" "How old was he?" "Four years old." "How old was William Abbott Douglass?" "Three years and eight months." "Did they not love God and pray to him?" "Yes, sir." "Then can't you be a Christian and seek God in prayer? You are six years old." "I should like to be a Christian if pa did not think I was too young." "My dear child, you never was too young to love your pa, were you?" "No, indeed; I loved him when I was a little baby and could not talk!" "Why! can't you love God as well as you can your pa, while you are a little child?" "Pa is so good to me I can't help loving him!" "Is not God as good to you as your pa is? Don't he take as good care of you?" "Yes, God keeps me alive, and makes me well, and takes care of me when I am asleep." "Then, dear Ellen, you can love God, as well as you can your pa; and if you are a little child, but six years old, if you seek God in prayer, you will find him. God loves to have all little children pray to him, and be Christians." H. C. W.

MORALITY.

CONVERSATION.

Supposing my young friends to be on their guard against the graver errors of the tongue, such as direct falsehood, misrepresentation, calumny, insinuation, violation of confidence, and the like, I would warn them against a few of the lesser sins of young people, which, from their very commonness, might escape their notice in the earlier stages of self-discipline; such as the love of ridicule, the spirit of exaggeration, &c. which are so apt to pervade the conversation of inexperienced girls, and are often indulged in by them without a suspicion of their real nature and tendency.

The practice of turning into ridicule whatever does not please her, in the appearance or conduct of others, too often gains a young lady the reputation of being a very agreeable companion, and her lively sallies are mistaken for wit; whereas there is no faculty of the mind that can be cultivated at a less expense of wit and wisdom, than that of ridicule, and none that finds more ready auditors; for the silliest can join in the laugh which it raises, and the wisest can hardly resist its infection.

A sense of the ridiculous is an original faculty of the human mind; it is much keener in some individuals than in others, and, under proper management, it might possibly find its place in a Christian character; but it is like some plants, which though wholesome in themselves, are never admitted into our gardens, because they spread too rapidly, and root out what is far more valuable. The love of ridicule grows by indulgence, till it destroys the power of discrimination, lessens the sensibility to others' pain, disturbs the balance of justice, blunts all noble and generous feelings, and gives a general taint of coarseness to the whole character. There is nothing too innocent or unobtrusive to be food for this morbid love of sport; nothing too valuable or too beautiful to be viewed in this false light; nothing too high and nothing too low to minister to this diseased appetite; and the pain which it often inflicts on those who are its innocent objects is a small evil compared with the immense injury it does to the mind that entertains it. Besides the evils already enumerated, the love of ridicule indisposes the mind to find pleasure in admiring, which is robbing it of one of its noblest attributes; one stamped with the approbation of God by being made the source of pure and exquisite enjoyment. If you would taste the full happiness of admiring all that is good, and true, and beautiful in the beings who surround you, avoid the practice of ridiculing them, for these cannot exist together.

Equally common with the love of ridicule is the spirit of exaggeration. How many persons, who would be shocked at the idea of telling a deliberate falsehood, yet daily violate truth by exaggerated statements and extravagant expressions. This fault often shows itself in childhood, and has its origin in the activity of the imagination, joined to an imperfect knowledge of language; where it is not early corrected, it grows with the growth and strengthens with the strength, and becomes one of the most incurable maladies of the mind. By some it is suddenly assumed as a means of making themselves agreeable to their companions, or by way of equalling them in their style of conversation. Now I would earnestly beg those who are voluntarily adopting this habit of speech, as they would learn an accomplishment, to avoid it while it is yet in their power, and to regard it in its true light, as a sin against God, against their fellow beings, and against their own nature.

It is a sin against God, inasmuch as it violates his holy laws, which require perfect truth of speech. It is a sin against our fellow-creatures, because it lessens the confidence necessary to social intercourse, and because it leads to misrepresentation and injustice. It is a sin against our own natures, because it deadens the conscience, lessens the reverence for truth, blunts that nice perception by which we are intended to see things as they really are, and accustoms the mind to en-

tertain distorted and inflated visions of its own creating.

Besides all this moral attendant on a habit of exaggeration, it is a great mistake to suppose that it makes a person more agreeable, or that it adds to the importance of her statements. The value of a person's words is determined by her habitual use of them. "I like it much." "It is well done," will mean as much in some mouths as "I am infinitely delighted," "Tis the most exquisite thing you ever saw," will in others. Such large abatements are necessarily made for the statements of these romancers, that they really gain nothing in the end, but find it difficult sometimes to obtain credence for so much as is really true; whereas a person who is habitually sober and discriminating in her use of language will not only inspire confidence, but be able to produce a great effect by the occasional use of a superlative.

Fidelity and exactness are indispensable in a narrative, and the habit of exaggerating destroys the power of accurate observation and recollection which would render the story truly interesting. If, instead of trying to embellish her account with the fruits of her imagination, a young lady possessed the power of seizing upon the points best worth describing, and could give an exact account of them, she would be far more entertaining than any exaggeration could make her, for there is no romance like that of real life; and no imaginings of an inexperienced girl can equal in piquancy the scenes and characters that are every day presented to our view. Extravagant expressions are sometimes resorted to, in order to atone for deficiencies of memory and observation; but they will never hide such defects, and an habitual use of them lowers the tone of the mind, and leads to other deviations from the simplicity of truth and nature.

Another way of falsifying a narrative is by taking for granted what you do not know, and speaking of it as if you did. This jumping at conclusions is a fruitful source of false reports, and does great mischief in the world. Let no one imagine that she is walking conscientiously, who is not in the habit of discriminating nicely between what she knows to be fact and what she only supposes to be such.—*Young Ladies' Friend.*

INFANT SCHOOL CONVERSATION.

"Be harmless as doves."

A little boy said, "Master, Jesus Christ was harmless as a dove." "Who was Jesus Christ?" "The Son of God." Another remarked, "He came into the world to save sinners." "What is a sinner?" "A person or child who breaks God's law; every body has sinned." "What do sinners deserve?" "To be punished in hell for ever." "Who punishes sinners?" "Almighty God." "Did you ever hear of any body who was punished in hell?" "Yes, the rich man at whose gate Lazarus was laid; and he could not get a drop of water to cool his tongue; O, how he must have suffered!" "Will all sinners be punished as he was?" "No; those who repent of their sins, and believe in Jesus Christ, and get a new heart, will be saved; and then they will be happy in heaven for ever." "Who will save them?" "Jesus will." "How do you know?" "Because Jesus came into the world to save sinners." "Master, you read that to us out of the Bible." "What did I read out of the Bible?" "This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptance, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners." "And you read, 'God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life.'" "Who loved the world?" "God." "What did he do for the world?" "Loved it." "How did he show that he loved it?" "He gave his only begotten Son." "Why did he give his only begotten Son?" "That whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life." "What is everlasting life?" "To live with God, and Jesus Christ, and his holy angels in

heaven." "How long has God lived in heaven?" "Always; and he always will live there, because he is eternal." "Why is he eternal?" "He never had a beginning and he will never come to an end." "Who lived before God, then?" "Master, there could not be any body living before God, for he never had a beginning; but he made all things; so all other things must have had a beginning, because God made them." This answer was given by a boy five years of age.

A Child's Answer.

"A child having read a sermon on the importance of children's being good, was asked what he thought of it. He replied; 'I think, mother, it is a great deal easier to tell people how to be good, than to be so ourselves.'"

From the Mother's Monthly Journal.

RIPE CHERRIES—TRUTH.

There was, several years ago, a little girl, whose name was Maria Corey. If you wish to know how she looked, I can tell you something about it. She was very large of her age, and had not a small waist or handsome shoulders, and she appeared to be several years older than she really was. And now you begin to think she was not very handsome, and you think right; she was not. But this, you know, is of no great consequence, and I suppose you would much rather know whether she was good, than whether she was handsome. I cannot say that she was always good; there were some traits in her character which were not good, and which I should not like to have you follow; but these I shall pass over, and tell you of something which I should like to have you copy. Maria loved to read very much. She read all the books for children which she could obtain, but these were not as plenty as they now are; and she used to read a great many others, which were written for older people. There is one book that is intended for men and women, and children too. This Maria read through when she was a very small girl. Can you think what this book was? "The Bible, the Bible," says some bright-eyed boy or girl. Yes, you are right; and I hope you will follow Maria's example in that.

When Maria was eight or nine years old, she was invited to spend a few weeks with a lady of her mother's acquaintance, of whom she was very fond. This visit the little girl expected to enjoy very much, and she was not disappointed. The lady had a little babe, just large enough for Maria to play with, a fine, good natured little fellow, whom Maria soon learned to love very much, for she had no little brother or sister at home, and she thought she never before saw such a pretty, sweet, pleasant, little baby. The lady whom she visited, too, was very kind, and took a great deal of pains to make her visit pleasant. But there was something else, beside the pleasant lady and the sweet babe, that Maria found, which she liked very much. There was at the lady's house a library, belonging to a ladies' reading society, and she was so kind as to unlock the door of the book-case where it was kept, and tell the little girl that she might read as many of the books as she pleased. This was a privilege indeed, and Maria thankfully improved it. Among other books she found one which was all about lying, and which was called "Illustrations of Lying." She could not understand the whole of this book, for it was not written on purpose for her, as the one you are reading is for you, but what she could understand she liked very much, and she thought she would try always to remember it, and never tell a lie again.

After the week was passed, Maria gave William the last kiss, bade farewell to the kind lady, and returned home. She was happy to see her father and mother and sister, and to play with her dolls once more; but she did not forget little William, and she thought a great deal about the book she had read while she was away, and tried to follow its directions.

When Maria was about twelve years old she left Miss Hamilton's school, which she had been attending, and commenced going to the village academy. As she left the school Miss Hamilton said, "You must not forget to visit me, Maria."

"I should like to come very much," said the little girl.

"In about a month," continued Miss Hamilton, "our cherries will be ripe, and I should like very much to have you come then."

"I shall be very happy to come, if my mother

is willing," said Maria as she finished tying up her books, and took her bonnet.

"Good bye, dear," said Miss Hamilton; remember I shall expect you in cherry time."

"Good bye," said Maria, as she ran gaily home.

"Oh, mother," said she, the moment she opened the door, panting for breath, "Miss Hamilton appeared very sorry to have me leave school, and she has invited me to go to her father's, when cherries are ripe. Are you willing I should go?"

"We can tell better about that when the time arrives," said her mother; "but I think you may go if nothing happens to prevent."

"I shall have to come home before school is dismissed, shall I not, mother? for it is so far to Mr. Hamilton's that it will be dark before I get home, if I do not, and I shall be afraid to be out."

"Yes, dear; but you must not talk any more now, for you see I have a book in my hand, and I wish to read."

Days and weeks passed away, and cherries were fully ripe, and Maria said, "May I come home early to night, mother, and go to see Miss Hamilton?"

"Yes," answered her mother, "if Miss Morton is willing."

Afternoon came, and just as Maria was about to rise, and request to be dismissed, a young lady, who was a boarding scholar, asked permission to go.

"Why do you wish to be dismissed?" said Miss Morton.

The young lady said she wished to take a ride with her landlady.

"No," said Miss Morton, "I think you had better attend to your studies in school hours, and take your amusement at other times."

Scarcely had the young lady taken her seat, when Maria arose. "What do you wish for, Maria?" said Miss Morton.

"I wish to be dismissed. My mother gave me leave to go home early, if you were willing."

"Why do you ask such a question," said Miss Morton, "when I just now refused another the same privilege?"

"Because," answered Maria, in a calm, respectful voice, "she was boarding out, but my mother gave me leave."

Miss Morton paused a moment, and then said, "Yes, the cases are different; if you think your mother will be disappointed if you do not go, you may be dismissed."

Maria wished much to go, but she knew it would not be her mother, but herself who would be disappointed; she could not bear to deceive, and she said, "My mother will not be disappointed," and sat down.

Miss Morton looked upon her with a smile, and said, "I am glad you are so candid, Maria," and Maria saw that her teacher approved of what she had done, and she felt, in her own heart, that she had done right.

When Maria went home at night, and told her mother the reason she was not dismissed, her brother said she should not lose her visit, for he would go with her after tea, the next day. So you see Maria did not lose her visit by telling the truth. She went the next day, and Miss Hamilton appeared very happy to see her. It was a beautiful evening; the sun had not yet gone down, but it shone with less brightness than it had done in the earlier part of the day, and the long shadows showed that it was near setting. The yard of Mr. Hamilton was surrounded by fruit trees, and underneath was the soft green grass, with here and there a spot filled with fragrant flowers. The cherry trees were loaded with fruit, some of which hung so low that Maria could reach the ripe cherries with her own hand; and every little while, as Miss Hamilton found a nicer bunch than the rest, she would say, "Here is a bunch for you, Maria." Every thing was so beautiful, the air so sweet, and Miss Hamilton so pleasant, that Maria hardly knew how the time passed, till her brother told her it was time to go home. Miss Hamilton filled the little girl's work-basket with cherries for her to carry home to her mother and sister; Maria had her good evening, and they parted. The moon was shining, and the stars were beginning to peep out, as Maria went home; but she was not afraid, for she held fast her brother's hand, and he was a man. Do not you think she was happier than she would have been if she had gone the afternoon before, and left her teacher to believe that which was not true?—*Unruly Member.*

THE NURSERY.

DUTY AND THE RABBITS.

An older sister had usually accompanied little Alice to her school, but circumstances rendered it necessary that she should be placed for a time, under the protection of her brother James. James was fond of Alice, and seemed much pleased with the idea of enjoying the company of the little prattler on his long walk to school.

"Oh! dear!" said James one morning, as he looked at the clock, "twenty minutes of nine! I shall certainly be late." As he said this he crowded his books into his satchel and caught up his cap from the table. In a moment he was half way down to the garden-gate, when suddenly recollecting Alice, he turned somewhat impatiently to look for her. She was just coming out of the door, and looked so smiling and happy, that James could not help pleasantly saying, "Why Alice, you look as fresh and blooming as a rose."

"James," said his mother as she stood at the window watching their departure, "take good care of your sister."

They walked on for some time silently. James was thinking of his Latin Grammar, and Alice was busy in plucking all the prettiest flowers and arranging them into a nosegay for her teacher. Presently they came to the top of a hill which over-looked the school-house. James saw a number of his companions standing before the door apparently much engaged in conversation. He was very eager to join them, and began to run, and to urge on after him his little sister. Alice had walked much faster than usual all the way, and now really felt herself unable to keep up with her brother.

"James," said she, "do wait for me. Come and take hold of my hand. I'm tired, and I can't walk any faster."

"Oh!" said he, "I cannot come back. I am in a great hurry, but I will wait for you till you get up to me."

Alice attempted to run and seize the hand which James held out to her, but unluckily she tripped against a stone, and fell to the ground.

James was busy in brushing off the dirt and dust from Alice's delicate dress, and endeavoring to divert her attention from her soiled apron, when some one called to him from behind. Upon turning round he perceived his school-mate, Tom, running towards him.

"Holloa! James," said he, "What makes you so late this morning? I've come to tell you that William Stone has got his rabbits, and we are all going to see them after school. There are four of them. Two white ones and two gray ones."

"Oh! I should be delighted to go," said James, "but," continued he, hesitating and speaking in rather a low tone of voice, "I don't believe I can."

"Don't believe you can," said Tom. "Why not?"

"Why, I suppose I must go home with my sister," replied James.

"Nonsense!" said Tom, "just as if she couldn't find her way home without you. But come along," continued he, pulling James by the arm, "or we shall be late."

They at length arrived at the little school-house where Alice was to be left.

"Shall I wait for you under the elm tree?" said she, as they parted. James did not answer her, for he was very busy just then, contriving some plan; by which he might get his sister safely home, and go and see the rabbits too.

"Oh! now I know how I can manage it," thought he, "I will run over in recess and tell her to go home with the Nelson's. Mother won't care just for once, if she does walk with them."

In recess he ran over to tell Alice his plan, but the Nelsons were absent that day from school, and he was almost glad of it, for he secretly felt that his mother would not have approved of such a plan. But what should he do. He considered for some time, and then told Alice that she might

start for home alone when school was done, and that he would try to overtake her.

After school James with the other boys went to see the rabbits. They lingered to admire and wonder at the little animals, till William Stone was called to dinner. The moment James turned to go home, he thought of Alice. He ran as fast as he could through the village till he arrived at the church. He looked at the clock and saw that it was just one. Giving up now all hopes of overtaking Alice, he walked slowly and thoughtfully home.

As he approached the garden gate, he thought everything seemed very still and quiet, and he feared that his little sister might not have arrived home, or that some accident had befallen her. His fears were soon dispelled however, for on going into the parlor, he found her safe and happy, playing with her doll. Upon inquiring he learned that her teacher had taken charge of her on her way home. His mother had gone to visit a friend, and who would know that James had not fulfilled his duty towards his sister?

The next day was damp and unpleasant, and it was a matter of some discussion whether it was best for Alice to go to school. After considerable conversation on the subject, James' mother suddenly turned to him and said, "James you can take good care of her, and I think she had better go. There will be some wet places, but you can lift her over, and by noon, I think it may be pleasant."

James blushed at the remembrance of his conduct the day before, but no one observed it.

"Oh! yes," said he, "do let her go. I will take good care of her."

"I have no doubt of it," said his mother, "I can assure you I should not trust my little girl in the hands of an unfaithful boy."

"I wish," thought James, as she said this, "that my mother could always repose confidence in me. It shall not be my fault, if she does not, in future. How I wish I had done my duty yesterday. I might have seen the rabbits another time. I do not merit my mother's praise. How mean and dishonorable it is for me to receive praise when I do not deserve it. I wish she knew of my conduct yesterday; I must tell her."

He looked up from the book on which he had been unconsciously gazing. Nobody was in the room but his mother.

"James," said she, "I am going into town this afternoon, should you like to go with me?"

"Oh! yes," said James, "very much indeed, but—"

"But what?" asked his mother.

"But I did something wrong which I must tell you of first," replied James.

"Wrong, James," said his mother, "explain yourself."

"Why, I left Alice to come home alone yesterday noon, while I went to see William Stone's rabbits."

"I thought Alice was safe under your care, James," said his mother, "I am very glad however that you have told me how it was. There is always some hope of children when they acknowledge it frankly, when they have done wrong. You certainly did wrong; you betrayed a trust; you proved an unfaithful protector."

"I think I shall always take good care of Alice in future," said James.

"I hope you will," said his mother, "but you know you are easily led astray by temptation. I am sorry I cannot take you into town this afternoon, but I must deny myself the pleasure. However, you will spend a much happier afternoon at home, than you could have done in town with a burdened conscience. You must learn to persevere in duty, and to resist temptation. I hope by staying at home this afternoon, you will longer remember this hard lesson."

Just then little Alice made her appearance equipped for school, and the conversation was interrupted.—*Sabbath Day Book.*

EDITORIAL.

PROVERBS.—SECOND SERIES.—No. 8.

"The beginning of strife is as when one letteth out water."

Did you ever see a little stream of water that had broken through a banking of soft earth? At first, perhaps, it has but a narrow passage, and runs in a small stream; but it keeps coming with more and more force, and washes away more and more of the earth, until it makes for itself a wide passage, and flows in a full and rapid torrent.

So it is, the proverb tells us, with strife. It may begin in a very small way, with some petty contradiction or harsh word; but it does not end there. It goes on increasing in vehemence till it cannot be restrained. Did you ever hear disputes which illustrated this fact? If not, listen to this. The speakers are John and George Parkwell.

"John, I wish you would put back my saw into its place when you have done using it. You *know* I don't like to have it left about."

"Well, I wish you would wait till I have had your saw before you begin talking to me about it. I haven't touched your saw."

"Why John! You know you had it yesterday afternoon; I lent it to you myself."

"Well, what's that to the purpose; I put it away afterwards, and what is more you used it yourself this morning."

"I didn't use it this morning; I have not had it since you borrowed it, and if you had put it away, it would have been in its place this morning."

"I tell you I *did* put it away, and you had it yourself sawing that board for a hen-coop this morning, for I saw you with my own eyes."

"You didn't see me with your own eyes nor any body else's, for it was yesterday morning I sawed that board. I guess I shan't be in a hurry to lend you my saw again."

"Keep your old saw, who wants it? I can have one enough better, if I want it."

Now you see these boys were both to blame. I do not know which was in the right about having used the saw last, but they were *both* to blame to quarrel about it. Suppose John had replied to his brother's first remark, "Yes, I know you do not like to have your saw left out, George, and I think I put it away. Are you sure you have not used it since?" And then if George had replied in the affirmative, he might have said, "Well, I suppose I am mistaken; I will try to be more careful another time."

Or suppose that George had said, when his brother told him he had used the saw himself that morning, "I think it was yesterday morning, brother; but no matter, we won't dispute about it; only you will please to put it away next time, won't you?"

Don't you think the "strife" would have ended in the "beginning?" And will you do so the next time you are tempted to quarrel? L.

VARIETY.

Never tell a Lie.

"James, lay away your book now, and come and sit down by my side. I want to tell you a story about a little boy that never told a lie."

"Do you know what it is to tell a lie, James?"

"Yes, mamma. Once Billy the big boy took my book, when I was away, and hid them, and then told me he did not touch them; and that was a lie."

"Does Billy often tell a lie?"

"I don't know, mamma; the boys don't believe anything he says."

"Once I knew a little boy, whose name was George. He was a very good boy. He *never* told a lie. One Sabbath evening his mother read to him in the Bible about God and Jesus Christ, and how Jesus Christ had said no liar shall ever enter heaven. She told George if he loved his Saviour, and wished to please him, he must be very careful never to tell a lie. Jesus Christ could hear it, and would know it, though it was spoken in a whisper. And she told George too about that place of misery, where all

wicked people are sent far away from God and heaven. O, it is a dreadful place; and there all who tell lies must be sent to dwell forever.

"And she put her hand on her little boy's head, and the tears came into her eyes, and she said, 'George, remember this; and never, while you live, tell a lie. Never be so cowardly and wicked. I had rather die, and leave my little boy without a mother, than live to see him grow up a liar, grieving, disobeying, and offending his Saviour every day.'

George never forgot this Sabbath evening talk. He was a brave and a good boy. He would rather be punished any time than tell a lie. He would lose all his playthings and all his playtime rather than tell a lie. Every body believed and loved him; and they called him 'Good George.' The Saviour loved him too; and George was a happy boy. He never told a lie.

[*Infant Series.*]

What is Prayer?

"James, do you remember what I told you about God and Jesus Christ?"

"Yes, mamma. You said God is a very great and good Being, and knows every thing I say and think and do. But what is it to pray to God?"

"Are you ever a naughty boy?" James kicked the leg of the stool, and did not answer. "Yes, sometimes you are naughty, very naughty. You do not mind your mother quick. You get angry and strike your little sister, and you scold because you have to take care of her when your mother is busy, and you let her tumble down, and pull her about, and you are not kind to her. This is wicked and wrong. You know when you are a naughty boy, and God knows. God is grieved and displeased when you do wrong. He says you must obey your father and mother, and must not get angry, and must be kind and affectionate." "When I get angry then I can't help it." "I will tell you how you can help it, James. Every morning when you get up, before you come down stairs, you must kneel down and ask God to take care of you through all the day, and to make you a good boy, and keep you from getting angry, and help you to mind your mother, and to be pleasant and kind all the day long. God can hear you, and if you try to be a good boy, he will help you. Then at night, before you go to sleep, you must kneel down again by your little bed, and tell God all you have done. If you were a good boy, tell God, and thank him for inclining and helping you to do right. If you have been naughty, tell him that too, and ask him to forgive you, and give you a better heart. Ask him to take care of you while you sleep. God never sleeps. He will hear little James and all children when they tell him what they have done and what they want. This is *praying*. And you must pray every night and morning, if you would have God make you a good child." [16.]

Wonders of a Watch.

The common watch, it is said, beats or ticks 17,160 times in an hour. This is 411,840 a day: and 150,424,560 a year, allowing the year to be 365 days and 6 hours.

Sometimes watches will run, with care, a hundred years; so I have heard people say. In that case it would beat 15,042,456,000 times! Is it not surprising that it should not be beat to pieces in half that time?

The watch is made of hard metal. But I can tell you of a curious machine which is made of something not near so hard as steel or brass; it is not much harder than the flesh of your arm. Yet it will beat more than 5,000 times an hour; 120,000 times a day; and 43,830,000 times a year. It will sometimes, though not often, last 100 years; and when it does, it beats 4,383,000,000 times.

One might think this last machine, soft as it is, would wear out sooner than the other. But it does not. I will tell you one thing more. You have this little machine about you. You need not feel in your pocket, for it is not there. It is in your body—you can feel it beat;—it is your heart!

THE FLOWER BOY.

A JUVENILE RECITATION, WITH A BASKET OF FLOWERS.

Come ladies, I've roses and posies to sell,
I'm the flower boy known hereabouts very well;
To my sweet daily task I am constant and true,
And I gather my flowers while wet with the dew.
Just look how they sparkle with the bright morning
gem,
So nicely bunch'd up, too,—not one broken stem.
They'll keep fresh and fragrant, I'm sure, the day
through,
Only buy a few bunches, dear ladies, pray do.

Come buy my primroses and lilies so fair—
Only see—what a sweet little bunch I have there;
I have all sorts of nosegays, to suit every one,
From the shade, paly-flowers—some bright from the sun.

Humble Miss, here are lilies, and violets, too,
They are meek, lowly flowers, just suited to you;
This half-opened bud, too, has something to say—
"Be modest, retiring—though cheerful and gay."

Here's the hide away cowslip, you'd know its sweet
breath,

Without looking for it, to twine in your wreath.

Ah! good humored lady—so merry and gay—
This bunch will suit you. What a splendid display!

Double roses, and scarlet bells, mixed with bright
green,

With sweet yellow jessamine peeping between!

Only see the moss rose buds, and wild flowers, too;
Come, ladies, for charity's sake, buy a few.

I've fragrant sweet briar, and here's mignonette,
'Tis the freshest and sweetest you've ever seen yet.

Morning glories, and stars, scarlet runners so gay,
For those who rise early and are busy all day.

For the careless and idle I've a sly cunning gift,
'Tis bunches of hops, mixed with speed-well and
thrift;

By way of reproof, too,—just to give them a hunch,
Trumpet creepers and sloe berries, all in one bunch!

For the fretful and headstrong, only see what a show;
Tiger lilies, passion flowers, and snap-dragons, too!

With snow balls and snow drops, for keeping them
cool,

'Tis as much as to say, never let passion rule.

For gad-about gossips in other folk's matters,
Here's touch-me-not, thistles, and loose-strife, and
medlars.

Young spinsters of fifty I think I could please,
With love-lies-a-bleeding, and sprigs of heart's-ease;

Some teasing fine coxcomb, with sweet williams, gay,
Sweet balm, johnny-jumpers, and bob-run-away!

For young men of forty, here's a bunch that would do,
A bright mary-gold, with a blue-bell or two—

Or a few ladies tresses, their hearts to ensnare,
And a sweet polly-anthus, with bright-golden hair,

Ragged-ladies, romantic vines, fly-traps, and old-
maid,

With jump-up-and-kiss-me, in purple arrayed!

Ladies-slippers, and tulips, of every bright hue,

And for-get-me-nots, smiling in bonnets of blue!

Then bachelor's-buttons, with ladies-in-green,

With rue, and some bitter-sweet, bunched in between.

And if these will not suit them, I've something more

A little rose-mary, and a great bouncing-het! [yet,

For pert, forward Misses, I've all sorts of stocks,

With flowers of elders, and a little green-box!

For a neat, sprightly girl, then—what would you think

Of that bunch of white lack-spice, with a rose and a
pink!

For patriots, I think, I've a bunch that will do,

Some flaunting night-rockets, with flags red and blue.

To please our young patriots, too, I will try,

Here are plenty of flag for the Fourth of July!

For members of Congress, your stentors so tough,

I am sure I have throat-wort, and lung-wort enough;

For stock-jobbers, too, here's a bunch gives a hint,

Some fine golden crowns, with plenty of mint.

For studious young Misses, who love much to learn,

I've ever-green-laurels, with thyme, sage, and fern.

For your regular folks, sun-flowers and phlox,

With evening primroses and bright four-o'clocks.

I've bright crown imperials for such as tell truth,

And flowers immortal, for virtuous youth.

For such as look forward to Eden's pure bowers,

Here are evergreens, changeless, and amaranth flow-
ers.

For Sunday School children—ye high favor'd youth,

So blest in the sunshine of heavenly truth!

I've branches of palm, with Lebanon's pride,

With the fir, and the boxwood, and the myrtle beside.

The lily of the valley, in purple arrayed,

With the sweet rose of Sharon, in glory displayed!

I've a great many more of each different sort,

By their name and their nature some moral is taught;

The language of flowers has bright things to say;

I do wish you would take a short lesson to-day.

Come buy my sweet posies, 'twill charity be,

'Twill help my old dad, and will surely suit me.

[*N. Y. Weekly Messenger.*]

CHILD'S MORNING PRAYER.

I thank the Lord for having kept
My soul and body while I slept;
I pray the Lord, that through this day,
In all I do, and think, and say,
I may be kept from harm and sin,
And made both pure and good within.—Amen.

YOUTH'S COMPANION.

Published Weekly, by NATHANIEL WILLIS, at the Office of the Boston Recorder, No. 11, Cornhill.—Price, \$1.00 a year in advance; or \$1.25 if not paid in advance.

NO. 15.

BOSTON, AUGUST 21, 1840.

VOL. XIV.



KITE-FLYING.

As Henry was returning home, thinking how foolish he had been, he met William Howard, with his kite at his back.

"Where are you off to?" asked Henry.

"To Hunter's Hill, to fly my kite, to be sure. Don't you see what a wind there is?—just the day for me. You know this kite would not fly in a light breeze: now we'll see how she'll go to-day. It blows famously hard, and I am going to Hunter's Hill, because I shall be sure of all the wind there. Won't you go?"

"I will if you'll wait for me," said Henry, running off.

"Ask Arthur to come along with us," said William, calling after him.

Arthur was quite ready to be of the party; and away they went, anticipating all the delights of the glorious wind, as they called it; and it was indeed a boisterous day in October, such as seems to give additional health and spirits even to the healthy and happy school-boy, whose cares are but few, although it must be allowed his wants (whether real or imaginary) are many.

The three kites soared in grand style; they pulled very hard upon the string, and William's was allowed to be the strongest and best; messengers were sent up simultaneously, to try which would get up first—a fact, however, which never could be correctly ascertained; and all were in high glee. The wind appeared at one time to drop, but it rose again on a sudden, with greater violence than before.

Henry's kite began to pitch, and exhibit signs of great uneasiness. William's suddenly soared again higher than ever: he was not quite prepared to let out; the string broke, and away went the kite: it was carried by the wind to a great distance, and was never seen more.

"That string was good for nothing," exclaimed William, as he gazed after the kite; "what a shame!"

"We told you it was not large enough," cried Henry: "you would buy the cheap string. To save four-pence you've lost the whole."

"Take care yours don't go the same way: she does not seem to like the wind; and yours is not very comfortable, Arthur."

"I shall take her in," replied Arthur; "the wind gets higher and higher; no kite can stand it much longer. Henry, you'd better wind up: mind what you're about: she pitches about so, if she falls on her head, she'll most likely dash to pieces."

Henry was as careful as possible, but the wind was so gusty and violent, that, in spite of every precaution, the kite dashed against the earth, then rose, pitched again, and again rose, and ended by breaking her bow.

Arthur's dashed and pitched almost as much as Henry's; but, being very strong, it escaped with no other injury than a rent in the paper. Upon

examination, Henry found that the bow of his kite was made of osier, and by no means strong enough for the purpose. It was therefore clearly proved, that Arthur's speculation, although the dearest at first, was the cheapest in the end.—*The Week-Day Book.*

Boys should remember that the cheapest things are generally the least valuable, and it is wise always to examine before you purchase, to see if the quality is such as to answer your purpose.

SABBATH SCHOOL.

BONAPARTE'S COLUMN, IN PARIS.

Samuel H. Walley, Esq., superintendent of the Mason-Street Sabbath School, Boston, who is now in Paris, in a letter to one of the pupils of that school, gives an interesting account of a vast column, which Bonaparte caused to be erected, to commemorate his Victories, accompanied with appropriate remarks. Believing it will be interesting to our readers, we have solicited permission to take the following extract from the letter:—

"Sometime since I believe I sent to your father a lithograph of the Column Vendome. Perhaps he has exhibited it at the school, and explained something about columns,—their beauty,—majesty, use, &c. Possibly he may have ascended the one I refer to. If he has, it is more than I have done. Its height is 130 feet, with a spiral staircase,—which, must make the ascent at least 700! and it is without light. You take a lamp in your hand. As I am not used to elevations and ascents like this, I prefer taking my views of Paris, from the 'Church of Notre Dame,' the Dome of the 'Hotel of Invalids,' and the 'Arc de Triumphe de l'Etoile.' From these points, together with the 'Pantheon,' you have extensive and brilliant views of the city, and can obtain them without groping through so much darkness.

The column, however, is a magnificent object. It was one of the proudest works of Napoleon. It communicates, in a peculiarly significant manner, the greatness and success of the Emperor,—being wholly composed of pieces of cannon, (1200 in number,) taken in various battles from the Austrians and Russians. The whole shaft is covered with views of the different engagements, in chronological order; and a band which takes a spiral direction round the column, gives the names of the actions represented by the different groups of soldiers. The number of figures represented is said to be 2,000. It was commenced in 1806, and finished in 1810.* On the top is placed a fine bronze figure of Napoleon,—in the costume that he was most fond of, (and in which you most generally see him drawn in books and prints,) and the expression of the countenance is very striking. My apartments were within a few feet of the *Place Vendome*, and from my window I have constantly before me this colossal memento of fallen greatness. Its cost was about 300,000 dollars, exclusive of the material. The weight of the bronze is about 180 tons. Napoleon's statue is about eleven feet in height;—and with my telescope, I can discern each feature of the face with distinctness;—and I can see that the whole is beautifully wrought.

The 5th of this month was the 19th Anniversary of Napoleon's death;—and it is noticed always by some of his old friends,—among other ways,—

* It is the model of Trajan's pillar, at Rome, on a little larger scale.

by placing upon the points of the iron-railing that surround the column, chaplets of evergreen,—of about 10 or 12 inches diameter. They are formed of a bright yellowish and green flower, that retains its form and freshness for some time. They are on now, and are looked at as really sacred things. Double rows on the points,—covered over the door,—on the Eagles, that adorn the corners of the Pedestal,—with several on the sides,—make, together, over a thousand that still attract the notice of every passenger.

While I have been surveying this wonderful piece of mechanism,—and have dwelt, for a moment, upon the associations connected with it, my mind has often recurred to other pillars, and other monuments of great men, and great events, particularly those referred to in Scripture. I have thought of the *Pillar of Salt*, the monument of unbelief in Lot's wife;—of *Jacob's pillar*, made out of the stone on which he rested his aching head, and which commemorated his most wonderful vision of ascending and descending Angels;—of *Laban's pillar*, to preserve peace in his family;—of Jacob's second pillar, reminding him of the holy familiarity with which God had indulged him;—of the pillar which marked the spot where the beloved Rachel's mortal part was entombed—of the august pillar of cloud, which stood at the door of the Tabernacle while the Lord talked with Moses;—of the guiding pillar of fire and cloud, which directed the host of Israel in all their march through the wilderness;—of the significant pillars of Jachin and Boaz in the Temple of Solomon;—and of the honorable way in which God condescends to speak of his servant Jeremiah, 'I have made thee an Iron pillar,'—the defence of Israel.

There is another pillar which I have thought of,—as somewhat remarkable, in connection with this subject of Napoleon's column. It is the pillar which the vain, undutiful, and rebellious Absalom raised in the 'King's dale' to perpetuate his name. 'He called the pillar after his own name,' and meant that distant posterity should hear of his fame and beauty. But his end, you remember, was peculiar and awful. He was caught in a thicket, (by that fine head of hair, of which he had been so proud,) and while flying from the vengeance that awaited him for dethroning a fond and devoted father, and wise and righteous Sovereign. And we find, instead of his body being placed under the pillar he had erected in the 'King's dale,' it was thrown into a 'great pit' in the woods, and 'covered with a very great heap of stones.' And is it not curious to recollect that Bonaparte, who had erected the Pillar in the *Place Vendome*,—to immortalize his deeds of valor, and designed that his body should rest under, or near it,—should, in the end, be sent away,—as into the woods,—remote from the habitations of men, and confined, as in a 'great pit,'—that he might do no more harm;—and when dead, his ashes to remain for years beneath the great stones of a desolate Island, in the far off Pacific! This week these ashes we are told, are to be brought to France, and though not to be deposited in the Tombs of the Kings at St. Dennis,—they are to be placed with much pomp under the Dome of the Hotel of Invalids. The passing stranger, as he views the splendid covering of these remains in this great building, can hardly fail to remember that he, whose spirit had once moved these ashes, was greatly instrumental in crowding this, and other Hospitals, with thousands and tens of thousands of maimed and suffering men,—numbers of whom now meet you on every side, without a leg, an arm, or an eye,—cripples, wretched cripples,—

drawing out a miserable existence. So, that while, in one view, they behold the monument of his greatness, they witness on the other side the dire and long continued effects of his insatiable ambition!

O my dear young friend, while thinking of these pillars and monuments, I am reminded, and I trust you are, of what may be called a monument, raised once on Calvary,—not by friends but by enemies,—but which the glorious sufferer condescended to use as a pillar of greatness,—and the monument of that love for a guilty world, which knows neither height nor depth,—nor length, nor breadth. On this Pillar of the Cross is inscribed 'God is love';—and faith reads something of that love, when it views the voluntary sufferings of the Son. Entwined around the cross,—like the pillar of Napoleon,—we read the victories of the 'Captain of our salvation'; and how grateful should we be that he has conquered even death, and has triumphed over the grave. 'The King of Terrors' is now disarmed, and the humble follower of Jesus may descend into the grave, 'in sure and certain hope' of a glorious resurrection and happy immortality!

'In lively figures here we see

The bleeding Prince of Love;

O! the dear hope, *He died for me*,—

And thus our griefs remove.

Grace, wisdom, justice, join'd and wrought

The wonders of that day,

No mortal tongue, nor mortal thought

Can equal thanks repay.

Our songs should sound like those above

Could we our voices raise;

Our hearts should all be filled with love;

And all our lives with praise.'

That these sentiments may be cherished by us, let us think much of that pillar which I would last refer to, and which you will find described in Rev. 3d ch. 12th verse. If we 'overcome' the temptations of this enslaving world;—if we 'hold fast our profession'—if we are 'faithful unto the end'—we shall be made,—think of it, my beloved young friend,—*think of it, earnestly*.—we shall be made, 'pillars in the Temple of God,'—'at once supporting and adorning the Courts of Heaven.' 'As monuments of God's grace, and of our Saviour's triumph, there will be written upon these pillars the name of God, and the name of God's city, 'The new Jerusalem.' How much of honor is to be conveyed in these 'new names' we cannot tell, but we are sure it is abundantly beyond all we can now conceive. It has been beautifully remarked, in allusion to this subject, that 'God having described the happiness of Heaven in the language of worldly felicity, it is for us, who have no just ideas of things that are purely spiritual, to be quickened, and encouraged, and gladdened by these signs and symbols,—these images and substitutes. Whatever we see glorious on earth, God grant that it may remind us of things more excellent in Heaven;—our temples, of his courts above; our fairest cities, of his New Jerusalem; our tallest pillars, of the lofty eminence in which He designs to set us; and our highest titles, of the 'new name' which he will then delight to give us!'

[It would be a pleasant employment for the reader to find the chapter and verse in the Bible, where these pillars and monuments are mentioned.]

MORALITY.

Written for the Youth's Companion.

A GUILTY CONSCIENCE.

Who is there in this world that has lived long enough to know the difference between good and evil, who has not felt the meaning of these words;—*a guilty conscience*! If you do not know what I mean, my young friends, just look back and remember the last time when you did *wrong*. Was there not something in your heart that made you *feel* the sin you had committed, more deeply than words could express? It matters very little whether your friends know it, or not; then, to be

sure, you might, perhaps be *punished*, but that is a small affair to the pain this *conscience* of which we are speaking, would give you.

I remember to this day, an illustration of this very thing in my own history. When I was quite a small boy, I had two very intimate friends,—William Anderson and John Porter. After having gone through in regular order with a good many games, at last came "marble time," and we three resolved to see in the course of the next week, which could get the most *marbles*. I tried a long time but to very little purpose; my stock of marbles would remain just about the same, do what I would. On Monday morning they were all to be counted, and as the time drew near, I dreaded to let them know I had less than either of them, especially as I was the *oldest* of the three.

Just after dinner, Saturday afternoon, as I was going on an errand for my mother, I spied Amos True's bag of marbles laying on the ground, close up by the side of his father's house. That they belonged to Amos I did not for a moment doubt, for I remembered that it was the same red striped calico bag I had always seen him carry, and I supposed he had been as usual sitting there, and forgot to take them with him when he went into the house to dinner. I will not stop to tell you all the thoughts that passed through my mind in those five minutes, as I stood deliberating whether to take them or not, but at length after looking up at all the windows of the house, and up and down the street to see if any one could see me, I caught up the bag, and ran out of sight with it as fast as possible. Ah! how little did I think that the omniscient God was watching me all that time!

At the corner of the next street I sat down to count my prize, and found there were just eighteen marbles, which with my own would make *thirty*. I did not stop to think of the great sin I had committed, but hid the bag behind a great stone which lay close by the fence, and mixed the marbles all together, putting them in my jacket pocket. Do you imagine, my young friends, that I felt *happy* as I walked away with my stolen prize? Ah! no, for as I went home with the parcel I had bought for my mother under my arm, thoughts of the sin of *stealing* would keep coming into my mind, and I in vain tried to drive them away. And when my dear mother said in her kindest tone, "that's right, you have been a good boy, my son," her words went like a dagger to my heart, for I felt how little I deserved her approbation at that moment. All that afternoon I tried to play, and tried to laugh as loud as ever, but still I was *wretched*. "No one knows it,—and no one need ever know it," I said to myself again and again; but in my heart I felt sure that the *Great God* knew it, and I trembled at the thought. However, I braved through it all until bed time, resolving to care nothing about it on the morrow. It almost makes me shudder to think where I should now have been, if I had *died that night*, with that dreadful sin unrepented of!

On Sunday morning I awoke early with thoughts in spite of my resolution, still fastened on the stolen marbles. I reasoned with myself as well as I could, and resolved *again* to forget the circumstance entirely, and give myself no further trouble about it. I succeeded in doing this in some measure, until I reached Sunday School. After going through with the lesson, my teacher questioned us on the commandments. When he came to me, and said, "Edward, what is the eighth commandment?" I could bear it no longer, but bursting into tears begged leave to go home. As soon as possible I reached my mother's chamber, and confessed my whole guilt to her. I cannot tell you, though I well remember, the tender anxiety and grief expressed in her face, as she took me by the hand and led me to the bed where we both knelt down, and she prayed most fervently that God would in great mercy forgive me, although I had been so great a sinner. When we rose up, she said a few more words to me, and in the kindest manner, directed me to go that mo-

ment to Amos, confess my sin, *ask his forgiveness*, and promise to return his *marbles* the next morning.

Do you, my young friends, need to have me tell you, that after having done that, I was *happy*? Beware then, oh, *beware* how you suffer yourself to be drawn into sin. Remember all the time that one eye is watching you, though all others may sleep; and fear, oh! fear to sin against God! Let that solemn truth, "thou God *seest* me," be constantly before your mind, and it may save you much bitter grief, in this world, and the next.

RELIGION.

THE BOY WHO LOVED HIS SAVIOUR, BETTER THAN HIS HOME.

A little boy named Samuel, about ten years of age, lived with his parents, in the town of S——. He attended the Sabbath School in that place, and his teacher often told him of the goodness of God, in sending his only beloved Son into this world, to die for sinners. He told him, also, of the Saviour, and that it was his duty to love him and obey his commands. It was not a great while before Samuel began to think of God, and he prayed to Him to forgive his sins; for, though he was young, yet he had often broken his holy laws. He read in the Bible, what he must do, to become one of God's children. Soon, he took delight in prayer: he loved to think of God, to read of Him, to obey His commands. He loved the Sabbath day, and was always sorry when any thing prevented him from going to the Sabbath School, where he might hear more of God.

Now the parents of Samuel were not Christians, that is, they did not love God: they never prayed to Him, and they were very sorry when they found that Samuel had begun to love Him, and enquire so much of Him. For a few weeks, they said nothing to Samuel about it; but, one evening his father called him, and said, "Samuel, do you intend always to spend as much time as you have done, in reading the Bible, and prayer?" Samuel said, "he hoped he always should, for he loved to do so." "Well," said his father, "if you mean always to do so, you must no longer live with us. You must either *give up the Saviour*, or you must leave my house." His father gave him until the next day to think of what he had said, and Samuel went immediately to his chamber. O! how he must have felt, to be compelled to leave his dear friends, whom he tenderly loved, or *give up the Saviour*.

He did not sleep, but took his Bible, and read what Jesus Christ said concerning little children, and then prayed that God would direct him what to do, and bless him. He had thought of what the Saviour had done for his soul, and his heart was filled with love and gratitude to Him.

The morning came, and Samuel went down stairs to meet his father. He pleasantly wished him "good morning," and said (with tears in his eyes) "Father, I cannot give up my Saviour. If you wish it, I will leave my home, and seek one among strangers; but my Bible tells me, "when my father and mother forsake me, then the Lord will take me up." He then conversed with his dear parents, and begged them to turn unto the Lord. He told them that they were sinners, and entreated them to repent of their sins, and make their peace with God. Before he left them, he asked permission to pray with them. His parents had never knelt to pray to God, and now the family altar was erected by their little son. What a solemn sight! How pleasing it must have been, in the eyes of God, to see the dear child endeavoring to lead his parents to Jesus. They knelt together, and Samuel poured out his heart in earnest prayer to God, for the souls of his parents; and God heard his prayer, and when he rose, expecting to leave them, his parents affectionately embraced him; and said, "What shall we do to be saved?" His joy was greater than we can imagine, and soon both of his parents were rejoicing in the Saviour.—S. S. Treasury.

THE BOY WHO WEPT for the HEATHEN.

Some time ago, a little boy became hopefully pious. After he had found peace in Christ, he began to think about the poor heathen who had never heard of Jesus; and he wanted to go and tell them what this blessed Saviour had done for him. He felt so much that he wept; and at last he went to his minister and told him that he felt very much for the poor heathen, and that it distressed him so that he could not sleep.

This little boy loved the heathen very much. He thought that God had, for Christ's sake forgiven his sins, and he felt as though he could not rest until the heathen had heard of the Saviour of the world. O, that many other children felt like this dear little boy; then we should see missionaries growing up and preparing themselves to preach the gospel, and carry the news of the Saviour's birth and death into the dark places of the earth. Who will go? Who will be missionaries to the heathen? Who feels so much for them that they cannot sleep?—*S. S. Treasury.*

NATURAL HISTORY.**SHARKS.**

The destruction of sharks is a sporting enterprise, which some of the natives of India are said to achieve in a very extraordinary manner. One who professes to have been an eye-witness of it says: 'I was walking on the bank of the river at the time when some up country boats were delivering their cargoes. A considerable number of coolies were employed on shore in the work, all of whom I observed running away in apparent fright from the edge of the water—returning again, as if eager yet afraid to approach some object, and again returning as before. I found, on inquiry, that the cause of all this perturbation was the appearance of a large and strange looking fish, swimming close to the bank, and almost in the midst of the boats. I hastened to the spot to ascertain the matter, when I perceived a huge monster of a shark sailing along—now near the surface of the water, and now sinking down apparently in pursuit of his prey. At this moment, a native on the choppah roof of one of the boats with a rope in one hand, which he was slowly coiling up, surveyed the shark's motion with a look that evidently indicated he had a serious intention of encountering him in his own element.

Holding the rope, on which he had made a sort of running knot, in one hand, and stretching out the other arm as if already in the act of swimming, he stood in an attitude truly picturesque, waiting the re-appearance of the shark. At about six or eight yards from the boat, the animal rose near the surface, when the native instantly plunged into the water, a short distance from the very jaws of the monster. The shark immediately turned round and swam slowly towards the man, who in his turn nothing daunted, struck out the arm that was at liberty, and approached his foe.

When within a foot or two of the shark, the native dived beneath him, the animal going down almost at the same instant. The bold assailant, in this most frightful contest, soon reappeared on the opposite side of the shark, swimming fearlessly with the hand he had at liberty, and holding the rope behind his back with the other. The shark, which also by this time made his appearance, again immediately swam towards him; and while the animal was apparently in the act of lifting himself over the lower part of the native's body, that he might seize upon his prey, the man making a strong effort, threw himself up perpendicularly, and down with his feet foremost, the shark following him so simultaneously, that I was fully impressed with the idea that they had gone down grappling together.

As far as I could judge, they remained nearly twenty seconds out of sight; while I stood in breathless anxiety, and I may add horror, waiting the result of this fearful encounter. Suddenly the native made his appearance holding his hands over his head, and calling out with a voice that

proclaimed the victory he had won while underneath the wave, Tan, Tan! The people in the boat were all prepared, the rope was instantly drawn tight, and the struggling victim lashing the water in his wrath was dragged to the shore and despatched. When measured, his length was found to be six feet nine inches; his girth, at the greatest, three feet seven inches. The native who achieved this intrepid and dexterous exploit, bore no other marks of his finny enemy than a cut on his left arm, received from coming into contact with the tail or some one of the fins of the animal.—*Encyclopedia of Rural Sports.*

BENEVOLENCE.**LOST CHILD RESTORED.**

An event which occurred near Braincon, will give some notion of the incidents which emblazon the mountain life and field sports in the regions of the Alps.

A peasant, with his wife and three children, had taken up his summer quarters in a chalet, and was depasturing his flocks on one of the rich Alps which overhang the Durance. The oldest boy was an idiot about eight years of age, the second was five years old, and dumb, and the youngest was an infant. It so happened that the infant was left one morning in charge of his brothers, and the three had rambled to some distance from the chalet before they were missed. When the mother went in search of the little wanderers, she found the two elder, but could discover no traces of the baby. The idiot boy seemed to be in a transport of joy, while the dumb child displayed every symptom of alarm and terror. In vain did the terrified parent endeavor to collect what had become of the lost infant. The antics of the one and the fright of the other explained nothing.—The dumb boy was almost bereft of his senses, while the idiot appeared to have acquired an unusual degree of mirth and expression. He danced about, laughed, made gesticulations, as if he were imitating the action of one who had caught up something of which he was fond, and hugged it to his heart. This, however, was of some slight comfort to the poor woman, for she imagined that some acquaintance had fallen in with the children, and had taken away the infant. But the day and night wore away and no tidings of the lost child. On the morrow, when the parents were pursuing their search, an eagle flew over their heads, at the sight of which the idiot renewed his antics and the dumb boy clung to his father, with shrieks of anguish and afright. The horrible truth then burst upon their minds, that the miserable infant had been carried off in the talons of a bird of prey, and the half-witted elder brother was rejoicing at his riddance of an object of whom he was jealous.

On the morning on which the accident happened, an Alpine yager,

"Whose joy was in the wilderness—to breathe
The difficult air of the ice'd mountain's top,"

had been watching near an eagle's seat, with the hope of shooting the bird upon her return to her nest. The yager waiting in all the anxious perseverance of a true sportsman, beheld the monster slowly winging her way towards the rock, behind which he was concealed. Imagine his horror; when, upon his nearer approach, he heard the cries, and distinguished the figure of an infant in his fatal grasp. In an instant his resolution was formed—to fire at the bird, at all hazards, the moment she should alight upon her nest, and rather to kill the child, than leave it to be torn to pieces by the horrid devourer. With a silent prayer and a steady aim, the mountaineer poised his rifle. The ball went directly through the head or heart of the eagle, and in a minute afterwards, this gallant hunter of the Alps had the unutterable delight of snatching the child from the nest, and bearing it away in triumph. It was dreadfully wounded in one of its arms and sides, but not mortally; and within twenty-four hours

after it was first missed, he had the satisfaction of restoring it to its mother's arms.—*Gilley's Waidensian Researches.*

DIVINE GOODNESS IN THE CREATION.

What is more necessary for the support of life than food? Behold the earth is covered with it all around; grass, herbs, and fruits for beasts and men were ordained to overspread all the surface of the ground, so that an animal could scarce wander anywhere but his food was near him. Amazing provision for such an immense family!

What is more joyful than the light? "Truly the light is sweet," says the wise man, "and a pleasant thing it is to behold the light of the sun." See the whole circuit of the heavens is replenished with sunbeams, so that while the day lasts, wheresoever the eye is placed, it is surrounded with this enjoyment; it drinks in the easy and general blessing, and is thereby entertained with all the particular varieties of the creation. It is light conveys to our notice all the riches of the divine workmanship; without it nature would be a huge and eternal blank, and her infinite beauties forever unknown.

Again, what are the sweetest colors in nature; the most delightful to the eye, and most refreshing too? Surely, the green and the blue claim this pre-eminence. Common experience, as well as philosophy, tells us, that bodies of blue and green colors send such rays of light to our eyes as are least hurtful and offensive; we can endure them longest; whereas the red and the yellow, or orange color, send more uneasy rays in abundance, and give greater confusion and pain to the eye; they dazzle it sooner, and tire it quickly with a little intent gazing; therefore the divine goodness dressed all the heavens in blue, and the earth in green. Our habitation is overhung with a canopy of most beautiful azure, and a rich verdant pavement is spread under our feet, that the eye may be pleased and easy wherever it turns itself, and that the most universal objects it has to converse with might not impair the spirits, and make the sense weary.

When God the new made world survey'd,
His word pronounced the building good;
Sunbeams and light the heavens array'd,
And the whole earth was crown'd with food.
Colors that charm and ease the eye
His pencil spread all nature round;
With pleasing blue he arch'd the sky,
And a green carpet dress'd the ground.
Let envious atheists ne'er complain
That nature wants or skill, or care;
But turn their eyes all round in vain,
T'avoid their Maker's goodness there. *Watts.*

THE NURSERY.

Written for the Youth's Companion.

"STRIKING BACK."

MR. WILLIS,—Perhaps the boys who read your good little paper will stare at the head of this article, and wonder what it can mean; and I have put it there on purpose to make them wonder, so that they may be anxious to read the piece through, to learn the meaning.

John —, and Charles —, having to pass through the same streets on their way to one of our public schools, became acquainted with each other, and their acquaintance was fast growing into warm friendship, when it was suddenly interrupted by a very unpleasant circumstance, which I will relate.

One afternoon, as they were playing ball with two or three companions, Charles threw the ball at John as he was running from one bound to another, and unfortunately, it hit him directly in the face. Being a little damp, it left the mark upon John's cheek, and this made the boys laugh. Now John had not much courage, and he could not bear to be laughed at, and he felt somewhat ashamed also that his side had got beaten, by his being hit, and instead of laughing with the rest, and enjoying the joke, as a manly boy would, in

such a case, he tried to cast some blame upon Charles. "What do you throw the ball so hard for?" said he, as Charles passed him, to take his place at the head of the grounds, and at the same time struck Charles a blow in the side. "That is too bad," said one of the boys. "He did not throw any harder than common," said another.

Charles felt badly at being so falsely charged, and then to receive a blow in addition, and his temper was roused against his friend, and he struck John in return. Yes, he "struck back," most unwisely. For blow followed blow until the other boys interfered and they were separated. But their play was at an end, and their friendship was thus foolishly interrupted. As they met each other from time to time, afterwards, hard thoughts rose in their breasts, and they became enemies instead of friends.

Now, boys, how easily might all this have been avoided. Had Charles only had manliness enough to refrain from striking back, he might have been called a coward by some wicked boy, to be sure, for there are generally enough to encourage a fight, but he would have saved a friend; and, what is vastly more important, he would have controlled his temper. Oh! what a curse to a boy or man an uncontrolled temper is. I knew a man once who had such a temper, and in a moment of passion, he seized the bar of his counting-room door, and knocked a man down, just because he said something he did not like. It came very near killing the man, and you can imagine how that angry man felt as he thought of what he had done. He was rich and much respected for his general character, but this uncontrolled temper was a dark stain—and caused him great, very great unhappiness. O be careful then, boys—don't strike back. W.

VARIETY.

What O'clock is it?

When I was a young lad, my father one day called me to him, that he might teach me to know what o'clock it was. He told me the use of the minute, finger and hour hand, and described to me the figures on the dial plate, until was I pretty perfect in my part.

No sooner was I quite master of this additional knowledge, than I sat off scampering to join my companions in a game of marbles; but my father called me back again. "Stop, William," said he, "I have something more to tell you."

Back again I went, wondering what else I had got to learn, for I thought I knew all about the clock as well as father did.

"William," said he, "I have taught you to know the time of day, I must teach you to find out the time of your life."

All this was strange to me, so I waited rather impatiently to hear how my father would explain it, for I wanted sadly to go to my marbles.

"The Bible," said he, "describes the years of a man to be three score and ten, or four score years. Now life is very uncertain, and you may not live a single day longer; but if you divide the four-score years of an old man's life into twelve parts, like the dial of a clock, it will allow almost seven years, for every figure. When a boy is seven years old, then, it is one o'clock of his life; and this is the case with you. When you arrive at fourteen years it will be two o'clock with you; and when at twenty-one years it will be three o'clock; at twenty-eight, it will be four o'clock; at thirty-five it will be five o'clock; at forty-two it will be six o'clock, should it please God to spare your life. In this manner you may always know the time of your life, and looking at the clock may remind you of it. My great grandfather according to his calculation, died at twelve o'clock; my grandmother at eleven, and my father at ten. At what hour you or I shall die, William, is only known to him to whom all things are known."

Never, since, then, have I heard the enquiry—"What o'clock is it?" nor do I think I have even looked at the face of a clock, without being reminded of the words of my father.—U. S. Gazette.

Education of Females.

There is a season when the youthful must cease to be young and the beautiful to excite admiration; to learn how to grow old gracefully is perhaps one of the rarest and most valuable arts that can be taught

to woman. And, it must be confessed, it is a most severe trial for those women to lay down beauty who have nothing else to take up. It is for this sober season of life that education should lay up its rich resources. However disregarded they may have been, they will be wanted now.

When admirers fall away, and flatterers become mute, the mind will be driven to retire into itself, and if it find no entertainment at home, will be driven back again upon the world with increased force. Yet forgetting this, do we not seem to educate our daughters exclusively for the transient period of youth? Do we not educate them for a crowd, and not for themselves?—for show, and not for use?—for time, and not for eternity?

Mount Holyoke.

This mountain is the favorite resort of the beaux and belles of Hampshire county, and of the numerous pleasure travellers from the city in their summer rambles. From this "Chimborzian height," the beautiful and luxuriant valley of the Connecticut is spread out like a variegated carpet at your feet. The smooth and silvery stream moving onward in tortuous and silent grandeur—the neat and lovely villages, which lie along its shores—the mountains, which rise in the distance, as if to guard them from intrusion, present to the eye a picture as beautiful and enchanting as the fabled Elysian. Who can stand on the noble height and look round on the inspiring scene beneath, and not feel his heart prompting him to look up to nature's God, and in the fullness of his soul exclaim—

O if thou dost such beauties strew
Round children who abuse thy love,
What nobler wonders do they view,
Who stand around thy throne above!
If on this peak of earthly cloud
Such charms and beauties greet our eyes,
Ah! what, when on the mount of God,
Shall to our ravished vision rise!

[Northampton Republican.]

John and his Grandfather.

John is a Sabbath-school scholar, and like other little boys, he has friends and relations, who live far away from his home. But his parents carry him to see them when they can, and this pleases John very much. He is so delighted with the thoughts of visiting them, that when he meets other little boys, or his teacher, he will tell them when he is going to see them. One Sabbath morning John was at school bright and early, and met his teacher with his usual smile. Looking her in the face, he exclaimed, "Miss Parker, I am going up into the country to see grandpa on Tuesday, and I know what he will say to me when I get there, for he drinks rum." "Well, what do you think he will say?" inquired his teacher.

"He will say, 'Come, Johnny, come and get some of this good stuff.' But I shan't drink any," said John. "What will you do?" "Why," replied John, "there is a good large wood-pile in his dooryard; so I shall get behind it and pray for him."

Now, children, I suppose John had been thinking about his visit, and he remembered, when he was there last, his grandpa gave him this "stuff" to drink, and he thought that he would offer it to him again. But he had learnt, in the Sabbath-school, that it was wrong to drink rum, and he was prepared to resist the temptation. This was right. If all children would do so, there would soon be no one to offer it to them.—S. S. Treasury.

A Scholar in Jamaica.

Mr. Hyde, some years ago a missionary in Jamaica, relates, that a company of strolling players endeavored to get up a play at Falmouth, a small town not far from English Harbor. A young lady offered a ticket to a little girl belonging to the Sunday-school; who immediately dropped a courtesy, and said, "Madam, I thank you; but I hope I could not disgrace the school so much as to think of going to such a place."—Eng. Pub.

[lb.]

Honest Poverty Rewarded.

A gentleman of New York arrived at the Tremont House a few days since, on his way to Lowell, and while in the city had occasion to exchange some money. He placed the bills in his vest pocket, and took the cars for Lowell. When he reached there he discovered that he had lost a five hundred dollar bill. The loss seemed irreparable, and he abandoned all hopes of recovering the money. The gentleman returned from Lowell and was not a little surprised to learn that a Methodist clergyman, the Rev. F. C. Pierce, had been put in possession of the

money by an honest orange seller, named Connell, at the Lowell depot, who had found it there, the gentleman having dropped it while procuring a ticket for the cars. The first thing the gentleman did upon getting his money back, was to present Connell with fifty dollars, and he assured Connell besides, that if ever he was thrown out of employment, he would always find a friend ready to assist him. Such an instance of honesty in a poor man, is worthy of all commendation.—Boston Atlas.

I would rather be Poor as I Am.

A little girl in the Hoxton Sunday school, in a state of extreme poverty, was asked by her teacher which she should prefer, if she might have her choice: either to continue to be poor, and enjoy the privileges of the Sunday school; or to be rich, and to be deprived of them. She replied, "I would rather be poor as I am." Her teacher observed, "But, if you were possessed of riches, they would procure you many comforts of which poverty deprives you;" the child immediately replied, "But they are not the riches which will save my soul." This little girl became the instructor of her mother, who could not read; and expressed her hope, that her mother would soon enjoy the same pleasure which she felt in being able to read the Bible.—Eng. Pub.

End of the World.

At a village not many miles from London, a woman was endeavoring to sell some printed trash, which she said contained a prophecy, that on the approaching Whit-Monday, the world would be at an end. On hearing this, a girl about seven years of age, standing at the door of her father's house, ran in somewhat alarmed, and telling her mother what the woman had been saying, asked her whether she believed it? A sister of the little girl, between nine and ten years of age, who had been educated in a Sabbath-school, happening to be present, could not refrain from speaking. "Anne," said she, "you must not mind what the woman has been saying; she I am sure, cannot know when the world is to be at an end; for, don't you remember what the word of God says, 'Of that day and hour knoweth no man,—no, not the angels of heaven, but my Father only.'"

Smuggling.

A boy about nine years of age, who attended a Sabbath-school, requested his mother not to allow his brother to bring home anything that was smuggled, when he went to sea. "Why do you wish that, my child?" said the mother. He answered, "Because my catechism says it is wrong." The mother replied, "But that is only the word of a man." He said, "Mother, is it the word of a man which said, 'Render unto Caesar the things that are Caesar's?'" This reply entirely silenced the mother; but his father still attempting to defend the practice of smuggling, the boy said to him, "Father, whether is it worse to rob one or to rob many?" By these questions and answers, the boy silenced both his parents on the subject of smuggling.—Ch. Intell.

POETRY.

AN INFANT'S SPIRIT.

An infant's soul—the sweetest thing of earth,
'To which endowments beautiful are given,
As might befit a more than mortal birth—
What shall it be, when 'midst its winning mirth,
And love, and trustfulness, 'tis borne to heaven?
Will it grow into might above the skies?
A spirit of high wisdom, glory, power—
A cherub guard of the Eternal Tower,
With knowledge filled of its vast mysteries?
Or will perpetual childhood be its dower?
'To sport forever, a bright, joyous thing,
Amid the wonders of the shining thrones,
Yielding its praise in glad, but feeble tones.
A tender dove beneath the Almighty's wing?

VOCAL MUSIC.

"Is any merry?—Let him sing Psalms?"—ST. JAMES.

Sing at your work—'twill lighten
The labors of the day—
Sing at your work—'twill brighten
The darkness of the way;—
Sing at your work—though sorrow
Its lengthen'd shade may cast,
Joy cometh on the morrow—
A sunbeam cheers the blast.
To pain a brief dominion
Is o'er the spirit given—
But music nerves the pinion
That bears it up to heaven.

L. H. S.

YOUTH'S COMPANION.

Published Weekly, by NATHANIEL WILLIS, at the Office of the Boston Recorder, No. 11, Cornhill.—Price, \$1.00 a year in advance; or \$1.25 if not paid in advance.

NO. 16.

BOSTON, AUGUST 28, 1840.

VOL. XIV.



VISITS TO A COTTAGE.

On a sultry evening, in the month of August, while on a visit to the south of England, I wandered forth to take the fresh air, as I knew I could find but little in the crowded town. I had not proceeded far before I came to a clear bubbling spring; on the root of a tree by its bank sat a little girl with a brown pitcher in her hand, which she was going to fill. She was leaning her elbows on her knees, and her head on her hands, and seemed to be deep in thought.

I stood behind a bush and watched her for a moment, but I found that though she loved the spot, she knew it was her duty, when she was sent on an errand, to be as quick as possible, and therefore I saw that she rose, filled her pitcher, and was going away, when I called to her.

Here I would put in a word. My dear child, *mind this*; whenever you are sent on an errand, make haste, never loiter on the way, never idly stop to talk with your playmates, never engage in any game, nor stop to look at any thing in the shops, but be attentive to get what is wanted, and then return straight home.

"Stop, little girl," said I. She instantly turned round, and dropping a modest curtsy, said, "Yes, Ma'am." "And what is your name?" asked I. "My name," said she, "is Mary Barker." "How old are you?" "Just thirteen." "Can you read?" "Yes, Ma'am, I attend a Sunday School." "Well," said I, "as you are sent on an errand, let us walk on, and then I shall not detain you. Are your father and mother living?" "Yes, Ma'am, both of them, and I have three brothers and two sisters, and I am the eldest." "I hope you endeavor to make yourself useful?" Mary blushed, and looking on the ground, said, "I try, Ma'am."

After some conversation in respect to her school, and what she learned there, we at length nearly reached her cottage, and our conversation ceased; but I was pleased, exceedingly pleased, to hear how seriously and correctly she answered my questions in Scripture language, which clearly proved to me that she had profited by the instructions she had received, and that her Teacher's labor had not been in vain.

There is one thing more I have to notice before I proceed, which is, that Mary was a pattern for neatness in her dress; *she was dressed as Sunday School girls ought to be*; there was none of that ridiculous finery about her, which, I am sorry to say, some children so much love. There were no rings in her ears, there were no paltry beads round her neck, but she had on a neat straw bonnet, a white tippet, and a blue cotton frock, and as she was busy, I saw also that she wore a coarse apron. Now all this was very well, but I really am sometimes ashamed to see the untidy and silly dress of some of our Sunday scholars. Now in Mary, there we

round her waist, but to sum up all in a few words, *she was clean, neat and tidy.*

And how much more we respect those in the lower ranks of life, whose dress is becoming and modest, for, though girls dress ever so fine, we never think they are *ladies* any the more for that. You will remember these hints.

When we arrived at the cottage, Mary said, "Will you walk in, Ma'am?" I agreed, and we both entered. Mary's mother, who was rocking a cradle, rose to receive me; and indeed after my walk I was glad of rest. The wooden chairs looked so white and clean, and the floor was so nicely sanded, that it was a pleasure to look at it.

"I trust," said I, to Mrs. Barker, "that I am no intruder."

"I am sure I am very glad to see you, Ma'am," said she.

Finding I was cordially received, I approached the cradle, in which lay a nice boy, about six months old, fast asleep; I could not refrain from kissing him. But I soon found that my kisses disturbed the rosy babe, and he began to stir about, as though he thought of waking; I covered him up, for I thought I should be indeed an intruder if I roused him; and he soon sunk again into his quiet repose. I took my seat once more, and began to inquire for the other parts of the family.

"And so you have six children, Mrs. Barker," said I.

"Yes, Ma'am, Mary is the eldest, and a useful girl she is (Mary was not in the room;) I don't know what I could do without her; Susan and Thomas are the next, then James, Sarah, and this infant; poor Susan is very ill; would you like to walk up and see her?"

I agreed, and James, who was present, was left in charge of the young one. In a bed, by the side of her mother's, lay the suffering Susan; she was about twelve years of age, and was suffering from the severe effects of disease.

"Does any doctor attend her?" I asked.

"No," answered the weeping mother; "they have all given her over; no medicine can do her any good, she has been ill now for some months."

"I am a Sunday School teacher myself, and have often visited my sick scholars; do you think she would like that I should say a few words to her?"

"Oh yes, Ma'am, that she would, I am sure, for she is very fond of talking about good things with the teachers of her own Sunday School, who often come to visit her."

As I have found that sick people like to talk best to any friend when *alone*, I nodded to her mother, who immediately left the room. When she had retired, I undrew the curtains which surrounded the patient, and sitting down, I took her hand, which lay outside of the bed-clothes, and I said in as tender a manner as I could,

"My dear little girl, are you ill?"

Her wasted frame, her trembling pulse, tearing cough, and rattling breath, but too plainly told me so, but I wished to know in what light she viewed her own illness.

"Yes," she softly whispered, "I am very ill."

"And do you think you shall die?"

"Yes, I think I shall."

"Have you any hope of heaven?"

"Yes, but it is a hope I don't deserve."

"Do you find the Redeemer precious to your soul?"

"Yes, he is very precious; I can lie here when I am alone, and think of Jesus, and sometimes when I am tired of lying awake, and weary with coughing, I think of Him, and I remember that He

had not a bed to lie upon, and then I recollect how thankful I ought to be."

"But," said I, "do you never consider yourself a sinner?"

"Oh! yes," she said, "the very worst of sinners," and then with a sweet smile, "but I hope I am a ransomed sinner."

"Have you then good reason to believe that you have been pardoned and saved through Christ?"

"Yes, I hope that I have."

All this was said so simply, so solemnly, and with a voice so earnest, and yet so trembling, that I could not doubt her sincerity. And why should I have done it? I trust that Susan was a little lamb in the Saviour's fold, and I think that in him alone, she hoped to be accepted and blessed. I inquired if I should pray with her. She seemed glad to hear this, and I knelt down and spent a few minutes in prayer, and she concluded my petitions by an Amen that seemed to come from her heart.

I went down stairs to her mother, and found that she had, in my absence, assembled the rest of her children together, that I might see them all. Mary, who was always industrious, had cleaned the fire-place, and put on the water for tea, and had just sat down to work.

"Your daughter seems very ill, Mrs. Barker," said I.

"Oh! yes, Ma'am, she is indeed."

"But I am pleased," I continued, "to find her particularly thoughtful."

"Yes, I hope she is a partaker of the grace of God."

"Do you know of any means which became effectual in producing this great change?"

"I believe," replied Mrs. Barker, "that it was the instructions she received at the Sunday School. If you ask her, her answer always is, 'I have indeed reason to bless God for the Sunday School.'"

This intelligence was encouraging and pleasant. May you, my dear girls who read this, also be made the followers of the Lamb. But you wish to know something of the other children; well then, I will tell you. Thomas was a fine lad, with brown hair and a sun-burnt face. James was a very thin little fellow, but I thought I liked his countenance better than Thomas's, for when I spoke to him he looked so kind and good-natured, and when I told him of his poor dying sister, he cried very much, and I understood that he rendered her many kind services.

My children, hear this:—have you a brother or a sister ill? O do not be unkind to them; supply every want you can, for they may soon be no more. Go, then, and talk to them, and read to them, and do every thing for them that you can.

The other child, Sarah, was but two years old, and I did not see much of her. I distributed some little books among the children, and after one more kiss of the babe, I took my leave, promising to call again. Mary accompanied me home great part of the way, and I found her quite a companion. We talked of the kind mother she had, and of her afflicted sister, and though I do not think Mary had any knowledge above her years, yet she seemed to be a good girl. It was evident that her father and mother had brought up their children in the nurture and admonition of the Lord—brought them up in that way, from which they hoped they would never depart.

Mary wished me very much to go the next Sabbath to see the Sunday School where she attended; but as I did not know any of the teachers, and as I was quite a stranger, I declined it. I sup-

pose she wanted me to see how quiet the girls stood in their classes, how well they said their lessons, and how they loved their teachers; for Mary was very fond of the school, and she was glad for any one to see it. When Mary took her leave, she said she hoped I should soon call again; indeed I wanted but little persuasion, for I always find it a pleasure to visit a poor family that is contented and happy.

NARRATIVE.

ISABELLE DUDLEY, AND HER LITTLE DOG FIDELLE.

The last faint rays of the setting sun, as it sunk behind the pine grove that sheltered the neat white cottage of Mrs. Dudley, told to the heart of the anxious mother, that her child was still absent, and she again walked to the garden gate to look for Isabelle and her little dog. Isabelle had asked permission of her mother to go and gather flowers to make a bouquet for her grandfather, who was expected to arrive next morning. "You know, mamma," said she, "Grandpa dearly loves wild flowers, and he will love them more, when he knows the flower jars have been filled by me. I will take Fidelle with me, for company, if you please." "Come, Fidelle," she added, "and I will twine a garland of wild flowers, and bind it round your neck, and you shall bear home in your mouth the basket, while I carry mamma's favorite flowers, blue-bells and lilies of the valley. One kiss, one sweet kiss, my own dear mother," she said, as, bounding to the side of Mrs. Dudley, she threw her little white arms round her neck, and imprinted a kiss on her cheek. "You will give me leave to go, I know you will."

Mrs. Dudley parted the curls on the forehead of her beautiful child, and, as she stooped to kiss her, a tear fell on the cheek of Isabelle. The countenance of the child instantly changed from gay to grave. She had often seen her mother weep and gaze on her face; but never, till now, thought of asking why. She said, while her own beautiful eyes filled with tears, "Why, dearest mamma, do you thus gaze on my face and weep? Have I done anything to make you sorrowful? Is it because I spoke of flowers? If so, dearly as I love them, I will never touch them again. I will love nothing that can make you unhappy." "Blessing of my widowed heart," exclaimed Mrs. Dudley; "Oh, heavenly Father, teach me not to forget thy mercy in leaving this dear child to smooth my passage to the grave." And she convulsively pressed the little girl to her bosom; then, mustering her feelings, she said, "Go, my child, go and gather flowers to gladden the heart of your grandfather, as you have often gladdened mine. Take Fidelle with you, but be sure you return before sunset; the night dew falls heavy, and you know I never like you to be out after the sun has gone to rest. The birds and the fowls then go to roost; the little lambskins seek their mother's side, and coil themselves to rest, till the sun again bids them rise to welcome a new day. It is the grand secret of wealth and health, my Isabelle. No man can be poor, who goes to bed with the lamb, and rises with the lark; and health and peace will ever visit the pillow of children who follow this maxim." She again kissed the blooming girl, and, tying on her bonnet, gave her the little flower-basket; and watched her with delight as she tripped through the neat little garden that surrounded their comfortable though simple abode.

Mrs. Dudley was the widow of an American officer, who lost his life at the battle of Plattsburg. After his death, his widow retired to the neat and comfortable dwelling we have described, with just a sufficient competence to prevent her being pitied by the rich and envied by the poor. There, in contentment, she dwelt with her little Isabelle, her only child, the image of her lost and much-loved husband. So well had her mother's love supplied her father's loss, that Isabelle had never,

in her heart's gladness, remembered she had another parent.

Anxiously did Mrs. Dudley watch, with straining eyes, the road she thought her darling would come. The gathering clouds foretold a storm, and yet she came not. The shadows of night were falling fast, and the distracted mother, with the old negro man and woman, her servants, started in quest of her child. Her boding heart told her that some misfortune had happened; for Isabelle had ever been obedient, and well her mother knew, had evil not befallen her, the setting sun would have seen her home. The rain now fell in torrents, and the wind fearfully whistled through the branches of the aged pines; yet still the mother kept on; she heeded not the pelting of the rain, nor the loud blast of the wind, save as she marked the pause between its fearful gusts, that she might call aloud for Isabelle. The wind only returned the echo of her own voice, till, after a long and loud peal of thunder, a moment's stillness reigned, and Mrs. Dudley thought she heard the faint whining of a dog. She called aloud, "Fidelle;" she heard a rustling among the brush-wood in the grove, as of something making its way through; and presently at her feet couched Fidelle. The poor animal was covered with mud. The wreath of wild flowers, woven by the pretty fingers of Isabelle, dangling around his neck, and seizing the dress of Mrs. Dudley, he again sought the thicket. Frantically she followed the dog—her foot struck against something—it was the basket of flowers, now withered and drenched with the rain. The next moment her eyes rested on a large fragment of grey rock which had fallen from the crumbling earth, that had for centuries sustained it. One loud, piercing shriek, brought to her side her servants:—despair gave her more than common strength, and with the assistance of the man and woman, the stone was removed. A faint groan told her her child lived. In one hand she held a bunch of lilies of the valley; the other was filled with blue-bells, mixed with the earth, to which she had clung. She had been gathering the last flowers when the stone gave way. No pen can describe the rapture Mrs. Dudley felt on seeing her child unclothe her eyes. She knew and called her "mother." She was not so much hurt as they at first supposed, for she had fallen into a hollow in the ground, and her limbs, over which laid the rock, were but slightly injured. She had a small cut in her head, and had fainted with fear at the sight of her own blood; and each time, as recollection returned, the horror of her situation, for she was unable to extricate herself, caused her to faint again.

They carefully bore her home, where she was anxiously attended by her mother for ten days, when she was again blooming, sprightly, and joyous as ever. I need not tell you how much Fidelle was loved and caressed. Mrs. Dudley had the portrait of both taken—Isabelle with Fidelle in her arms. The picture hangs, as you enter the neatly furnished parlor, on the right of the door; and Mrs. Dudley often calls the attention of her visitors from the blooming and beautiful young lady, who receives them with such grace, to the picture of the two pets; and the likeness is easily recognized between the laughing child and Isabelle, now in the bloom of beauty; nor can any one doubt that the old dog now sleeping, comfortably on the hearth-rug, is the little Fidelle in the picture.—*Child's Gem.*

BENEVOLENCE.

A BRAVE SISTER.

Brothers and sisters sometimes think they love each other very much; but when one is asked to give up something, or suffer a little for the sake of another, it is found that they are unwilling to do it. This proves that their affection is not very strong. But I will tell you an instance of a little girl's proving her affection in a manner, that none of us can doubt its sincerity.

Some years ago, a man by the name of Hull, moved from Vermont, to a new settlement in Canada. As it would take him some years to cut away the woods, build a house, and prepare his fields, he left his little daughter Maria, with her relations in Vermont, till he should send for her. When she was about nine years old, her father had her brought to his farm in Canada. There are many Indians living near Canada, and Maria had never seen one; but she had heard so many stories of their fierceness and cruelty, that she had the greatest dread of them.

Not many weeks after her arrival, her father and mother, with all the older members of the family, on a Sabbath morning, repaired to a place of worship, and left her in charge of an infant sister, two years old. As she was amusing herself with her little sister, suddenly looking up, she saw standing before her, a tall Indian. His long, bushy hair curiously knotted with birds' feathers; his dusky, painted face; his gun upon his shoulder, his brawny limbs, his red leggings, and above all, his naked tomahawk and scalping knife, stuck in his girdle:—all these terrific objects presenting themselves at once to her view, were well calculated to overwhelm her with terror and dismay. And indeed this effect was well nigh produced. But with singular presence of mind, she reasoned with herself, that to appear alarmed, would but increase her danger. She therefore assumed all the composure she could possibly command. The savage addressed her in a coarse tone of voice, but she knew not what he said; she guessed, however, that he asked for some food. Though nearly sinking with dread, she hastened to spread the table, and to place upon it whatever was good in the house. Lastly, she placed a chair for the savage, in such a position that he must sit with his back towards the door. As she had observed that he had followed her wherever she went, with his piercing eye, she feared he would close, and perhaps fasten the door, (which had all the while stood open,) before he sat down. She therefore watched his motions with the deepest anxiety, and was much relieved, when she saw him quietly seat himself in the chair she had placed for him. She now silently slipped out of the door, and began to skim across the field like a bird; feeling that every step she took lessened her danger, till at length she began to look upon herself as having quite escaped. At that moment, the thought of her little sister came into her mind, and with it a flood of the deepest agony. "What shall I do?" she exclaimed. The struggle, though severe, was short. It was a struggle between fear and duty, between love of herself, (perhaps love of life,) and love of her sister. The latter, however, triumphed. "No, my dear Julia," cried she, "I will not abandon you. If I do my duty, I may possibly save you. I will try; and if I fail, we shall perish together." Having formed this resolution, she instantly returned. She now feared that the savage would have discovered her flight, and would hasten to revenge it upon her defenceless sister. She almost expected to hear her dying shrieks. But as she approached the door, which was still open, all remained silent. She looked in,—the savage was still at the table where she left him; on the opposite side of the room, and in a line directly beyond him, sat the unconscious Julia, playing with her toys. Here her former struggle with herself returned. She saw that she was still undiscovered, and might escape; but to rescue her sister, she must stand before the savage. She, however, hesitated but for a moment; with a trembling heart, she passed across the room to her sister, enticed her to the door, and watching the moment when she was not observed, caught her in her arms, and fled. Her sister was a large, heavy girl, two years old; and though she was but nine herself, and of a slight and delicate make, yet she managed to bear her precious burden with speed, for more than half a mile, which was the distance to the nearest house. But her extraordinary strength had passed away with the occasion that gave rise to it: she fell exhausted.

ed on the floor, and it was long before she could give any account of the cause of her extraordinary agitation and alarm.—*Youth's Friend*.

THE NURSERY.

THE WHIP, THE BRIDLE, AND THE ROD.

You seldom see a horse and a man together, without finding a whip in the man's hand. The stage-driver, the coachman, the drayman, the carter, and the man on horseback, provide themselves with whips, before they think of setting out to drive, to guide, or to ride. They all use their whips for the same purpose. If the horse is lazy, and will not mind the master's voice, a touch of the whip soon quickens his pace. If he stumbles through carelessness, a few strokes make him more attentive to his steps. If he jumps aside, or kicks, or refuses to obey the reins, or the voice of his driver, the whip generally brings him to order and obedience.

You never see an ass carrying or drawing a burden, without a bridle at his mouth. It is necessary to direct him, to restrain him, to govern him. If it were not for the bridle, and the iron bit which is attached to it, he could not be stopped, or turned, or held back, or kept in the right road. You sometimes see horses turn or stop at the word of the driver, without any bridle. The ass is a more obstinate animal, and cannot be trusted without a bridle.

We must have, then, a whip for the horse, and a bridle for the ass. But I wonder if these are the only animals that require some instrument to govern them. I know that dogs watch the very looks of their masters, and obey their commands without whip or bridle. A sign, or a word, will bring a cat to you, or drive it from you. The cattle of the field are easily driven in flocks or herds; and a little child often directs their way. But what is this that I see in the Bible:—'A whip for the horse, a bridle for the ass, and a rod for the fool's back!' Why! the inspired writer puts the horse, the ass, and the fool together; as if they were of the same kind, and he speaks as if the three were to be treated in the same way. He cannot mean any brute when he speaks of a fool; for none are called by that name, whom we have no reason to expect to have sense. And he cannot mean those afflicted persons who have been born without the gift of reason: for the Scriptures would never teach us to use a rod upon those who have not the means of knowing or learning what is right. The verse must mean human beings; and who are they that may be called fools?

As Solomon wrote this verse, let us see from his other writings, what persons he considered to be worthy of this name. In looking over his book of Proverbs, I find, that when he says, "the wise in heart will receive commandments," he adds, "but a prating fool shall fall." This is as much as to say, that the person who talks without sense, and talks a great deal, and loves to hear himself talk, rather than to receive instruction from those who are wiser—has the mark of a fool. The rod is for his back.

Again, Solomon declares that the "way of a fool is right in his own eyes." He means the one who thinks he knows better than his teachers and advisers; who will not receive warning when he is going astray; who will not confess that he is ever wrong. If anything will bring such a one to his senses, it is the rod on his back.

"A fool despiseth his father's instruction." "It is a sport to a fool to do mischief." "Every fool will be meddling." "He that hideth hatred with his lips, and he that uttereth a slander, is a fool." "He that is soon angry, dealeth foolishly." These are some of Solomon's descriptions of a fool; but will a rod make him wiser? Yes, it may; for it will teach him that if he acts as if he had no more reason than a horse, or an ass, he must be governed, and restrained as they are; and this will bring him to reflection, perhaps, if nothing else will. The rod will make the foolish

man understand that he is bound to obey his parents; and that if he will not do this from right motives, he must be made to do it through fear of pain; and when he has begun to do right from this motive, he may find how much happier and better it is to be wise than to be foolish. Thus, says Solomon, "Foolishness is bound up in the heart of a child; but the rod of correction shall drive it far from him." And now we see what he means, when he says, "He that spareth his rod, hateth his son; but he that loveth him, chasteneth him betimes." "Thou shalt beat him with the rod, and shalt deliver his soul from hell." "The rod and reproof give wisdom; but a child left to himself, bringeth his mother to shame."

Let me ask my young readers to notice one thing. The horse and the ass have no understanding, and they must be governed by whip and bridle; but even these are used, only when it is necessary, and are used wisely and kindly by every good master of a brute animal. But the fool, such as has been described, knows better, and can do better than his conduct shows. If he needs the rod, it is his own fault. He has a mind, a conscience, a Bible, an instructor; and he that follows these, with prayer to God to give him true wisdom, and take away his folly, will escape the rod both of God and man.—*lb*.

MORALITY.

CHRISTIAN ORNAMENTS.

The acquisitions usually called accomplishments, are probably beyond the reach of many for whom this is written. Believing, however, that there are within the grasp of every one excellencies far superior, I will just hint at some of them.

First, then, in the circle of graces, is *love*—an ardent desire to please God, and good-will for mankind, which prompts to every effort in the range of probably doing them good.

Joy—a glow of heavenly rapture, produced by a sense of God's forgiving love, as well as prospect of that "eternal weight of glory" which awaits the "redeemed."

Peace—a calm and orderly adjustment of all the passions of the soul, in opposition to the terrors and forebodings of an angry Judge, which, more or less, disturb the breast of every unrenowned sinner.

Long-suffering—a disposition to bear, without repining, the injuries or provocations that come from the world, and to sustain personal suffering in the animating hope of a rich reward.

Meekness—the patient endurance of injuries without resentment, and boundless lenity towards such as cause them. These qualities are capable of indefinite extent, involving many others enumerated in the gospel, but which are here sufficiently specific for our purpose.

Let me ask my young readers what character is so lovely, as one in which these dispositions are blended? Have you ever seen one who you thought did the utmost to please God, and who strove to "do all possible good to the souls and bodies of others?" whose countenance, radiant with joy and hope, diffused the same heavenly influence on all around? who, unmoved by conflicting passions, unapprehensive of future wrath, was only anxious to fill up life with devotion and usefulness, meekly enduring privations, injuries, or insults, chiefly desirous that those who cause them may be brought to repentance and salvation? Do you say this person has never met your observation? Will you read the New Testament attentively and then tell me if you think the character may not, nay if it *ought* not, to exist? Is it not the most desirable possession on earth, suitable for all dispositions and circumstances in life? If so, let me entreat you "to be what you admire." Other qualifications may or may not give some consequence to your character, but these will procure for you, even in this world, inestimable benefits, in the approbation of your conscience, the esteem and confidence of the wise and good;

while wordly embellishments are attended with very inadequate pleasure, if not with positive evil.

On the youth of the present generation devolve the highest hopes, the deepest interests of the church—of the world. There is no individual, however humble his sphere of action, who has not an important part to perform. Do you inquire, "What can I do?" You can always exemplify the *spirit* of Christianity, and very often you may add *precept* to practice,—thus you may do more for the world's reformation, than by all other means when this spirit is wanting. It is impossible to come in contact with it, and not feel its power; and when "every individual shall consider it his great work to instruct, both by precept and example, those around him, till they bear the image of Christ, the redemption of the world draws nigh. *But it will never be a perfectly happy world till every person in it does all he can to make it so.*"

Youth's Mag.

THE AGED SOLDIER.

Slowly he pursued his way to dispose of the last remnant of his property, which the long sickness of his aged companion, the wife of his bosom, constrained him to part with, to add to her comfort. It would leave him without a farthing, dependant upon the charity of the world for support.

He seemed lost in thought; and though the busy crowds with hasty steps passed and repassed, he heeded them not. His brow wore the gloom of care, and the rigid expression of his features bore ample evidence of the agony within. His thin gray locks, attenuated and scanty dress, and feeble steps, attracted no attention from the happy throngs who, boasting of their liberty and independence, gayly pursued their own career, unheeding the aged soldier whose valor won those blessings. Liberty and independence were the watchwords of his youth; and as the sounds met his ear, a gleam of native fire flashed from his eyes, and his lips essayed to speak, but the remembrance of unrequited suffering choked his utterance. He glanced at his wounds—a shudder ran through his frame, and he groaned aloud at his country's ingratitude. The paroxysm was soon past; it was but the repetition of many such; and the heroic martyr spirit which prompted him in early life to brave both battle-field and halter, was called again to rouse his sunken spirits. Just then the antic gambols of a passing troop of school-boys presented to his mind a faithful picture of happy security. "No," exclaimed the gray-haired veteran with exultation, "I have not fought, I do not live in vain; and, though now neglected, perhaps despised, posterity will yet do justice to the soldier of the revolution."

Years rolled on, and the long-delayed compensation for toil and suffering was ultimately granted. Again I saw the veteran soldier; he was seated in the porch of a neat little cottage, situated in the midst of a highly cultivated garden, recounting to his grand-children the deeds of the revolution, and praising, with lively ardor, the virtues of the great and good Lafayette. Content and happiness burned in his countenance; and, as he mentioned the object of his early toil,—the completion of our independence, and the unrivalled prosperity to which our nation had arrived,—tears fast flowed down the channels of his deeply furrowed cheeks. They were tears of gratitude, that the soldier's services were at last requited, and the evening of his days made happy by the justice of his government.—*lb*.

SABBATH SCHOOL.

INDIAN SUNDAY SCHOOLS.

Perhaps it might offend some of the well-dressed and well-taught pupils of our Sunday Schools, to point them to the children of American savages for an example of good conduct. What! (they may say,) can any Indian children be patterns of behaviour to us. Well, I will only copy what is said by a gentleman, who lately visited a mission-

ary station among the Cherokees, west of the Mississippi; and if it does not reprove any of us, it can do us no harm to read it.

"Precisely at the ringing of the bell, the Sabbath School assembled; and I was struck with the fact, that nearly every teacher was promptly at his post, and not more than one or two scholars came in after the school was opened; and not more than three or four belonging to the school were absent. I was asked to teach a class of five Cherokee boys, and I would be glad if classes in our Sabbath Schools generally acquitted themselves as these did. The order of the school was remarkably good. I observed that there was less noise and talking than I have ever observed in a Sabbath School. When the general exercises had closed, the superintendent called for proofs of a subject he had previously announced. The texts were read in a loud, distinct voice, and were generally very appropriate. I was particularly pleased with the appearance and answers of one lad, twelve years of age, named Josiah Fields. The superintendent closed with some suitable remarks, and gave out a subject for the next Sabbath. The exercises were then terminated with singing.

"One of the most efficient teachers in the school was an Osage girl; she had been taken in war by the Cherokees, when about two years old, and had been hired to a white man in Arkansas, who offered her for sale. When the purchaser was about to pay the money for her, he observed that her ears were slit after the Indian custom, for the purpose of carrying ornaments. This led to the discovery that she was an Indian. She was sent to the Governor of Arkansas, who sent her to the mission, where she received a Christian education, and now she gives good evidence of being a converted person. She evinces no desire to return and live among her people; but she says she is willing to go, if she can be useful among them. I was peculiarly delighted at beholding the good order and neat appearance of the mission school. I was also pleased with the sprightly and intellectual expression of their faces, as well as the tasteful dresses and fair complexion of many of them. All in the schools, except four, are children."

We ought often to think of, and pray for, the thousands of Sunday scholars who are the children of heathens.—*Youth's Friend*.

EDITORIAL.

THE GOLD-FISHES.—No. 1.

One morning when Amelia and Fanny Sutton were sitting with their mother at work, the newspaper was thrown in at the front door.

"There!" cried Amelia starting up, "now I mean to see if brother James has arrived." The paper was a large one, so Amelia spread it out upon the floor, and began eagerly to draw her finger down over the list of arrivals among the ship news.

"Oh yes, here it is," she exclaimed, "The Mary—as large as life, now isn't that nice, mother!"

Her mother was quite as glad as Amelia wished her to be. "He will be here by Thursday," said she. "Poor fellow, he will be thankful to find us all well."

"Oh, I don't think he is a poor fellow at all, mother," said Fanny. "Do you think he will bring us home any presents, Amelia?"

"Yes indeed, I know he will,—but Fanny I am almost sorry he is coming, he does tease us so you know, and when he kisses us how rough his face is!—But let me see, mother says he will be here by Thursday—dear me, I should think he could come sooner than that."

"Mother," said Fanny, "may we go and fix up brother James' chamber?"

"Why, I don't think it needs fixing up," said her mother—"however, you may go, but take care not to injure any of his things, because you know he is very particular about them."

Away ran both the little girls, to put in order shelves that were always kept perfectly nice, and to rummage over boxes, and drawers to their heart's content, laughing and talking and frolicking, as they drew forth to the light the odd things which their sailor brother had stowed away.

Thursday came at last, and James came too, and then there were kisses, and smiles, and trunks to unlock, and curiosities to display, and heaps and heaps of old clothes to be washed and to be mended, "enough" as Fanny said "to frighten anybody out of their wits."

At last, after every thing else had been said and done, James produced a great brown jar, which was carefully covered over the top.

"Now for your presents Amelia and Fanny," said he.

"It's preserved ginger, isn't it, brother?" asked Fanny, trying to peep in.

"No, it is preserved fish," said James.

"Preserved fish!" cried Fanny, in great dismay, "Oh, but I don't like that at all."

"How do you know, before you have tasted? What are you laughing at, Amelia?"

"Why you are making fun of us, I know you are, for I see your eyes twinkling away up in the corners."

"Well then, peep in both of you, and see what you can see."

Amelia knelt down upon the carpet and peeped into the jar.

"I can't see any thing at all," said she. "Oh yes, now there's something moving about,—what can it be. Come Fanny, and see what it is."

"It is something alive and it has got a tail," said Fanny. "Oh no, it has not a tail after all, but it moves about like a fish."

"Oh it is a fish," cried Amelia, "how I wish it wasn't so dark in there, so that we could see it plainer. But we thank you very much brother for bringing it for us."

James did not like to be thanked, so he began to whistle so loud that Amelia had to stop.

"What sort of a fish is it?" asked Fanny. "It looks red to me."

"Red! a red fish!" cried Amelia, "Oh Fanny!"

Fanny however was firm in her opinion that the fish looked red. "I did not say it *was* red," said she, "I only said it *looked* so. Brother James—oh he has gone, hasn't he, well, he will be here at dinner, and then I can ask him how it looks to him. Dear little fish!" she continued embracing the brown jar, "how I do love you!"

"Let's go down in the kitchen and tell Jane about him," said Amelia. Accordingly they both set off. Fanny reached the door first, and was just beginning with, "Oh Jane—" when she stopped and said, "No, I'll let Amelia tell, because she thought of it first."

Amelia looked pleased, and hastened to tell Jane all about the brown jar, but just as she was in the midst of her story, her brother James came in with it in his arms. Before she had time to guess what he was about to do, he went to the sink and poured out the water from the jar.

"There go all your fishes!" he cried. "Oh James!" cried both the children, while the great tears sprang from Fanny's eyes, and Amelia darted forward to arrest his hand.

"Well, well, don't cry—that's of no use, but run up stairs into the parlor, and see if I didn't lose that fish out by the way. Quick! or I shall get there first."

The children ran, and when they opened the parlor door, they saw a great glass globe full of clear water, and playing about in the water, four beautiful gold-fish, such as they had never seen before. E.

[To be Continued.]

When Æschines applauded Philip as a man who could drink freely, Demosthenes replied that it was a good quality in a sponge, but not in a king.

VARIETY.

The Young Man's Course.

I saw him first at the social party. He took but a single glass of wine, and that in compliance with the request of a fair young lady with whom he conversed.

I saw him next when he supposed he was unseen, taking a glass to satisfy the slight desire formed by his sordid indulgence. He thought there was no danger.

I saw him again with those of his own age, meeting at night to spend a short time in convivial pleasure. He said it was only innocent amusement.

I met him next, late in the evening, in the street, unable to reach home. I assisted him thither. He looked ashamed when we next met.

I saw him next reeling in the street—a confused stare was on his countenance, and words of blasphemy on his tongue. Shame was gone.

I saw him yet once more—he was pale, cold, and motionless, and was carried by his friends to his last resting place. In the small procession that followed, every head was cast down with grief and shame—and two aged frames seemed to shake with uncommon anguish. His mother wept to think she had ever given being to such a child.

I thought of his future state. I opened the Bible and read, "Drunkards shall not enter the kingdom of heaven."—*Western Temperance Journal*.

Peace in Danger.

On board an East-Indianman was a pious boatswain, whom, on this account, the crew looked upon as a strange man. The ship was overtaken with a storm so dreadful, that after every effort to preserve life, the captain said, "All that could be done had been done—it was impossible the vessel could weather it." The ship seemed sinking—the captain withdrew into the cabin—the men were some on their knees, and others with horror hanging on parts of the rigging. All expected the vessel would founder. The boatswain had been very active, and apparently unalarmed, during the whole of the gale. At this moment, when a heavy wave struck the ship and seemed as if it would instantly sink her, looking up with a smile he exclaimed, "Blessed be God, all is right!" and began to sing. The storm afterwards abated, and the vessel was saved. Thus, amidst the storms of life, on the dark ocean of death, and amidst the terrors of the judgment day the Christian may still smile and exulting exclaim, "Blessed be God, all is right!"

The Child's Question.

Why do you not pray with us, father, as Deacon — does with his family, night and morning? inquired a little boy, about six years old.

"O, I can't, said the father, I don't know how." The child looking him imploringly in his face, put one more question—"Father, *can't* you try?"

Profane Language.

Avoid those who are profane and obscene in their language. By long associating with such youth, you will by degrees habituate yourself to their language, and thus be shunned by the virtuous and the good. When you hear the name of God irreverently spoken by a companion, set him down as an unsafe friend; and unless he break away from the habit, in future have but little to do with him.

POETRY.

"GOD MADE THE SKY THAT LOOKS SO BLUE."

TUNE—*Auld Lang Syne*.

God made the *Sky* that looks so blue;
God made the *Grass* so green;
God made the *Flowers* that smell so sweet,
In pretty colors seen.

God made the *Sun* that shines so bright,
And gladdens all I see;
He comes to give us heat and light,
How thankful should I be.

God made the little *Bird* to fly,
How sweetly has she sung:
And though she flies so very high,
She won't forget her young.

God made the *Cow* to give nice milk,
The *Horse* for us to use;
I'll treat them kindly for his sake,
Nor dare his gifts abuse.

God made the *Water* for my drink;
God made the *Fish* to swim;
God made the *Trees* to bear nice fruit,
O, how should I love him.

[Infant School Bo

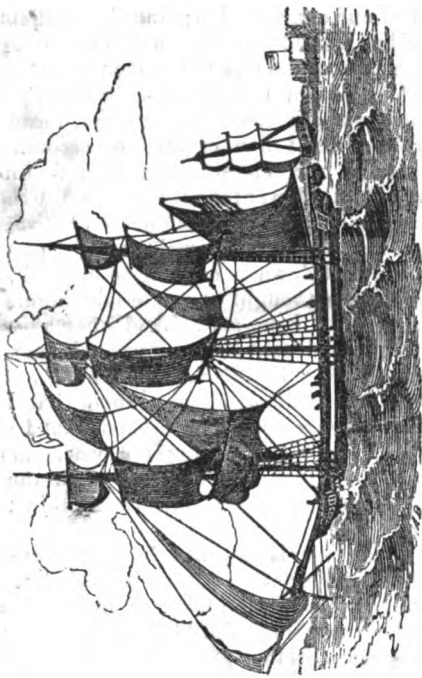
YOUTH'S COMPANION.

Published Weekly, by NATHANIEL WILLIS, at the Office of the Boston Recorder, No. 11, Cornhill.—Price, \$1.00 a year in advance; or \$1.25 if not paid in advance.

NO. 17.

BOSTON, SEPTEMBER 4, 1840.

VOL. XIV.



WATER.

A large book might be written about the different uses of this element in our world. You must not expect, therefore, that I can say much on this subject in a few pages of the *Youth's Friend*. But as it has always been one object of our book to lead the young to reflect upon the works of God, and make them feel their continual dependence upon His goodness, I mention it, in hopes that it will cause them, whenever they look upon the great ocean, the flowing river, or the silent spring, to think of the wonderful provision that the Creator has thus made for so many of the wants of his creatures.

The principal uses of water are for drink to man and all other animals, whether beast or bird; for an element to fishes, which supply man with food; for the supply of the clouds with moisture, to return in rain, which is necessary for the life of all that grows; and as a means by which men may be carried all over the world.

Think of it only in the last of these uses. Look at an Atlas, and as you turn from the map of one hemisphere to the other, and from one country to another, notice how all parts of the earth are connected by seas, lakes, gulfs, and rivers. Then think of the various vessels which men have made to convey themselves and the productions of the earth or of manufactures from one country to another. What a wonderful thing is a ship, prepared to go a voyage of many months, without once seeing land; trusting entirely to the winds for moving it along, and to the rudder for turning it about! How wonderful the ships that are moved still more rapidly by the vapor of boiling water.

But when we consider the water, and the vessels that go upon it, we must not think only of the benefit they produce, in supplying the wants of this life. It is pleasant indeed, to have the tea of China, the fruits of the West Indies, and the manufactures of Europe. It is a happy thing, that we can visit our brethren in other countries, and that they can visit us. But there is a still higher advantage than these. You will understand it at once, when you look on the missionary map of the world, published by the American Sunday School Union. How is the ignorance of all those countries in Asia and Africa to be removed, unless those who possess knowledge in Europe or

America carry it to them? How is the Bible to reach them? How is the Gospel to be preached, except some one is sent to them? Here you see the most important use of the oceans and streams of the world. Wherever they flow, the Christian missionary may be carried. Now look at all the rivers of the great continents that are still in the darkness of heathenism, and imagine them to be bearing ships and boats, in which the ministers of Christ are going to proclaim the message of salvation to every place within reach of their voyages and journeys. You will see that the whole world would soon hear the truth, if this were the case. Here then, God has provided the Bible, he has put it into the hands of large Christian nations, and made a road for them, as it were, to every heathen town and village in the world. There is, of course, but one thing wanting—that is, men to carry the precious message.—Some are gone, and others are going; but oh, how few, compared with the multitude that need the truth! Is it wonderful then, that Christ taught his disciples to pray, that as the world is like a field, ready for harvest, God would send forth laborers to gather it?—*Youth's Friend*.

NARRATIVE.

VISITS TO A COTTAGE.

(Continued from page 68.)

A few days after this, I again walked to the neat cottage of the Barkers, and was again most cordially received. The infant was awake and laughing in his way, and so pleased was I, that I took him in my arms, and held him for a considerable time. Mary had been nurse that day, for though she was not so fond of babies as I am, yet she knew it was right to assist her mother in any way she could.

My dear little girls, here is a lesson for you. I fear that some of you, when you are told to take the baby, pout and cry, and say you want to play, and make many more excuses, and your mothers are obliged to insist upon your doing it, and to make you take the child. Now how naughty this is! think what trouble your anxious mother took with you when you were a babe; how she fed you and attended you day after day, and month after month, and how she was wearied by stooping to teach you to walk, and how she comforted you when you fell, and yet you object to do the least thing for her. Oh, unkind child! and unkind sister!

Mary was a very different girl; her mother never had to ask her twice to do any thing, and though she very often had to nurse Sarah, who was a fretful, unruly girl, Mary seldom complained, and why?—Because she loved her Saviour, and knew that he had said, "Honor thy father and thy mother."

When I entered the cottage, I found Mrs. Barker below, and was informed that Mary was taking care of her sister. I walked softly up stairs, and hearing Mary's voice as if engaged in prayer, I stopped at the door, and heard her offer the following petitions.

"O thou God of mercy, thou hearer and answerer of prayer, suffer a poor, guilty sinner to come before thee; do not send me empty away; do not deny my request; look in tenderness on my dying sister; support her weak body; comfort her soul; give her thy grace; hast thou not a blessing for her? Bless her, oh my Father! teach us ALL to submit. Let us all say, 'Thy will be done,' and let us not only say it, but *let us feel it too*."

Here Mary's tears forbade her utterance; reli-

gion and natural affection were striving together, but she overcame her emotions, and continued praying.

When I entered the room, the scene was such as I shall never forget. The setting sun, which had tinged the glowing western skies, shone through the window casement, and his fading beams fell on the pale and languid countenance of Susan.

I noticed that the bed-room window was open, and the poor sufferer was propped up by pillows, for she could not breathe when lying down. Death indeed appeared upon her countenance, but it was not in a form of terror.

My little reader, are you afraid to die? Do you shrink at the thoughts of death? Learn of Susan that

"Jesus can make a dying bed
Feel soft as downy pillows are."

But if you are not prepared for so solemn a change, you *ought* indeed to be afraid to die.

I perceived that Susan's eyes were shut, and that she was breathing very hard. "Well, Susan," said I, "and how do you feel in the prospect of death?"

"I feel very anxious, Ma'am," said she.

"Why anxious, my dear?" I asked.

"Because," she replied, "now I am so near death, it seems a very solemn thing to die."

"It is a solemn thing, Susan, but I hope that you are ready to meet it, and to rejoice in the hope of soon being with your Saviour."

"Yes, I know in whom I have believed."

"Have you thought on what I said to you?"

"I have thought of it night and day?"

"Have you prayed much?"

"I can't pray as I would; Mary prays with me."

"Do you read the Bible?"

"Mary reads it to me, but I cannot see."

Soon after, Mary left the room, and Mrs. Barker coming up, I departed, promising, that if Susan should be spared, I would call early the next day. Full of musing reflections, I sought my own home.

"Dear little children, who may read

This simple story through;

Pray think that death may come with speed,
And bitter pains for you."

But let me ask, Could you have prayed as Mary did? *She prayed from her heart*; she felt what she said. That is *true prayer*, my children, which we *really feel*; and if you have not prayed so, you have never prayed at all. Mary knew that God is a Spirit, and you know it too, your teachers have taught you so; but I am afraid but few worship him as Mary did, "*in spirit and in truth*."

Do you ever go by yourselves to pray to the Saviour? If you do not pray to the Most High in the morning, how can you expect that He will take care of you through the day; and if you do not pray to Him in the evening, why should you expect that He will take care of you through the night? Go, and fall down on your knees this day, and pray to your Saviour, and He will look with love upon you, and like as he did to the young ones of old, he will put His hands upon you, and will bless you.

In my slumbers I dreamed of Susan, and she was present in my thoughts the first thing in the morning, and as soon as I was ready I went to her cottage. Mary had not lain down all the night, for Sarah had been very poorly, and she had been obliged to attend to her; and Mrs. Barker ever since I had left her had been with Susan, who was still alive. It was very early; the dew

hung upon the leaves, and the other children were asleep. Without delay I found my way to the sick chamber, and there I saw the mother watching her child, and the father sitting by her side with the utmost anxiety in his countenance. He left the room when I appeared, that his little girl might not be hurried by too many attendants.

"Mrs. Barker," said I, to the sorrowing parent, "this is a trial of faith."

"Oh! it is indeed," said she, "no one can tell what I feel."

When Susan heard the sound of my voice, she held out her hand, and looking steadfastly at me, said, "Dying is hard work, Ma'am."

"What have you been in much pain since I saw you?"

"Oh, very great pain," replied she. "Where can I go?"

These exclamations I had not expected to hear, but I soon afterwards understood that she had been strongly convulsed all the night, and that she was then in a good deal of agony.

"Patience," said I, "Susan, patience must have her perfect work."

"Yes," answered she, "it must, it must; it won't be much longer, do you think it will?"

"No, my love," I replied, "it surely can't be much longer." But as I thought she might continue for a few hours, and as I had resolved not to leave her as long as she did live, I prevailed on Mrs. Barker to lie down, whilst I promised to take all needful care of Susan, and in case she should be taken worse to let her know it. She did so, and went to Mary's bed, leaving me alone with Susan.

Ah! my girls, there is something very, very solemn in death. Did you ever see a person die? Did you ever see a body after death? If you have, say, is it not a solemn thing? You cannot tell how serious I felt; it was no time to trifle. There was an immortal spirit about to take its flight to the unseen world.

Susan appeared stronger; but her strength was the agony of death; yet she was enabled to converse with greater ease with me than before, and though she was a poor child and was covered with a patchwork quilt, yet I thought it an honor and a pleasure to smooth her dying pillow, and to encourage her while passing through the dark valley. Ah! I wish I could have taken you to the bed-side of that pious Sunday Scholar; you might have seen how a young Christian died. The religion of Jesus, you know, is the same thing with the young as it is with the old; it is a changing and a sanctifying principle, it forms the mind anew.

"What should I do now," said Susan, "if I had now to seek a Saviour! but blessed be his holy name, I love him, and I shall love him to the end, he will not leave me;" and then she paused, and looking at the said, "Do you think he will?"

"No," said I.

"His honor is engaged to save
The meanest of his sheep."

Then we talked upon the songs of angels, their white robes and their palms of victory, and many more things. But in about an hour and a half after this, Susan's countenance changed, and in dying accents she asked for some water; I saw she was nearly gone, and with all possible haste I moistened her blue and stiffening lips; the water revived her, and she seemed better, but was again fearfully convulsed—I was alarmed, and knocked with my foot on the creaking boards, which brought Mary up.

"Call your mother," said I. Mrs. Barker soon came. We rubbed her limbs, we prayed that she might have an easy death; we entreated that support might be granted her, and the Almighty in mercy heard our prayers, and after a while she grew easier and more calm.

"Let me get up," she said, for she knew not what to do—I raised her in the bed, supported her in my arms, and she leaned her weary head on my shoulder. I read to her the xivth chapter of St. John's Gospel, upon which she spoke some

words by which her father, mother, brothers and sisters were melted to tears. The drops of grief fell from her eyes when she thought of parting with friends so dear; yet she kissed them all, said many things expressive of her joy at the prospect of endless glory; and then asked me to read a hymn. As I was reading the last verse but one, which begins

"Then when ye hear my heart-strings break,
How sweet my minutes roll."

she gently sighed twice; fell back on the pillow; the struggle was past, the conflict was ended, and her soul, freed from the body, sped its triumphant way to her Father and to your Father, to her God and to your God.

Poor Mary, when she saw her sister was gone, gave vent to her feelings; and as for poor little James, he was quite inconsolable; he took Susan's hand, and kissed it again and again, stroked her hair down, and was very much grieved; but the language of Mrs. Barker's heart was what it ought to have been—"The will of the Lord be done."

I persuaded all the children to go down stairs with me; and afterwards I went to a neighbor, to beg her attendance at the house. I said a few words respecting the uncertainty of health and life; bid Mary be of good comfort, and look towards that time when her sister should appear in the clouds of heaven, and directed her to watch, lest her Lord coming suddenly should find her sleeping.

On the day appointed for Susan's burial I attended at the cottage, and took Mary and Sarah two neat black frocks, and black strings for their bonnets, for which they were very thankful.

Little Susan's coffin was very plain; there were no shining handles; no rows of expensive nails; no trappings of cloth, but every thing was very plain.

Ah! dear children, it is of very little consequence what becomes of the body when the soul is gone. "Four steps," you know, "will measure your narrow home," "the house appointed for all living;" you will not occupy much space in the ground. Your teachers do not mind the body, they care about your souls; we want you to care about yourselves; we want you to remember that "time is short," and that you must all appear before the judgment seat of Christ. Do not disappoint our hopes, but let us hear you asking in sincerity, What must I do to be saved?

From the Boston Weekly Magazine.

THE PROFANE SWEARER.

His virtues were his pride; and that one vice
Made all his virtues gewgaws of no price.

Couper's Truth.

There is a divinity that shapes our ends,

Shakspeare.

"Will it storm, sir?" asked Lucilla Altamont, the moment after I was introduced to her for the first time, upon the deck of a steamboat, just leaving the wharf of an eastern city; "think you it will really storm, sir? I have watched the motion of the clouds for half an hour, wishing they might break away; for it must be truly beautiful to gaze upon the waters foaming and flashing in the bright sun rays, as our boat shall leave the harbor, and sweep out upon the ocean. I hope it will clear away."

It was afternoon of a New England summer. The morning had been sultry, and the atmosphere was exceedingly oppressive. As is often the case, about midday the clouds began to gather, slowly and almost imperceptibly, till the heavens were dark, and the sun veiled, saving when it stole through an opening of its shroud, and bade earth smile again. The thunder groaned heavily, and the fitful blaze of the lightning flashed at intervals in the distance. The appearance of an immediate tempest was decisive; and such as to give the timid girl, whose interrogation may have struck the reader as somewhat abrupt, no little uneasiness; for after all, the boldest of us unaccustomed to the constant roaring of the watery waste, do not feel perfectly at ease with a few feet of timber

beneath us, the raging waves around, black clouds and thunder and fire above.

I have before intimated that Lucilla was a stranger; and yet I had known her long. Richard Altamont, two years older than herself, was my classmate and bosom friend at college; and they who know the spells dwelling about those names, can tell, that closer ties of simple friendship than these imply, exist not between man and man, the world over. Often had his only sister been the subject of our conversation; and the brilliant pictures of her amiable qualities which a brother's affection had from time to time given me, together with exhibitions of mental purity and excellence that I had seen in her letters to him, formed the base upon which I had created a personification of my idea of her, clothing her with features of beauty, but little lower than the angels. Frequent interchanges of sentiment had passed between us, through her brother, as well as little presents; and I never sat down at evening to my task, without a moment's thought upon the fair fingers that had wrought my lamp-mat. And when a package came from her distant home, invariably was some trifle enveloped "For Richard's chum."

It was not without interest, then, that I now met her. A plan had been formed, that I should travel with the family during the warm months, and by appointment, I joined them upon the deck of the steamboat, where my readers just now found me.

My beau ideal had not been too ethereal. Nay, it was imperfect, as when a lovely landscape is perceived through the mist, or in the dim twilight, which needs the full blaze of midday to develop perfectly the alternations of light and shade. My picture had been beautiful, but it wanted the fair proportion and the elegant grace, and above all the sunshine of the soul that illumined the temple nature had made. There was the stately form, the elegantly chiselled features, the liquid azure eye, the delicately pencilled brow, the rich profusion of auburn ringlets, and a complexion in which health glowed through the veil of beauty.

The poetry and music of her voice as she spoke, would have dispelled any feeling of formality from my heart, had I known it;—and as though we met old acquaintance, I answered with a smile, as we looked upon the clouds,

"I hope it will storm, but fear your wishes may be realized, instead of mine."

"I love your candor," said she; "most men would have accorded with my wish, merely for the sake of quieting my fears, even though in reality they hoped and expected otherwise. But why do you wish a storm?"

"For the reason," replied I, "that you wish fair weather; to behold the beauty of the ocean, I feel as safe in a storm at sea, as in a calm; for it is as easy for Him who rules the winds and waves to say, 'Peace! be still!' as to restrain them when they are at peace; and with an unfaltering trust in Him, I am alike protected, upon land or sea, in the mild sunshine, or in the whirlwind and the tempest."

"I feel the justness of the rebuke your remark conveys, for being fearful in the event of a storm," she replied, "but do you not admire the beauty of a vessel sweeping over the tranquil deep, like a bird upon the wing? Mark now, as the sun struggles through the clouds, how its rays light up the spray dashing from the boat's prow, like a shower of gems! And in our wake, too, see how the waves seem dancing with joyousness; and the clouds chasing each other on the surface of the water! Can there be beauty like this in a storm?"

"Not like this," I answered; "for when you have realized the beauties of a calm sea once, you have them for all times and all places. The same crested foam, the same rippling waves, and the same reflections from the clouds, are there without change or variety, and the beauty becomes monotonous. Day after day, week after week, you may sail on, and the scene shall be tedious and uninteresting, and what now appears

beautiful shall become dull and tiresome. In a storm, grandeur and sublimity unite with beauty; and the soul that can conquer its foolish fears, seems above the power of the elements, and looks with awe and silence upon the wonderful exhibition of the majesty and power of God."

While I was speaking, our conversation was put to the proof. The heavens became suddenly black as night; the wind moaned through the ship's rigging; the thunder came nearer, and the lightning wreathed the clouds with its flame. The black waters foamed angrily about us, and the waves went rolling and tumbling onward, dashing their crested tops to the clouds, while our boat was tossing like a thing of air, mounting, and now sinking again to the depths. Still the beautiful being stood beside me, hanging upon my arm, and gazed upon the sublimity of the storm. She spoke not. It was impossible to give utterance to words, while such high thoughts swelled our souls as then.

There was hurrying to and fro upon the deck, and anxiety on many a countenance. The light baggage was shifted to positions where it might not become wet, and friend was searching for friend, and the loud shout of the commander was heard above the voice of the tempest, issuing orders to the crew. But Lucilla heeded it not. Her soul was absorbed by the terrible beauty about her. Unperceived, the captain had approached us, and with his trumpet to his lips shouted some command. It was unobeyed—perhaps unheard. Again he shouted with a voice of thunder, and with the command came oaths and horrid curses. Lucilla started as from a dream. She gazed with a pale face upon me, and said,

"I fear not the voice of the tempest, the wrath of the deep, the echoes of the thunder, or the fiery footsteps of Jehovah as he walks upon the wings of the whirlwind; but I dare not stand in the presence of a man who curses his God! Let us go below."

We moved away; and as we passed the captain, he turned and looked upon us with an air that told he both heard and felt the remark.

The violence of the tempest increased, till the rain began to fall in torrents; and as the clouds discharged themselves, it gradually died away, and before sunset it had completely lulled.

Again we went upon deck; the ocean was heaving in tumult, like the bosom of an infant, after it has been disturbed by some fretfulness. We stood by the ship's side, watching the sun as it descended to its home in the west, deeply engaged in conversation. Suddenly we were interrupted, and looking round Captain Woodford stood beside us. He spoke.

"Pardon the interruption of a stranger, lady, but my feelings will not permit me to keep silence. Often have I heard of trust in God, but I never saw it, till I beheld it exemplified in you to-day, in the midst of the tempest. Your reverence for Jehovah's name, involuntarily expressed, I overheard; and let me assure you, that it shall never be uttered profanely by my lips again, if for your sake alone."

I never saw a more beautiful or touching sight, than was Lucilla at that moment, blushing like the morning at the knowledge of the good she had done. She stood for a moment disconcerted, without knowing how to reply. Then drawing a small Bible from her side, she said,

"Stranger! I am but too happy if so poor a motive has induced you to reform a habit odious to God and good men. Take this little volume, and may its precepts work a holier and greater reformation, for your own sake."

Night closed in upon us, and little circles of friends were gathered here and there upon deck, and in the cabin, passing the hours in conversation, pleasant and song. The captain by invitation, joined our little party, and attached himself to us all, as a man of honorable and generous sentiments, and of refined and liberal education, but whose moral and religious character had been formed from the loose and wicked maxims of the world. But before slumber had come upon our

eyes, a fervent prayer had ascended from more than one heart, that he might taste the fruits of the Spirit, and become an heir of the grace of God.

It was again summer. The wheel of time had been rolling onward untiringly, and with it seasons had come and gone. The noise and bustle of commercial life was loud as ever, and ships and steamboats in multiplied numbers ploughed rivers and oceans, but Capt. Woodford mingled not with its noise, or gave command upon their decks. Men in all places of life had turned or been jostled aside, and others occupied their stations.

The Sabbath sun dawned upon a populous city, and the wicked and ungodly went out to do their own pleasure, and tempt the curse of God, and the devout and holy knelt in adoration and thankful worship. The bells pealed from the domes of an hundred sanctuaries, and called the people to the house of God. The multitude left their secret altars, and crowded the streets, with silence and serious contemplation. The stranger and the citizen mingled together. The father and mother walked side by side, and behind them the son, and Lucilla Altamont leaning upon the arm of her brother, to pay their vows unto the Lord in the courts of his holy temple. She was changed; the beautiful girl of sixteen was no longer a bud of promise; but the maiden of twenty-two was a most magnificent flower in full bloom.

The grey haired man, and his wife, and his two children, entered Jehovah's courts, and knelt and worshipped. The man of God arose, and holy eloquence fell from his lips, and he shed tears as he exhorted men to repent, preaching Jesus Christ and him crucified. Often his eye dwelt upon the strangers, and the strangers upon him; but they knew him not. The hour passed by; and the service closed, and the congregation went to their homes. But the stranger tarried, till the reverend man came down from the pulpit, and spoke kind words of Christian fellowship, and he told of past days of sinfulness and profanity, of storms and tempests, and kind rebuke, and lifted a small volume to heaven, and with streaming eyes thanked God that he met again with the angel who had given him that Bible,—through which the blasphemous sea captain was changed to a minister of righteousness!

Happy days passed away like the swift-winged wind; and there was a gathering in the city, at night. The brilliant lamps shone, and youth and beauty and smiles and joy were there; and a marriage feast was proclaimed, and a man of noble bearing knelt at the altar beside a beautiful maiden, and her father fell upon her neck and kissed her, and her mother also; and they wept; for they gave away their only daughter, and Lucilla Altamont was the bride of Edward Woodford, who prayed at night and at morn, that God would make holy and humble and grateful "THE PROFANE SWEARER."

THE NURSERY.

A DIALOGUE.

"Albert, come here a few minutes—I wish to talk with you." "What about, father?" "About a subject that I want you to understand." "Then I know it must be well for me to know it. I'll listen." "And you will try to remember, will you?" "Yes, pa, I'm sure I will." "Then hearken. You love me, do you not?" "Why do you ask me that? dear, dear pa, you know I do." "And why, Albert?" "Why! how can I help it, when you have always been so kind to me and love me so much?" "I'll doubt not your love—but tell me how you should like to hear my name used without any respect?" "I'm sure I could not bear it, and I'd tell the boy that did so what a wicked boy he was—I'm sure I would."

"I'm glad, Albert, that you are so zealous in my behalf, and now I want you to feel as much for your heavenly Father."

Albert looked very thoughtful, as if he knew that something wrong was coming out against him, and he blushed deeply when his father added: "Now, dear Albert, do not let me hear you again using without any respect, the name of your heavenly Father. It makes me feel as bad to hear you, as you would feel if you should hear boys sporting with my name." Albert threw his arms around his father's neck, and wept bitterly; and never after did he use the name of his heavenly Father with irreverence. I hope that none of my readers will be less wise than Albert.

LITTLE EMELINE.

"Mother, I want to go to aunt Mary's to-day," said little Emeline.

"I do not think, my dear," said her mother, "that it will be best for you to go to-day, your aunt is quite ill, and the doctor says she must be quiet. You had better wait, and go at some future time, when your aunt is able to see you."

I saw by Emeline's countenance, that this decision of her mother, did not please her. She went away pouting and jerking her shoulders up, and behaved very naughty. Her mother appeared very much ashamed to think her little daughter should behave so bad before a stranger, and attempted to make some apology for her; and though I did not tell Emeline's mother so, yet I felt very bad about it myself; for it always gives me pain to see little children unwilling to obey their parents. It looks so ungrateful and unlovely, for children to disobey their parents, that I can never love such children at all; and I do not think any body can love them.

LITTLE HENRY.

"Mother I want to go to town next week and see the soldiers; William, and James Owen, and a great many other boys are going, and I have come to ask if I may go also."

"I will think of it, my dear Henry," said his mother, "and will let you know to-morrow. In the mean time, I wish you would look at the matter, in all its bearings yourself."

A longer, or more tedious night, Henry never spent than that. He had never been to town when the soldiers were out, and he had heard other boys tell how beautiful they looked, &c., and he was very anxious to go; and so he laid awake all night thinking about it. In the morning he got up very early, and ran to his mother's room to see if she was up, but she was not quite ready, and so he went away and sat down, and waited patiently till his mother came. At length she came, and little Henry, jumping from his chair, exclaimed, "Mother may I go?" "I will talk with you about that, my son, directly."

Pretty soon Mrs. Hoadly seated herself, and Henry was instantly at her side.

"Mother! may I go?"

"I have been looking at the matter, very seriously," replied his mother. "You know it always gives me a great pleasure to gratify your desires, when I can do so consistently with your best good, and my high obligations as a parent. But in this instance, I am persuaded that neither your good nor my duty can be accomplished by granting your request. I think you had better not go. There are so many accidents occurring on such public days, that I am afraid you might get hurt or killed, and even if you did not, I should all the day be worrying about you."

Not a single expression of dissatisfaction could be seen on Henry's countenance. He listened to all his mother said, with attention, and when she was done, he said,

"Well, mother, I suppose you know what is best; I have always been happiest when I have obeyed you, and so I will stay at home, for if I should go, and knew that you were displeased, I should not take any comfort. I should be very happy to go and see the soldiers, but I much prefer to obey you. Never mind, I can play and enjoy myself at home; and then you will not be displeased, or concerned about me, and I shall not be in danger of being hurt or killed."

Now which do you think was the happiest child? Little Emeline, or Henry? Why Henry to be sure. Then I hope you will make it a point to obey your parents always. They may not always think best to gratify your wishes; but remember they know best.—N. Y. Evangelist.

EDITORIAL.

THE GOLD-FISHES.—No. 2.

When the little girls saw this pleasant sight they could find no words to express their delight. Fanny's smiles and tears made her little face just bright enough to be kissed, James said, and while Amelia was exclaiming, "Oh, oh, oh! I never did see anything half so beautiful!" James was covering poor Fanny's lips and cheeks and forehead and neck, with what she said were real sailor kisses, and putting her good-nature to a pretty severe test.

"Now, girls, there's one thing I am going to tell you, and don't you go and forget it. I shall feed the fishes myself while I am at home, and you must never put a bit of any thing into the globe. Now be careful!"

After James had left the room and they had admired over and over again the dear little fishes, Fanny said gravely,

"Amelia, don't you think it was wrong for brother James to cheat us so? He said he had thrown the fishes away."

"Yes, I think it was wrong," said Amelia, "I am afraid it was as bad as a lie."

"Then he won't go to heaven, will he?"

"I don't know I'm sure, but don't let us talk any more about it, for there's my lesson to learn, and I don't know what mother will say if I have another bad one."

Some weeks passed away, but Amelia and Fanny loved their fishes as much as ever. One day as they were standing together near the globe, Amelia was, as she afterwards assured her mother, seized with a sudden fit of naughtiness.

"Fanny," said she, "I could feed them, if I had a mind."

"Oh Amelia, you know we are not allowed to give them anything."

"I could feed them anyhow. You don't know but what I've had leave."

And partly to gratify the spirit of contradiction, Amelia went to the closet to see if she could find anything there, although she did not really mean the fishes to have any. She found a large, tough and dry cracker in one of the drawers, and for a long time she tried in vain to break it.

"Why, what a funny cracker," said Fanny.

"It's a sailor's I guess, for brother James brought it home from sea."

Fanny was very glad that she was not herself a sailor.

"Are you going to give any of *that* to the fishes?" asked she. "I don't believe you would dare to put in a mite."

"I dare put in so much," said Amelia, as a piece was at last, with the help of the tongs, broken from the cracker. Fanny looked incredulous. Amelia saw the look, and without waiting for another moment's thought, she hastily threw the bit of cracker, into the water. The fishes all started and splashed about, half afraid, and yet eager for the prize. One of them seized upon the tempting morsel.

"There!" said Amelia, "didn't I say I would feed him?"

Fanny looked on silently. Presently she said, "What makes that fish act so, I wonder. I should think he was in a fit."

"In a fit! A fish in a fit! I don't believe there could be such a thing. That little bit couldn't choke him, could it, think?"

"I don't know, it makes me feel dreadfully to see him do so. Let's go and tell mother," said Fanny.

Their mother came and looked, and said she was afraid the poor fish would die.

"Oh I guess he'll get it down, mother," cried Fanny, "I guess he won't die," but as she said the words, the fish struggled more violently, turned over upon

its side, and was dead. The little girls burst into tears, and Amelia hastened to hide in her own room that nobody might hear her sighs and sobs, and be a witness to her distress. When she at length came back to the parlor she found her brother James there and saw instantly that he knew how foolish she had been. Fanny was begging him not to punish her sister. "I don't believe Amelia would have put the cracker in, if I had not said she did not dare to."

Brother James was however very much displeased. He had been so used to perfect obedience from grown up men at sea, that he could hardly believe that his little bit of a sister had ventured to do what he had expressly forbidden. The beautiful globe and the pretty fishes were taken away, and Amelia never expected to see them again.

"I should be willing to be punished so," said she, "only I don't think poor Fanny ought to lose her pleasure for my faults." She tried to make up to her little sister, for the loss of the fishes, by kind attentions to her wishes, and by many acts of self-denial. Her brother James observed in silence this good trait in her character.

E.

VARIETY.

The Rose.

"All the flowers around me wither and die, still I alone am called, 'the fading, the transitory rose.' Thankless men! do I not strive to make my short existence agreeable, and even after death, do I not shed from my tomb fragrance; Medicines full of virtue and balm? Still do I hear ever said and sung, 'Ah, the withering fragile rose!'"

Thus mourned the queen of flowers from her throne in the first bitter moments of conscious decay. A maiden standing near overheard and replied, "Be not angry with those who prize you so highly, beautiful darling, call not that ingratitude, which is the tenderest affection. Every flower that we see around withers, and dies,—we hold it the flower's fate. But thou, their queen, we deem immortal; when we are disappointed in our wishes, let us unite our lamentations with thine; all the beauty, the joy, the freshness of life are compared to thee, and as they fade they cry, 'ah, the withering fragile rose!'"—Herder.

Dancing.

It is well known that the Asiatics of either sex, of any respectability, never dance themselves. Throughout Hindoostan, whether among the Hindoos, Mohammedans, or Parsees, the master of a feast sends for the public dancing girls and musicians to entertain his guests; for himself, his family, or his company to do either, would be quite inconsistent with propriety, and the gravity of character they generally preserve. An Indian of respectability could never consent to his wife or daughter dancing in public, nor can they reconcile English country dances to their ideas of female delicacy. I remember an amiable Hindoo at Bombay, being taken to a verandah overlooking the assembly room, where a number of ladies and gentlemen were going down a country dance; on his conductor asking him how he liked the amusement, the mild Indian replied, "Master, I not quite understand this business, but in our caste we say, *If we place butter too near the fire, it will melt.*" I have thought of this Hindoo when present at some particular waltzing in France and Germany.

(Forbes' Oriental Memoirs.

The Faithful Dog.

In Youatt's "Humanity to Brutes," is recorded the following anecdote of a Newfoundland dog:

"A vessel was driven on the beach of Loydd, in Kent. The surf was rolling furiously—eight poor fellows were struggling for help, but not a boat could be got off to their assistance. At length a gentleman came on the beach accompanied by his Newfoundland dog. He directed the attention of the animal to the vessel, and put a short stick into his mouth. The intelligent and courageous fellow at once understood his meaning, and sprang into the sea, and fought his way through the waves. He could not, however, get close enough to the vessel to deliver that with which he was charged; but the crew joyfully made fast a rope to another piece of wood and threw it towards him. He saw the whole business in an instant; he dropped his own piece, and immediately seized that which had been cast to him, and then with a degree

of strength and determination almost incredible he dragged it through the surf and delivered it to his master. A line of communication was thus formed, and every man on board was rescued from a watery grave."

The Eagle.

An Eagle was once asked why she led her young so high in the air?"

She answered, "would they dare mount so near the sun, should I bring them up on earth?"

Mother, wouldst thou that thy child should relish high and holy things, bring him not up too near the earth.

Riddle.

The French delight to try the *esprit* of children by a kind of riddles. For example: A man has a little boat in which he must carry, from one side of the river to the other, a wolf, a goat, and a cabbage, and must not carry more than one of these at once. Which shall he take first without the risk, that, during one of his navigations, the wolf may devour the goat or the goat the cabbage? Suppose he carry the wolf—the cabbage is lost; if the cabbage, the goat is devoured; if the goat, the embarrassment is equal, for he must risk his goat or his cabbage on the other side of the river.

The answer is,—he must take the goat first, the wolf will not touch the cabbage; in the second passage he carries the cabbage, and brings back the goat; in the third he transports the wolf, which may again be safely left with the cabbage. He concludes with returning for the goat.

A GOOD WIFE.—Louis IV. said his Queen never gave him pain but when she died.

MAXIM.—The world is like a watch-dog, which fawns upon you, or tears you to pieces.

POETRY.

Communicated for the Youth's Companion.

TO JOSEPHINE, ON THE DAY OF HER BIRTH.

Precious little one!

Welcome, welcome

To every heart.

Bless'd be thy morning light;

Thy days on earth be bright,

Till thou depart.

God give thy parents grace,

On all thy life to trace

Thy Saviour's mien;

To train thee up with care

And make thy being bear

His holy name.

How vast the treasure sent,

How pure the blessing lent

For culture here!

O Holy Spirit, shield

The parents and the child

From every fear.

And on the heavenly shore

When life's short scene is o'er

Accepted stand

The parents fit for heaven,

The children thou hast given

At Christ's right hand.

From the Sabbath School Messenger.

ON PARTING WITH A PUPIL.

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

Sweet friend, farewell. Once more regain
Your pleasant home, your native plain.
How meekly borne has been each task;
How well performed what love could ask.
Your step to Learning's fane was light;
Your eye with grateful ardor bright;
And oft shall Memory, lingering here,
Restore your form, my pupil dear.
Yet think, O think, where'er you rove,
That Heaven, which strews your path with love,
That sheds new blessings every morn,
And scatters flowers without a thorn,
Mid all its bounty, all its care,
While youth and hope weave garlands fair,
Presents no boon of which to say,
"Tis light, go trifle it away."
Not every privilege survives;
Each moment, though it vanish, lives,
To be accounted beyond the tomb,
And meet you at the bar of doom.
But how it rises, how appears,
In smiles or frowns, with hopes or fears,
And O, what message then it bears,
Rests on your labors and your prayers.

YOUTH'S COMPANION.

Published Weekly, by NATHANIEL WILLIS, at the Office of the Boston Recorder, No. 11, Cornhill.—Price, \$1.00 a year in advance; or \$1.25 if not paid in advance.

NO. 18.

BOSTON, SEPTEMBER 11, 1840.

VOL. XIV.



Written for the Youth's Companion.

ACADEMY BOYS.

"Well," cried good old Mother Dorcas, as she wiped her spectacles, and adjusted them carefully in the little red leather case, "if that doesn't beat all! To think of his caring for a poor old creature like me!"

"Why, what has he been doing now, mother?" asked a tall boy who stood leaning over the little garden fence.

"O is that you master Edward? I was only saying that of all the boys in town, Samuel Robbins is the very cleverest. Only to think now! There isn't a weed as big as a pin, in the whole garden!"

"So he's been at work here for you, has he?" said Edward. "I have taken quite a fancy to his good-natured face, of late, and was just wondering where he was running so fast, as I came up."

"Running? Yes, I warrant he'd run if he thought any body was coming to find him at work here. Such a boy as he is! Why he won't stand still long enough to be thanked."

"He seems to be a bright boy," said Edward. "It is a pity he does not like school."

"Bless your heart!" cried Mother Dorcas, "he likes school as well as any boy in the world, but it isn't every boy who is born a gentleman's son, and Sam has found that to his sorrow. He has worked like a slave ever since he was that high," she continued, holding her hand a few inches more than two feet from the ground.

"Then I've found just what I want I fancy," said Edward; "good morning, mother."

As Edward turned down the lane which led from Mother Dorcas' house, he heard a stout voice singing, "Old Hundred" with great energy.

In a few moments, Sam's round and sunny face appeared behind a great basket of fruit which he was carrying in his arms. A little girl trudged along by his side.

"I love you, Sam," said she, "because you gave me this apple, and because you won't let John Thornton hunt my kitty—but I don't like any body else hardly, because they do tease me so. Oh what great ugly boys there are in the Academy!"

"That's because they don't have to work," answered Sam. "Now you see, when I get rich enough I mean to go to school myself, but I shan't

have time to be ugly you know, because I shall have my Latin lesson to learn."

"Latin! What kind of a lesson is that?" asked the little girl.

"Oh, its a lesson. Girls cannot understand any thing about it, as I know of, but all the boys in the Academy study it, and if I get a book, would not I find out something?"

"Well, why don't you buy a book then?"

"Oh, because I haven't any money. Besides if I had a book I'm afraid I couldn't study without somebody to help me."

"Oh here comes master Edward Hyde," said the little girl. "Don't you know him? He's a real pleasant boy I know, for the other day he was going down by our house and he came along and patted me on my head, and says he, 'Mary'—"

"That isn't my name," says I.

"Well—Lucy then," says he.

"No, my name begins with an E. and ends with an N. and don't you think he guessed right away that it was Ellen! "Well, Ellen," said he, "do you know who it was that found my purse and brought it home for me the other day?"

"Yes Sir," said I, "I guess I do, it was my cousin Sam."

"Oh you little tell-tale you," interrupted Sam, "didn't I charge you not to let any body know it?"

"Well, but how could I help it, when he asked me right out? I'm sure if you'd seen how pleasant he looked all the time you wouldn't have cared if I did tell him. As soon as I told him your name he took out that very same purse, and I saw there some yellow things in it which were there the day you found it—and then he seemed to think of something all of a sudden, and let it fall back into his pocket again."

"Let it fall?" asked Sam.

"Yes, he let go of it as if he didn't care much whether it went safe in, or not?"

"Well, I hope he won't catch me and go to thanking me, I'm sure," said Sam.

"What an odd fellow he is," thought Edward, as he caught now and then the words with which little Ellen was making out her story. He seems to have something in him, however."

As Edward was in the midst of this reflection, a boy somewhat younger than himself, approached, and said, "Well, brother, if your walk has been as full of adventures as mine, you have good reason for that sober face. I do really believe I have found just the sort of boy we want. Don't you remember that little thick, black-eyed boy, who was playing on the green the other day? I was so careless as to stumble into a ditch, where I lost one of my shoes and ruined my pantaloons, so I went into the first house I came too, and there I found the nicest old woman! So while she was making me fit to be seen I made her tell me her whole story, and if it were not so long you should hear the whole. Well, then she took me up into her boy's corner of the house, and such queer sights as I saw there! In the first place there was an old chair which his mother said he was mending for some old lady, then there were five old, mouldy books piled up in one corner which she said he studied every day, and nobody knows how many queer contrivances in the shape of boxes, carts, wooden houses and windmills, which were intended for the young folks in the neighborhood. Now isn't he just the boy for us?"

"I know something better than that of him," said Edward. "This is the boy who used to walk a mile every evening last winter to read the Bible to that poor fellow who died a few weeks ago. Here he comes though, and now let us see what he will say."

"I believe this book belongs to one of you young gentlemen," said Sam civilly. "I found it under the old elm tree on the hill."

"Yes it is mine," said Edward. "We were just speaking of you. We feel anxious to be of use to somebody while we are here in the village, and if you would like our help, why we should be very glad to give it to you. Brother proposed when we first came, that we should try to find some boy who would love to study with us."

Sam's blunt good-nature generally made him appear well-bred, but surprise at his good fortune now completely unsettled him. He stood looking at the two young men with an air of perplexity and amazement, for some minutes.

"I thank you," he said at last, and then suddenly turning, he leaped over the low fence near which they stood, and was out of sight in a moment.

"Why what a strange fellow, to run off so," cried the younger brother.

"That's because he knew he should cry if he tried to say any thing more. I saw that plain enough, poor fellow," said Edward.

Our young readers will doubtless be glad to hear that after Sam had cried like "any thing," as he told his mother, he returned to find his new friends, and to agree with them as to the study hours and books. In a few days he was comfortably settled with a new Latin dictionary and grammar, and certainly never had a poor boy, kinder teachers. Perhaps we shall one of these days, find out the result of their benevolent efforts to do good. E.

NARRATIVE.

Written for the Youth's Companion.

THE ITALIAN SISTER.

BY FRANCES.

In the bright land of Italy she dwelt, the gay, the young, the beautiful Ginevra. She had one brother Gonsalvo, in whom centered all her young heart's affections.

Their parents unconscious of the fearful results, had taught them to depend entirely upon each other for all their happiness. And every day, from the time the first ray of the sun gilded the eastern sky, until the last golden tint faded in the west, they were constantly together.

Ginevra had been taught to look up to her brother, who was older than herself, for care and protection; while he had been taught to direct his sister, and shield her from all evil.

"See!" said Gonsalvo to her, as they were walking one day, "See, Ginevra, that sturdy oak, lifting itself towards heaven, with its strong, spreading branches, and its dark shade. How noble it looks! Man is like that stately tree; and you, my sister, are like that tender, feeble vine, which circles its trunk, and clings to its branches. Is it not so, my sister?"

"Yes, so our parents say," answered the gentle girl, scarcely old enough to understand the simile; "and if I cling to you Gonsalvo, as closely as twines the tendrils of the vine around the tree, will you support me as well?"

"Do I not?" he asked, as he wound his arm around her.

"But you may not have strength to shield me always, my brother," she said.

Then he stood before her, and showed the muscles in his arms, and said, "Now look at your own soft arms, and say, is there not strength here?"

"But what if anything was coming towards us,

now, that would kill us, if we did not fly and escape, what could you do for me?" she asked, laughing.

"Take you in my arms, and run through the arch with you," he answered triumphantly.

"I am grown so much," said she, "that you could not carry me now."

"Yes I can," replied Gonsalvo; and he caught her in his arms, and run like a wild deer with her, through the arch, into the garden of the palace where they lived; then sat her down among the flowers, laughing, and clapping his hands, as he said,

"There, it did not catch us." Thus they lived, and when he told their parents, the Count and Countess de Lino of his sister's distrust, and the way he proved his strength to protect her, they caressed the lovely children, and thought not that they could ever be less happy. And how could they. Their home was one of wealth and magnificence. In a delightful part of the most interesting country upon the earth; in the midst of ancient towers and temples, ruins, amphitheatres, marble fountains, &c. where the breezes came soft from the sea; sometimes wafting odors richer than any perfume we know; and sometimes filled with music, so sweet, so heavenly, the soul seems charmed away from its dwelling of clay, and elevated to the land of seraphs. The scenery too was enchanting. The dark, and heavy foliage of the large trees, contrasting beautifully with the lighter, and gayer green of the small trees and shrubs. Then the gentle undulations of the land, and the beautiful and mirror-like bodies of water, and their continually bright blue skies, were all charming. Gonsalvo had begun to be interested in the arts and sciences, and was in the land of their origin, and greatest perfection. What could ever trouble them. Every wish of their hearts was gratified. They were all the world to each other, and the tendency of every thing around them was constantly to increase the strength of their affections.

But alas! that it should be so. Their love was already too deep, too strong. They could not bear, even the probability of a separation in future years.

Fifteen years had passed over the brow of Ginevra; and she was as fair, as gay, and as happy as ever. Gonsalvo too, had not changed, unless he was more manly, and more ardent in his devotions to Ginevra. Nothing, during these years, had troubled them, except dread of a separation; and a strange certainty come with the fear, which neither of them could resist. I said it was fifteen years, since the birth of Ginevra; and they walked amid the ruins of an ancient cathedral. They had wandered far into the huge mass of stone; was admiring the unrivalled sculpture—now a splendid painting here, and another there; then turning with an admiring eye to the carved image of the blessed Virgin—the mother of Christ—yet with a coldness in their gaze, which showed that they knew nothing of Christ, of his mission to the earth, or the Heaven to which he would lead them. I must here say to my young friends, that in eastern countries, and to some extent in our own, the churches of Catholics are adorned with paintings, or carved marble images of the Virgin, the Saviour, and the most distinguished saints. They are usually very captivating to those who have a taste for the fine arts, and many of them are calculated to excite very deeply the feelings; perhaps to adoration, and devotion; but I fear the heart thus moved, adores the image rather than God, whom it sometimes represents. I have seen paintings of the Saviour upon the cross, when my heart has been so touched, I have instantly wept. I could not help it; but I do not know that I loved that Saviour any better. I do not think it in the power of man's imagination, to conceive of his sufferings for us, much less to delineate the keenness of his anguish upon canvass. But to return to my story. Gonsalvo and Ginevra had seen all that was admirable, and were about leaving the ruins as carelessly as they entered—chatting, singing,

and laughing, in all the joyousness of their unsullied hearts; when suddenly, a cracking was heard, and instantly one of the small pillars which supported the lower gallery gave way, fell and struck Gonsalvo with such force, as to lay him helpless upon the marble floor. Ginevra shrieked, but no one was near to answer her cry. The senses of her brother seemed for a moment scattered by the fall, but when they returned, finding himself unable to rise, and in great pain, he desired Ginevra to go home and call assistance. She did not like to leave him, but fearing he would die if he remained long in that condition, and knowing she could do nothing for him, she reluctantly went, and Gonsalvo was soon conveyed home, racked with the keenest pains. He said he felt as if every bone of his body was broken. A physician was sent for, and every thing done to relieve the sufferer which his skill could devise, but in vain. Every day his strength wasted. He seemed evidently sinking, and rapidly approaching the grave.

What a time must this be for Ginevra! What can she do! Where now, will she turn the mighty current of her affections. Gonsalvo must die. He, upon whom she has from her infancy leaned. In whom, only, she has trusted. Who will be her idol now?

There she sits by his bedside—and for a moment he rests in sleep. She looks unconcerned, and as she lays back the silken locks from his fair brow, and wipes away the perspiration, forced out by his extreme pain, she says, "How easy he sleeps, I am sure he will be better soon;" and she does not even dream that death is near; and no one dares inform her of the truth.

But soon Gonsalvo awoke, and looking up to Ginevra, he faintly said, "My sister, I must go and leave you. I shall die very soon."

She started a little, then said, "Oh no, brother, you will not die. You are better. Do you know how quietly you slept just now?"

"Give up your hopes of my life, Ginevra, for I feel that I am dying, now," said he. "My breath is short—my feet are already numb, and see how cold my hands are."

She took his hand. It was indeed cold; but she could not believe it was death. "It is only because you have been still so long," said she. "I will rub it with this flannel. Oh, do not look so, Gonsalvo," she continued with emphasis, as his face assumed a deathly expression, and his eyes partially closed, "You will soon be well." Then she looked up anxiously to her parents and friends, who stood near her weeping. Her father took the wrist of his once noble boy; the pulse was still, and he turned mournfully away.

The mother, too, took the hand of Ginevra, to lead her away, saying, "He is dead, my child." "Dead?" said she, looking up wildly to her mother, and turning suddenly back, to look at Gonsalvo. "Is he dead, mother?" Tears gushed from her eyes, and she struck her hands together, repeating with a look of bitter agony, "Oh mother, is he dead?" Then she took his cold hands again, and kissed his lips, and called "Gonsalvo." And when she saw that he answered her not, nor moved, she screamed, and called "Gonsalvo," until it seemed as if she would in her despair bring back the spirit of the dead. They took her away from him at last, a wild, raving maniac. She soon became calm, but her reason did not return. She did not speak to any one, and if any thing was said to her, she seemed entirely unconscious of its meaning. She frequently muttered to herself, sometimes called Gonsalvo—then laughed, as when he was alive, and wept and talked to herself, and laughed again. She stayed almost constantly by his grave, from morning till evening. She tore up the grass around it, and planted flowers. And every day, made long fresh wreaths, of the rich, green vine, and wound it round his monument. Then gathered large bunches of flowers, carried them there, and sat and picked them to pieces, while she sang. Oh! she sung such strains in her delirium, as might have melted the hearts of angels—so sweet—so sad; and then the low

hollow laughter which succeeded, was awful. Oh, it was more than ordinary nerves could bear, to see her thus. Nothing could restore her reason. Not all the caresses, and attentions of her friends—not the wealth of her splendid home—nor the glory of Italy's unclouded sky—nor the charms of other countries could bring back her wandering senses. Oh can there be anything more dreadful than the wreck of mind? What is death. What are long years of pain and sickness. What the accumulated cares and troubles of a life-time when compared to this? And would my dear young friends avoid it? Lean not too trustingly upon a mortal arm. Perhaps you may say, there is little danger, in our cold northern clime, of loving our friends too much. I know it is the testimony of travellers, that in Italy there is a peculiar tendency to ardent, and passionate affection. But may there not be something of this even in "cold-hearted" Americans? O may there not be some other things, upon which we may set our hearts too strongly? May we not fix our hopes of happiness in the attainment of wealth and honor, beauty, or some other earthly good, (if these can be called good,) and by the defeat of those hopes, be as sadly disappointed, as if they had been for the continued life of some dear friend? Are we not quite as likely as those of other countries, to make to ourselves an earthly idol? Then let us be on our guard. Let our highest hopes be those of being and doing good. And our heart's undivided affections be early secured in Heaven.

North Brookfield, Mass.

THE NURSERY.

Written for the Youth's Companion.

THE LOVELY CHILD.

"Ann, is a lovely child," said her mother. I doubted not but she was in her mother's estimation, but knowing the partiality of parents, and as my friend had but one child, I feared that she had been too much indulged, and thought it possible that I should differ from her mother's opinion; but said I, "we shall see how it is when the little girl comes home from school." The hour at length arrived when the infant class were dismissed; and little Ann came running home; she made a handsome courtesy to the ladies when she entered the parlor, and then took her seat by the side of her mother; her hair was parted, and lay smoothly across her forehead, and the ends hung in careless ringlets about her neck; her deep blue eyes sparkled with intelligence; but otherways she was not as handsome as many other little girls of my acquaintance; she answered very prettily to every one that spoke to her, and I thought to all appearance, that she was indeed a "lovely child." But I had not yet seen her tried; nothing had as yet occurred to vex, or in any way to cross her; and how many little boys and girls, as well as men and women there are, who appear very pretty indeed when there is nothing special to worry them; but when disappointment or trials beset them, we find that an unhappy disposition brings a cloud over all their charms.

The hour at length arrived for tea; little Ann had been allowed to partake with the rest of the family, and when the bell rang she made her appearance in the dining room, doubtless expecting to sit as usual at the table with the rest; but how was she disappointed, when her mother said to her, "my dear, you must wait for your supper, until we have eaten;" the little girl was astonished; she looked earnestly at her mother, as though doubting whether she rightly understood what was said to her; her kind mother saw her embarrassment, and said, "my child sit down in your little chair and wait with patience until we have eaten, and then you shall be waited upon;" the dear little creature immediately obeyed her mother, she took her seat pleasantly in her little chair; no muttering was heard, and no cross looks darkened her bright countenance; she amused herself with

her locket, and a bunch of flowers, which she had gathered, until we arose from table, then of course she expected her supper. She sat anxiously waiting, every moment expecting her mother would call her to the table; but what was her disappointment, when she found that no notice was taken of her, and she saw one dish after another carried away, until nothing was left save the table and the cloth which covered it. She then came to her mother and wiping away the tears which sparkled in her bright eyes, with the corner of her apron, she said, "mama I have waited with patience." "So you have, my dear," said her mother, as she kissed her. "What a lovely child," exclaimed every one present. Her mother unaccustomed to preparing the second table for her little daughter, had entirely forgotten her. I need not tell you that her supper was soon prepared, and the darling child partook of it as pleasantly as though she had been allowed to eat with the rest.

Now my dear children, I wish you to remember that life is made up of little things, little circumstances, which are every hour and moment occurring; and I fear that many of you do not consider what a great influence they have on the minds, and happiness, of people around you; had the little girl of whom I have been writing, obeyed her mother reluctantly, had she appeared cross or peevish, I do not think that I should have loved her as well as I now do; she is indeed as her mother said "a lovely child;" and though far distant I love to think of her, not in the least doubting but that she is good and happy, the joy of her parents, and a praise to herself. L. H.

North Brookfield, Aug. 29th, 1840.

[We bid welcome to our new Correspondent, "L. H." She has the right idea of interesting and benefiting youth. We hope often to hear from her.—Editor.]

RELIGION.

From the Sabbath School Messenger.

THE MINISTER'S VISIT.

Shortly after entering the work of the holy ministry, I was met, while walking a short distance from my residence, by a pious friend, who asked me,

"Have you heard of the illness of James—"

"James—," exclaimed I, "is he sick? How long since he was taken?"

"He is sick, and as his physician informed me, dangerously so. He has been confined to his bed two or three days."

I was surprised and affected with this information. The sufferer was a youth remarkable for his wild and thoughtless behaviour. Vice, in all its hideous forms, ensnared him; he was the prince of the little circle of youth in which he moved; first in mischief, he was now first in affliction; and feeling a deep interest in his situation, I hastened to his residence with the design of ascertaining his state of mind, and leading him if possible to the Saviour.

Arriving there, I was met at the door by his nurse and shown into his chamber. There he lay, surrounded by his anxious parents and friends, his countenance pale and ghastly, and his mind in the highest state of perturbation. He was crying aloud in language like the following:

"O I shall perish! I shall die! I shall go to hell! O what shall I do? What shall I do?" Approaching him, I inquired into his feelings, and found him to be fearfully alarmed in view of his approaching dissolution. The terrors of an unending hell were before him, and he seemed to see perdition glowing in all its horrors and burnings beneath him. Still he was not penitent—he was terrified. Sorrowful because dangers threatened him, but not because he was a sinner; he was alarmed, but not melted, and I endeavored to lead him into a state of true penitence.

This was a difficult task, he was so totally ignorant of the plan of salvation. Not that he lacked intelligence on general topics, but on the truths of revelation. Novels and idle books he might have read, but the Bible—the great emphatic Book—

he had almost totally neglected, and consequently was extremely ignorant of the way of salvation. Still I tried, and after much effort at this and subsequent visits, succeeded, as I fondly hoped, in bringing him to trust in the Lord Jesus Christ.

But alas! that trust was of short duration. God, in the abundance of his mercy, rebuked his disease, and he became so far convalescent as to leave his room and walk out into the neighboring cottages. Scarcely had he come among his old associates, before he fell under their pestilential influence, and returned, alas! like the washed sow, to his wallowing in the mire. Soon I beheld him wicked and debased as ever.

Such is the power of sin. First blinding the heart, it then fastens chains strong as death upon its powers, benumbs its energies, breathes the chill of death upon its affections, and stops, not until it puts out all the glory that belongs to the nature of man, and leaves it blighted, blasted, condemned and ruined!

And will my dear young reader continue to sin? O let him be warned by the case of James. What afterwards became of him I know not, for he shunned me as if a viper passed his footsteps whenever we met. It is doubtful, however, whether he ever saved his soul. Dear reader beware of sin!

THE GENEVESE GIRLS.

M. Malan had been conversing with some friends on religious subjects. When he ended, some children were allowed to come into the room, and they soon were engaged in different ways.

M. Malan saw two little girls between ten and twelve years old, sitting quietly in a corner; he went up to them, and said, "My dear children, we have been talking about the love which the Saviour has for us; we did not send for you children, as we thought you would have been tired of listening, but perhaps you would have liked to have heard something about it."

Eldest Girl. Sir, our mamma has promised that she will tell us, by-and-by, part of what you said.

Minister. Then your mamma will tell you about the Saviour. I hope you will be glad to hear about him; but you will be still more happy if you love him. I hope you do love him, my dear children?

E. We try to do so; but we are only little children.

M. My dears, the heart of a little child is large enough to love God, quite as well as a grown person's.

Youngest. We have not learnt much about him yet.

M. My dear, have you learnt that there is a Saviour?

Y. O yes, sir.

M. Do you believe it?

Y. I hope so, sir.

M. Do you believe that he will save you?

Y. I am afraid I cannot quite say I do.

M. You, my dear, (to the eldest,) do you expect to be saved?

E. No, sir, not yet; but I hope I shall be, when I am wiser.

M. Tell me, my dear child, if I undertook to answer for all your evil thoughts and sinful actions, should you expect to be punished for them?

E. No, sir; because you undertook to answer for them instead of me.

M. Well, then, if, after I had undertaken to answer for your sins, (listen to me, dear children,) and God was to send a punishment for these sins, who would be punished, you or I?

E. You, sir; for you were to answer for them.

M. Then should you expect to be forgiven, and not to be punished?

E. Yes, sir; because you had been punished instead of me.

M. My dear child, remember that Christ died for our sins—for yours as well as mine; he has suffered the punishment for them.

Y. Yes, that is what our teacher tells us; she makes us read the Bible to her every day.

M. Do you believe what the Bible tells you?

Y. Yes, sir; it is the word of God.

M. Is not there a text which tells us that (loved us so much, that he has laid all our sins on his Son, and that he caused this only and well loved Son to suffer for us?

E. Do you mean this text, sir, "God ^{can} sendeth his love towards us, in that, while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us?" XIV.

M. Yes; it is in the 5th chapter of the ^{to the Romans}. Now, my dears, do you say to that what God tells us in that text is true?

Both. O yes, it must be true.

M. My dear children, if you really believe, then you have faith, and faith will unite you, of the Spirit, and he will sanctify your hearts, over the evil that is in them. You must pray the Holy Spirit would do this, causing you to do his will.

E. We will try, sir.

M. What will you do for the Saviour?

Y. We will try to love him with all our hearts.

M. How do you show your mother and your teacher that you love them.

Y. By obeying them, and trying to do all that they tell us.

M. Do the same for God; obey him, seek to do his will, then you will feel happy upon now, my dears; I will bid you good by.

MORALITY.

WHO IS THE COWARD?

"Ha, James, you are a coward!" said Sam every when his playmate boldly declared he was a member of the Sabbath School Temperance Society and very politely declined to drink a glass of the which his aunt in her simplicity had poured for him on his coming in from play. "Ha, James, you're a coward!" "No, I'm not a coward, Samuel," James replied. "Then, dear, drink it like a good boy—said his aunt.

"Excuse me, if you please, I do not like the taste of it, nor do I feel the need of it." And he did not need it, for the glow of health mantled his cheek, and his eye sparkled with life and fire. Why then, should he taste that which Solomon says in the Holy Bible, "biteth like a serpent, and stingeth like an adder." His aunt sat down, and resumed her sewing, in the silent consciousness that she had done wrong to tempt James, whilst he and Samuel ran out to play again in the garden.

Now, dear reader, let us see who was the coward. A coward, says my pocket dictionary, is "one who wants courage." James did not want courage to refuse to drink, nor did he want courage to say that he was a member of the Temperance Society. He was justly proud of being a member of a society which embraces millions of the human race, of all ages, and nations, Christians and heathen, wise and ignorant, poor and rich, kings, and ministers, and governors, all engaged in a cause so philanthropic, so dignifying, so ennobling! Wherein then was James a coward? Do you say, in that he joined the temperance society for fear he should become a drunkard? How do you know that? He may have had many other reasons. Perhaps he saw the moral grandeur of the spectacle the society presented. Perhaps it was to induce his father, or brother, or sister, or some friend to join too. Perhaps it was to let the world know that he was associated with the wise and the good; that he was united with them in doing good, in seeking to rescue the poor drunkard from destruction, and to restore him to himself, to his friends, to his family, to society, to his Saviour and his God. But suppose he did join for fear he might otherwise become a drunkard. Was he a coward for that? If so, then the drowning man is a coward who seizes the rope that is thrown out to save him. No, James was not the coward.

Who, then, was the coward? Was it not Sam-

who was afraid to join the temperance society, some of his playmates should laugh at him? Is it not Samuel who did not know how to say when the glass was presented to him? Was it Samuel who felt so much reproved by the of James, that he turned his back that he not be looked at, as he drank? Think for elf, dear reader, and decide who is the coward.—*Youth's Temperance Advocate.*

Child's Present to an Absent Father.

She was writing a letter to her absent husband. She stopped and asked her little girl of five, "What word should I send her father in the letter?" "Don't you," said she, "let me kiss a little place, and you write round it, that *Harriet* kissed there, ask him to kiss it off." That must have been a present to an absent father.

The Converted Sabbath School Scholar.

"I can get my tasks now," said a little girl to her Sabbath School Teacher; "I used to think I could not do them, but the reason was, I had not given my heart to the Saviour; but now I have, and I find it easy to get them."—*S. S. Messenger.*

MAXIM.—When young, we trust ourselves too much, and we trust others too little when old. Rashness is the error of youth, timid caution of age.

POETRY.

From the Portland Transcript.

THE COTTAGE REVISITED.

It is well known, that every year a large number of persons, especially from the Agricultural class, leave the Western States of the Republic, for the purpose of making a settlement in the new and more fertile lands of the West. It is seldom, however, that they lose that strong attachment, which they previously cherished, for the place of their nativity. The object of the following Poem, to describe the feelings of this class of persons at his return, after many years, to his father's house.

One returneth from a distant land,
Where he hath been in pilgrimage afar,
And seeks once more with wandering foot to stand
Beneath the brightness of his country's star,
It is with beating heart and joyful eyes,
He views the long remember'd scenes again,
The mountains far, ascending to the skies,
The verdant hills more near, the flowering plain,
The willow shaded stream, the fields of golden grain.
The cottage maids their spinning wheel delay,
And from the window look with well pleased eye;
And grey-hair'd men, that sit beside the way,
Arise to bless him, as he passes by.
He finds, as round he casts his gladden'd look,
The friendly "Welcome Home" in every thing;
In ancient elms, and in the well known brook,
In vines, that o'er the talking waters cling,
And from the singing birds, that clap the joyful wing.
I too have been a Pilgrim. On the shore
Of wide Ohio I had cast my lot;
But, while I trimm'd my vine and pluck'd my store,
My childhood's dwelling place was ne'er forgot.
I ever deem'd the time would come at last,
Though cast upon a far and venturous track,
To take my staff, as in the days long past,
And to my Father's Cottage travel back,
Where yet he lives and toils upon the Merrimack.
That time hath come. With grateful heart I hear
The sounding river with its waters wide.
Sweetly its heavy murmur strikes mine ear,
Borne through the oaks, that crown its verdant side.
The golden day reveals its parting glow;
And where yon window, with its flickering light,
Dim through the interposing woods doth show,
That cluster round the gently rising height,
At last my Father's home repays my straining sight.
The watchful dog patrols the narrow track,
That joins the household to the public road;
He barks aloud, then playful hastens back,
As if to guide me to that lov'd abode.
The patient ox comes weary from the hill;
The tinkling sheep-fold bell is sounding near;
Sudden I hear the nightly whippoorwill;
The cheerful cottage window shines more clear;
And mingling sounds, well known, rejoice my wakeful ear.

And see! What venerable form is there!
'Tis he, my Father's self surviving yet.
Before his cottage door, with temples bare,

He thoughtful marks the sun's resplendent set.
With beating heart his doubting eye I claimed;
He gave a startled, momentary view;
But ere his faltering tongue his wanderer named,
My arms impatient, round his neck I threw,
Nor could the gushing tear, and voice of joy subdue.
And thou, he said, hast found me, ere I die;
Welcome to your old Father's arms, my son!
White is my head, and dim my aged eye;
But thou hast cheer'd me ere my race is run.
Then quickly, with a heart reliev'd from care,
And vigorous step, he hastened on before;
His aged tresses swept the evening air;
And as he reached his hand, and oped the door,
He bade me welcome back, to friends and home once more.

That moment was beyond the Poet's pen.
A moment of the heart, and graven there.
There sat my Father, most rever'd of men;
There sat my Mother in her spacious chair.
Bright beam'd the fire; and round its cheerful blaze
Two little brothers, full of noisy joy,
('Twas thus with me in other distant days,
Recall'd the time, when I too was a boy,
And loved in childish sports the moments to employ.
And as I scan'd each object o'er and o'er,
And mark'd with care the venerable place,
In wall and window, beam and sandet floor,
The signs and records of the past I trace.
They seem'd like old companions; and mine eyes,
Like one in search of treasures under ground,
Who sods, and rocks, and gaping crevice tries,
Renewed their searching glances round and round,
Till all the past reviv'd, in mingling sight and sound.

The same capacious hearth, expanding wide,
The spacious kettle on its length of crane,
The settle, stationed at the chimney side,
Just as in other times, they all remain,
Substantial all, as they were wont to be,
Affecting sight! To me they all were dear,
Since all were consecrate in memory.
The massy oaken chair is standing near;
And, pleas'd, the ticking of the eight day clock I hear.
My mother had unnumber'd things to say,
And, as she spoke, alternate wept and smiled;
Chang'd was her face, her scatter'd locks were gray,
But still she loved, the same, her pilgrim child.
Well pleas'd she saw, while often to the heart
Their hopeless blightings time and distance bring,
The love of childhood's home doth ne'er depart,
But like some flower, which blooms with endless spring,
Repels the Autumn's frost, the Winter's withering.
Slowly have pass'd the long, the twenty years,
Since first I parted from this social fire;
Sad was the hour, and many were the tears,
But hope was high, and strength of purpose higher.
But here, at last, I stand once more, and find
Old objects faithful to their ancient place;
And where the form is chang'd, unchang'd the mind.
If lapse of years hath pluck'd some outward grace,
Yet could it not the heart, the fount of love, displace.

But who is this with form so tall and fair,
A woman grown, and yet in beauty's prime,
With kindling eye, and darkly flowing hair?
The same, the cherished one, whom many a time
I carried in mine arms, and loved so much;
Who went with me o'er hill and ridgy steep,
(I fondly thought there was no other such,)
To call the cows, and tend the gentle sheep,
And ever at my side, did prattling, love to keep.
Lov'd sister Mary! Give me one caress,
Sacred to memory and other years!
The generous maid cannot her soul repress,
But sought my arms, and bath'd her face in tears.
Nor deem'd it wrong, if heaven may aught bestow,
To pray for blessings on that radiant head.
For me, alas! Such bliss I ne'er shall know,
As when abroad her childish steps I led,
Amid the "vernal year," or blooms that summer shed.
Swift spread the news of my unlook'd return,
And call'd with busy haste the neighbors in;
They grasp my hand, and eagerly would learn
What I have seen, and where so long have been.
Some were young girls, to woman's beauty grown;
Some were old men, who look'd no older now;
Some were young lads, whom at the school I'd known,
But now, erect with manhood's ample brow,
They bore the sinewy arm, that rules the spade and plough.

If they of distant scenes desired to learn,
And bent with eager gaze my tale to hear,
I too, with heart as eager, asked in turn,
Of scenes that nearer lay, but doubly dear.
Full many were the thoughts, that fill'd my mind,
Of sylvan sights, that once delighted me;
Nor was the heartfelt pleasure small to find,

Of hills and brooks, of fields and favorite tree,
So closely like the past, the present history.
Still flow'd my lov'd, my native stream; and o'er
Its solitary path hung arching still
The same luxuriant vine. The beech still bore
Its tempting nuts, where I was wont to fill
My eager hands, when, at the sun's decline,
I trod the vales, the errant flocks to call.
Still built the crow upon the ancient pine;
And where the oak o'erspread the waterfall,
The squirrel watch'd his hoard, and kept his airy ball.
And oft I asked, with sympathy sincere,
Who yet were living, who had sunk to rest?
Whom fortune in her smiles had come to cheer,
Or, deep in poverty and grief, depress'd?
Where were the lads, whose pleasures ever new
At early eve resounded long and loud?
And where the men, so gravely stern and true,
Strong in their aged locks, the fields that plough'd,
Though now perchance gone hence, or sorrowfully
bow'd?

The sturdy miller, had he still his jest,
As rough and honest, as in days of yore?
And poor, decrepid Jenks, among the rest,
Did he still beg his bread from door to door?
And she, with scrutinizing features old,
That sought into the maiden's palm to pry,
Hath she her last, prophetic legend told?
Thus went inquiry round, "in converse high,"
And heart leap'd forth to heart, and kindling eye to eye.
And now the eve was far advanced and dim,
And closing round the fire, as in my youth,
We reverently sung the Evening Hymn,
And then my Father read the Word of Truth,
The sight of that Old Bible moved my heart,
And stir'd anew the scarcely sleeping tears.
From childhood, till the morn that saw me part,
I ever knew it, clasp'd, and dark with years,
At morn and eve brought forth, to wake our hopes and fears.

And then he offered up the Evening Prayer,
Pour'd from a humble, reverential breast;
Not the mere show of truth and love was there;
The heart acknowledg'd what the lips express'd.
He uttered thanks, that, ere his days were pass'd,
He saw, save one that moulder'd in the earth,
(Too bright that loved one's joyful beam to last,)
His scatter'd children gather'd to his hearth.
Thus God his people loves; nor scorns their humble worth.

There are some men, that make a scoff at prayer,
At early morn, or at the close of day.
Ah, little do they know, how grief and care
Before true supplication melt away.
How pleasant 'tis, when sorrows pierce the heart,
To tell them to our heavenly Father's ear!
He plucks with gentle hand the hostile dart,
And, even when he looks with frown severe,
Is ever prompt to bend, his children's griefs to hear.
At morning's light I held my pensive track
Where scatter'd elms and mourning willows grew,
Along the deeply sounding Merrimack.
A little hillock met my anxious view;
'Twas my lov'd Lucy's grave, my sister's grave;
Her grassy turf and monumental stone.
Nought but the sympathizing woods and wave
Beheld my bitter grief, and heard my moan—
'Twas good to shed the tear—'twas good to be alone.

How oft around the hearth, the eve before,
I cast my eyes, but saw no Lucy near—
She was not nam'd, lest naming should restore
The mournful memory, the bitter tear.
She was the sister next to me in age—
Companion of my walks, with me she took,
Along the hills, her summer pilgrimage,
Or climb'd the rocks, or sought the shaded brook,
That in its mirror bright gave back her maiden look.

Together to the distant school we went,
And when the snows perplex'd the doubtful way,
The helping hand to guide her forth I lent,
Well pleas'd my skill and courage to display.
And often with a kind solicitude,
When weary I return'd from plough or spade,
She wiped my heated brow, and brought my food,
And in her smiles and sylvan grace array'd,
More than a brother's care a brother's love repaid.

Mary and Lucy! Those were household names,
That messages to joyous fancy brought,
And urged upon my heart their sacred claims,
Whatever lands my wandering footsteps sought.
They were my only sisters—one is gone—
And though a sister lives to bless me yet,
That other star, which o'er my pathway shone,
Beneath the ocean wave, its ray is set,
But never shall this heart, this mourning heart forget.

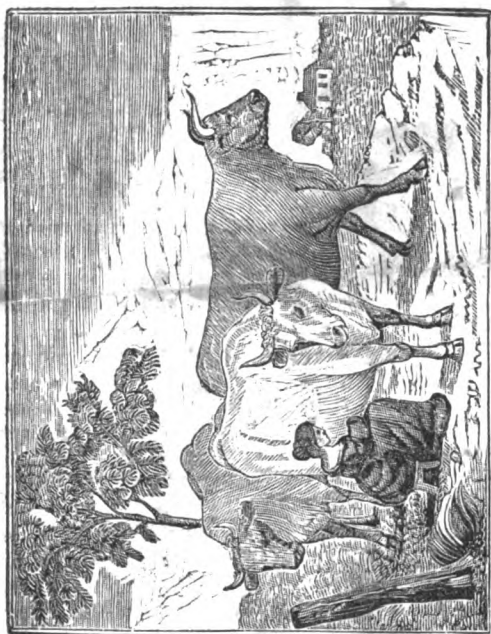
YOUTH'S COMPANION.

Published Weekly, by NATHANIEL WILLIS, at the Office of the Boston Recorder, No. 11, Cornhill.—Price, \$1.00 a year in advance; or \$1.25 if not paid in advance.

NO. 19.

BOSTON, SEPTEMBER 18, 1840.

VOL. XIV.



THE COW AND THE ASS.

Hard by a green meadow a stream used to flow,
So clear one might see the white pebbles below;
To this cooling stream the warm cattle would stray,
To stand in the shade on a hot summer's day.

A cow, quite oppressed with the heat of the sun,
Came here to refresh, as she often had done;
And standing stock still, leaning over the stream,
Was musing, perhaps, or perhaps she might dream.

But soon a brown ass, of respectable look,
Came trotting up also, to taste of the brook,
And to nibble a few of the daisies and grass;
'How d'ye do?' said the cow, 'how d'ye do?' said the ass.

'Take a seat,' cried the cow, gently waving her hand,
'By no means, dear madam,' said he, 'while you stand;
Then stooping to drink, with a complaisant bow,
'Ma'am, your health,' said the ass—'thank you, sir,' said the cow.

When a few of these compliments more had been past,
They laid themselves down on the herbage at last,
And waiting politely, as gentlemen must,
The ass held his tongue, that the cow might speak first.
Then with a deep sigh, she directly began,
'Don't you think, Mr. Ass, we are injured by man?
'T is a subject that lays with a weight on my mind:
We certainly are much oppressed by mankind.

Now what is the reason (I see none at all)
That I always must go when Suke chooses to call;
Whatever I'm doing ('tis certainly hard)
At once I must go to be milked in the yard.

'I've no will of my own, but must do as they please,
And give them my milk to make butter and cheese:
I've often a vast mind to knock down the pail,
Or give Suke a box on the ears with my tail.'

'But, ma'am,' said the ass, 'not presuming to teach—
'O dear, I beg pardon—pray finish your speech;
I thought you had done, ma'am, indeed,' said the swain,
'Go on, and I'll not interrupt you again.'

'Why sir, I was only agoing to observe,
I'm resolved that these tyrants no longer I'll serve;
But leave them forever to do as they please,
And look somewhere else for their butter and cheese.'

Ass waited a moment, to see if she'd done,
And then 'not presuming,' to teach he begun;
'With submission, dear madam, to your better wit,
I own I am not quite convinced by it yet.

'That you're of great service to them is quite true,
But surely they are of some service to you;
'Tis their nice green meadow in which you regale,
And they feed you in winter when grass and weeds fail.

stayt under their shelter you snugly repose,
and p... about it, dear ma'am, you perhaps might be
stay, a

For my own part, I know I receive much from man,
And for him, in return, I do all that I can.'

The cow upon this cast her eye on the grass,
Not pleased at thus being reproved by an ass;
'Yet,' thought she, 'I'm determined I'll benefit by 't,
For I really believe the fellow is right.'

Jane Taylor.

NARRATIVE.

THE TAHITIAN AND HIS BOY.

Those who know what the condition of the South Sea islands is, now that Christianity is introduced, would find it very interesting to read the voyages of Capt. Cook, who first made them known to the rest of the world. There are many very entertaining events related in the account of those voyages. Among them is the history of a native islander named Tupia, who became very much attached to the English during their stay at Otaheite, (or Tahiti as it is now called,) and when they were ready to depart, he came on board, with his son about thirteen years of age, and entreated that he might be permitted to proceed with them on their voyage. To have such a person in the ship was desirable on many accounts; and, therefore, Lieutenant Cook gladly acceded to his proposal.

On the thirteenth of July, 1769, the English weighed anchor; and as soon as the ship was under sail, the Indians on board took their leaves, and wept, with a decent and silent sorrow, in which there was something very striking and tender. Tupia sustained himself in this scene with a truly admirable firmness and resolution; for, though he wept, the effort he made to conceal his tears concurred, with them, to do him honor.

After visiting many islands, the ship arrived at New Zealand, where Tupia was very near losing his son in a most dreadful manner. One day a large number of natives came out in their boats toward the English ships, as if to attack it. As Lieutenant Cook was desirous of avoiding the necessity of using firearms against the natives, Tupia was ordered to acquaint them, that the voyagers had weapons which, like thunder, would destroy them in a moment; that they would immediately convince them of their power, by directing their effect so that they should not be hurt; but if they persisted in any hostile attempt, they would be exposed to the direct attack of these terrible weapons. A cannon, loaded with grape-shot, was then fired wide of them, so as not to touch any of the boats. The report, the flash, and, above all, the shot, which spread very far in the water, terrified the Indians to such a degree, that they began to paddle away with all their might. At the instance, however, of Tupia, the people of one of the boats were induced to lay aside their arms, and to come under the stern of the ship; in consequence of which they received a variety of presents.

During the course of a traffic which was carrying on for some fish, little Tayeto, Tupia's boy, was placed, among others, over the ship's side, to hand up what was purchased. While he was thus employed, one of the New Zealanders, watching his opportunity, suddenly seized him, and dragged him into a canoe. Two of the natives then held him down in the fore-part of it, and the other, with great activity, paddled her off with all possible celerity. An action so violent rendered it necessary that the marines, who were in arms upon the deck, should be ordered to fire. Though the shot was directed to that part of the canoe which was farthest from the boy, and somewhat wide of her, it being thought preferable rather to miss the row-

ers, than to run the hazard of hurting Tayeto, it happened that one man dropped. This occasioned the Indians to quit their hold of the youth, who instantly leaped into the water, and swam towards the ship. In the mean while, the largest of the canoes pulled round, and followed him; and till some muskets and a great gun were fired at her, did not desist from the pursuit. The ship being brought to, a boat was lowered, and the poor boy was taken up unhurt.

In October the ship reached the island of Java, and the voyagers landed at the city of Batavia. This was the first civilized town that the South Sea islanders had ever seen. Tupia had been very ill, but no sooner did he enter the town than he seemed to be inspired with another soul. A scene so entirely new and extraordinary filled him with amazement. The houses, carriages, streets, people, and many other objects, rushing upon him at once, produced a wonderful effect upon him. His boy, Tayeto, expressed his wonder and delight in a still more rapturous manner. He danced along the streets in a kind of ecstasy, examining every object with a restless and eager curiosity, which was excited and gratified every moment.

When the voyagers had been only nine days at Batavia, they began to feel the fatal effects of the climate and situation. Tupia, after his first flow of spirits had subsided, grew every day worse and worse; and Tayeto was seized with an inflammation upon his lungs. Tupia, being desirous of breathing a more free air than among the numerous houses that obstructed it ashore, had a tent erected for him on Cooper's island, to which he was accompanied by Mr. Banks, who attended this poor Indian with the greatest humanity, till he was rendered incapable of doing it by the violent increase of his own disorder. Tayeto died on the ninth day; and Tupia, who loved him with all the tenderness of a parent, sunk at once after the loss of the boy, and survived him only a few days.

Tupia and Tayeto would be hardly less astonished than they were at Batavia, if they could now visit their home at Tahiti, and see the houses, churches, schools, and other comforts and blessings of life which the gospel has been the means of carrying to their countrymen.—*Youth's Friend.*

MORALITY.

A KIND OF SWEARING.

Miss M—, is the conductor of a sort of missionary Sabbath School. In her report she expresses the belief that "the school has been the means of dissuading many from the evil practice of using profane language." As evidence of this, she mentions the following incident:

One day she was passing through the street near a hill where several boys were coasting. As one boy seated himself on his sled and cried out what a good slide he was going to have, he used a foolish and wicked word. Some, perhaps, would not call it exactly *swearing*, but to say the least, it was a very improper, and we believe, wicked word, though it is quite common among those who dare not take God's name in vain. The moment he uttered the word, another boy standing by, exclaimed, "O, George, now you have said a wicked word, and I mean to tell Miss M. the next time I go to the Sabbath School." The boy seemed to feel the reproof for a moment; then turning to another associate, he said, "A—, is it wicked to say—" (we do not like to repeat the word,) is it? everybody says so." But we believe with the boy who reproved him, that it is wicked. It is a kind

of swearing; and we are expressly commanded, "swear not at all." All those words which many children and youth, and even many of mature age, are in the habit of using to enforce what they say, in the same manner that the profane use their oaths, are a violation of this command—they are a kind of swearing. And besides, the direct tendency of this practice is to lead to open profaneness.

Every child and youth, who shudders at the thought of ever becoming a profane swearer, should carefully avoid all these wicked, foolish words, or he may become what he now dreads and hates, ere he is aware. This is a subject deserving the careful attention of parents and teachers. Perhaps a little attention to it will show that the first step they ought to take, in guarding their children from this evil, is to reform some of their own practices. "Example speaks louder than words."—*S. S. Visiter.*

COUNTRY SCENES.

There are a hundred things that make the country delightful, and one of them is, that, go where you will, you can never look about you long without something that would make a pleasant picture meeting the eye. A cottage, with a vine or a honeysuckle climbing up the front; an old oak tree, whose goodly branches are laden with acorns and adorned with ruddy oak balls; a pool, where ducks are swimming, or flapping their wings, and diving under the water; a little brook, where a country girl is lifting water with a wooden bowl; a hilly field, where the young lambs are racing in the sun; a green meadow, where cows of different colors are breathing sweet, as they sweep the grass with their rough tongues, and tear it off with their teeth; these and a thousand other such pleasant pictures are to be seen in the country.

Try as I will, I cannot make out how any one living in the country can be dull for a single hour. Spring, summer, autumn, and winter—morning, noon, and night—bring with them a pleasant change, making the country like a large picture book, the leaves of which you may turn over continually, and always find something new.

Then, besides having so many things delightful to the sight, for more than half the year, you feel the pleasant breeze, you taste the fresh air, you smell the grateful flowers, and you hear the warbling birds.

And is it for me that the sun rises and sets? that the balmy air breathes around, waving the branches of the trees? that the joyous birds sing their happy notes, and nature puts on her loveliest dress? Yes, for me! I am one of God's creatures, whom he has mercifully enabled to rejoice in his beautiful creation. Nor is this the extent of his goodness. A more glorious state of being than this is provided for those who love him, and fear him, and trust him, and obey him. Let me, then, seek him with all my heart, my soul, and my strength; and, relying on his mercy set forth in his Son Jesus Christ, confide in him at all times, praying and believing that he will guide me by his counsel, and bring me to his glory.—*Y. Friend.*

THE NURSERY.

IT IS NOT MY FAULT.

This, I am very sorry to say, is a common excuse with children, when reproved for doing any thing wrong. When I hear it, it makes my heart ache; because I know God will not admit of any such excuse, when he calls them to account at the last day.

Sarah A— is one of those children who are in the habit of making this excuse. She often gets into a passion with her playfellows, and when reproved will say, "It is not my fault." One day, she and her sister were at play with their dolls, when her sister took Sarah's doll and carried it across the room; at this Sarah was very angry, and, snatching it from her, called her "a very naughty girl." The friend who had the care of

her, asked why she was so naughty as to get into such a passion with her sister; when she used her old excuse of, "It is not my fault;" she laid all the blame upon her sister, because she had taken up the doll. Now, I feel very much grieved when I hear Sarah make this excuse, because she well knows how sinful and displeasing passion is in the sight of God; but she almost always tries to justify herself in the way I have mentioned, and will throw the blame on any one rather than own it is her fault. I do hope the Lord will lead her to feel that it is very wrong to give way to these evil tempers, and that she will pray to God for grace to subdue them; then that grace will be bestowed on her.

Ellen M— is another who makes the same excuse. One day, she had been very unkind to her brother and sister; I had often spoken to her on this subject; she felt it was sinful, and promised to try and be more kind; so when I saw her yielding to such an unkind spirit, I said, "Ellen, I fear you have forgotten your promise; this is not trying to be kind." "It is not my fault," she replied. "Whose fault is it?" I asked. "It is Satan's fault." "But Satan cannot force you to do what is wrong; he may tempt, but it is your fault if you yield to his temptations. God has promised that his grace shall be sufficient for you; but if you resist Satan in your own strength, you will never be able to conquer sin." I do hope and pray that this little girl will be led to see that it is her fault if she yields to the temptations of Satan, and then strive, by the grace of God, to overcome the sin of unkindness. "Be kindly affectioned one to another," is the command of Scripture; and God would not give such a command, if it were not possible to keep it.

If, my young readers, you are in the habit of attempting to screen yourselves from the reproof of your friends, by saying, "It is not my fault;" I hope you will remember such an excuse will not do for you at the day of judgment. When God reproved Adam for eating the forbidden fruit, he attempted to justify his conduct in the same way; he said, "The woman whom thou gavest to be with me, she gave me of the tree, and I did eat." It is as though he had said, "It is not my fault; if thou hadst not given the woman to me, I should not have eaten of it; for she gave me of the tree." "Oh what shocking language to use to God!" I think I hear you exclaiming. Yes, my dear children, it is shocking language, and I hope you will feel that it is so when tempted again to make such an excuse. It did not screen Adam from God's displeasure, neither will it you.—*Id.*

PARENTAL.

A CHILD TAUGHT TO SWEAR.

"Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap."

A painful incident occurred in one of my congregations, which perhaps may induce some ungodly parents to reflect upon the course they are pursuing.

A family in rather low circumstances, residing on the banks of the — Creek, were much opposed to religion. The parents were very ignorant—I think unable to read; and their children were permitted to grow up in a similar state. But, although left ignorant of books, they were not uninstructed. As soon as they could lisp, the ungracious father would take his little ones upon his knee, and teach them to curse and swear, and repeat profane expressions; as if their own evil inclinations, strengthened and directed by his example, were not enough without tuition.

While pursuing this course, with no prayer but imprecations, the Spirit arrested the father's heart. He began to feel his guilt, and determined to turn from his evil ways. He became constant and attentive at religious meetings, and called on the disciples of Christ for conversation, and began to indulge a trembling hope of pardon. But he must "eat the fruit of his doings." While in this state, one of his little ones, a lad of five or six

years old, was taken sick and died. During most of his sickness, he was deprived of his senses; he would then pour forth a continual stream of oaths and curses. This was a heart-rending scene for his relenting father. He could never come near the couch of his dying child, but his soul was pained by the profane swearing, which, in his foolish days, he had taught him. And in this melancholy state he died.

The father was, for a while, almost driven to distraction and despair. But he has now obtained some relief, and appears like a sincere, humble Christian. But O! how will he meet his child, and hear those curses repeated again at the judgment seat?

RULES FOR DOMESTIC HAPPINESS.

1. Every day let your eye be fixed on God, through the Lord Jesus Christ, that by the influence of the Holy Spirit you may receive your mercies as coming from him, and that you may use them to his glory.

2. Always remember, if you are happy in each other, it is the favor and blessing of God which makes you so; if you are tired and disappointed, God does thereby invite you to seek your happiness more in him.

3. In every duty act from a regard to God, because it is his will and your duty. "Do all in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ," and look to him to bless you and your partner, and that you may abide in his love.

4. Never suffer your regard for each other's society to rob God of your heart, or of the time which you owe to God and your own soul.

5. Recollect often that the state of marriage was designed to be an emblem of the love of Christ and his Church, a state of mutual guardianship for God, and a nursery for the Church and skies.

6. Remember that your solemn covenant with each other was made in the presence of the Most High God, who was called upon as a witness.

7. Be careful that custom and habit do not lessen your attention to each other, or the pleasing satisfaction with which they were once both shown and received.

8. Whenever you perceive a languor in your affections, always make it a rule to suspect yourself. The object which once inspired regard may, perhaps, be still the same, and the blame only attaches to you.

9. Be sure to avoid unkind and irritating language. Always conciliate. It is your interest and your duty. Recollect, every day, what God has borne with you.

10. Study your partner's character and disposition. Many little nice adjustments are requisite for happiness. You must both accommodate, or you must both be unhappy.

11. Do not expect too much. You are not always the same; no more is your partner. Sensibility must be watched over, or it will soon become its own tormenter.

12. When you discover failings which you did not suspect, and this you may be assured will be the case, think on the opposite excellence, and make it your prayer that your regard may not be diminished. If you are heirs of the grace of life, your failings will shortly be over; you will hereafter be perfect in the divine image. Esteem and love each other now, as you certainly will then. Forbearance is the trial of this life only.

13. Time is short, the way of life is too short to fall out in, and the comfort of life too uncertain to be ensnared by. Pray for the wisdom of the serpent and the harmlessness of the dove.

14. Forget not that one of you must die first—one of you must feel the pang and the chasm of separation. A thousand little errors may then wound the survivor's heart. It is policy to anticipate it. O, that when you meet again, the deceased may say, in heaven, "I am under God, indebted to you, that I am here."

15. Pray constantly. You need much prayer.

Prayer will engage God on your behalf. His blessing only can make you happy in the midst of your mercies. His blessings can make even the bitterness of life wonderfully sweet. He can suspend all your joys. Blessed be his holy name! He can, and often does, suspend all your sorrows. Never pass a day without praising him for all that is past; glorify him for your mercies, and trust to him for all that is to come.—*Banner of the Cross.*

BENEVOLENCE.

A LITTLE GIRL.

Dear Children,—There is in Court Street, Boston, a long, high and large place with great pillars in front, built of granite stone, and it is called the Court House. In this building there are many rooms, several of which are called Court rooms, because here many persons assemble, such as judge, jury, prisoners, witnesses, lawyers and others, for the administration of justice. Here you will see at the sitting of the Court, men and women, boys and girls, accused of many bad things. In one of these rooms a Court sits, called the Police Court. It is not a very respectable place, for in the forenoon you will see idle, dirty, ragged, red and pimpled and bloated faced men lounging about there. The justices, as they are called in this Court, are we understand, very fine and good men.

We stepped into this room a few weeks ago. There we smelled Mr. Rum, Mr. Tobacco, and some other things. And there we saw a little girl, about seven years old, charged with being out in the streets till ten or eleven o'clock, at night, and with stealing. Her parents said that she had done these things, and that she was a very bad girl indeed. She was committed, as they call it when the justice sends a person to prison, to the House of Juvenile Offenders. For many years she will not be permitted to return home to see her father and mother, her little brothers and sisters, nor any body else. What a pity that she would not try and become a good girl. Would not you weep if you were to be taken away from your parents and to be kept shut up in a great prison? If you would not go there, you must obey the Bible which says, "Thou shalt not steal." Ex. 20: 15. Be good children, and God will love and bless you.—*Zion's Banner.*

Written for the Youth's Companion.

MENAH AND HER MOTHER.

Menah was a slave, living at the Cape of Good Hope, in Africa. She had a favorable master, and by her exertions she obtained her freedom, before the time when the slaves were all made free by the English Government. A missionary with a sick wife arrived at the Cape on his way to America. He needed very much a nurse for his wife and children on the voyage; but not one could he find willing to embark and leave their friends to go to an unknown country. Menah came to aid the missionary for a few hours before his embarking. The question was put to her whether she would not go. She thought of her husband, then of her children, and of her aged mother. She felt as if she could not leave them. Then she looked on the bed where the sick woman was lying, and thought how missionaries had forsaken father and mother and home, and come to her land to bring her people the gospel, and her heart was made glad by it because she had been taught to love the Saviour; and she thought too how the missionary was seeking to revisit her native land and regain her health, that she might return to Africa, and she said she would come if her husband was willing. She obtained his consent, and in a few hours was tossing on the wide ocean.

She was very sea sick, and many times wished she was back in her quiet home. She was however of great service to the sick woman. After staying in America awhile, she loved the country and people so much, she said she would like to stay, and send for her husband, were it not that

she should never see her poor old mother more. Now, the Africans where the missionaries have never gone, care nothing for their aged parents—when they are sick, their children take them away to some lonely place, and leave them to starve, or be eaten up while yet alive by the hyenas! But Menah had been taught by the gospel to love her mother, and to take care of her in her last days, though she knew she would be very sea sick and must go alone, yet for this she would leave kind friends and this happy country and embark once more on the stormy ocean.

The Lord spared her mother to be greeted once more by her daughter. But soon the small pox began to rage in Cape Town. Two thousand of the poor and destitute people of that place died with it. Menah's mother was taken. She expected to die—but she knew the Saviour and loved him. Just before her death she said, "Now my children, make me one promise." They said they would. Then she said, "it is this, that you will not grieve for me after I am dead, but that as soon as I am gone, you will sing a hymn of praise to God for my deliverance." Thus she died, to tell us how the gospel can cheer and comfort the poor African on the bed of death.

Another moral we may gather from this true narrative is, that if those who have been so lately heathen and careless of those who brought them forth, can love their parents thus, and thus make sacrifices for them, how ought children in Christian lands to love their parents? And again, if the poor heathen thus love missionaries and thus prize the gospel, cannot you children *deny yourselves a little* to send it to them? E. H.

NATURAL HISTORY.

ANECDOTE OF A LION.

Poor Gert Schepers, a vee-boor of the Cradock district was out hunting in company with a neighbor—whose name, as he is yet alive, and has perhaps been sufficiently punished, I shall not make more notorious. Coming to a fountain, surrounded, as is common, with tall reeds and rushes, Gert handed his gun to his comrade, and alighted to search for water. But he no sooner approached the fountain, than an enormous lion started up close at his side, and seized him by the left arm. The man, though taken by surprise, stood stock still without struggling, aware that the least attempt to escape would ensure his instant destruction. The animal also remained motionless, holding fast the boor's arm in his fangs, but without biting it severely—and shutting his eyes at the same time, as if he could not withstand the countenance of his victim. As they stood in this position, Gert, collecting his presence of mind, began to beckon to his comrade to advance and shoot the lion in the forehead. This might have been easily effected, as the animal not only continued still with closed eyes, but Gert's body concealed from his notice any object advancing in front of him. But the fellow was a vile poltroon, and in place of complying with his friend's directions, or making any other attempt to save him, he began cautiously to retreat to the top of a neighboring rock. Gert continued earnestly to beckon for assistance for a long time, the lion continuing perfectly quiet—and the lion-hunters affirm, that if he had but persevered a little longer, the animal would have at length relaxed his hold, and left him uninjured. Such cases, at least, they maintain, have occasionally occurred. But Gert, indignant at the pusillanimity of his comrade, and losing patience with the lion, at last drew his knife, (a weapon which every back-country colonist wears sheathed at his side,) and with the utmost force of his right arm plunged it into the animal's breast. The thrust was a deadly one, for Gert was a bold and powerful man; but it did not prove effectual in time to save his own life—for the enraged savage, striving to grapple with him, and held at arms length by the utmost efforts of Gert's strength and desperation, so dreadfully lacerated the breast

and arms of the unfortunate man with his talons, that his bare bones were laid open. The lion fell at last from loss of blood, and Gert fell along with him. The cowardly companion who had witnessed this fearful struggle from the rock, however, took courage to advance, and succeeded in carrying his mangled friend to the nearest house—where such surgical aid as the neighbors could give, was immediately but vainly applied. Poor Gert expired on the third day after with locked jaw.

[Thompson's Travels in South Africa.]

SABBATH SCHOOL.

A LITTLE GIRL AND AN INFIDEL SHOEMAKER.

There was a bright, intelligent little girl,—said the Rev. Mr. Kirk, in a sermon to the young,—who resided near by a shoemaker. This shoemaker was a man of extensive information, but he was an infidel. He won the affections of this little girl, by the many stories with which he used to entertain her. It was her greatest delight to go and sit upon his knee and hear his pretty stories.

At length this little child became hopefully pious. She was praying for a new heart, and the Saviour she hoped, answered her prayer, and gave her a heart to love him. The first thing she thought of, after joy broke into her mind, was to go right to the shoemaker and tell him what happiness she had found. She knew not that he was an infidel—she only knew that he was her friend, and she supposed that he would be glad to hear how happy she had become. She went to him and told him all about her conversion—how she found out that she had a wicked heart—and how happy she felt now she had got a new one.

This infidel had long withstood the most powerful arguments and the most impressive appeals of the wise and the learned; but the unaffected story of this little child he could not withstand. It reached his heart and he began to think. The more he thought of what he had heard from his little friend, the more anxious he became about himself, till he was finally led, a broken-hearted, penitent sinner, to the foot of the cross. Thus the weak things of the world are often chosen to confound the mighty.—*S. S. Visitor.*

A MAN HUNG FOR OBEYING HIS MOTHER.

One of the subjects of discussion, during a day's pleasant ride in a stage coach, was that of *filial obedience*.

Among other things, we mentioned several cases in which those who have suffered upon the gallows, have left it as their testimony, that *their disobedience to their parents laid the foundation for their dreadful end*. As we mentioned these facts, an old gentleman of more than fourscore, who had taken no part in the discussions, aroused himself from his half slumber, and said, "The first man that was ever executed in Boston, was hung about 60 years ago, in consequence of *obeying his mother*!" This was a case so unlike those that had just been given, that we wished to know the circumstances.

"Yes," said the old gentleman, "he told his mother, on the scaffold, that she had the mortification of seeing her son executed on the gallows, in consequence of her advice to him when he was a boy. One day as he was strolling about his neighbor's premises, he found a hen's nest with three eggs. He took the eggs and carried them home. His mother asked him where he found them? He told her. "That's a good boy," said she, "look round and see if you can't find some more!"

This was the commencement of a course of crime; and obedience to this advice of his mother led him on to ruin. She, like Athaliah of old, "counselled him to do wickedly," and she received her reward in being called to witness,—a scene to a mother's heart the most unutterably awful,—the ignominious death of that son on the gallows! And yet, prompt and cheerful obedience to every

parental command, *except* when contrary to the laws of God or the land, is the only path of safety.—*Id.*

VARIETY.

A Dream.

We are not in the habit of telling dreams, believing that men's waking conduct is more important than their sleeping reveries. But the following dream, which was once related in a circle at which we happened to be present, may convey a wholesome as well as pleasing lesson of instruction.

"I dreamed," said the narrator, who was a Christian somewhat advanced in experience, "that I, and a friend of mine who had long labored with me in the kingdom of Christ, were summoned to meet our Saviour. I have no recollection of passing through the process of death, but remember very distinctly that, under the guidance of the angel who came for us, we soon arrived at the celestial gate. It was opened at our approach, and a venerable form said to us in solemn but sweet tones, 'You may come in.' We immediately found ourselves in the midst of a vast assembly of all ages and sexes, some walking, some standing, some sitting; all engaged in serious and cheerful conversation. Those who were near, took us one after another by the hand, and said in tones of deep sincerity and unaffected good will, 'We are glad you have come.' In the appearance of this immense congregation, extending as far as the eye could reach, there was nothing whatever unusual. It bore a strong resemblance to the solemn and joyous assembly of the sanctuary. Yet I felt rising in my soul a glow of the most intense and delightful emotion amounting to ecstasy—and yet an ecstasy that was entirely calm, intelligent, and self possessed. This feeling had no relation to my own personal security. It arose from the simple consideration that each individual of this 'multitude which no man could number,' was MADE PERFECT IN LOVE. I looked around upon them all with the full assurance that they loved God and each other perfectly. I felt that I loved them with all my heart, and I knew, with absolute certainty, that they returned my love measure for measure. It was this mingling of my soul with theirs in perfect love and confidence that produced that ecstatic gush of emotion—that pure and tranquil rapture of delight. Just at this moment I awoke, but the impression made upon my mind remains to this day uneffaced, and I often think, How blessed will be that day when all God's dear children can pour out their hearts into each other's bosoms, with undivided confidence and love!"—*Ohio Obs.*

A Missionary's Family.

Extract of a Letter from a Home Missionary in Massachusetts.

I scarcely know how to number the people, but I speak cautiously, when I judge, that 50 may be found among us, who indulge the hope that they have passed from death unto life, among whom are 3 of my own dear children, whose ages are 13, 15 and 17—our eldest being far away from home, and a member of the Christian church these 8 years past, and our youngest, a little girl of six years, giving very pleasing evidence of being a child of God. Most certain it is, that she is a *praying* child. Six of us live at home, and frequently we have as many prayers when kneeling in our family circle—each taking turn in these devotions, so that we have a *whole family leading* in these delightful services. Our two sons, 15 and 17, appear to be *working Christians*; and faithfully exhort their former associates to come to Christ—to love and serve Him, and thus flee from the wrath to come.—*Home Missionary.*

The Little Strawberry Girl.

Esq. — had a beautiful meadow of grass, at a considerable distance from his house. He went one day to see it, that he might know how it prospered, and determine if it was not fit for the scythe. He saw, to his great vexation, that the tall, thick grass was much trampled down by children who had taken the liberty to come there and help themselves to strawberries. The squire was much displeased. Seating himself upon the fence, he watched for the first child that should attempt to enter the meadow, determining to concentrate, in a severe lecture on that unfortunate one, the displeasure which he felt towards the unknown company. Soon a little girl, with her basket in hand, approached. The squire's sharp reproof was on his tongue's end. "Sir," said the little girl, smiling sweetly, "will you be so kind as to let me go into your meadow to pick a few strawberries?" Our squire's disturbed feelings left him in an instant. "Yes," he most cheerfully replied, "go and get as

many as you wish." Children, if you will look at Prov. xv. 1, you will read: "A soft answer turneth away wrath." This story of the little strawberry girl, you may keep as one illustration of that Scripture truth. You will remember that "answer," in the Bible, frequently means something which is said, though not in reply to any question. J. R. J.

The Praying Soldier.

During the unhappy commotions in Ireland, a private soldier in the army of Lord Cornwallis, was daily observed to be absent from his quarters and from the company of his fellow soldiers. He began to be suspected of withdrawing himself for the purpose of holding intercourse with the rebels; and on this suspicion probably increased by the malice of his wicked comrades, he was tried by a court-martial, and condemned to die. The Marquis hearing of this, wished to examine the minutes of the trial; and, not being satisfied, sent for the man to converse with him. Upon being interrogated, the prisoner solemnly disavowed every treasonable practice or intention, declared his sincere attachment to his Sovereign, and his readiness to live and die in his service:—he affirmed that the real cause of his frequent absence was, that he might obtain a place of retirement for the purpose of private prayer; for which his Lordship knew he had no opportunity among his profane comrades, who had become his enemies merely on account of his profession of religion. He said he had made this defence on his trial; but the officers thought it so improbable, that they paid no attention to it. The Marquis, in order to satisfy himself as to the truth of his defence observed, that if so, he must have acquired some considerable aptness in this exercise. The poor man replied, that as to ability, he had nothing to boast of. The Marquis then insisted on his kneeling down and praying aloud before him; which he did,—and poured forth his soul before God with such copiousness, fluency, and ardor, that the Marquis took him by the hand, and said he was satisfied that no man could pray in that manner who did not live in the habit of intercourse with his God. He not only revoked the sentence, but received him into his peculiar favor, placing him among his personal attendants; where it is said he still continues in the way to promotion.—*Farmer's Cabinet.*

Affecting Anecdote.

An affecting spectacle of insanity, followed by a melancholy result, was witnessed a few days ago at a Lunatic Hospital at Saumar.

"A lady and gentleman went to visit the establishment, accompanied by their child, a little girl of five or six years old. As they passed one of the cells, the wretched inmate, an interesting young woman of twenty-five, who had irrecoverably lost her reason, through the desertion of a seducer, and the death of her illegitimate offspring, suddenly made a spring at the little girl, who had approached within her reach. In the height of her delirium, the poor creature fancied the stranger's child her own lost darling, and devouring it with kisses, bore it in triumph to the further end of her cell. Entreaties and menaces having proved equally ineffectual to induce her to restore the child to its terrified mother, the director of the establishment was sent for, and at his suggestion the maniac was allowed to retain peaceable possession of her prize, under the impression, that, exhausted with her own frantic violence, she would fall asleep, when the child might be liberated from her grasp without the difficulty of the employment of harsh measures. The calculation was not erroneous; in a few minutes the poor sufferer's eyes closed in slumber, and one of the keepers, watching his opportunity, snatched the child from her arms, and restored it to its mother. The shriek of delight uttered by the latter, on recovering her treasure, waked the poor maniac, who, perceiving the child gone, actually howled with despair, and in a paroxysm of ungovernable frenzy fell to the ground—to rise no more. Death had released her from her sufferings."—*Galignani.*

NO.

John Randolph, in one of his letters to a young relative, says: "I know nothing that I am so anxious you should acquire as the faculty of saying No. You must calculate on unreasonable requests being preferred to you every day of your life, and must endeavor to deny with as much facility as you acquiesce."

Happiness in Death.

As one said to Phillips J. Jenks just before he expired, "How hard it is to die," he replied, "Oh no—easy dying, blessed dying, glorious dying." Looking up at the clock, he said, "I have experienced

more happiness in dying two hours this day, than in my whole life. It is worth living for, it is worth a whole life to have such an end as this. I have long desired that I might glorify God in my death; but O, I never thought that such a poor worm as I, could come to such a glorious death."

Wine.

When Noah planted the first vine and retired, Satan approached and said—"I will nourish you, charming plant!" He quickly fetched three animals—a sheep, a lion, and a hog, and killed them one after another near the vine. The virtues of the blood of these three animals penetrated it, and are still manifest in its growth. When a man drinks one goblet, he is then agreeable, gentle, friendly. This is the nature of the lamb. When he drinks two, he is like a lion, and says, "Who is like to me?" he then talks of stupendous things. When he drinks more, his senses forsake him, and at length he wallows in the mire. Need it be said that he then resembles the hog?

The Yellow Pocket.

A corn dealer of Cork, was one day met when on his way to the Savings Bank, by a liquor dealer, who said to him, why do you not come to see me now so often as you used to? To this the other replied, I cannot do any such thing now, I must keep out of the way of temptation. I am sorry to see you looking so very badly, said the publican. Your face is quite yellow. Why, said the corn dealer, if my face is yellow, so is my pocket too, thank God, and he pulled out of his pocket four sovereigns, which he was going to lay up in the Savings Bank.

The Farmer and the Beggar.

A strong, hearty, lazy fellow, who preferred begging for a precarious subsistence to working for a sure one, called at the house of a blunt Massachusetts farmer, and, in the usual language of his race, asked for "cold victuals and old clothes." "You appear to be a stout hearty looking man," said the farmer, "what do you do for a living?" "Why, not much," replied the fellow, "except travelling about from one place to another." "Travelling about, ha?" rejoined the farmer; "can you travel pretty well?" "O yes," returned the sturdy beggar, "I'm pretty good at that." "Well, then," said the farmer, coolly opening the door, "let's see you travel."

[N. Y. Constellation.]

POETRY.

"JESUS, THOU HEAVENLY STRANGER."

TUNE—From Greenland's Icy Mountains.

Jesus, thou Heavenly stranger,
Who dwelt in human clay;
Thy cradle was a manger,
Thy softest bed was bay.
When Angels sang with gladness,
And hail'd thy birth day morn;
Why to a life of sadness,
Dear Saviour, wast Thou born?
Why did'st thou leave thy Father,
And all the joys above!
It was because thou'dst rather
Secure for us His love;
For we had lost His favor;
By sin we're all defiled!
And but for Thee, dear Saviour,
He ne'er on us had smiled.
Now, by thy life of sorrow,
And by thy death of pain,
We'll rise on some blest morrow
With Christ to live again.
Then we will give the glory
To Father, Spirit, Son,
In Heaven repeat the story,
While endless ages run.—*Infant School Book.*

LITTLE THINGS.

'Tis a little thing,
To give a cup of water; yet its draught
Of cool refreshment, drained by fevered lips,
May give a shock of pleasure to the frame,
More exquisite than when nectarian juice
Renews the life of joy in happiest hours.

It is a little thing to speak a phrase
Of common comfort, which by daily use
Has almost lost its sense; yet on the ear
Of him who thought to die unmourned, 'twill fall
Like choicest music.

YOUTH'S COMPANION.

Published Weekly, by NATHANIEL WILLIS, at the Office of the Boston Recorder, No. 11, Cornhill.—Price, \$1.00 a year in advance; or \$1.25 if not paid in advance.

NO. 20.

BOSTON, SEPTEMBER 25, 1840.

VOL. XIV.



SONG OF THE BLIND BOY.

"O say, what is that thing called light,
Which I can ne'er enjoy?
What are the pleasures of the sight?
O, tell your poor blind boy!
"You talk of wondrous things you see;
You say the sun shines bright;
I feel him warm; but how can he
E'er make it day or night?
"My night or day myself I make,
Whene'er I sleep or play;
And could I always keep awake,
It would be always day.
"Then say what is that thing called light,
Which I can ne'er enjoy!
What are the blessings of the sight?
O, tell your poor blind boy."

NARRATIVE.

A COUNTRY SCENE IN ENGLAND.

Is thus beautifully and vividly sketched by a writer in Blackwood's Magazine:

At about ten yards distance from the church, peeped modestly out from the midst of stately elms, and luxuriant evergreen, the little neat rectory. It was constructed of the same rough gray stone with the church. Long, low, with projecting eaves, and casement windows facing that large east window of the church, still flaming with the reflecting splendor of the setting sun. His orb was sinking to rest behind the grove, half embowering the small dwelling, which, therefore, stood in the perfect quietness of his own shadow, the dark green masses of the jasmine clustering round its porch and windows, scarcely revealing, but by their exquisite odor, the pure white blossom that starred "its lovely gloom." But their fragrance floated on the gentle breath of evening, mingled with the perfume of mignonette, and the long fingered marvels of Peru (the pale daughters of twilight) and innumerable sweet flowers blooming in their beds of rich black mould, close under the lattice windows. These were all flung wide, for the evening was still and sultry, and one opening down to the ground showed the interior of a very small parlor, plainly and modestly furnished, but panelled all round with well filled book cases. A lady's harp stood in one corner, and in another two fine globes and an orrery. Some small flower baskets, filled with roses, were dispersed about the room; and at a table near the window sat a gentleman writing—or rather leaning over a writing desk with a pen in his hand—for his eyes were directed toward the gravel walk before a window, where a lady—an elegant looking woman, whose plain white robe and dark uncovered hair well became the sweet matronly expression of her face and figure—was anxiously stretching out her encouraging arms to her little daughter, who came laughing and trotting towards her on the soft green turf, her tiny feet, as they essayed their first inde-

pendent steps in the eventful walk of life, twisting and turning with graceful earnestness, and unsteady pressure, under the disproportionate weight of her fair fat person. It was a sweet, heart-thrilling sound, the joyous, crowing laugh of that little creature, when with one last, bold, mighty effort, she reached the maternal arms, and was caught up to the maternal bosom, and half devoured with kisses in an ecstasy of unspeakable love. As if provoked to emulous loudness by that mirthful outcry, and impatient to mingle its clear notes with that young innocent voice, a black bird, embowered in a tall neighboring bay tree, poured out forthwith such a flood of full rich melody, as stilled the baby's laugh and for a moment arrested its observant ear. But for a moment. The kindred natures burst out into full chorus; the baby clapped her hands, and laughed aloud, and, after her fashion mocked the unseen songstress. The bird redoubled her tuneful efforts, and still the baby laughed and still the bird rejoiced, and both together raised such a melodious din that the echoes of the old church rang again; and never since the contest of the nightingale with her human rival was heard such an emulous conflict of musical skill. I could have laughed, for company, from my unseen lurking place, within the dark shadow of the church buttresses. It was altogether such a scene as I shall never forget; one from which I could hardly tear myself away. Nay, I did not. I stood motionless as a statue in my dark niche, till the objects before me became indistinct in twilight; till the last slanting sunbeams had withdrawn from the highest panes of the church window; till the black bird's song was hushed, and the baby's voice was still, and the mother and her nursing had retreated into their quiet dwelling, and the evening taper gleamed through the fallen white curtain and still open window.

But yet before that curtain fell, another act of the beautiful pantomime had past in review before me. The mother with her infant in her arms, had seated herself in a low chair within the little parlor. She untied the frock strings, drew off that and the second under garments, dexterously, and at intervals, as the restless frolics of the still unwearied babe afforded opportunity—and then it was in its little coat and stay, the fat white shoulders shrugged up in antic merriment, far above the slackened shoulder straps. Thus the mother's hand slipped off one soft red shoe, and having done so, her lips were pressed almost, as it seemed, involuntarily, to the little naked foot she still held. The other, as if in proud love of liberty, had spurned off to a distance the fellow shoe, and now the darling, disarrayed for its innocent slumbers, was hushed and quieted, but not yet to rest; the night dress was still to be put on—and the little crib was not there—not yet to rest—but to the mighty duty already required of young Christians. And in a moment it was hushed; and in a moment the small hands were pressed together between the mother's hands, and the sweet serious eyes were raised and fixed upon the mother's eyes, (there beamed, as yet, the infant's heaven) and one saw that it was lisping out its unconscious prayer—unconscious, not surely unaccepted. A kiss from the maternal lips was the token of God's approval, and then she rose, and gathering up the scattered garments, in the same clasp with the half naked babe, she held it smiling to its father, and one saw in the expression of his face, as he upraised it after having imprinted a kiss on that of his child—one saw in it all the holy fervor of a father's blessing.

Then the mother withdrew with her little one—

and then the curtain fell, and still I lingered—for after the interval of a few moments, sweet sounds arrested my departing footsteps—a few notes of the harp, a low prelude, stole sweetly out—a voice still sweeter mingling its tones with a simple quiet accompaniment, swelled out gradually into a strain of sacred harmony, and the words of the evening hymn were wafted towards the house of prayer. Then all was still in the cottage, and the deepening shadows brought to my mind more forcibly the lateness of the hour, and warned me to turn my face homewards. So I moved a few steps, and yet again I lingered, lingered still; for the moon was rising, and the stars were shining out in the clear, cloudless heaven, and the bright reflection of one danced and glittered like a liquid fire-fly, on the ripple of the stream, just when it glided into a darker, deeper pool, beneath a little rustic foot-bridge, which led from the church yard into a shady green lane, communicating with the neighboring hamlet. On that bridge, I stopped a minute longer, and yet another and another minute, for I listened to the voice of the running water, and methought it was yet more mellifluous, more soothing, more eloquent at that still shadowy hour, when only that little star looked down upon it with a tremulous beam, than when it danced and glittered in the warm glow of sunshine. There are hearts like that stream, and they will understand the metaphor. The unutterable things I felt and heard in that mysterious music! every sense became absorbed in that of hearing; and so spell-bound, I might have staid on that very spot till midnight, nay, till the stars paled before the morning beam, if the old church clock had not broken-on my dream of profound abstraction, and startled me awake with half incredulous surprise, as its iron tongue proclaimed, stroke upon stroke, the tenth hour of the night.

MORALITY.

THE FLY.

Lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil.—
Matt. vi. 13.

It has been said that there is no object in the creation from which some useful reflection may not be obtained when the mind is in a fit state to receive it. A great lesson may be learned from a small thing, and a fly may give us as good a moral as an elephant.

It was on a hot summer's day that Henry Horton stopped at the window of a grocer's shop, on the sunny side of the street. The window was piled up nearly a foot high, with raisins, currants, nutmegs, ginger, coffee, tea and sugar, and a thousand flies were buzzing about in all directions. In summer-time flies are a sad plague to many people, but especially to the butcher and the grocer. The butcher is therefore obliged to be on the alert, to whisk them away from his meat, and the grocer puts a few saucers of sugar and beer or treacle in his window to catch them.

While Henry Horton stood at the window, the grocer placed a flat cup, into which he had poured some treacle, close to the panes. Henry fixed his eyes upon it, and in a minute a dozen flies alighted on the rim. The sweet treacle tempted them.

Forbear, ye gay and giddy things,
Forbear to drink it up!
In haste stretch out your lightsome wings,
For danger round your pathway clings,
And death is in the cup.

Some of the flies were satisfied with what treacle they found on the edge of the cup, and after

sucking up a little they drew back, rubbed their forefeet over their little round heads, stretched out their hind-legs, rubbed them together, too, and then buzzed off to another part of the shop.

Many of the flies ran down the sides of the cup so heedlessly, that their heads and fore-legs stuck in the thick treacle, and it was with great difficulty they could get back again. When they got out of the cup, wherever they went the dust stuck to the treacle; their legs stuck together, and it must have been a long time before they got as clear of the sticky treacle as they were before.

Some of the flies, however, were much worse off than these, for they all at once fled in the cup, and could not get out again; they struggled, but that only made matters worse, for they sank deeper and deeper, till they were quite smothered.

Henry Horton now went away from the shop window, for the sun was very hot, but he could not forget the flies he had seen.

Soon after he got home, he went into the cool bower in the garden, and as he sat on the seat, he saw a spider's web at the entrance of the bower, up above his reach. While he looked at the web, a fly crept along a leaf till he came to the web, when he directly drew back and flew away. Another fly went still further, and was entangled, but contrived to get away, with a part of the web clinging to his feet.—At last Henry heard a buzz like that of distress, and saw that a fly had flown at once into the middle of the web, when the spider immediately caught it, and entangling the web round it, put it to death.

Once more Henry Horton pitied the poor flies, and leaving the bower he went into the house.

Night came on, when as he and his sister sat at table with a candle before him, a fly buzzed by them so near the candle, that Henry thought he must have scorched his wings. Then came another, and passed through the very flame; one wing was shrivelled up, and the tip of the other, so that he fell down on the table, spinning round and round, as though in great pain, and Henry did not know whether he ought to kill it or not. Just then a third fly fled all at once against the burning wick of the candle, and stuck in the tallow unable to move, so that he soon died in great agony. Henry pitied these poor flies even more than the rest.

Soon after, old Edmund, the footman, came into the room, when Henry told him all about the flies. Edmund had seen a great deal of the wide world, and had a stock of experience which his piety rendered doubly useful. He was a faithful servant, and never willingly lost an opportunity of doing good. Like most old men, he was fond of speaking of his earlier days, but he generally spoke to the purpose, and not without an object in view.

"Ay, Master Henry," said the old footman, standing with the snuffers in his hand, for he had just snuffed the candle, "before you are as old as I am, you will think again and again of those insects, for one pea is not more like another, than mankind are like those poor flies."

"When I lived in India with captain Torrens, he had three sons, as fine boys as you will see on a summer's day, and they grew up to be fine young men too, but no sooner did that happen than a great difference was seen in them."

"India is a strange place, Master Henry, and the manners of the people are different to what they are here. Every place has its temptations, and we have all need of God's grace to preserve us from them, but where the sun is so hot, and the manners of the people so free, temptations abound more and more, and there is great need to live soberly, and in continual dependence on God's guidance and goodness."

"Albert entered into company, and tasted of pleasure, like the flies which sipped the treacle on the edge of the cup, touched the web, and drew back, and fled near the flame, but sustained no injury. He saw the evil into which a love of pleasure would lead him, he prayed to be delivered from evil, and he was delivered from it, for God never yet despised nor disregarded the prayer

offered up in the name of his Son Jesus Christ. Albert was a credit to his family, and a blessing to all around him.

"Maurice was of a gayer turn; he was not satisfied in partaking with moderation of the good things which it has pleased God so abundantly to provide. Like the flies which ran their heads into the treacle-cup, entangled their feet with the spider's web, and scorched their wings in the candle flame, he was careless and intemperate; he got into gay company, drank more than he ought to have done, read bad books, and engaged in dangerous pursuits. His drinking injured his health, the books he read robbed him of his peace, and it was not till he was thrown from the back of an elephant in a tiger hunt, and broke his leg, and was confined to his bed for several months, so that he had time for reflection, and God the Holy Spirit convinced him of the error of his ways. Then, indeed, he repented of his evil courses, but it was very long before his body was healed, and his mind knew peace through faith in Christ."

"Richard turned out a sad reprobate. Like the heedless flies who fled at once into the treacle, the spider's web, and against the wick of the candle, he recklessly plunged into every evil. He passed his days and his nights in sin, lived in open defiance of the laws of God and man, and died without seeking the grace of that Saviour who is ever ready to pardon the repenting transgressor, and fully able to save to the uttermost those that come unto God by him." "I was with him when he died, Master Henry, and such another death I hope never again to see. It was enough to make any one tremble at sin, and the most wicked to put up the prayer, 'Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his,' Num. xxiii. 10."

"His father never held up his head after, so it may be said that Richard Torrens brought down his gray hairs with sorrow to the grave. It is a hard thing, Master Henry," said old Edmund, looking full at his young master, "it is a hard thing, and painful for a parent to see the child whom he has brought up with care, and watched over with anxiety, to take to bad ways, and live in folly and sin; but it is a much harder, and far more painful, to see him die without repentance and hope."

"Those poor flies that you have spoken of, take me back to old times again, and have set me thinking of things which took place when I had not so many furrows in my forehead as I have now. It may be, Master Henry, in the providence of God, that you may one day go to India yourself, but whether you go abroad or remain at home, bear in mind what I have told you of Richard Torrens."

Here old Edmund, with the point of the snuffers, took the dead fly out of the melted tallow of the candle, threw it into the fire, set down the snuffers on the tray, and left the room, but when he returned in half an hour afterwards to lay the cloth for supper, Henry was still sitting on the same chair, reflecting on the flies, and on the tale which had been told him by old Edmund.

THE NURSERY.

Written for the Youth's Companion.

THE VANITY OF PRIDE.

"Mother, I am a little man now!"

"Are you indeed, my son, & can you tell me why?"

"Why, mother, don't you see my new cap, and my new coat? Pa has just been with me to the tailors, and bought these nice clothes; and uncle Hiram says that I am now a little man. Why mother, I don't believe that many of the school boys will dress as well as I do! Just see what fine cloth. I mean to ask the schoolmaster to let me have some other seat, for I have now to set next to George Kellogg, and his clothes are coarse, and sometimes patched."

"My son I am sorry, very sorry indeed, to see you thus relying upon fine clothes for distinction and respectability; great and fatal are the conse-

quences of such a delusion. Good behaviour, is the only thing which will of itself, ensure you substantial friends. And more than this, we read that none shall enter Heaven, who put their trust in riches. Have you so soon forgotten the chapter which was read this morning? It was about the rich man and Lazarus. You little know how soon you may be called to die; perhaps it will be to-day, perhaps to-morrow, or you may live to be a man; but should the time be long or short, your fine clothes, or riches of any kind, will then be of no use to you whatever. You may get the Bible and read the sixteenth chapter of St. Luke, commencing at the nineteenth verse.

After he had read the chapter he said—

"O mother, how wicked I have been! Do you think that God will forgive me?"

"Yes, my son, if you pray to him in sincerity, he will forgive you; and may I never again see you wishing to separate yourself from the society of good boys, simply because they are not dressed as well as you are. Only a few days ago you told me, that George was the best boy in school. Is he not still a good boy?"

"Yes, mother, he is."

"Well, my son, here is a little verse, which I wish you to commit to memory, and as often as you see the flower of which it speaks, let it teach you a lesson of humility."

"Behold the lily of the vale,

In golden vesture dressed,

It meekly bows among the flowers,

Nor looks above the rest."

L. H.

[The "Lines on the death of a Lost Child, do not possess poetic merit sufficient to appear in print."]]

ALBANY BEER.

George.—Father, what book is this? It tells about dead cats, and dead dogs, and dead hogs, in a big pond, and men dipping out dirty water, nearly as thick as cream, into hogsheads, to carry off somewhere.

Father.—My son, I think it must be Mr. Delavan's book about the brewers' making beer in Albany; but it's a long story.

Lucy.—Father do tell it, I love to hear long stories. How do they make beer?

F.—They put water into a large tub, and then soak barley in it a day or two, till the barley begins to grow. Then they take out the barley and dry it. Afterwards they soak it again with hops to make it bitter. Then they draw off the bitter water into casks and bottles, and it is beer.

L.—Do folks love bitter beer? I should think they would put in sugar instead of hops to make it sweet.

F.—Yes, daughter, the English people love bitter beer so well, that if all that is drank there in one year was poured into the river, it would make a great freshet.

L.—Father, are the English people as large as elephants? George said Daniel Lambert was as large as an elephant.

G.—I said as large as a little elephant, not as large as Tippoo Sultan.

F.—Daughter, it is because so many English people drink beer that so much is drank, and not because they are so large. A great many people can drink a great deal of beer, especially if they are drinking nearly all the time.

G.—And do they make the beer out of that dirty water? Pah! it makes me sick to think of it.

F.—So Mr. Delavan said. He told people that Mr. Taylor made his beer from the water of that big pond, into which was thrown all manner of dead carrion, and which received the wash of slaughter houses and street drains;—that the water was so muddy that it was nearly as thick as cream, and that the sediment in the tub was several inches in depth;—and that he thought people ought to know what sort of water the beer was made of that they were drinking. For saying this Mr. Taylor sued Mr. Delavan, and this book gives an account of the trial.

L.—Father what means "sued Mr. Delavan?"

F.—Mr. Taylor sends a sheriff after Mr. Dela-

van and brings him to the court house, and tells the Judge that Mr. Delavan has told a wrong story about him, that he didn't use dirty water to make beer, that Mr. Delavan said he did, and now people wouldn't buy beer of him, and he should lose a great deal of money, and that he wants the Judge to tell Mr. Delavan to pay him seventy-eight thousand dollars for the damage he has done him.

G. And did the Judge tell Mr. Delavan to pay him all that money?

F. No. He says, "Mr. Delavan, you must prove that this is a true story. If you cannot show that Mr. Taylor did make beer out of dirty water, you must pay him money. If you can, Mr. Taylor must go his way and use better water to make his beer. And there are twelve men on that bench who will hear you tell your story, and Mr. Taylor tell his, and shall say which is the true story. If they say Mr. Taylor's is the true story, you must pay the money; if they say yours is the true story, you need not pay it."

G. Which story did the men say was true?

F. They heard a great many witnesses on both sides. One man said he carted water for Mr. Taylor all one winter from the big pond, that when he dipped the water up, a dead cat would all the while bump against the pail; that it made him almost sick to dip; that his horse would not drink the water; that he carried that water to the malt house, and poured it into the tubs that were used for soaking barley. Others said that they had put good water into the tubs. There was various testimony, but the men decided at last that Mr. Delavan's was the true story. And then the Judge told Mr. Delavan he might pay Mr. Taylor six cents, and that Mr. Taylor might pay the men and him, (the Judge,) for hearing the stories and deciding the case,—which was a good many dollars.

L. Why did they make the beer out of dirty water, when there is so much good water?

F. Some said it was because the pond was near the malt house, and it was cheaper. It cost six cents to cart a hogshead from the pond, but fifty cents to cart it from the river. Others said it was because the brewers thought dirty water made the best beer. I think both reasons are true. It is a common saying that London beer is considered best, because it is made from the water of the river Thames, which runs through London, and receives the wash from a million and a half of people. Probably all beer is made from filthy water in preference.

Then Susan, I suppose, makes her beer from dish water, or something worse. I shall drink no more of Susan's beer.

F. I mean strong beer, daughter. They call it ale, porter, brown stout, &c. Susan makes her beer of good well water, and you may drink as much as you please of it.

G. Well, I shall drink no strong beer—dead cats! dead dogs! dead hogs! pah! it makes me sick again to think of it. I would as soon drink—I don't know what I would as soon drink—all the other bad things in the world are not so bad as the water they make strong beer of. Father, will folks drink any more strong beer, now Mr. Delavan has told what they make it of? Why, here's a man says he threw in a whole bag full of kittens into the pond, and drew in a dead horse. Why it's worse than Tophet, for they kept fire burning in Tophet to burn up the carrion.

F. I am afraid, my son, people will still drink strong beer. Some will not hear Mr. Delavan's story, some will not believe it, and more will still drink, whether they believe it or not, because strong beer intoxicates, and many yet like to get intoxicated. Such people do not care what beer is made of, if it only will make them feel well a little while.

L. Father, do they feel bad most of the time, that makes them drink such filthy stuff for the sake of feeling well a little while. Poor folks, I am sorry for them. I shall send them some of Susan's beer, and tell them how to make it.

F. They are poor folks indeed, that need such

filthy stuff to make them feel better. Possibly they may do differently, if they know all the story about that big pond. Shall we send them Mr. Delavan's book, that they may read the whole and see just what they are drinking to make them feel better? Perhaps it will make them feel worse.

G. Do so, do, and I'll mark the place about cats. I think they will never drink any more after they have read that.—*Vermont Chronicle.*

BENEVOLENCE.

THE RAROTONGA CRIPPLE.

It appears from the records of the London Missionary Society, that the Islands of the sea are turning to God in a most wonderful manner.

The poor heathen seem delighted to hear about the Saviour, and I am sure, if you could only see them, you would save up all your cents, to send them the Bible.

Mr. Williams, one of the missionaries to the Society Islands, gives us the following account of a poor cripple he met with, in the island called Rarotonga.

"My attention was arrested by seeing a person in the centre of the pathway, who shouted, 'Welcome, servant of God, who brought light into this dark island; to you are we indebted for the word of salvation.' His hands and feet were eaten off by a disease which the natives call kokovi, and which obliged him to walk upon his knees; but, notwithstanding this, I found that he was exceedingly industrious, and not only kept his kainga in beautiful order, but raised food enough to support his wife and three children. He used for a spade an instrument called the ko, which is a piece of iron wood pointed at one end. This he pressed firmly to his side, and leaning the weight of his body upon it, pierced the ground, and then scraping out the earth with the stumps of his hands, he would clasp the banana or taro plant, place it in the hole, and then fill in the earth. The weeds he pulled up in the same way. In reply to his salutation, I asked him what he knew of the word of salvation. He answered, 'I know about Jesus Christ, who came into the world to save sinners.' On inquiring what he knew about Jesus Christ, he replied, 'I know that he is the Son of God, and that he died painfully upon the cross to pay for the sins of men, in order that their souls might be saved, and go to happiness in the skies.' I inquired of him, 'if all the people went to heaven after death?' 'Certainly not,' he replied, 'only those who believe in the Lord Jesus, who cast away sin, and who pray to God.' 'You pray, of course,' I continued. 'O yes,' he said, 'I very frequently pray as I weed my ground and plant my food, but always three times a day, beside praying with my family every morning and evening.' I asked him what he said when he prayed? He answered, 'I say, O Lord, I am a great sinner, may Jesus take my sins away by his good blood, give me the righteousness of Jesus to adorn me, and give me the good Spirit of Jesus to instruct me, and make my heart good, to make me a man of Jesus, and take me to heaven when I die.' 'Well,' I replied, 'that, Buteve, is very excellent, but where did you obtain your knowledge?' 'From you, to be sure; who brought us the news of salvation but yourselves?' 'True,' I replied, 'but I do not recollect to have seen you at either of the settlements to hear me speak of these things.' 'Why,' he said, 'as the people return from the services, I take my seat by the way-side, and beg a bit of the word of them as they pass by; one gives me one piece, another, another piece, and I collect them together in my heart, and by thinking over what I thus obtain, and praying to God to make me know, I understand a little about his word.'

Now only to think of it, without hands or feet he can find time to support his family, have stated prayer five times a day, and sit by the way side to learn about Jesus.

Dear children, when you are idle, think of this

man without hands or feet digging in his garden; when you feel too tired to go to Sunday School, think of him walking on his knees to meet the missionary; and when you do not pay attention to what your teacher says, think of him sitting (not in a comfortable school-room) but by the way side begging to know about Jesus and the Bible.

Oh! learn all you can now, for perhaps when you grow a little older you may want to go and teach the dear little children at Rarotonga, and then you will be sorry you did not learn more when you were at the Sunday School, and feel more grateful to God for giving you such great privileges.—*S. S. Gleaner.*

RELIGION.

CONVERSION AND MUTUAL RECONCILIATION OF TWO CRUEL CHIEFS.

[Extract of a Letter from a Missionary in New Zealand.]

I have a little incident to mention, which must thus be prefaced. Tawai—who is now named Moses—is a powerful chief of Waima, in the vicinity of Hokianga. A battle was fought between him and our people some few years since, and malice, connected with fear, was strongly maintained in the hearts of each party. Several times have the tribes up the valley been in fear, and told me that Tawai was coming. I was myself present at Ngaruwati one Lord's day, when two men came to give notice of his intended invasion. After this, our chief commenced fortifying the valley. No attack was ever made. On Lord's day, Dec. 3, 1836, this once blood thirsty warrior, Tawai, was in the settlement. He and one or two of his children had arrived on Saturday. I was told, to my great surprise and joy, that his name was changed to Moses. I was so much struck with the circumstance, that my mind led me to choose the following words of prophecy for the Lord's day morning subject—Noble Panakareao and Moses Tawai being present—"The wolf also shall dwell with the lamb," &c. The congregation was very attentive, as I appealed to them to witness the fulfilment of this ancient prediction. To use any figure of speech which compares man to a beast, is exceedingly offensive to a New Zealander; although he in his native state, is worse than the beasts which perish—far more savage and brutal than the ravenous tiger or the furious bear. Even this very week, a wicked old man, named Taranui, in a village which we visit, killed—wantonly killed—a little girl, in order that her spirit might be in attendance on the spirit of his niece, who was on the point of death! This actually took place while Mr. Marsden was at our settlement. However, this is now a very rare case in this part. In the afternoon, while visiting a sick person, I was informed by a chief sitting by, that my morning discourse from Isaiah had created great astonishment. Noble felt a little fidgetty, on account of his old antagonist being present; and said in an audible voice, on coming out of church, "How is it that he chose this talk for to-day? If it were in the Bible, should I not have heard of it before?" I was myself quite amused to learn that the people hardly believed that such words were in the book, and that they said one to another, "He chose this subject on account of these two chiefs having met in the house of God." I took the opportunity, in the evening, of declaring to them that those words were correctly translated from God's holy word. In the evening, Moses Tawai came to spend an hour with me. He gave me an account of his life, which, if I were to relate, would at once show that the Holy Spirit by Isaiah had but fairly drawn his picture. He said to me, "What you spoke this morning is true; my likeness was there described; I was indeed like those beasts of prey." He, of his own accord, gave me the history of his conversion to God; and what do you think were the means used? One of his slave-girls lived with Mrs. B. Paihia. He made her come away, and live with him. She would repeat her prayers and her catechism; he threatened several times

to shoot her for so doing; she kept on; and his heart was touched. He repented, and is now a child of God. He now, after some months, resolved to visit the Rarawa Tribes, who had lived in fear of him, and to assure them that he was no more for war. He, with his grown-up children, went to all the principal Chiefs, to assure them of his change of heart. When he was within ten miles of our Chief's residence, he was joyfully astonished to hear that Pana was baptized, and possessed a new name—Nopero. They spent the Lord's day together, in a very profitable manner, talking over their change of mind. Tawai being pleased with the Sunday School, Pana invited his new friend and visitor to visit the school on the following morning. On going myself into school, I witnessed a sight which, to me, was one of the most interesting and novel I had seen in the land; Nopero Pana and Mohi Tawai, two of New Zealand's illustrious Chiefs and warriors, for years antagonists to each other, met together in the same class, standing with only the teacher between them, reading the first chapter of St. John's Gospel. You may rely on the above as being only a simple relation of facts, which I witnessed with mine own eyes.

VARIETY.

A Mother's Influence.

The Rev. Richard Knill, in his beautiful narrative entitled the "Missionary's Wife," which has been recently published as a tract, by the Presbyterian Board of Publication, introduces the following touching allusion to his mother, whose pious influence had so materially contributed to shape his own course in life.

"I have a vivid recollection of the effect of maternal influence. My honored mother was a religious woman, and she watched over and instructed me as pious mothers are accustomed to do. Alas! I often forgot her admonitions; but, in my most thoughtless days, I never lost the impressions which her holy example had made on my mind. After spending a large portion of my life in foreign lands, I returned again to visit my native village. Both my parents died while I was in Russia, and their house is now occupied by my brother. The furniture remains just the same as it was when I was a boy; and at night I was accommodated with the same bed in which I had often slept before; but my busy thoughts would not let me sleep; I was thinking how God had led me through the journey of life. At last the light of the morning darted through the little window, and then my eye caught sight of the spot where my sainted mother, forty years before, took me by the hand, and said, 'Come my dear, kneel down with me, and I will go to prayer.' This completely overcame me; I seemed to hear the very tones of her voice; I recollected some of her expressions; and I burst into tears and arose from my bed, and fell upon my knees just on the spot where my mother kneeled, and thanked God that I had once a praying mother. And oh! if every parent could feel what I felt then, I am sure they would pray with their children as well as pray for them."

Domestic Habits of Birds.

"When spring time came I was in my old haunts on the cliffs; observing Nature, as she proceeded to dress up her fair scenes for the gay season, and greeting the leaves and flowers as they came laughing to their places. I watched the arrivals by every soft south wind. I thought I recognized many a constant pair of old birds, who had been to me like fellow-lodgers the previous summer; and I detected the loud, gay carousal song of many a riotous new comer. These were stirring times in the woods! The robin was already hard at work on his mud foundations, while many of his neighbors were yet looking about, and bothering their heads among the inconvenient forks, or "crotches." The sagacious old woodpecker was going around, visiting the hollow trees, peeping into the knot-holes; dropping in to inspect the accommodations, and then putting his head out to consider the prospect; and all the while, perhaps, not a word was said to a modest little blue-bird that stood by, and had been expecting to take the premises. I observed, too, a pair of sweet little yellow-birds, that appeared like a young married couple, just setting up housekeeping. They fixed upon a bough near me, and I soon became interested in their little plans, and indeed felt quite melancholy, as I be-

held the troubles they encountered, occasionally, when for whole days they seemed to be at a standstill. At last, when their little honey-moon cottage was fairly finished, and softly lined, they both got into it, by way of trial; and when I saw their little heads and the bright eyes just rising over the top, I could not help thinking that they really had little hearts of flesh, that were absolutely beating in their downy bosoms."—*Knickerbocker.*

Two kinds of Prayers.

A minister once said, "There are two kinds of prayers to be seen among professing Christians, which may be illustrated thus. A kind and affectionate mother has left her children in an adjoining room to amuse themselves with play. By and by, hearing one of them cry, she starts up and listens at the door, but finds by the well known tones of their voices, that it is only pretence. She resumes her seat; but shortly hears notes of real distress again proceeding from the apartment, and, exclaiming, 'My child! My child!' she rushes at once to its assistance." So it is in the Church. Some men stand up to pray; but when God listens, he finds that they are only mocking him in their prayers. By and by he hears another cry; he listens again, and finds that it proceeds from one of his broken-hearted children; and true to his promise, "Call upon me in the day of trouble, and I will answer thee," he rushes at once to his aid. If there is a broken hearted child in this assembly this morning, let him take encouragement from this representation of God's regard for his dear children.—*Mr. Kirk's Sermons.*

Reconciliation to God.

I speak to you, children, and ask you: Are you agreed with God? Perhaps you do not understand me. I will let a little girl, of whom I have heard, explain to you my meaning.

She was greatly distressed to find herself a sinner against God. Her pious mother had encouraged and promoted her convictions of sin. But one morning she came running into the parlor, smiling with delight. Her good mother feared she had become a trifle with serious things, and exclaimed: "Why, my dear, have you grieved away the Spirit of God?" "No, my dear mamma, I have made up with God." She understood exactly what God would mean when he says: "Be ye reconciled to God."—*Id.*

Benefit of Observing the Sabbath.

One day, in the very early stages of my childhood, my father gave me a little ball covered with leather, such as boys usually play with. Saturday morning, while playing with it at school, it was accidentally thrown over the fence and lost. We searched for it a long time in vain. The loss to me was about as severe as it would be for a man to part with half his fortune. I went home and unbosomed my grief to my mother. She endeavored to console me, but with what effect I cannot now remember. The next day was the Sabbath. I passed the day with more than ordinary propriety. My customary Sabbath hymn was perfectly committed. Seated in my little chair by the fire, I passed a quiet and happy day in reading, and the various duties appropriate to holy time. My conduct was such as to draw expressions of approbation from my parents, as with a peaceful heart I bade them good night, to retire to rest. The next day, as usual, I went to school. The lost ball occupied my mind as I walked along. Upon climbing over the fence into the field where I had so long and so fruitlessly searched on the preceding Saturday, almost the first object upon which my eye fell was the ball partially concealed by a stone. Child as I was, my joy was very great. At noon I ran hastily home to inform my mother, knowing that she would rejoice with me over my recovered treasure. After sympathizing with me in my childish happiness, she remarked that Sir Matthew Hale had said that he never passed the Sabbath well without being prospered the succeeding week. "You remember, my son," she continued, "that you were a good boy yesterday. This shows you, that if you would be happy and prosperous, you must remember the Sabbath day, and keep it holy." Whether this remark be unexceptionably true, it is not in place now to inquire. That it generally is true, but few will doubt. But the remark in the connection in which it was made, produced an impression upon my mind which will never be effaced. All the other events of that early period have long since perished from my memory; but this remains fresh and prominent. Often has it led me to the scrupulous observance of the Sabbath—even to the present day I can distinctly perceive its influence.

[Mother at Home.]

The Christian Mother.

While my children were infants on my lap, as I washed them I raised my heart to God, that he would wash them in that blood which cleanseth from all sin; as I clothed them in the morning, I asked my Heavenly Father to clothe them with the robe of Christ's righteousness; as I provided them food, I prayed that God would feed their souls with the bread of heaven, and give them to drink the water of life. When I have prepared them for the house of God, I have plead that their bodies might be fit temples for the Holy Ghost to dwell in; when they left me for the week-day school, I followed their infant footsteps with a prayer, that their path through life might be like that of the just, which shineth more and more unto the perfect day; and as I committed them to the rest of the night, the silent breathing of my soul has been, that their Heavenly Father would take them to his embrace, and fold them in his paternal arms!—*Scottish Guardian.*

The Vacant Seats in Heaven.

A lady of rank being once in company with Bengel, addressed him as follows. "I hear, Mr. Provost, that you are a prophet; therefore perhaps you can tell us whether, in the world above, there are any reserved seats for people of quality." He replied, "I certainly, madam, am no prophet, though I acknowledge that God has granted me some acquaintance with his revealed word; and this informs me that reserved seats indeed there are; but that, alas, most of them are sadly in want of occupants. So I read in Matt. xix. 24, and 1 Cor. i. 26."

Happy Life and Happy Death.

A little boy who was a member of the Sabbath School, was taken sick, and suddenly died. Although in great pain toward the close of life, and being deprived of speech, he appeared to distinguish his teacher, and manifested tokens of gratitude on being visited. When nature was nearly exhausted, he raised his little hands in the act of prayer, and thus sweetly breathed out his brief but happy life.

POETRY.

THE CHILD AT PRAYER.

'Twas summer's evening,—and the light
Had faded from the sky,
And stars came twinkling pure and bright,
Through the blue arch on high;
And western breezes stole,
To kiss the weeping flower,
And nature wore her sweetest smile,
To bless the twilight hour.
There sat within a curtained room,
A mother young and fair—
What voice comes softly through the gloom?
'Tis childhood's voice in prayer!
A cherub boy is kneeling now,
Beside that mother's knee—
And she is teaching him to bow
Before the Deity.
For father on the distant deep,
For sister slumbering near,
For babe upon the mother's breast,
For that kind mother dear;
For every living thing he loves,
His prayer ascends to heaven,
And, for himself, he humbly asks
Each sin may be forgiven.
In after years, whenever grief
Shall bow his spirit down,
And when the cold and bitter world
Shall meet him with a frown,
And when allured from virtue's path,
He treads a dangerous way—
O! he will turn to that blest hour
When first he knelt to pray.
And the kind hand which then was laid
Upon his silken hair—
And the soft voice which taught him first
His simple words of prayer—
Will come again with thrilling power,
To still his pulses wild,
And lure him back in that dark hour,
As stainless as a child.
The prayer is o'er—the last fond kiss
By the kind mother given;
But rises not from scenes like this
That childish prayer to heaven?
It does, it does—an angel's wing
Has borne its tone with joy,
The earnest blessings which it sought
Come on the sleeping boy.

YOUTH'S COMPANION.

Published Weekly, by NATHANIEL WILLIS, at the Office of the Boston Recorder, No. 11, Cornhill.—Price, \$1.00 a year in advance; or \$1.25 if not paid in advance.

NO. 21.

BOSTON, OCTOBER 2, 1840.

VOL. XIV.



WINE.

"Wine is a liquor made from grapes, much in the manner that cider is made from apples. There is no evidence that wine was known before the deluge. Noah was probably the first who preserved the juice of the grape, till by fermentation it became proper wine. Before him, men only ate grapes like other fruit, or drank the juice as just pressed from the fruit. This mode of drinking was common in the days of Joseph. Gen. xl. 11. Noah, ignorant of its strength, fell into intoxication. Gen. ix. 20, 21. The process of distilling ardent spirits from wine and other liquors, was invented by the Saracens, several centuries after the death of Christ."

This, children, is the engraving of a wine press, and shows you the manner of making wine. It was "a vat or cistern, sometimes above ground, sometimes sunk into the earth. It was divided into two parts, one being deeper than the other. Into the shallow compartment the grapes were thrown, while several men trod them with their feet, and the juice ran into the lower part." This accurately represents the mode of making wine now in Germany and France.

This furnishes an explanation of some passages in Scripture—one beautiful one in Isa. lxiii. 1—5. Will you turn to it and read it carefully? Also, Rev. xiv. 18, Jer. xxv. 30.

You see that the Bible speaks of wine: but does it tell you that you may drink it? It says it may be given to you if you are sick and "ready to perish." The doctor may give it to you as he gives other medicine. But does the Bible say that you may drink it if well? Will it not make you sick? Will it not make you desire something stronger? Does it hurt those who drink it? You will find an answer in the 23d chapter of Proverbs, 29—33.

We have made the above selection from Malcom's Bible Dictionary—a very valuable work for teachers and children. It can be found at 79 Cornhill, or 59 Washington St.—S. S. Treasury.

NARRATIVE.

A MOTHER'S LOVE.

A CONTRAST.

The love of parents for their children is a strong passion—strong by nature. I have seen her—the fond mother—bending over her little cherub by day, with looks of delight; listening to its infant cries during the night watches with an ever vigilant ear, and ministering to its wants with a tenderness and assiduity surpassing those of the partner of her affection towards the same dear object. I have seen her attending to its little whims and caprices because she loved it, gratifying its excessive appetite with every delicacy, because out of the overflowing of her tenderness, she could deny it no sweet thing—suffering it to indulge its passions to a violent annoying degree, because, from

the same fond motive, she was unwilling to wound the sensibility of the child by a gentle reproof, or to give it pain even by a slight punishment, until the child, by such injudicious management, became a spoiled and refractory being. In the course of a few years, and but a few years, I have seen the child strutting about like a little tyrant, disrespectful and disobedient to its parents, insolent to the servants, quarrelsome and mischievous among its equals, wayward in all its humors, vindictive under a supposed slight, ungrateful for favors received, and yet demanding more with a sturdy spirit that would not be put down or turned aside—a perfect little pest and mar to all harmony in every circle in which it made its appearance, and yet the mother bore it all, because it was her own child, and she loved it with a mother's love.

A few years afterward I saw the stripling grown into a youth—bearing the port and assuming the airs of a man, but a vicious one—indulging his wild and headstrong passions without restraint—engaged eagerly in the pursuit of unhallowed and forbidden pleasure—yielding promptly to the first temptation without a struggle—corrupted himself and the corrupter of others—a spendthrift, a gambler,—his face bloated with intemperance, and his whole appearance indicating that life, wronged and violated in his person, was fast withering and fading away in the spring-time of existence.

And I have seen and heard her—the forgiving, too indulgent mother—attempting to conceal his vices from the prying eye of curiosity, or excusing them as the faults of early youth, which a few more years would correct and reform—and all out of excess of her heart's love—that too blind and blinding passion.

I have seen him the violator of his country's laws—the inmate of a prison—bearing on his limbs the badge of force—the occupant of the criminal's place in court—the object of contempt to those whom he had injured, and of pity to the good, and finally borne away from the gaze of the multitude and consigned to a felon's fate; and then I have seen the mother, the agonized parent, forgetful of all his past unkindness, of his many acts of disobedience, and even of the career of shame that was about to be closed by a dishonorable death—forgetful of what was due to her sex and the customs of her country—bursting into the presence of the judge with streaming eyes, tearing her hair, and imploring mercy for her child—her unfortunate child—but imploring in vain; and in view of this agitating scene I have exclaimed, "How strong is nature! How mighty is a mother's love! A man may forget his country and cease to love it, but a fond mother can never forget, can never cease to love her child, however unfortunate, however depraved, till life ceases to beat!"

Again, I have seen another mother training another child in the paths of virtue, piety, honor, and benevolence, because she too loved her child, and wished to render it truly happy—equally attentive to all its little wants with the other mother, but less indulgent to its humors and caprices, lest she should injure its temper, and render it a self-willed and too exacting being. I have seen her dedicating her little one to God in the solemn rite of baptism, in order that, as soon as its mind began to open upon the world and its duties, it might become a child of God—be shielded from every evil, and be clothed with a pure and unsullied spirit.

I have heard her imparting to her beloved one its first lessons—for women are the great educators of our race. She taught him to look upon the heavens at the morning's dawn, and behold

the glorious sun as soon as its rays began to cheer the east—to see as it mounted upward in its daily course, diffusing light, life, warmth, and gladness over the whole face of creation, and to gaze at its declining glories; and I have heard him—the child—"the form of beauty smiling at his heart"—bursting out into expressions of joy and rapture at the enchanting vision. I have seen her directing his attention to "the starry firmament on high," studded with ten thousand glowing witnesses of God's love and power—glittering far and far away in the unfathomable depths where the eye of man never penetrated—and I have seen him—the child—speechless—and his glad spirit bowed down with unutterable astonishment and awe.

I have heard her calling upon him to look forth upon the earth, the footstool of the Divine Majesty, and to admire the verdant meadows, the green fields, the meandering rivulets, the ripening fruits, and the shady groves, and to listen to the music of nature's songsters, as anthems of joy and thanksgiving, proceeding from a thousand warbling throats, ascending upward to the heavens, and the child turned to her and said, "Dear mother, tell me who gave the birds their sweet voices. Who made all these lovely and glorious things?" And I have then heard the mother—glad of the opportunity—for she loved her child—utter, with distinct and reverent accent, the name of God.

"He made them, my dear child! He made the heavens and the earth, the sea, and all that in them is, for he is great and good—the greatest and best of all beings—and when he had made this beautiful and glorious world he made man and woman to inhabit it, to cultivate and admire it, and live in it, for a short time, and then to return to him, should they be fit for his presence; and you and I, my dear boy, and all human beings came from him, and were created to love and serve him with all our hearts, for he is very good—most worthy of our love, and we are to imitate his goodness, and to love each other as we love our own souls—the never dying part—and are to endeavor, all our lives long, to render others as happy as we would be ourselves."

And I have heard her—the pious mother—imploping God's blessing on the child of her affection—invoking the light and love of his good Spirit upon his path through life, and out of a heart full of gratitude, thanking him for the rich treasure committed to her trust, and rejoicing with a joy unspeakable that the thought of his great Benefactor had at length come over his opening spirit, as something to be cherished and indulged in his heart for ever. I have seen her, day by day, instilling into his mind the best lessons, and the noblest rules of duty—teaching him to see God's kind and gracious providence in every event, and to trace his majesty and goodness in every object of nature.

And the child grew up an amiable, excellent being—the ornament of the circle in which he moved, and an example to all—mild and affectionate in his disposition, and strong in the cause of virtue and piety. He loved God and returned his mother's love. He loved every being that God had made, because he had made it, and because it was good. But too good himself for a world of sin and sorrow, at an early age God took him to himself, and the mother resigned him—the beloved being—to Him who had so blessed her with its unwearied affection and his many virtues, saying, "The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away, and blessed be his name!" and I again exclaimed, "If nature—a mother's love, is strong without reli-

gion—a mighty passion—how much stronger, more beautiful, more blessed, and more elevating is it with it.”—*Charleston Courier*.

MORALITY.

THE JUG.

One afternoon, as Samuel was returning from school, he was overtaken by a heavy fall of snow, which came on suddenly, accompanied by violent wind. There was already much snow on the ground; and this driving storm drifted it in large piles to the sides of the road. Samuel fought his way along, buffeting the wind and snow, till he came to the hill, at the foot of which he lived. He was running down this hill, when he saw something red at the side of the road, and stooped to pick it up. What was his surprise to find a child asleep in the snow! He looked again, it was his little sister Catharine! A thin red calico shawl pinned over her shoulder; her tattered bonnet had fallen from her head; one little hand was half-raised as if imploring help; the other grasped—the jug!

“Oh! my sister! my sister is dead,” exclaimed Samuel. He caught her up and ran down the hill, carrying her benumbed frame in his arms.

He reached the house, and fell with his burden at the door. His mother came out, and gave one agonizing shriek. His father was asleep on the bed; he felt too sick to move, but not to drink, and had forced his little girl to go to the store, to procure for him the poison that was fast sending him to the grave. It snowed but little when she went out, but the storm had come on violently, and her feeble frame was unable to bear it.

Samuel and his mother brought the child into the house, and after rubbing her some time perceived signs of life. They then put her into a tub of cold water, and with returning consciousness, the suffering of the poor child commenced. She drew her breath with difficulty, and her groans and convulsions showed how great was her pain. They laid her on the bed beside her miserable father, and Samuel ran for the doctor.

The doctor was there, but said there was little to be done. Though the child had recovered for awhile, he feared she was not long to live in this world. He did all he could, and kindly soothed the little sufferer. A burning fever and delirium came on. The poor child thought she was still striving to get home. “O, this jug is so heavy,” she would exclaim; “I shall fall down—I cannot get any farther. Mother, Samuel, do come and help me.”

Towards morning, she fell into a disturbed sleep; and when the doctor came he found her easier, but it did not last long. After a few days and nights of pain and distress, the little girl died.

[*The Reformed Family.*]

RELIGION.

Written for the Youth's Companion.

THE FAITHFUL SISTER.

In Troy, N. Y. there lived a man, who “feared not God,” and like other wicked men followed very wicked courses; the only one who mourned over his sin and folly, was a faithful, pious sister; she frequently besought him with tears, to flee from the wrath to come before it was too late; but all her warnings were unheard, or at least unheeded; at length disease fastened upon his constitution and threatened immediate dissolution. He was taken to the hospital, and there his sister, though very young, (perhaps younger than many who read the *Youth's Companion*), often visited him, and with great concern entreated him to seek the forgiveness of his sins.

Impatient at her “needless solicitude,” to use his own language, he forbade her speaking to him again on the subject; she left him almost in despair, and entering her closet poured out her heart to Him, who hears and answers prayer. The thought that he must be “driven away in his

wickedness,” no kind angel to escort him through the dark valley, no Saviour to welcome him to the sun-gilt shores of the New Jerusalem, and no seat prepared for him at Christ's right hand—I say these gloomy thoughts urged her forward, and she resolved to see him again; accordingly she entered his room, and taking him by the hand, she said, “my dear brother, I fear that you have not long to live; I once more entreat—” here he interrupted her with, “Away with your religion, can't you let me die in peace?” “O my brother,” said she, “notwithstanding all your wickedness, God is willing to forgive, and he will forgive you if you will only ask him.” “Will he? do you think he will?” asked the sick man. “Yes, my brother,” the promises are sure, and none that come shall be denied.” “O then pray for me?” “Yes, with all my heart I will, and do you pray, too.” The subdued brother folded his hands in prayer, while the sister bowed in fervent supplication at the throne; nor did they pray in vain; light and joy burst in upon his mind, and he exclaimed, “O happy day! O blessed Jesus!” he soon after expired, rejoicing in the merits of a crucified Saviour.

L. H.
North Brookfield, Sept. 15, 1840.

GOD SEEN IN ALL HIS WORKS.

TALE FROM THE GERMAN.

In that beautiful part of Germany which borders on the Rhine, there is a noble castle, which, as you travel on the western banks of the river, you may see lifting its ancient towers on the opposite side, above the grove of trees about as old as itself. About 40 years ago there lived in that castle a noble gentleman, whom we call Baron —. The baron had only one son, who was not only a comfort to his father, but a blessing to all who lived on his father's land.

It happened on a certain occasion, that this young man being from home, there came a French gentleman to see the baron. As soon as this gentleman came into the castle, he began to talk of his Heavenly Father in terms that chilled the old man's blood; on which the baron reproved him, saying, “Are you not afraid of offending God who reigns above, by speaking in such a manner?” The gentleman said that he knew nothing about God, for he had never seen him. The baron did not notice at this time what the gentleman said, but the next morning took him about his castle and ground, and took occasion first to show him a very beautiful picture that hung on the wall. The gentleman admired the picture very much; and said, “Whoever drew this picture, knows very well how to use his pencil.”

“My son drew that picture,” said the baron.

“Then your son is a very clever man,” replied the gentleman.

The baron then went with his visitor into the garden, and showed him many beautiful flowers and plantations of forest trees.

“Who has the ordering of this garden,” asked the gentleman.

“My son,” replied the baron; “he knows every plant, I may say, from the cedar of Lebanon, to the hyssop on the wall.”

“Indeed,” said the gentleman, “I shall think very highly of him soon.”

The baron then took him into the village, and showed him a small neat cottage, where his son had established a school, and where he caused all young children who had lost their parents, to be received and nourished at his own expense. The children in the house looked so innocent and so happy, that the gentleman was very much pleased, and when he returned to the castle, he said to the baron, “what a happy man you are to have so good a son.”

“How do you know I have so good a son?”

“Because I have seen his works, and I know that he must be good and clever if he has done all you have shown me.”

“But you have never seen him.”

“No, but I know him very well, because I judge of him by his works.”

“You do! and now please to draw near this window, and tell me what you observe.”

“Why I see the sun travelling through the sky, and shedding its glories over one of the finest countries in the world; and I behold a mighty river at my feet, and a vast range of woods. I see pasture grounds, and orchards, and vineyards; and cattle and sheep feeding in green fields; and many thatched cottages scattered here and there.”

“And do you see anything to be admired in all this? Is there any thing pleasant, or lovely, or cheerful in all that is spread before you?”

“Do you think I want common sense? or that I have lost the use of my eyes, my friend?” said the gentleman, somewhat angrily, “that I should not be able to relish the charms of such a scene as this?”

“Well, then,” said the baron, “if you are able to judge of my son's good character by seeing his good works, which are poor and imperfect, how does it happen that you form no judgment of the goodness of God, by witnessing such wonders of his handy works as are now before you? Let me never hear you, my good friend, again say that you know not God, unless you would have me suppose that you have lost the use of your senses.”

ON THE GOODNESS OF GOD.

“The earth is full of the goodness of the Lord.”—*Psalm xxxiii. 5.*

My Dear Children,—By the earth in our text, you are to understand the globe on which we live; an account of the creation of which is given in the first chapter of Genesis.—It is there said, “God created the heaven and the earth.” I shall now endeavor to show you that the earth on which we live is full of the goodness of the Lord. In the first place, it is bountifully supplied with water. A world without water would not be a fit habitation either for man or beast; therefore God, in kindness to his creatures, has given them an abundance of this very useful element. There is plenty of water in the ocean, in the sea, in the lakes, rivers, brooks, and springs for the use of all the creatures which God has made. The water that is in the ocean is so salt that people cannot drink it; but the fishes can live in it just as well as in the lakes and rivers. And the goodness of God has so provided for us, that when the wells and cisterns are empty, and the little brooks are dried up, and the roads are dry and dusty, and the pastures, and meadows, and fields, and gardens suffer for want of rain, the sun evaporates, or draws up, by his powerful influence, the waters of the ocean. We cannot see how this is done, but we know that it is done. You may set a bowl of water in the garden in hot weather, and in a few days it will all be dried up. You may hang out wet clothes in fine weather, and they will soon be dry. The sun evaporates the water that was in the bowl, and dries up what was in the clothes. And it is the sun that draws up water from the ocean in vapors so fine and small that they cannot be seen; and that is the reason why it is called evaporation. The vapors are formed into clouds, and the clouds turn to rain; the rain falls upon the ground, and sinks into the earth, and there it remains till it is wanted. When people want good clear fresh water to drink, they dig down into the earth, and make a well. They know that there is water in the earth; for “the earth is full of the goodness of the Lord;” and then they draw it up as they want it. But there is another remarkable circumstance concerning water, which shows the goodness of the Lord. It is that of causing the salt water of the ocean to become fresh by evaporation. We do not know how this is done, but we know that it is so; for in some countries, when they want to make salt, they take the water of the ocean, and put it into large vats or boxes, not very deep, in large quantities, where the sun shines on it all day; the sun draws up the water in vapors, as I said before, and leaves the salt in the large flat boxes. So we know that when the sun evaporates the waters of the ocean, it leaves

the salt behind; and that is the reason why rain-water is so soft, and fresh and pure. And when it sinks into the earth it is purified still more by passing through the soil, where it leaves all that is filthy and impure, and passes into springs and wells, clear and wholesome, and good, and fit to drink.

The next thing to which I would call your attention, as a proof that the "earth is full of the goodness of the Lord," is the existence of that element which we generally call fire. This also is so abundant and so plentiful that there is no want of it. It is to be found in wood, and iron and stone. When the Indians are out of fire, they take two pieces of dry wood, and rub them together till they begin to burn; thus they get fire. If a blacksmith has no fire in his shop, he can hammer a piece of iron on the anvil till it is red hot; and thus he can get fire. And when our fire is gone out in the kitchen, we can strike the flint and steel together and make sparks, and get fire that way. If you turn to the first chapter of Genesis, you can read these words in the third verse; "And God said, Let there be light and there was light." But how could there be any light before the sun was made? Very easily; for if there is fire in wood, and iron, and stone, they could easily have light, as I have just described. A world without fire, or light and heat, would be a very miserable place, not fit for man nor beast to live in. We could not live long without light and heat; it would be very dark and very cold. We should soon die. There was fire in the earth before the sun, and moon, and stars were made; and there is fire, or *caloric*, as it is called, in the earth now. Fire is a very powerful and a very useful agent; and so abundant that, in this respect, we may say, "The earth is full of the goodness of the Lord."

But the earth itself, or the globe on which we live, is made of different substances. I will only name a few of them, and those only with which children are familiar. They are rock or stone, coal, clay, sand, iron, tin, lead, copper, silver and gold. All these substances are contained in the earth. That kind of rock which is called *granite* makes those beautiful pillars and blocks which support and ornament public buildings. One kind of stone makes the foundation of our houses; another makes a good pavement for the side walks in our streets; another, when burned, makes lime. Lime and sand and water, mixed together, make what is called mortar. Clay, when properly worked, and put into proper shapes, and dried in the sun, and burned in the kiln, makes bricks. A great many of our houses are built of bricks. The bricks are laid one upon another, and joined with mortar so strong that the wind does not blow them down, nor the water wash them away; and so hard that fire does not burn them. But the bricks and the mortar could not be made without water and fire; and with them they can be made so hard and durable, that neither water nor fire will destroy them. Thus we have houses to live in, because God has given us rocks, and stone, and clay, and sand, and water, and fire; and these useful substances are all found in the earth in great plenty; for "the earth is full of the goodness of the Lord."—*N. Y. Journal*.

THE NURSERY.

MARY MILLER AND HELEN PARKS.

OR THE FOLLY OF DISCONTENT.

Many years ago, I read a story which forcibly illustrated the folly of discontent. It was in poetry, but here is the substance of it, in a dress of plain prose.

A farmer's daughter, I will call her Mary Miller, was permitted to take a walk in the fields one Saturday afternoon. She had been to school all the week, and this privilege delighted her very much. She soon left the dusty road and rambled from hillock to hillock, gathering the flowers which pleased her fancy. Sometimes she watched

the glassy brook, and listened to the merry birds. Sometimes she bounded after the gay butterfly, and then ran to pick some flower whose gaudy colors attracted her eye. In short, wherever her light heart prompted, her nimble feet carried her. She was near the roadside when she saw a glittering coach pass slowly by. There was no one in it but a little girl about Mary's age. A driver sat in front, driving the sleek horses, which trotted in their rich harnesses. When the girl wished to stop, he instantly checked them; when she wished to go forward, they started at his word. A footman was on his "stand" behind. If the little girl saw a flower in the field, or by the road-side, she had only to speak, and the carriage stopped while the footman ran to fetch it. In short, she seemed to have no wish ungratified. As Mary looked at the coach, her heart sunk, her feet lost their lightness, her spirits their gaiety, and her face its smiles. She walked gloomily along, and with sour looks and pouting lips, she entered her mother's humble dwelling. "Have you not had a delightful walk, my child?" said she. "O no," said Mary, pettishly, "I should have enjoyed it pretty well, but Helen Parks came along in her carriage, and when I saw how happy she appeared, with her coachman and footman to wait upon her, and remembered that I was a poor girl, and must always go afoot, and wait upon myself, I could hardly help crying. If she wanted anything she had only to speak, or point to it, and the footman instantly ran and brought it to her. But when I saw something I wanted, if it was ever so far off, I must go and get it myself. I don't mean to walk out by that road any more."

Her fretful voice was scarcely hushed, when Mrs. Parks came in. "How did your daughter enjoy her ride this afternoon?" asked Mrs. Miller, when her wealthy guest had thrown herself languidly upon an uncushioned chair. Here the reader should know that Helen was lame, so that she had not walked for several years. "She would have enjoyed it pretty well, said the lady, in a tone of condescension, but just as she came where she had the finest prospect, she saw a little girl skipping about the fields. She watched her happy movements as she ran wherever her fancy led her, and when she remembered that she could never enjoy herself thus, she said she could scarcely restrain her tears. "You cannot think, said she, how sad it was to feel that I must be lifted into the carriage whenever I wish to take the air; and when I see a pretty flower, I can never pick it myself, but must wait till some one, who works for money, can go and fetch it to me. I watched the happy girl, said she, for a few minutes, as she danced so gaily among the birds and flowers, and then ordered the footman to bring me a few daisies which grew by the road-side; but I soon threw them away, she added, for I could not bear to look at them." She directed the coachman to drive home, that she might no longer be aggravated by the sight of pleasure which she could not share. When the footman brought her in and placed her cheerfully upon the sofa, she laid her face upon my lap, and wept profusely. "Mother," said she, I will never ride out by those fields again."—*Youth's Cabinet*.

SABBATH SCHOOL.

From the S. S. Treasury.

MARY'S VISIT.

Little Mary loves her Sabbath School teacher very much. I know this, because she is always present on the Sabbath to see her. When she comes into the room she does not sit down on the end of the seat, and gaze about carelessly, but she gets as near her teacher as possible. Then she leans forward, and with great earnestness and affection, begins to say something about the lesson, or mother, or little sister. You may judge then how much she was pleased when her teacher asked her and her sister to spend a part of the afternoon at her house. She could hardly wait for three

long days to pass away before the appointed time. But the hour came. It was a pleasant summer's afternoon, and Mary taking her sister kindly by the hand, hastened to her teacher's home. Nothing seemed to attract her attention by the way, but her clean neat frock, and other parts of her dress, which she would occasionally adjust, the better to suit her taste. Their friend met them at the door, and led them into the parlor, but before they could be seated, they gathered close around her, and both had so much to say, that they talked at the same time, hardly waiting to take breath, or to give their friend an opportunity to make any reply. They were enthusiastic, and seemed to forget where they were, as they held her fast by the hand. It was not long, however, before they were amusing themselves with some little toys which had been provided for them. These, and some other simple amusements, together with useful conversation, occupied most of the time. Before they left they partook of some simple refreshments. They now supposed the hour had come for them to return home, and were waiting to hear an intimation from their teacher. But the last and most delightful part of their entertainment they had not yet enjoyed. In the retired chamber, where none but God was present to witness the scene, that teacher and her pupils reverently knelt in solemn prayer. That simple prayer breathed the ardent desire that they might become the lambs of Christ's fold, and go to heaven. They had received many proofs of her love and kindness, but this sweet intelligible prayer, breathed in their hearing, was the strongest evidence that she loved their souls. It was their teacher, carrying their thoughts, as in school, to Jesus and to heaven.

When they left the door, I observed they stopped on the steps and began to divide some sweet cakes, which had been given them, saying, "that we will carry to mother, and that to little brother;" and away they ran, apparently as happy thinking about home, as they were leaving it to enjoy their visit. To what had their thoughts and affections been directed? To God, their parents, brothers and sisters, and to a pious teacher. Can they be satisfied when they rest in these?

Reader, have you a doubt whether that teacher could keep a full class, and whether they all loved her? NOT A TEACHER.

FACTS.

From the report of a late Sabbath School Convention in Massachusetts, the following interesting facts are gathered; showing the influence and onward progress of the Sabbath School enterprise in our country.

The church in — numbers 157, and the Sabbath School 325. The pastor has a Bible class on the Sabbath evening, also, consisting of from 150 to 200 members.

In the Sabbath School in — there is a class of seven members, the aggregate of whose ages is, *four hundred and seventy-six years!* The teacher is 76 years of age, and the youngest scholar is 45, and the oldest 86!

The church in — numbers 107, and the Sabbath School 312. The church in — numbers 81, the Sabbath School 170; while the whole congregation does not number more than 200. The superintendent of this school, who is *eighty three years of age*, and several of the aged scholars, frequently testify that they have learnt more about the Bible since their connection with the Sabbath School, than they ever learned before.

Let those in our schools, who begin to think they are too old to attend as scholars, and those also who are unwilling to enter on account of their age, be encouraged from these interesting facts to persevere, thus adopting the language of wisdom, which says, "NEVER TOO OLD TO LEARN!"—*Id.*

Happy Days in Sabbath School.

A young man on his death bed said to a teacher, "They were blessed truths you used to teach me. Those were happy days. I shall praise God through-

out eternity for the blessed truths you taught me in the Sabbath School."

BENEVOLENCE.

"I AM GLAD I WAS NOT BORN A LITTLE HEATHEN CHILD."

Little Sarah and her mother had been on a visit at the house of their kind minister, where they were showed, among other things a little Hindoo idol. It was a present from a kind missionary, and had his testimony that it had been actually worshipped. When little Sarah was looking at it, the tear was seen standing in her eye, but she said nothing, as the clergyman was busy in telling them about heathenism. But when she had returned home, she said to her mother—"Mother, you can't imagine how I felt, when I was looking at the little idol to-day." Why, said the mother, how did you feel? "Oh, said she, I felt full of pity for the poor heathen, and at the same time, almost overcome with gratitude, that I was not born a little heathen child."

How foolish the people are that will bow down and worship such a useless object as that. It can not see with its eyes or speak with its mouth, it is nothing but a block of wood.

I recollect that Mr. W. when lecturing us on the heathenism of the Hindoos, told us of one who wanted to know whether the idol which he had been accustomed to worship, really had any life; so he punched it with a pole, but it did not stir, nor speak, nor make any signs of possessing life. Now I suppose all idol gods are just like this, and how foolish must it be to trust in them. Yet if I had always lived in Hindostan I suppose that I should have been like those who are there now. I should not have known of that God who is a spirit, and does not need meat and drink set before him. I should not have felt afraid to do wrong, as if I felt that there was an all-seeing eye resting upon me, and that I was to be judged for every word and every thought at a coming judgment.

But then, child, added the mother, only to think of all the base acts which the heathen charge upon their gods as if they were altogether like themselves, is enough to make one feel wretched. But now you can look and think that the God who made the world is the wisest being that ever existed—nay, that he is the giver of our understanding. You can think, too, how holy a being he is, and how just, so that no one will ever have occasion to complain of wrong which he has received from his Maker." Yes, said Sarah, and then, dear mother, how good to think that God is all goodness. He loves to see us happy, and hence has done so much to make us good. He gives us life and breath and all things here, so that we may put trust in him with grateful hearts." But, said the mother, he has done more than provide for our bodies, for he has made a richer provision for our souls. Oh! what a gift that was, to give his Son, even his only begotten Son to die for his enemies—and then to add the Holy Spirit's influence to make us willing to receive his Son and life. Yet our God has done all this. Nay more, he has so arranged things that he even makes every thing that occurs fitted for good to those that truly love him. Are we afflicted, we can say with David, "it is good that I have been afflicted, for before I was afflicted I went astray, but now I keep thy law." "O yes, replied Sarah, and now when I think of death, I am admonished that I must die, and am reminded to prepare for that awful event. Oh! how good it is only to think of having such a great and good God to rule over me. I am sure that I ought to praise him forever, and I hope that I shall."

I am glad, said the kind mother, that you feel your indebtedness to this excellent being—and trust that in your future life you will show that you have chosen this God as your portion forever. "Yes," said little Sarah, "and that I shall never forget the poor heathen or cease to be thankful

not born a poor heathen child."

H. W. E.

VARIETY.

Faith and Works.

A person who had peculiar opinions touching the "full assurance of faith," having occasion to cross a ferry, availed himself of the opportunity to interrogate the boatman as to the grounds of his belief, telling him that if he had faith he was certain of a blessed immortality. The man of the oar said he had always entertained a different notion of the subject, and begged to give an illustration of his opinion. "Let us suppose," said the ferryman, "that one of these oars is called faith, and the other works, and try their several merits." Accordingly, throwing down one oar in the boat, he proceeded to pull the other oar with all his strength, upon which the boat turned round and made no way. "Now," said he, "you perceive faith won't do, let us try if works can." Seizing the other oar, and giving it the same trial, the same consequences ensued. "Works," said he, "you see, won't do either; let us try them together." The result was successful; the boat shot through the waves, and soon reached the wished for haven. "This," said the honest ferryman, "is the way by which I hope to be wafted over the troubled waters of this world to the peaceful shores of immortality."

[Youth's Magazine.

Conflagration of the Stars.

The astronomical statement below is calculated to rouse the imagination even of the most phlegmatic.

During the last two or three centuries upward of thirteen fixed stars have disappeared. One of them, situated in the northern hemisphere, presented a peculiar brilliancy, and was so bright as to be seen by the naked eye at mid-day. It seemed to be on fire, appearing at first of a dazzling white, then of a reddish yellow, and lastly of an ashy pale color. La Place supposes that it was burned up, as it has never been seen since. The conflagration was visible about sixteen months. How dreadful! A whole system on fire, the great central luminary and its planets with their plains, mountains, forests, villages, cities, and inhabitants, all in flames, consumed, and gone for ever. Here we have a presumptive proof of the truth, and a solemn illustration of a singular passage in a very old book—"The heavens will pass away with a great noise, the elements shall melt with fervent heat, the world also, and the works that are therein, shall be burned up." What has beef, will be again. Our sun, and moon, and stars, and earth, will be destroyed by fire. "It is inscribed in the heavens," says Dr. John Mason Good, "foretold in the Scriptures, and felt in the earth." Such is the text; the comment may be found in 2 Peter, iii. 11, 12.

[Quincy Sentinel.

Human Life.

Human life is a journey which commences for each of us the moment we enter the world, and which terminates at the grave. We are like those who, passengers on the ocean, are wafted by the winds toward the port, while they are asleep in the vessel; and who, insensible of the progression of their course, arrive there before they are aware. It is the same with the whole of life. It runs on, impelled by a continual current, which carries us on unconsciously along with it. We sleep, and during our sleep our brief space of time flies silently over our heads: we wake to a thousand cares, and while struggling with them, life pursues its rapid course at the same rate. We are here below, only as travellers; every thing rapidly recedes from our view, we leave everything behind us; we throw a passing glance on the enamelled meads, or the purling brook, or whatever other object may charm our sight; we feel a pleasure in contemplating it, and before we can analyze our pleasure we have already lost sight of it. To charming prospects and a smiling country often succeed rocks, ravines, precipices, and rugged paths; sometimes infested with ferocious animals, or venomous reptiles; or perplexed with thorns which lacerate the flesh; these things annoy or afflict us for a moment, and the next we are beyond their reach. Such is life; neither its pleasures nor its pains are durable, nor does the road we traverse belong to us, any more than any of the objects with which it is diversified; other travellers have preceded us on it, some are coming along it at the same time with ourselves, and countless multitudes will follow us.—Basil.

Young Sailors in Norfolk.

A few days ago a dapper craft, rigged most gracefully, after the fashion of a brig, with her top-gallant sails and royals all set, and manned by a parcel of youngsters, about ten or twelve years of age, and tidily dressed as sailors, was seen off the town.

Much curiosity was excited to know who and what she was. She soon came up, with a smart breeze, and was seen to great advantage as she passed the wharves. As she sailed along, one of her juvenile crew kept the lead going, and called out in true sailor style. Presently the shrill whistle of the young boatswain was heard, and she put about with all the deliberation and decision of a man-of-war. A midshipman of about fourteen or fifteen was the commander of the craft; and this circumstance, added to the appearance of the vessel, plainly told that she belonged to the naval service. The sight was very gratifying to all who enjoyed it, and the skill of the crew called forth the praises of several veterans of the sea. Upon inquiry we learned that the first cutter of the Delaware had been fitted up as a brig for the purpose of drilling the naval apprentices in the practical details of seamanship. She is about thirty-seven feet long; her crew consists of twenty apprentices; her sails and yards are exercised regularly. When under way she is made to perform all the evolutions of a man-of-war; the boys are taught to reef, furl, heave the lead, steer, &c. The boatswain is a lad of about fifteen, and gives the various notes of command known in a larger vessel.

[Norfolk Beacon.

Sabbath School in New Gloucester.

A friend writes us—"God has favored this school with a refreshing from his presence the past spring. About fifty have become hopefully pious. For more than two years past, a deep interest in the study of the Bible has been manifest. Our school is composed of individuals from 3 years of age to 70—the subjects of the revival are of all ages."—Monitor.

God cares for Sparrows.

"Oh, Charlotte," said a little child, on seeing his nurse maid shake the table-cloth into the fire-place, "don't you know that God takes care for the sparrows? The Bible says so; and will he not be displeased at your wasting so many crumbs, which would have served the sparrows for breakfast?"

A SCHOLAR IN JAMAICA.—Mr. Hyde, a missionary in Jamaica, relates that a young lady offered a ticket to a little girl belonging to the Sunday School, to see a company of strolling players. She immediately dropped a courtesy and said, "Madam, I thank you; but I hope I could not disgrace the school so much as to think of going to such a place."

POETRY.

From the Sabbath School Messenger.

GRANDMAMA.

I have a darling grandmama
Who sits in her arm chair,
Her voice is very low and sweet,
Her cheek is soft and fair,
And she is always kind and good,
O! very kind to me;
She strokes my head and pats my cheek
While standing by her knee.
And she has bought me knives and drums,
And many things I need;
And given sister stores of books,
Which I must try to read.
She gave her a dissected map,
But that I must not touch,
Although when'er she takes it out,
I want to very much.
O! 'tis a treat when I can go
My Grandmama to see;
She always looks so very glad
Whenever she sees me.
She loves the pretty birds and flowers,
But to my pleasant home,
Where she might such a plenty see,
Ah me! she cannot come.
Because she is so very sick,
And we are far away—
The time it takes to travel here!
One whole long summer's day.
But I am sure the little birds,
Do love my Grandma too;
For don't you think one day last spring
A couple of them flew,
And perched themselves across the street,
And seemed inclined to rest,
And then they nicely went to work
To build themselves a nest.
Well! on a pleasant day there came
Some little beauties out;
You would have laughed to see them hop,
And flutter all about.

MARY.

YOUTH'S COMPANION.

Published Weekly, by NATHANIEL WILLIS, at the Office of the Boston Recorder, No. 11, Cornhill.—Price, \$1.00 a year in advance; or \$1.25 if not paid in advance.

NO. 22.

BOSTON, OCTOBER 9, 1840.

VOL. XIV.



JANUARY.

This picture, as you see, represents a winter scene. The ground and the house are covered with snow, and there is a man cutting out large pieces of ice to be packed in an ice house, or perhaps sent to the East Indies. This picture is taken from "The Book of the Months," a book for children, containing a picture with some illustrative remarks or anecdotes for every month in the year. We are introduced to the family of a Mr. Milton, consisting of several sons and daughters, whose conversation and the little incidents occurring in the family, furnish the illustrations for the different months. We propose to present these pictures in succession to our young readers, annexing extracts from the book, or talks of our own, as we may find convenient.

What are the pleasures of January? Suppose we address the question to the group of boys and girls yonder.

"Coasting and skating," is the first answer.

"Yes, and snow-balling," adds Harry, with a mischievous twinkle in his eye, as if he longed to be re-enacting some past scenes.

"And making snow-houses and snow-men," subjoined William; don't you remember, Harry, that capital snow-man we made last winter, and that lasted so long?"

"Yes, indeed, and"—

"Capital!" interrupted Mary; "why his nose was bigger than all the rest of his face, and his chin went off to one side as if it was going to run away."

"Now Mary! that's too bad! when you know mother admired it so."

"Oh so did I, especially the nose"—but seeing a cloud on William's brow, Mary desists, and adds, "It was really a very respectable man, much better than I could make, I dare say."

"Yes, that it was," says Harry, "it is harder than you think for. I wish you would try yourself next winter."

"Oh yes, so do, sister Mary," says William; "it will be so funny to see a girl making a snow-man."

"Well, perhaps I will try—if you will lend me your mittens."

"Yes, to be sure."

"I wonder what we shall have for New Year's presents next January," says little Fanny—"I know what I should like."

"Well, what is it?"

Fanny blushes and smiles, and seems not to be willing to tell.

"Come and whisper it in my ear," says sister Mary.

And Fanny whispers, and Mary smiles and says, "That is a very good wish."

"I declare," exclaims Harry, "we had a capital time last New Year's Day. Do you remember Bill, the fun we had guessing from whom our presents came."

"Yes, I could not guess for ever so long, who gave me my little printing-press, because I thought sister Mary was not rich enough to buy such a thing; so I guessed father, and mother, and uncle Charles, and uncle John, and then could not tell who to guess."

"Well, I guessed all my presents right, and they were real nice ones too. But I wish we could buy something for father and mother next year—don't you think we could, Mary?"

"Yes, if you have a mind to save part of your spending money, I dare say we can think of something they would like."

"Oh, that's a capital idea," says Harry; "I'll save mine, I know, for I never gave anything to father or mother in my life."

"Let's see, how long is it before January, a little more than two months; well, we shall have time enough to think; but be sure not to let them know before hand; Fanny, be careful not to tell."

"I shall not tell," says little Fanny, "I never do."

"No, I'll answer for her," says Mary, "and now boys scamper; it is time for her to take her music-lesson."

NARRATIVE.

From the Southern Literary Messenger.

A SABBATH IN THE COUNTRY.

BY A LADY.

There are two distinct worlds—the natural and the artificial. Mary Fay knew but one. That was a world of brick-and-mortar, painting and gilding, silk and lace, fashion and conventionalism—in short, the city was the world to her. Beyond it, until her eighteenth summer, she had scarcely breathed the free blessed air; beyond it, her views and wishes had never wandered. There, she was receiving a "finished education," that she might enter society in all its accomplishments.

Mary Fay never dreamed that there was a world of souls; for she studied and sang, and danced and dressed, with and for "the world without souls." The artificial and superficial education she was receiving, awakened not the nobler faculties of the human mind, stirred not the deep sensibilities of the heart. It taught her the external graces of life, under the name of politeness—a politeness, too often, like the silvery veil of the Prophet of Khorassan, hiding all that is repulsive, but changing not the selfish, sinning heart, that throbs beneath the softened exterior.

Seventeen years had been allotted to Mary Fay for preparation for the world in which she was to shine. Her probation was finished, and the important circumstance was announced by the distribution of cards for a brilliant party. Many a youthful heart beat high with hope and expectation that day, until the last ringing of the door bell at night, and then fluttered upon a restless pillow, more "in sorrow" than in "anger;" for though invitations were numerous, they must be select—the party must include only "*la fleur des pois*" of the world.

The newspapers that meddle with such minor matters, described in glowing colors the splendid affair, and the world—the fastidious world—pronounced it "perfect."

This party, given early in the season, was followed by a winter of uncommon gaiety, and no one rivalled the beautiful Mary Fay in zealous devotion at the altar of fashion. She was pronounced not the "*star*," but the very sun of the season.

It was early in June. Mary had left the city to spend a whole month with a country aunt; and worse still, that aunt was the wife of a country clergyman. A few lights only twinkled from the scattered houses, as late one Saturday evening the carriage drove through the long street of the village of L—.

"Oh, my dear Mrs. W." said Mary, to the lady under whose care she had travelled thus far, "how lonely and hideous this village looks—I shall be completely out of the world, and die of ennui."

"I wish, indeed," replied Mrs. W. "that you were to make the northern tour with us; but your father thinks this quiet rustication will more effectually restore the roses of your cheeks. *Au revoir*—we meet at Saratoga."

Mary alighted at the parsonage, and bade farewell to her gay friends as sadly as though they were the only human beings she would see for the four long weeks.

The family at the parsonage consisted of the venerable Mr. Leete and his wife, with two faithful domestics. Mary retired early, and sleep soon restored her for a brief space to the dazzling world she had so lately left.

The voice of prayer, excepting at church, Mary Fay had never heard since her grandmother taught her the Lord's prayer in the nursery. At the family altar she now knelt for the first time in her life, and although the fervent petitions of the good man went forth from unseigned lips, the heart of Mary joined not in them.

After breakfast, two long hours must elapse before it was time for preparing to go to church, and Mary retired disconsolate to her solitary little chamber.

L— is a quiet, beautiful New England village. Its broad street was at that season covered with grass scarcely crushed by carriages, excepting where a narrow road wound along beneath lofty elms, whose branches nearly swept the ground.

Mary sat down at an open window, and hummed snatches of an opera air, "for want of thought."

The air came bland and laden with perfume from the green meadows and distant hills. Blue mountains bounded the far horizon, marking it with a soft and graceful outline. The mists of the Connecticut were gliding up like water spirits, leaving the clear river to mirror the blue sky and the honey flowers and trees that looked into its smooth waters. The village lay in profound silence; not a foot-fall broke upon the ear. The birds alone sang, and twittered among the waving branches.

Mary was attracted from the train of reminiscences that had been careering through her mind by the cheerful song of a robin, which rocked to and fro on the topmost branch of a tall tree. She ceased her mechanical hum, and listened awhile to the bird's novel music. Accustomed only to the spare patch of the sky seen over the narrow streets of a city, the broad expanse of the heavens suddenly burst upon her, and she looked forth upon the landscape and its glorious canopy until a holy awe stole over her mind. For the first time in her life, Mary felt the presence of the all pervading Spirit of the universe, and from the innermost depths of her soul exclaimed—"God made this beautiful world." What a new world was it to Mary Fay! The artificial training to which she had been subjected had suppressed imagination and sentiment—suppressed but not destroyed the deep love of the beautiful and true, buried long beneath heaps of rubbish. The chords had not been strung, yet it was a perfect instrument, that

human soul as it came from the hands of its Maker.

"Spirit, away,
Into thyself, to thine own hidden shrine;
What there dost worship? what deem'st thou divine."

Mary Fay looked out upon the glorious new world, and then held solemn communion with herself, until the "church bell" startled her from those deep musings.

In the labor of the toilet Mary had always been assisted by her maid, and often, too, by her mother. On Sunday mornings, especially, Mrs. Fay had given her advice and approbation.

The rich dresses with which Mary had expected to dazzle the eyes of a country congregation, were taken from the travelling box and spread upon the bed; but having no one to consult, some time was spent in making a choice. As she arrayed herself before the small mirror, the countenance there reflected looked out reproachfully upon her. It was a novel expression and Mary examined it earnestly; still it looked reproachfully and mournfully into her large hazel eye. She smiled—it smiled a mocking, derisive smile. But the second bell sounded, and Mary hurried on her white hat, with its delicate roses, and cast a passing glance at that beautiful face which had never reproached her till now. Did it blush at its own loveliness, or for the folly of her who had so often arrayed herself for the temple of God's pure worship to excite the admiration of man?

When Mary descended to the parlor, her good aunt alone was waiting for her. Mr. Leete, she said, had gone to preach in a neighboring village.

The congregation had assembled, and the bell was sounding its last lingering note before Mrs. Leete and Mary reached the church. As they walked up the aisle, a rich deep toned voice gave utterance to the words—"The Lord is in his Holy Temple; let all the earth keep silence before him."

The church edifice, though simple was not destitute of architectural beauty. It was in the long pointed windows of the Gothic style, unbroken by side galleries, and through them came not "a dim religious light," but a light softened and chequered by the dense foliage of the trees in which it was embowered.

Mary Fay had expected to produce a great sensation when she displayed her fashionable paraphernalia at a country church; but every eye was fixed upon the minister or the prayer book.

The melodious voice of the reader had uncommon pathos in its natural tones. He was devout and simple, sincere and fervent. The liturgy, the solemn, beautiful liturgy of the Episcopal Church, Mary Fay had heard from her infancy with her "outward ears," and her lips had responded—but the heart had hitherto given no response; now the penitential breathings of the liturgy went to her soul, and though her lips moved not, it might have been whispered to the angels who rejoice over man's salvation—"Behold she prayeth."

By one of those remarkable coincidences (or Providences, we might devoutly term them) which sometimes occur, the text for the morning's sermon was, "Surely the Lord is in this place, and I knew it not." As the minister repeated it with startling emphasis, his eyes met the tearful ones of Mary fixed upon him. Did his thoughts wander from his holy subject? A single second only, for he was a true and faithful messenger, and then he spoke with appealing earnestness of a present God, until His glory filled the temple of every believing heart.

"The last deep prayer was said." Mary arose from the posture of devotion, humbled in heart, and walked forth with the chains loosened that had bound her to the artificial world. How glorious was the sunset of that holy day! As Mary watched the crimson clouds until they deepened to a purple edged with gold, and then "wave after wave grew pale and gray," they were to her "like opening vistas into heaven." To commune with her own heart, and listen to its deep mysterious breathings at twilight's contemplative hour,

was a melancholy yet soothing close of this sacred day.

Mrs. Leete was a woman of great excellence of character, with the becoming grace of humility in constant exercise; moreover, she had so long listened with reverence to her husband, that she was habitually a silent woman. Although she had received Mary with affectionate kindness, and when she did speak, it was in a sweet and gentle manner, she had made no effort to become acquainted during the day.

Mary was aroused from her reverie by the sound of the deep manly voice, to which she had so earnestly listened during the morning service. Presently her aunt came and begged the pleasure of her company in the parlor. On entering, Mrs. Leete said—"Henry, my son, this is your cousin Mary." The young minister bowed distantly, but respectfully, to his full dressed fashionable cousin, and an awkward pause followed, for Mary was surprised and embarrassed; so little intercourse having been maintained between the country and city sisters, that Mary had never before heard that she had a cousin Henry.

"You did not know, then," said Mrs. Leete, observing her surprise, "that the minister to whom you listened with such respectful attention this morning, was our own Henry, our only child."

"How should my cousin recognise me, dear mother, when we have never met before?" quickly and kindly replied Henry Leete, and then hastened to explain to Mary, that his father had gone to preach for him, and he had been performing the same duty, by preaching in the village of L. and a neighboring parish over both of which his father had the pastoral care.

Mary had been so entirely occupied with the new and solemn thoughts that had that day visited her mind, that she had taken no note of the appearance of the minister, and his voice alone demonstrated that he was the same who had officiated in the desk and pulpit.

Henry Leete was "an honest man," in a higher sense than was ever dreamed of in Pope's philosophy; he was an honest gentleman—an honest Christian. Educated by his father till he went to the university, he had never mingled with rough and unprincipled youth; and inheriting too the gentle character of his mother, his manners were peculiarly soft and amiable; so much so that his classmates called him a "sweet girl," and "Lilly Leete." Soon, however, they discovered that beneath this bland and mild exterior, there was power of mind that would command respect—power that would mount farther than the many would follow—so far indeed that he held the highest rank, and was graduated with the first honors of the university. His deeply fixed religious principles gave tone and harmony to his character, and his noble ingenuousness won the love of all who had sympathy with excellence.

The imaginative mind of Henry Leete had almost deified woman—pure, simple, high souled woman. His standard of female character was

"A perfect woman, nobly planned
To warn, to comfort, and command;
And yet a spirit still, and bright,
With something of an angel light."

Of the dolls dressed up for society, in manners as fantastic as their paraphernalia, he knew nothing. He had heard of Mary as one of these automata, who was exhibited during the past winter with great eclat, and felt no desire to meet her either in his world or that of which she was a denizen. Her evident embarrassment, and the modest blush that suffused her face, dissipated at once his prejudices, and convinced him that she did not wear the impenetrable mask of society.

"We have a beautiful view of the rising moon from the piazza," said Henry Leete; "Come, mother, will you and Miss Fay greet her pale ladyship as she looks over the eastern hills!" So saying, he offered an arm to each, and they were just in time to see her broad disk displayed on the horizon. This was a novel exhibition for Mary Fay, who had seen the moon, not "above the

tops of the snow shining mountains," but looking down into the narrow streets of a crowded city. Softened and saddened as she had been by the thoughtfulness of the day, this lovely evening tranquillized her feelings, and to the young minister she listened with intense interest, as he dwelt with eloquent admiration upon the "heavens which declare the glory of God, and the firmament which showeth his handiwork."

How different to Mary were the morning and evening sacrifices at the family altar? In the morning, no incense arose from her heart; in the evening, the sweet incense of praise and thanksgiving ascended to the throne of her Heavenly Father.

"Is it possible that I have passed but a single day in this place?" was the natural reflection of Mary, as she sat in her chamber that night, meditating upon the events which had transpired. A revelation of it and its Creator had dawned upon her mind. The deep and hitherto unknown energies of her soul were awakened.

"O, comes there not to him who clings,
Like a strong bird with fettered wings,
To the low joys of earth,
A voice from mountain, sea and sky,
Bidding him seek his home on high,
And prove his nobler birth?"

It was well for Mary Fay that she did not return immediately into the whirl of that world which might again draw her into its vortex. A month spent in the society of her revered uncle and aunt, and an occasional visit from cousin Henry, who found some special reason (a book or bouquet perhaps) for riding over to L. strengthened the sentiments and confirmed the resolutions of that memorable Sunday.

And Henry Leete, was he a bachelor? Ask the readers of sixteen and six and twenty. He was a bachelor, but bears the blushing honors of a Benedict—and Mary Fay as every reader has anticipated, is Mary Leete. L. C. T.

BENEVOLENCE.

Written for the Youth's Companion.

MENAH'S MOTHER.

[Continued from page 75.]

In my former piece, I did not mention one thing which I think will please you as much as all the rest about Menah, the once slave girl. I had not then learned it.

When Menah was asked if she would go to America to take care of the sick woman and her children on the voyage, she said she must first ask her mother and her husband. So she hurried away from the sick room to the dwelling of her blind and infirm mother. She asked her, "mother, shall I go with the missionary?" "I don't know, my child, you must go and pray to God, and if he says you may go, your old mother shall not be the one to say, No."

Menah went and prayed—she came back, and was asked, "what says the Lord?" She told her mother that her feelings had not altered; she still wished to go, because she thought that she could not meet Mrs. C. at the bar of God, and say that she had done all she could to preserve her life for the poor heathen, if she staid at home and let her go on her voyage without any nurse. "Well," said her mother, "if you feel so, you must go, and the Lord will take care of me."

She went, leaving her church and religious service in her own language, one of her greatest trials, and for nearly a year heard no sermon because she could not understand it. However she had her Dutch Bible which she read with great care, and daily prayed to God.

Children, if when you are old enough, and well qualified, any of you should ask your parents, "Shall we go across the ocean for the sake of doing good to the heathen?" they will tell you the first of all I hope, go and lay the matter before God, and if it is his will, we cannot say nay.

Menah had a missionary spirit; she desired herself to do good to Christ's servants; and Christ

says that what we do for his people with right motives, we do to him. Menah was much happier after all, than she would have been to stay at home. For she thought of the day of judgment—she took a course which her conscience approved, which her pious friends approved, which God approved, and she was happy. Do this, children, and you shall have the same reward. E. H.

MORALITY.

ONE OF THE PAINS OF MEMORY.

My mother had been ill a long time, and I had become so much accustomed to her pale face and weak voice, that I was not frightened at them, as children usually are. At first, it is true, I had sobbed violently—for they told me she would die, but when, day after day, I returned from school, and found her the same, I began to believe she would always be spared to me.

One day, when I had lost my place in the class, and done my work wrong-side-outward, I came home discouraged and fretful. I went into my mother's chamber. She was paler than usual, but she met me with the same affectionate smile that always welcomed my return! Alas! when I look back, through the lapse of thirteen years, I think my heart must have been stone, not to have been melted by it.

She requested me to go down stairs, and bring her a glass of water; I pettishly asked why she did not call the domestic to do it. With a look of mild reproach, which I shall never forget, if I live to be a hundred years old, she said, "And will not my daughter bring a glass of water for her poor sick mother?"

I went and brought her the water; but I did not do it kindly. Instead of smiling, and kissing her, as I used to do, I set the glass down very quick, and left the room.

After playing a short time, I went to bed without bidding my mother "good night;"—but when alone in my room, in darkness and silence, I remembered how pale she looked, and how her voice trembled when she said; "Will not my daughter bring a glass of water for her poor sick mother?" I could not sleep; and I stole into her chamber to ask forgiveness. She had just sunk into an uneasy slumber; and they told me I must not waken her. I did not tell anyone what troubled me; but stole back to my bed, resolving to rise early in the morning and tell her how sorry I was for my conduct.

The sun was shining brightly when I awoke, and hurrying on my clothes, I hastened to my mother's room.

She was dead! She never spoke to me more—never smiled upon me again;—and when I touched the hand that used to rest upon my head in blessing, it was so cold it made me start. I bowed down by her side, and sobbed in the bitterness of my heart. I thought then I wished I could die, and be buried with her; and, old as I now am, I would give worlds, were they mine to give, could my mother but have lived to tell me she forgave my childish ingratitude. But I cannot call her back; and when I stand by her grave, and whenever I think of her manifold kindness, the memory of that reproachful look she gave me, will "bite like a serpent, and sting like an adder."

ANNA G.

I once asked Anna G—, a sweet young lady of seventeen, to sign the pledge of total abstinence. I had no idea that she was in any danger of becoming a disgusting drunkard, but I thought she ought to set a good example; and by joining our temperance society, induce many of her acquaintances to do so too. But Anna refused to join. She said she was going on a sleigh ride soon, and she wanted to drink some wine then, if any of her beaux should ask her. After the sleigh ride, and the wedding of her cousin, she *perhaps* would join the temperance society.

Last summer I was called on business to visit the neighborhood where Anna lived. On inquiring for her, I was grieved to learn that she had eloped with and married a stage driver, and he was now keeping a dram-selling tavern in the village where she was born, of wealthy, high-minded, and virtuous parents. What a fall! How the profane oaths, the impious jests, and drunken songs must sound in her ears! How sad she must be, when she recalls the days of her beauty and innocence, when she loved the Sabbath School, and was the favorite of all the teachers and scholars! Think of her, when her husband is asleep, or away from home, and she is obliged to stand in the bar, and give dirty drunkards their three cents' worth of rum, and brandy and gin! Oh, as she retires to her chamber, how she must weep at her condition, and in vain wish she had listened to me before it was too late, and had joined the temperance society, which would have saved her from bad society, and rescued her in the hour of temptation.

Dear children, do be warned by her example. If you do not promise us not to drink any wine, who can tell but you may in some evil hour make a false step, which will make you forever miserable.—*Youth's Temperance Advocate.*

THE NURSERY.

THE SWORD AND THE SPEAR.

Little Maurice Turner had an uncle named Oliver, who was a dear lover of peace, and a determined enemy to war. "God's word," he used to say, "should be the guide of God's people; and sure I am, that the gospel of our blessed Saviour is opposed to strife."

Uncle Oliver lived at a comfortable mansion, called Moreton Lodge, and there little Maurice paid him a long visit; it was during this visit that Uncle Oliver took every opportunity of convincing his nephew of the folly, the weakness, and the wickedness of war.

One day, in cleaning out a dark chamber of Moreton Lodge, which had, for many a year, been used as a lumber room, an old sword and spear were found, well covered with black dust and cobwebs. The sword was sheathed in a moth-eaten scabbard, and the spear was as rusty as the iron hoop of an old beer barrel. No sooner did little Maurice see the sword and the spear, than he caught hold of them, and hastened with them, his eye bright with exultation, to his uncle, that they might be properly cleaned and brightened, and hung up over the fire-place.

When Uncle Oliver examined the spear, he found it deeply corroded; and when he drew the sword from its scabbard, rusty as it was, it seemed clear that it had been clotted with blood. The stain was yet visible to the eye, and little Maurice wetted his finger that he might touch and try it; but his uncle, who had no doubt about the matter, laid down the sword and spear on the table.

"Maurice," said he, looking thoughtfully at his little nephew, "this spear and sword have, most likely, belonged to some part of our family; for, as you have heard before, your grandpapa and several other of my relations were in the army, and all of them went abroad; this is now many years ago. No doubt both of these weapons have been used in strife and violence. It is not unlikely that they were put by uncle, as a trophy of valor; this, however, is uncertain. See where the stain is on the sword! It seems as if the blade had been plunged to the very hilt in the unhappy victim whose blood it bears."

"War," continued Uncle Oliver, "under every circumstance is fearful; but in some cases it is clothed with more than common terrors. When a town is taken, sometimes no quarter is given, for a season, to any one, and then, horrible scenes take place. This very sword may have been used on such an occasion."

Maurice looked hard at the sword, and it gave

him less pleasure than it did when he brought it to his uncle.

"It may," continued Uncle Oliver, "have taken away the life of such a young man as your brother Arthur, while closing the door to protect his parents from the rage of armed men."

Maurice regarded the sword with alarm.

"Or the blade," said Uncle Oliver, "may have smitten down some father, of about my own years, as he strove to defend his family from violence."

Maurice appeared horrified.

"Or," resumed Uncle Oliver, "it is possible, for in such a case as I have alluded to, war spares neither age nor sex, it may have been plunged into the heart of a mother resembling your mamma, and shed the blood of her little boy no bigger than yourself. Let the sword, then, be returned to its scabbard, and let the spear remain uncleansed from its rust, till the time arrives, when the soldier, willingly, shall lay down his spear, and the warrior, gladly, shall ungird the weapon from his thigh—when "they shall beat their swords into ploughshares, and their spears into pruning-hooks"—when "nation shall not lift up sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more." Isa. ii. 4.

As Uncle Oliver ended his remarks, Maurice gazed on the sword with a look of abhorrence, and expressed not the slightest disapproval when both it and the spear, were once more placed among the useless articles of the old lumber room.

OBITUARY.

From the Zion's Herald.

LUCY JANE.

Dear Children,—I will tell you a story about a little girl who lived on the beautiful Green Mountains of Vermont.

Her name was Lucy Jane. Her father and mother used to teach children in school, and they loved little girls and boys, and tried to make them good. Lucy was but three years and a half old, when her parents carried her to the funeral of a child who died in the neighborhood. The preacher's name who delivered the sermon, is C. D. Cahoon. He took for his text those beautiful words of our Saviour, "Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven." Jane listened very attentively to every word he said.

When going home, she said to her mother, "I love Jesus." Being asked why she loved Him, she replied, "Because He loves little children and will take them to heaven." Her mother said to her, "If you love Jesus you must obey Him." She replied, "Mother, I would if I knew how." Her mother said, "You must pray to Him and He will tell you what to do."

When they arrived at home, Jane took the Testament and sat down by the stove to warm herself. There she sat without speaking a word for some time. At length she rose and said to her mother in a low voice, "I am going into the bedroom to pray to Jesus." She went in and shut the door, and staid in there a long time. When she came out, she looked very sad, and her eyes were red with crying.

After this, for two or three days she asked her mother a great many questions about Jesus and the Bible, and said she wanted to learn to read the Bible, so that she could read the pretty stories her father did.

The third day, after she had been in the bedroom a long time, she came out of the same room and looked so smiling and cheerful, that her father and mother thought she never appeared so lovely before. Now every thing seemed to be all new. When the little girls in the neighborhood came to see her, she would get them to sit down and would be telling them stories she had heard and read, (for young as she was she had learned to read in the Bible very well,) about the good children, and good men in the Bible.

So anxious was she to learn to read, that she

would beg her mother to sit down and teach her; and when her mother sat spinning at the foot-wheel, or sewing, she would get her Testament and sit down by her, and, pointing at the letters with her little fingers, would ask her mother to pronounce them. When she had gone through with a verse in this manner, her mother would read it to her; after which, she would go over with it in the same manner, until she could read it without spelling the words. In this way she soon learned whole chapters, so as to be able to repeat them without missing, or misplacing scarcely any word.

After this, she would often say, "Mother, I am going home pretty soon." Her mother would say, "Why Jane, you are at home. You are in your father's house." "O, mother," she would say with animation, "I have got a prettier house than this."

She often seemed in an extacy of delight as she told about going to heaven, and said, "Jesus has gone there to prepare mansions for good children;" then she would repeat with increasing animation what St. Paul says about the "building not made with hands, eternal in the heavens."

Some weeks passed on in this way, when one day she complained that her throat was sore, though she kept about. The next day, just at night, being more unwell, she laid down on the bed, and soon fell into a sweet sleep. Her parents sat down by the bed, anxiously watching, while her dear mother was bathed in tears as she thought how soon she might die. Suddenly Jane opened her eyes, and with the most smiling countenance and sweetest voice she repeated these lines, which she had learned from a Sabbath School book.

"Cease fond mother, don't detain me;
Dearest mother, drowned in wo;
Now thy fond caresses pain me;
Jesus calls me, let me go."

"Lately launched, a trembling stranger,
On this world's tempestuous flood;
On every side beset with danger,
Gladly I return to God."

Her eyes were immediately closed, and she appeared to sleep as though nothing had occurred.

The next morning she was much worse. As she was taking some medicine, her father said, "Jane, I hope this will make you well." She immediately said with strong emphasis, "O Pa, I don't want to get well. I want to go home to see Jesus." These were her last words. A few hours after, her gentle spirit returned to God.

Dear children, would you learn to be good? Do as Jane did. "Pray to Jesus." Ask your parents to pray with you, and for you. Read the Bible many times a day, as Jane did. Learn to repeat it as she did. "Love Jesus," and obey him, and when you die you too will go to that "pretty home," where she has gone.

VARIETY.

Sabbath Scholars.

The first Sabbath School scholar who ever sat as a pupil at my side, was a man twenty-five years of age—the head of a family—the overseer of a large estate, who, when he entered the school did not know a letter. In three Sabbaths he read. Twelve years after we parted, as teacher and pupil, during which time I neither saw or heard of him, we very unexpectedly met. He recognized his old teacher, offered me the congratulating hand of friendship, and said; "I owe all that I am and all that I have that is valuable, to the Sabbath School. When I once learned to read, I resolved on trying to look up a little. After leaving your school and neighborhood, I got private instruction in penmanship and arithmetic, and God has greatly blessed me." I afterward learned that in the state to which he had removed, he held a reputable rank as an intelligent Christian gentleman.

Take another case. In the spring of 1820, as the superintendent of a Sabbath School walked through a retired and filthy street in one of our large cities, his attention was arrested by a little boy, badly clad, who sat upon a large rock by the side of the street. On asking the boy where his father lived, he received this touching answer, "I have no father." The next question was, have you a mother? To this the little

sufferer said, "My mother's dead too, sir." Who would not have wept over such a case. He had no father—he had no mother—he had no peaceful and happy home. When the Sabbath School was named he seemed pleased, and expressed a wish to attend, but said he had no clothes sufficiently decent, to wear to such a place. This difficulty was soon obviated, and the next Sabbath he made his appearance. A brighter countenance than his was scarcely ever seen. He learned rapidly—soon became one of the most reputable scholars in the school. He was sent by the charity of two gentlemen to a day school just six months. A place was now procured for him, in which he barely earned his food and raiment. Suffice it to say that the once ragged, outcast, friendless orphan is at this moment an intelligent, genteel and prosperous member of one of the most respectable firms in that city.—*Watchman of the South.*

A Mother's Love.

The following circumstance was related by Capt. Dyer, who it will be recollected commanded the *Castine* Cutter, and came to the relief of the passenger of the ill-fated steamer *Royal Tar*, which was destroyed by fire a few years ago:

"There was among the others, a young mother with a child at her breast. As she was standing on the deck, the *Elephant*, for there was a caravan on board, maddened with fright and pain, struck the child, while clasped to its mother's bosom, such a blow, as to sever the greater part of its head from the body. The sailors took the mutilated babe from its mother's arms, and threw it into the sea, and placed the mother in the boat. For many days after, the poor mother was frantic, constantly calling for her child. To appease her, the family in whose care she was, made an image of a child out of a pillow and some children's clothes. This, in her bewildered state, the mother would rock, and tend, and sing lullaby to, and talk to her as if it had been her own dear babe, until she recovered from her derangement, brought on by her sufferings, and awoke to the full consciousness of her bereavement."

A Daughter's Love.

Dear father, how I love to gaze upon thee. Time hath slightly bleached thy locks, but still thou art the same. Thy kind benignant eye—thy lovely smile, thy noble mien and bearing still bespeak thy perfect manhood. Oh, how am I enwrapped in thy pure honor—a stain upon thee would wither all the joys that now so gaily play around my young and blithe-some heart. 'Tis true I've left thy home to be another's through the joys and perils of a fleeting life. But I have not lost my love for thee. When thou didst step within my door, did I not clasp thy neck within my heart's embrace, and kiss thee then as warmly as when around thy knees I used to play at thy own hearth at home. My soul still doats upon my loved and living father.

See here, these little buds, fresh from life's great fountain. How they do wind their tender cords of love about our hearts. The vine and its branches. They, like me do claim thee too. Indeed, I do recall what I have said before—for I do love thee more than when I quitted home—because of these dear pledges. They are young grafts upon the parent stock, and must live or die beneath its shade. In time you'll see how they will copy thee, and in your warm heart you'll find for them a place just beside the spot, if not the very spot, where thou wert wont to keep my own young love.

Affection.

One of the prettiest specimens of Hindu poetry celebrates the history of a youth, who soon after his marriage, being compelled to make a long journey, takes leave of his bride in the garden belonging to his house. There he plants a spikenard, and enjoins her to watch over it with care. As long as this plant flourishes, said he, all will be fortunate to me; but should it wither away, some fatal misfortune will assuredly happen to me. Business of an important nature detained the bridegroom from his home for several years. On his return, he resumed the garb of a Hindu mendicant, in order to see whether his wife had been faithful to him or not, during his absence. Thus disguised, he calls at his house, and being admitted into the garden, beholds his wife lost to every pleasure but that of weeping over the spikenard, which still flourishes under her care.

Duty of Studying the Bible.

The Scriptures are given to us as a rich mine, in which we may labor, and appropriate to ourselves all the treasures we find; and the more diligently we labor, and the more wealth we obtain, so much the

more is the Giver pleased. As we cannot be too careful not to pry into things secret, so we cannot be too diligent in searching into every thing which God has revealed. And if we search in the manner which he has prescribed, we shall make all the good things contained in the Scriptures, our own in a still higher sense. We shall make that God, that Saviour, that holiness, that heaven, which the Bible reveals, our own forever, our own to possess and to enjoy. In short, every truth which it reveals is ours to enlighten us, every precept is ours to direct us, every admonition is ours to warn us, every promise is ours to encourage and animate us. For these purposes God has given, and for these purposes we are to receive them.—*Payson.*

Cheerfulness.

I have always preferred cheerfulness to mirth. The latter I consider as an act, the former as a habit of the mind. Mirth is short and transient, cheerfulness fixed and permanent. Those are often raised into the greatest transports of mirth who are subject to the greatest depressions of melancholy; on the contrary, cheerfulness, though it does not give the mind such an exquisite gladness, prevents us from falling into any depths of sorrow. Mirth is like a flash of lightning, that breaks through a gloom of clouds, and glitters for a moment; cheerfulness keeps up a kind of daylight in the mind; and fills it with a steady and perpetual serenity.—*Addison.*

To Young Men.

Frame, who murdered Nethammer at a grocery store in Illinois, was recently executed there. The evening previous to his execution, he was asked if he had any request to leave behind him. "Yes," said he promptly, "tell every young man not to drink liquor; tell them to fly from it; it is the root of all evil; it has brought me to this dungeon, and caused these heavy irons to be bound on my feet and hands."

POETRY.

From the Mother's Magazine.

PAPA'S BOOTS.

Not long ago a little child,
Just four years old—or more;
Beloved indeed but never spoiled,
Was sitting on the floor.
A pair of boots he quickly spied
Left on the rug to air;
New ones his father had just tried,
A long and shining pair.
O now, thought he, "I'll be a man,
Perhaps these boots will fit;
Or if they don't, why then I can
Just try a little bit."
So off his easy shoes he took,
Nor stayed to loose the strings;
He gave them one disdainful look,
And called them "shabby things."
By dint of will, and striving long,
He settled his desire,
Then stood erect in triumph strong,
And strided from the fire.
"Hey day!" his father now exclaimed,
"Who's here—a jack in boots?
But stay, my boy, before you're lamed;
This trial hardly suits!"
Yet still unmoved, he bore the pain,
And when mama enquired,
He would not have his shoes again,
Nor own that he was tired.
The boots he praised, persisting still
They did not hurt at all;
And boasting, said he should not care
Though he should have a fall.
"Then keep them on," his father cried,
"You need not be distressed,
Wear them till you are satisfied,
Your own will please you best."
He walked about—and now quite flat
Upon the floor he laid;
Then on the rug alone he sat,
And all the rest surveyed.
Impatient grown, he tried the stool,
But there he could not stay;
He saw his brothers, come from school,
But could not join their play.
Feeling at last quite sad and spent,
He touched his father's knee;
Papa, he said, "I'm now content
The shoes are best for me."

YOUTH'S COMPANION.

Published Weekly, by NATHANIEL WILLIS, at the Office of the Boston Recorder, No. 11, Cornhill.—Price, \$1.00 a year in advance; or \$1.25 if not paid in advance.

NO. 243

BOSTON, OCTOBER 16, 1840.

VOL. XIV.



FEBRUARY.

This is the month for red noses and purple cheeks, warm cloaks and wrappers, skating and sleigh rides, parched corn and molasses candy. It is a good month to run and ride in, but by no means a good month to sit still or saunter about in. The laggards will be likely to get their noses or their toes frozen, or both.

There, for instance, are two boys going to school. One of them looks like our friend Harry. Ah! yes, it is he, and he looks for all the world, with his bright rosy face, as if he had just snapped his fingers in Jack Frost's face and said, "Who cares for you?" Indeed he goes at such a pace, and keeps his legs and arms in such rapid motion, that I fancy Jack Frost would find it hard work to catch him. But he will be likely to catch the other boy who comes lagging behind him, creeping along as if his feet were tied together. Who can it be? William! Yes, so it is, but so forlorn and wo-begone you would hardly know him. The tears are frozen on his cheeks, and he looks as if he were trying to shrink up into nothing, to get away from the cold. Poor boy! that is not the way. If you would run after Harry now, and take a good tumble every now and then in a snow-drift, you would soon get better. If he would even dry up his tears and admire the beautiful snow-flakes that are falling so silently and gently around him, it might make him feel better. Did you ever look at a flake of snow through a powerful magnifying glass? And did you know that each flake is a perfect crystal, regularly formed?

As to William, he was too late for breakfast this morning, and every thing has gone wrong with him since. He has quite forgotten the nice time he had yesterday, making candy. Yesterday was Wednesday, so he had a holiday. His father and mother were going to ride; you may see them in the picture; and they granted the children's eager request that they might have a "candyscape." But it was on condition that cousin Lucy could come in and superintend matters; for their mother did not like to trust them alone. So Harry set off for cousin Lucy, and she promised to come after dinner, and all went well. The candy was boiled exactly right, for Lucy was skilled in such matters, and each of the children had a piece to pull, and the rest of it was poured into large flat dishes. William has had a piece of it this morning, and he has a mince turn-over in his pocket for lunch, but somehow or other, nothing goes right. I used to hear when I was a child, about getting out of the wrong side of the bed; and I rather think William must have got out the wrong side this morning.

Harry has the most reason to look grave, for he has just had to pay twenty-five cents out of his weekly allowance to pay for a pitcher which he broke. His mother reminded him at the beginning of winter not to leave anything of china ware with water in it, during the cold weather; but he forgot, and last night his pitcher snapped. It is his father's rule that the children shall pay for what they break; and though little Fanny said she "did not think Harry ought to have to pay for it, because the frost broke it," yet he thought so, and paid it cheerfully.

Afterwards his mother read to him Miss Gould's Lines about the Frost, with which he was highly delighted.

By the time school was done, William had recovered from his ill-humor, and was quite ready to listen to Harry's new projects.

"Oh William! I have thought of a nice plan," said he, the moment school was done; "I have been reading an account of a terrible avalanche—you know those avalanches they have in Switzerland."

"Yes; but what about this one in particular?"

"Oh, I can't stop to tell you now, only its about a whole family being buried by one of them, and how the aunt was away in a stable, and had nothing but fourteen chesnuts, which were in her pocket, and the milk of a goat that was in the stable to keep her alive."

"Well, what became of them at last?"

"Oh they were dug out and saved; I will tell you all about it by and bye, but now for my plan. You know Charley's great wooden ark?"

"Well."

"Well, I mean to have that for the house,"—

"The house? what house?"

"Why the house for the family to live in, to be sure. Don't you see I am going to have an avalanche?"

"To have an avalanche!"

"Yes, I am going to put some of Fanny's babies in the house, to represent the family, and then set the house out in the yard, and have a great mountain of snow fixed so as to tumble on to it and bury it up. Then we shall pretend to be very much frightened and dig them out."

"But how can you fix the avalanche so as to fall?"

"Oh, I can manage it, and then we will call Fanny and Mary to see it fall."

"Yes," said William, "its a capital plan, let's make haste home and set about it."

The boys found rather more difficulties in the way than they had foreseen; the principal of which was, that they had no mountain for their avalanche to slide from. However, there was a very high snow-drift in one corner of the yard, and by sloping its sides, and pouring water over to make it smooth, it seemed likely to answer. Next the avalanche was to be hoisted up, and "fixed" so that it would be likely to fall within a given time, and here were new difficulties. But Harry's sanguine temper overcame them all, and at last, the day after the project was begun, Harry informed William that all was ready for the exhibition, and that he might call his sisters.

Mary and Fanny accordingly came, wondering what they were to see. They waited and waited, but nothing happened; Harry kept assuring them that presently they would see something, but in vain. At last, when he saw them beginning to shiver, he was obliged to hasten matters, by giving the avalanche a gentle poke with his stick; and this not availing, he tried a yet stronger one. And then indeed, down it came, rolling and tumbling, and buried the house with all its inmates, and little Fanny was quite as much delighted and amused as Harry had hoped, and quite as eager to have her "dear dummies" dug out of their perilous situation. L.

NARRATIVE.

JONAS A JUDGE.

Our young readers, we are sure, will be glad to learn that Mr. Abbott has published another book about Jonas and Rollo. It is called *Jonas a Judge*. Jonas learned something about law, by reading the books in a lawyer's office, where he studied; so afterwards he used to decide the questions as to right of property, which sometimes

arose between Rollo and other children, according to the principles of law among men. We shall give some extracts from the book occasionally; and meantime would say that we know of no books for children that combine interesting incidents with unobtrusive moral lessons, better than Mr. Abbott's.

THE WHIP QUESTION.

It was one afternoon in the month of June, in the next summer after Jonas had studied in the lawyer's office, that he was at work in Mr. Holiday's garden, trailing up some trees against a wall, when he heard a dispute among the boys in the yard. He was just that minute driving a nail; but he stopped hammering, to listen.

He heard the voice of a boy, saying, very earnestly,

"Give it to me, Nathan, I say."

"No," replied Nathan, equally earnestly; "I say you must not have it."

Jonas stepped up upon a ladder which was standing near him, until he was high enough to look over the garden fence, and see what was going on. The boys were standing in the yard. There were three—Rollo, Nathan, and Henry. Henry was trying to take a whip away from Nathan; but little Nathan held it down between his knees, and leaned forward over it, saying, at the same time, very emphatically, "I tell you, you must not have it, Henry."

Henry tried to take it away from Nathan, though he only tried very gently. He might very easily have taken it away if he had used much force; for Henry was quite a large boy, while Nathan was very small.

After waiting a minute or two, Jonas called aloud, "Boys!"

The boys looked up. Henry let go of the whip, and Nathan stood erect again, and looked towards Jonas.

"Come here," said Jonas, when he saw that they were looking at him.

Nathan instantly started, and began to run towards the garden gate, flourishing the whip by the way. Henry and Rollo followed, though they advanced with much less apparent alacrity than Nathan's movements exhibited. This led Jonas to suppose that Nathan had the best of the argument. "However," said he to himself, as the boys came up towards him, "I must not prejudge the case. I must first hear the testimony."

So he asked them, as they came up, what was the matter.

"Why, Nathan won't give me my whip," said Henry.

"O, it is isn't his whip," said Nathan. "It's mine."

"It isn't," said Henry. "It is my whip; Rollo gave it to me."

"Let me see the whip," said Jonas. "It's a pretty good whip," he continued, taking it into his hands and cracking it. He examined it attentively. The handle was the stem of an elder-bush, with the bark on, though it was of last year's growth, and so was dry and light. Rollo had cut it, out in the meadow. The lash was made of twine, braided. There was no swell in the lash, as is usual in regularly-manufactured whips, but it was of even thickness, throughout its whole length; and it appeared to have been made by braiding together three strands of twine.

"I am sorry you've got into a dispute about it," said he. "I rather think that the elector of Saxony never saw this whip."

"The elector of Saxony?" repeated Henry and Rollo, not knowing what Jonas meant.

"Yes," replied Jonas, "the elector of Saxony. He said that he did not know of any thing in this world worth quarrelling about; I presume he never could have seen this whip."

As he said this, Jonas held up the whip so as to display it fully to view, maintaining all the time a look of the utmost gravity. Nathan looked on with an expression of curious interest on his countenance, while Henry seemed somewhat confused and ashamed at having quarrelled about such an insignificant plaything. As for Rollo, he fully understood Jonas's joke; and he burst into a loud fit of laughter.

"But never mind," said Jonas again, after a short pause; "we'll try the case. You may tell me all about it, and then I'll decide the question according to law."

"You don't know any thing about law," said Henry.

"O yes," replied Jonas, "I am quite a good lawyer,—and will hang the whip up here until the case is decided."

So saying, Jonas hung the whip up upon the ladder, so that it should be out of the way of either of the claimants. The boys all began to talk together, each telling his own story; but Jonas stopped them.

"Only one must talk at a time," said he; "and then, besides, I must keep at my work while I am hearing the case. And in fact you can help me."

"How?" said Rollo.

"Why, you can hand me up the nails while I nail the branches of this tree to the wall, and Henry can be cutting some more strips of leather."

Jonas had a little box which he called his training-box. It was a kind of a tool-box, with a handle in the middle to carry it about by; and it had in it all the tools and materials which he wished to use in training. There were a small hammer, and nails of different sizes, and some pieces of leather, and shears to cut them into strips, and a ball of twine. He always carried this box with him when he went out into the garden to prune trees, or to train vines; and by means of it he had his implements and materials always at hand.

So Jonas set Henry at work to cut some pieces of leather into strips, while Rollo handed him up the nails as fast as he wanted to drive them. As for Nathan, he was set to work to pick up the cuttings from the trees and vines, and put them in a basket. There were not a great many of these, for it was only the branches which were beginning to grow too thick or too long, which were to be cut off at this season of the year.

While they were all at work in this way, the conversation went on as follows:—

"Only one must speak at a time," said Jonas. "And first I will hear Henry, as he is the claimant."

"The claimant?" said Rollo.

"Yes," said Jonas; "he claims the whip, and demands that Nathan should give it up to him; so that we will first hear what he has to say."

"Well," said Henry, "I came here a little while ago to play, and Rollo told me to look and see what a beautiful whip he had been making. Nathan had it, snapping it. 'Did you make it?' said I. 'Yes,' said he, 'I cut the handle, and braided the lash, and fastened them together.' Then I asked him to give it to me; and at first he did not answer, but pretty soon he said that I might have it; and then I went to take it, but Nathan would not give it me."

"Because it was mine," said Nathan. "Rollo gave—"

"Stop," interrupted Jonas. "I shall give you your turn to speak presently. Is that all you have to say Henry?"

"Yes," said Henry, "that is all, I believe."

"Come, hand me some more nails," said Jonas; "we must keep at our work, while we try the case."

For the boys had all become so much interested in the case, that they had stopped working, and were standing still, listening to what Jonas had to say.

"Now, Rollo," continued Jonas, "let us hear your story."

"Well," said Rollo, "I made that whip. I cut the stick, down in the meadow, with my jackknife, and braided the lash; and then I fastened the lash on with some twine that Dorothy gave me. She found it—"

"Never mind that," said Jonas; "all that is nothing to the purpose."

"Nothing to the purpose?" repeated Rollo.

"No," said Jonas. "The place where Dorothy found the twine, has nothing to do with the question, whether the whip now belongs to Henry or Nathan."

"No," said Henry.

"Well, then," said Rollo, "the whip was mine, and I let Nathan have it, to play with a little while; and finally Henry came, and wanted me to give it to him, and I did; and Nathan ought to have let him have it."

During all this time, Nathan had left off gathering up his cuttings, and stood looking on, with a mingled expression of anxiety and interest upon his countenance, turning his eye from Jonas to Rollo, while they were successively speaking, as if he were awaiting his fate. At length Jonas asked him what he had to say.

"Why, Rollo gave it to me first," said Nathan.

"O no," said Rollo; "I only let you have it to play with and snap."

"Yes, but you gave it to me. I asked you if I might have it."

"But I did not say yes."

"You nodded your head down so," said Nathan, imitating a nod.

"That's nothing," said Rollo.

Jonas smiled, and said he believed he understood the case, and, if the boys had not any more to say, he would consider the subject a minute or two, and then give his decision.

So the boys went on working a while in silence; and then Jonas began to pronounce the decision as follows:—

"The point is, boys, whether Rollo's assenting by a nod to Nathan's request to give him the whip, was a good conveyance."

"A what?" said Rollo.

"A good conveyance; that is, whether it conveyed the property in the whip to Nathan, or not. If it did, then, you see, the whip became Nathan's from that minute; and afterwards, when Henry came and asked Rollo to give it to him, it would be no longer Rollo's to give; and the whip is Nathan's now. But if, on the other hand, it was *not* a good conveyance, then it was still Rollo's, and he had afterwards a right to give it to Henry."

"Yes," said Henry, "so I think."

"Now, Rollo maintains," said Jonas, "that he did not really give the whip to Nathan, because he did not say he gave it to him in words. But I think he is in a mistake to suppose that any particular words are necessary to convey such property: any way by which the intention of the mind is manifested, is enough. If it was your intention at that time to give him the whip, and if you expressed that intention by nodding the head, that is enough. Sometimes a thing may be given without even so much of a sign as nodding the head." "How?" said Rollo.

"Why, for instance, suppose Henry here were to ask me to give him one of my strips of leather to make a thong to fasten a whip-lash to its handle with. Now, if I were to cut him off a good strip for that purpose, and hand it to him without saying a word, that would be a good conveyance; the strip would be his, and I couldn't rightfully take it back again."

"Couldn't you?" said Rollo.

"No," said Jonas.

"Well, Jonas," said Henry, "I wish you would give me one."

"And me one too," said Rollo.

"Very well," said Jonas. So he took a good piece of leather, and cut out two thongs, and gave one to each of the boys.

"There," said he, "by my delivering them so to you, with the understanding between us that I meant to give them to you, the property passes from me to you. Just before I delivered them, they were mine; and after I handed them to you, they were yours; and I have no more any right or power over them. That makes a good conveyance—a delivery with an intention to convey the property, no matter how the intention is expressed."

"Ah, but Jonas," said Rollo, "I did not deliver the whip to Nathan."

"Didn't you?"

"No, he took it himself."

"O, well, that is the same thing, provided he took it with your consent. He asked for the whip, and you nodded your head. He took it; you saw him, and acquiesced. That made it a good conveyance. You understood it so at the time, and he understood it so; and you cannot take it back, because you, afterwards altered your mind."

Nathan listened with an appearance of the utmost attention; but he could not understand much of this learned discussion. When, however, at the close of the conversation, Jonas took down the whip, and handed it to him, he understood that the decision had been made in his favor; his eyes brightened up, and he ran away, capering about the walks, and cracking his whip with every appearance of relief and pleasure.

SABBATH SCHOOL.

Written for the Youth's Companion.

A SUNDAY SCHOOL CELEBRATION.

Mr. Willis.—Some of your young readers will remember an appeal made to them the last year in behalf of the Sunday School in Springwater, N. Y. They were told that we were making an effort to establish a Sunday School, but had no library or question books. I was sent back to my people, bringing with me more than 500 books for the library, and 300 question books. More than a hundred children belonging to two schools have the use of these every week. I thought this portion of your readers would be interested in reading some account of our recent celebration.

Early in the morning of a delightful day, the children and their friends began to assemble at the Methodist meeting-house in this pleasant valley. They marched in procession, under the escort of the Honeoye Band from Richmond, to the new meeting-house, where the banners and flags are distributed. They then returned and marched up a hill, into a beautiful grove, at the summit and foot of which were flags; and at the entrance of the grove an arch, upon which was seen the name and date "Robert Raikes, 1780." We spent 6 hours in the grove listening to several addresses, and the sweet music of the band and choir. Refreshments were provided for the whole assembly. All went off well. But the best of all was the address of Mr. Tousley, "the children's preacher," of western New York, who has 200,000 children under his charge.

I hope I shall not weary my young friends, if I relate to them one or two of Mr. Tousley's facts. He was showing what an influence children have over one another. He told many anecdotes to illustrate this. I will only relate two, of a very opposite character.

He went into a place where there was a very small Sabbath School, only 20 scholars. He first set the parents and friends to work, but

they could do nothing. The next Sabbath, he told the children they must do it; and each one must bring in one scholar. They promised to try. The next Sunday he went to the Sabbath School, and looked around and began to count 20, 40, 50, 70, 80 scholars, and on the desk were a collection of books. After school he met a gentleman whom he told of the success of the children. "Yes," says the gentleman, "but Tousley, I tell you what it is—I am sorry you came here." "Why sir," said Mr. Tousley, in surprise, "what hurt has been done." "I will tell you," he said. "Monday morning, while we were at breakfast, knock, knock at the door. Come in. 'Have you any little boys for the Sunday School?' They had scarcely gone out, before knock, knock, again. 'Have you any little girls for the Sunday School?' And so it has been all the week, knock, knock; knock, knock; and I tell you, I never was so troubled in my life."

The other anecdote was this. He was called to see the mother of a little boy who was drowned. He was playing in the yard, and his mother had told him he must not go out of it. Some boys came by on their way to a fishing party. They asked him to go. At first he declined. When they asked him why he would not go, he said his mother had told him not to go away. They told him to go down by the garden fence and climb over, and keep along the tow-path, till he came to Mill creek, and then he could go back the same way, before his mother could find that he was gone. He did as they said, and while he was fishing the bank gave way, and he was drowned.

Before closing this letter, I wish to express the thanks of the Sunday-school children here, to children connected with some of the Sunday-schools in Boston and Medford and Hartford, and to the officers of the Massachusetts and also the American S. S. depositories, and the Am. Tract Society, for their kind assistance. They are particularly grateful for the vols. given by the Abbotts, and by Mr. Goodrich, author of the Peter Parley series, by Mrs. Sigourney, and Mr. Hooker of Hartford, and by Mr. Orrin Day of Catskill, who gave them a complete set—80 vols.—of the S. S. Library. D. B. W.
Springwater, 25th Sept. 1840.

OBITUARY.

THE LITTLE BROTHERS.

I knew two little boys a short time since who were generally seen together. They lived in the same house, eat at the same table, went out, came in, lay down and arose together—they studied and played together, and the same kind parental hand led them. They were brothers. They were generally at the Sabbath School with a well learned lesson—their faces bright with joy and health.

Thus for a time they pursued their various round of duties and pleasures—counting on many days of happiness—little thinking of a speedy and final end of all their united joys. These little brothers, though they were more than ordinarily kind to each other, would sometimes get angry and say unkind words, and manifest unkind looks, which children are apt to forget, is very wicked: And if you will turn to Gen. iv. 5, you will find it is feeling and looking like Cain. He was wroth with his brother, and his countenance fell. Now I wish to have you remember that when you get angry and look sullen and displeased, you are imitating Cain. Did you ever think of this? It was this same feeling harbored and increased that caused the first murderer to imbrue his hands in his brother's blood. How very careful then should you be to suppress any feelings of this kind. You should instantly banish them from your mind whenever you discover them, and say I will not indulge in anger and be like Cain.

But to return to the little boys—they were enjoying themselves as I have been telling you, until unexpectedly a change came—and a sad one it was. Suddenly in the midst of their course, one of them was attacked with sickness. The disease was of such a character as to impair his reason, and soon terminate in death. So little warning did he have, there was not much if any opportunity afforded to adjust any thing that might be wrong. Death snatched him away from his brother and friends, and his soul was called into the presence of Him who gave it. This is not an uncommon instance. It agrees with the words of Christ: "The Son of Man cometh in an hour when ye think not." And it should give efficacy to his advice: Be ye also ready; for surely there is no safety for any one short of a preparation for death.

A few days after this boy died, I called in and saw the surviving brother. After some conversation, I said to him, Do you feel alone since your brother's death? He said, yes sir. I inquired if he ever displeased his little brother when they used to be together? He admitted he had. I asked him if he felt sorry for it now? This was more than he could bear. He answered by sobs and tears which were more emphatic than words, and shewed the fullness of his heart. His brother was gone beyond his reach—he could never see his face again—he could undo nothing that had been done. If he had injured him, he could not go to him and ask his forgiveness. If he had been unkind to him he could not show his regret by repeated acts of friendship. The grave separated them. Now what I wish you to remember in reading this, is—that you be kind, obliging and pleasant to your brother, or sister, or friends, and obedient, affectionate, and faithful to your parents, so long as you are permitted to live, and do nothing that will give you sorrow, should you be unexpectedly separated by death. If you have injured any one in any way—go to them now—ask their forgiveness and obtain reconciliation before the grave shall separate you and cut off all hope, and ever manifest your sincerity by acts of kindness. Perhaps there is no remorse more calculated to make one miserable and unhappy, than the reflection of having injured a departed friend. It will grieve you to the heart—it will bite like a serpent.

A little boy was requested one evening by his sick mother to do her a small favor. He was displeased about it, and either disobeyed her, or complied with an angry feeling, and retired to bed. He felt guilty, and thought in the morning he would obtain her forgiveness. He went to her room in the morning, but she was dead. During the night her spirit had fled, and he was forever deprived of confessing his fault to her, and again beholding her smiling face. Many years after, when he had grown to be a man, his unkindness to his mother gave him great trouble, and he would have given all the world if he had it, could he have the opportunity of asking and obtaining her favor and forgiveness.

Let children and parents, brothers and sisters, friends and neighbors, then, live as they shall wish they had, after they are parted asunder by death, and prevent that most bitter reflection of having injured a departed friend. S.
[Congregationalist.]

MORALITY.

THE TWO COUNTRY BOYS.

Uncle Oliver, one day after dinner, entertained and instructed Maurice by relating the following story.

Henry and Frank, two country boys, were schoolfellows; each of them had a little garden, of which he was proud; and each tried to out-rival his schoolfellow in plants and flowers. It was a sad pity that they were not contented with

what they possessed; but so it was, that Frank coveted a strip from the top of Henry's garden, while Henry was equally anxious to get a piece from the bottom of the garden of his schoolfellow.

Though not bosom friends, they agreed pretty well together, till, one day, Frank picked up two or three straggling straws that happened to be lying in his garden, and threw them into the garden of his schoolfellow. There was no great harm in this; but it did not please Henry, who, taking up a stick, that lay on one of his beds, threw it, in a pet, over the low hedge into Frank's garden. Now, had Frank acted with less ill-nature, or Henry with more forbearance, most likely a dispute would have been avoided; but, as it was, ill will sprang up between them.

Frank had a rose-tree, with some fine flowers upon it, and this tree made Henry jealous and envious; so much so, that he took an opportunity, when he thought himself unseen, to pull from the tree some of the finest of the roses. When this came to Frank's ears, his passion had no bounds; and very soon the head of every tulip in Henry's garden was lying on the ground. Now, had Henry repressed his envy, or Frank his anger, what followed would never have taken place.

Away ran Henry to a few high spirited playmates, to tell them how he had been used in having all his fine tulips beheaded; his playmates made common cause with him, and encouraged him to be revenged. The whole party then set off together, to root up every flower and plant in Frank's garden.

While these proceedings were carried on, Frank, who had heard of them, arrived with some of his particular friends, who, taking up his quarrel, advised him never to rest satisfied till he had trampled down the beds of Henry's garden level with the very walks.

What a pity it was that Henry and Frank had not read with attention and profited by the words, "Where envying and strife is, there is confusion and every evil work," James iii. 16; "He that is slow to anger is better than the mighty," Prov. xvi. 32; and, "If ye forgive men their trespasses, your heavenly Father will also forgive you; but if ye forgive not men their trespasses, neither will your Father forgive your trespasses." Matt. vi. 14, 15.

Both parties met, and a battle was fought, in which almost every one concerned came in for some injury. It was not till the two gardens were half-ruined, that the young combatants quitted the place, with their clothes torn, their bodies bruised, and their faces streaming with blood. There was some doubt about which side got the victory; but no doubt at all existed that both parties had received a sound drubbing, and that they were much worse off than they were before they began the battle.

"You must learn something, Maurice, from this account; for it is a pretty fair sketch of most of the fightings and wars that take place in the world, coming, as they do, according to the words of the holy Scriptures, from our 'lusts,' which are bad passions and undue desires. It is foolish and sinful for schoolfellows to quarrel and fight one with another; and it is equally weak and wicked for mighty monarchs to delight in war. Kings and heroes have, however, the same passions as country boys. It is true, that, instead of small gardens, war-loving monarchs possess kingdoms; and, instead of a few supporters, they send thousands into the field to fight their battles; but they and their followers are, too frequently, led into war by pride, ambition, covetousness, envy, anger, and revenge. Whether, then, we speak of the battles of quarrelsome schoolboys, or of those of heroes and kings, there is too much truth in the opinion, that warriors, moved by bad passions, fight for their own advantage, and that almost all wars take place, in the beginning, about points that may be said to be mere sticks and straws.—Maurice and his Uncle.

EDITORIAL.

Written for the Youth's Companion.

PRINCIPLE AND NO PRINCIPLE.

There were several boys from different families, who were placed under the care of a teacher, residing in a small country village. Several of these boys had not been well educated; they seemed to have no fixed principles of conduct, and were quite satisfied if they could escape detection, when they had done wrong. There were others who were obedient and orderly in general, but were unable to resist any extraordinary temptation. There was but one boy, George Harmer, who invariably did what was right or what he supposed to be so, however difficult it might be. The difference between him and the other boys was manifested in a variety of ways. The teacher had found it necessary to appoint a particular hour, as the time of going to bed. At ten all the lights must be extinguished and the boys in bed. This rule it was sometimes difficult to obey, especially when they had any plans of amusement in the course of execution.

Once, for instance, they were all eagerly occupied in making a balloon which they were going to send up the next day. As ten o'clock drew nigh, they began to talk about the possibility of finishing it that night. "It's out of the question if we go to bed at ten," said one of the boys, who directed the others; "it will take almost an hour longer to finish it." "An hour longer!" exclaimed several voices.

"Yes indeed, so what are we to do?" "Why sit up later, to be sure," said one who was always foremost in transgression. "I would not break the rules," said George Harmer, "we"—"What, you would have us give up our pleasure, would you, and lose the balloon for to-morrow, just for a paltry rule, which nobody will ever know whether we observe or not?" "That will make no difference as to the right or wrong of it," said George; "and besides that, we can finish it to-morrow morning early; I will promise to call you at four o'clock." "We will do no such thing," replied the same boy, "it shall be finished to-night; and more than that, if you do not help us, you shall not see it go up—shall he, boys?" One or two said No, in a hesitating manner, but the rest made no reply, for they could not help feeling that George was right. Seeing this, the boy who had directed them, became angry, declared he would have nothing more to do with it, and went to bed, followed by all the others. However, he waked in a better humor the next morning, and the balloon was happily finished before breakfast. One of the smaller boys could not help asking George how it was that he was always able to resist temptation. "Why father taught me the right way," was the reply. "If you will come into my room sometime, I will tell you about it."

George was in a class with four other boys in arithmetic. They had a very difficult sum to perform one day, and in order to encourage them, their teacher promised that those who should perform it correctly, should be shown the process of making hydrogen gas, and witness the explosion of bubbles filled with it. To his surprise, when the hour of recitation arrived, all had the sum performed at length upon their slates, except George. His teacher kindly asked him why he alone had failed. "It is very unusual for you," said he.

George replied that he was sorry; that he had tried very hard, but had not succeeded. The teacher called upon one of the other boys to explain the process, but he was utterly unable to do it.

"Did any one show you how to do the sum?" asked the teacher. The boy hesitated; there were others who might tell the truth, if he did not. "Yes sir," said he. "Who showed you?" "James Mitchell, Sir." James Mitchell was

one of the older boys who had gone through the arithmetic, and was studying Algebra. On inquiry, the teacher found that all the other boys who had performed the sum, had received the same assistance.

"And why did you not get some one to help you, George?" asked his teacher. "Because sir, my father always told me that it was acting a lie, to take credit which we do not deserve."

"I am glad you have been so well taught," said the teacher, and he went on to explain to the other boys the sin of deception. Of course they lost the promised reward.

The little boy, whom George had invited to come to his room, and whom I shall call Charles, went to him after school. "I wish I had a father like yours," said he to George; "perhaps then I should be as good as you are, but I have no father."

"Have you no father? O how I pity you, I am sure you would love my father if you knew him."

"I dare say I should; tell me some more about him, will you?"

This was the beginning of a friendship between George and Charles, which was a great advantage to the latter. George talked to him about his father, and then told him that it was not only his love for his father that enabled him to resist temptation; it was his desire to please Jesus Christ.

He went on every day to explain the Bible to this poor little boy, and he did not labor in vain.

I shall only mention one more incident in George's history. Their teacher offered a reward to every boy who would write a correct translation of a certain Latin essay, and present it to him at the close of the week. It was so long that the task would occupy nearly every moment out of school-hours through the week, and in school, they had other lessons.

Now George had been in the habit for some weeks of devoting nearly all his play-time to a poor sick man in the village, who was, when George first saw him, apparently on the borders of the grave, without religion. George read the Bible to him every day, and he had begun to hope that a gradual change was taking place in the mind of the poor old man. If he should attempt to translate the essay which he felt a strong desire to do, he must give up his daily readings. He thought a long time about the possibility of uniting both, but saw that it could not be done. He had a long struggle with himself before he could decide. The thought that the poor man might die before the end of the week finally settled the question. "Yes, I will do right," said he, and give up the prize. After this decision he felt tranquil.

At the end of the week, all the boys gave in translations, except George. "Where is yours, George?" "I have none, Sir." "Why not?" "I had not time to write one, Sir." The teacher asked no more questions, but went on to examine those which had been given him, and to distribute the rewards. While this was going on, he looked at George several times, but could discover no traces of discontent or envy in his countenance.

After it was over, the teacher requested the attention of the boys for a few moments. "You all know," said he, "that George Harmer has written no translation; which of you know the reason?"

Charles said that he did, but none of the others. "I know too," said the teacher. George started and blushed, and Charles looked pleased. The rest of the school waited with no small curiosity to hear more. The teacher went on to give them an account of the old man, and of what George had done for him. "Yesterday morning," continued he, "that old man died—died happy in consequence of having heard and believed the Bible." There was a pause—all were touched. "Which of you think that George

is happier than twenty prizes would have made him?" Every hand was raised. Which of you would like to give him something as a mark of your approbation of his conduct, and affection for him?" Every hand was up in an instant. The teacher took from his desk a beautiful Bible. "I give you this, George," said he, as a mark of my esteem and that of the whole school. Read it often, and you will always be able, as now, to sacrifice pleasure to duty." L.

VARIETY.

"I don't feel so Happy to-night."

A few evenings since, a lady overheard the following conversation between her cook and a little girl about ten years old, who had lived with her but a few days.

Mary. I don't feel so happy to-night as I did last night.

Betsy. Why not, are you home-sick?

M. No, I am sure I am not home-sick, for there is nothing here to make me home-sick.

B. Well, what is it then?

M. I have told a lie to-day, and that is the reason I don't feel happy.

B. Told a lie! and about what?

M. Why, when that girl came here this afternoon and inquired if you were at home, I said no, when you were at home.

B. But you thought I had gone out, didn't you?

M. Yes, I did, certainly.

B. Then it was not a lie, because you did not intend to deceive her.

M. I told her you were not at home when you *was* at home, and I am sure that was telling a lie.

This little girl would not go to bed until the meaning of a lie had been explained to her, and her conscience could rest easy from the thought that she had told a lie. How much more confidence did that lady feel in her, after this conversation, and how did she bless God for the Sabbath-school where this child had been taught the sin of lying.

Contentment.

A Sunday-school teacher called to visit the grandmother of one of her scholars, who was unwell; and, when rising to take her leave, inquired after her little pupil. The grandmother replied she was at work, and added, that she was a dutiful, loving, and contented child; expressing farther, her regret that she could not make her more comfortable. At this moment the child entered the room, and being asked by her teacher if she was not tired of work, replied, "Oh, no; for you know, teacher, that—"

"Some think it a hardship to work for their bread,

Although for their good it was meant;

But those who don't work have no right to be fed,

And the idle are never content."

An Objection Removed.

A boy 12 or 14 years of age, was invited to join a Sabbath-school. He declined, saying he was *too old* to go. In answer to this, he was informed that there was a large class of men in the school, each of whom was old enough to be his grandfather. This fact removed his principal objection, and he joined the school, and has ever since regularly attended.

Why should not similar classes exist in every Sabbath-school, so that the objection or excuse,—"I am *too old* to go,"—may every where be removed?—*Visitor*.

Young people, never suffer your regard for each other's society to rob God of your heart, or of the time which you owe to God and to your own soul.

POETRY.

"I CANT" AND "I'LL TRY."

There were two little sisters, Matilda and Bell,
In their persons no difference you'd spy,
But Matilda endeavored to do all things well,
Isabella would never apply.

If a difficult task were proposed by their aunt,
One might always foretell their reply;
Isabella would draw out a languid "I can't,"
Whilst Matilda would answer "I'll try."

Now which of these girls do you think would excel?

I am sure you will instantly cry,
Not the languid, inactive, and indolent Bell;
But Matilda, who always would try."

Let all, then, who wish to be clever and wise,
With zeal to their studies apply;

If that sad phrase "I can't" to their lips should arise,
Let them change it at once for "I'll try."

YOUTH'S COMPANION.

Published Weekly, by NATHANIEL WILLIS, at the Office of the Boston Recorder, No. 11, Cornhill.—Price, \$1.00 a year in advance; or \$1.25 if not paid in advance.

NO. 24.

BOSTON, OCTOBER 23, 1840.

VOL. XIV.



MARCH.

It was Wednesday afternoon. The ice and snow which had been assembling all the winter in the streets, had been thawed by the sun and the gales of spring, and almost transformed the roads into rivers. In some places the mud underneath the snow had been ploughed up by the wheels, and was mixed with the melting snow; in others, there was no mud, but plenty of what is expressively called *slush* or *slosh*; we do not know which is the correct mode of spelling; and in others, there was nothing to be seen but water, with here and there perhaps an island of half-melted snow, lifting its head above the surface. The papers were full of accounts of freshets, by which bridges had been carried away and other damage done.

Such was the state of things when the boys and girls we have before introduced to our readers were assembled in a parlor. Harry was looking out of the window rather discontentedly. "Isn't it too bad," said he to William, that we can't have any play this afternoon? Here's our holiday going off in fine style. Why what are you laughing at, William?" he added in rather an indignant tone. "Why," replied William, still laughing so that he could hardly speak, "just come here and look at this woman; come quick."

Henry ran to the other window, and saw a woman vainly attempting to cross the street, on the corner of which the house stood. It was indeed a complete pond, and wherever the poor woman attempted to set her foot, her shoes were immediately filled with water. She floundered about as William expressed it, and tried first this side and then that; and at last stood still as if in complete despair.

"I declare!" exclaimed Harry vehemently, "it's Miranda that used to live with us; it's too bad to laugh at her, I mean to go and get a board and put down."

William felt rather sorry that he had laughed too, for the children all loved Miranda. And well they might. She loved them as well as if they were her own, and was always bringing them some little good things, apples or nuts, which she picked up here and there. William therefore knocked on the window to Miranda, making a sign to her to wait, and then ran to help Harry get the board. They soon found one in the barn and dragged it out. It was a long time however, before they could decide where to place it, for there was not enough solid snow to rest it on. At last, however, they placed it so as to make a tolerable bridge, and then told Miranda to step on it, but "very carefully." And so she did, but with all her care the board sunk under her weight, and was quite covered with *slosh*. Still, it was better than nothing, and she thanked the boys again and again for placing it. When she was fairly over, Harry hallooed to her to know where she was going in such a hurry, and why she did not stop to see them. She told him that she was going to see a sick person, or she should not be out at all such a day; and that she could not stop.

The boys were going to drag their board back directly, but on reflection they concluded to leave it there for the rest of the afternoon, to accommodate other persons who might be passing. It was quite an amusement and a pleasure to them after this, to watch the passers-by, and see of how much use their bridge was. However, they grew tired of this before the end of the afternoon, and wished again for some amusement.

"This weather is so tiresome!" said Harry; "I am sure if all the spring is like this, I shall be glad enough when it is over."

"What a fuss you make about staying in the house one afternoon," said Fanny, "when we girls stay in all the time."

"Poh, that's a very different thing, you are used to it."

Mary laughed, and said that was an excellent reason.

"And besides, you girls have always plenty of things to do in doors, and boys never have any thing."

"I can give you something to do now if you want it."

"Well, what is it?"

"You may help me make these boxes for my shells."

"Oh well, I should like that, if you will show me how."

This was arranged to mutual satisfaction, and the afternoon passed very pleasantly. In the evening, their mother, who had been writing letters all the afternoon, and had not been with them, took out her work and seated herself by the centre-table.

"I am glad to see that," said Harry, "now mamma will tell us a story, I guess."

"Oh yes, *do* mother," was the general exclamation.

"A ghost-story," said Fanny, "do mother for once tell us a real ghost story."

"A real ghost story?" said her mother; "that perhaps I might find rather difficult; but I will tell you one, and about something that happened to myself."

"Oh capital!" was Harry's exclamation; "something that happened to *you*, mamma; then it must be true of course." And all the children drew close around their mother, with eager looks.

"It was when I was about your age, Mary, that the incident happened. I was making a silk dress, and had been at work upon it all the evening, sitting in a lower room with my mother. When bed-time came, I bade mother good-night, took a light and went up stairs. The dress I was making I hung upon a nail in the room, and sat down at my desk to read. Presently, I heard a rustling noise, and looking round saw that the dress was dancing up and down in a most singular manner."

At this point various *oh's* and *ah's* broke from the children.

"Dancing! what do you mean, mother?"

"Why, it was still hanging on the nail, but all the lower part of it was in great commotion, rustling about as if half a dozen fairies were inside of it."

"Oh mother! what *did* you do?"

"I am sorry to say that I acted very foolishly. Instead of going to examine into the cause of these strange proceedings, I sat still for a moment, transfixed with terror, and afraid to move, because in going to the door of my room, I must pass directly by this bewitched dress. However, as it continued to move about more and more violently, I became too frightened to stay, and rushed to the door. What happened next, I do not very well remember; your uncle Henry says that I fainted away, and that he came to my assistance; but that, I believe, is a little exaggeration."

"Poor mother!" said little Fanny, with a deep-drawn sigh; "I don't wonder you were frightened; but is that all?"

"No; I afterwards found out the cause of the mystery."

"The cause! oh, what was it?"

"Why, I had used a ball of piping-cord, in making my dress, and one end of it was still fastened to the work. When I went up stairs I dropped this ball without perceiving it, and it remained on the floor gradually unwinding as I carried the other end farther off. Mother saw it on the floor afterwards, and began to wind it up. Every pull she gave of course made the dress jump, and"—

"Oh how funny," exclaimed the children; well I never *should* have thought of that." L.

NARRATIVE.

THE SAILOR'S MOTHER.

It is a fine summer's morn, and the sun is shining on the hills and the valleys, on the waving woods and the flowing river. Never did the birds sing more sweetly, and never did the landscape look fairer than it does now.

Do you see the mother with two of her children at her cottage door? She is a widow. Sometimes she speaks to her children, sometimes she looks up at the bright snowy white clouds, and sometimes on the distant country. No wonder that she should sometimes gaze around her on the prospect, for it is a lovely one.

But do you really think she is musing on the scene before her? No, indeed, she is not; widows that live in cottages, and have children about them, are not in the habit of standing in that thoughtful manner to gaze on country scenes; they have something else to employ their time and thoughts. It is generally as much as they can do, poor things! to get together the bits and drops to support their family; there is work to do, and the children to attend to, and the pot to boil. She is not thinking about the bright sun, the hills and the valleys, the waving woods and the flowing river; she hardly knows that the birds are singing at all; all her thoughts are at sea; her eldest son William is a cabin boy, and she is thinking how brightly the sun must shine on the heaving ocean.

It is mid-day, and the widow and her three children are seated at the deal-table to dinner; the daughter was seven years old last Easter, and her brothers are nine and five. The daughter has asked a blessing; the potatoes have been served, and the children are as lively as lambskins in the flowery field. But what is it that occupies the attention of the mother? She sits motionless, looking on the earthen-ware dish before her, seemingly forgetful that she has food in her mouth, for her lips move not. I see how it is; she is far away over the wild waters! She is thinking of her William, and the dinner that he may be eating on board the Dolphin.

It is evening, and the sky is obscured; the sun has not yet set, but the heavens grow dark; the change has come on suddenly from glare to gloom. The wind, too, has risen, and is, even now, increasing. Nay, look how the tops of the laburnums are waving to and fro. Any one may see that a storm is brewing; the wind whistles up the rocky lane, and sounds hollow; sure enough we shall have a rough night of it. I will hie me in doors, under cover; many a one will be wet to the skin before morning.

But see! the widow is leaning over the orchard gate, and looking towards the old yew tree in the church yard. Perhaps she is think-

ing that, if the storm comes on, it will blow the fruit from her trees, or sweep away the thatch from her frail built cottage, or upset one of Farmer Hall's elm trees, or blow down the old yew in the church yard. Not she, indeed; little would she care, at this moment, if her orchard were stripped; if the thatch of her cot were whirling in the air; if the old yew in the church yard were blown down, or half a dozen of Farmer Hall's elm trees were torn up by the roots. The truth is, she is not thinking about them; she is only thinking that if a storm should take place at sea as well as on land, what will become of her son William?

It is midnight; the children of the cottage are fast locked in slumber, but the widow is yet awake. The wind howls fearfully, and the storm is all abroad. The casement rattles as the drenching rain is driven against it; the cottage trembles as the heavy crash of thunder breaks over head, and the flashes of lightning seem to set the whole sky in a blaze.

The widow trembles in her bed; surely it is enough to make her tremble, for the lightning and the thunder are terrible, the drenching storm is like a deluge, the frail cottage can hardly endure such a tempest much longer, and the storm may ruin her.

Ah, you know not the strong affection of a mother! I tell you that these things trouble her not; she is not thinking about them. That poor woman, though she lies trembling, is bold enough to walk abroad in the tempest; to bear the blustering winds and drenching rain. Neither the loud claps of thunder, nor the sheeted and forked lightning would keep her within doors, if the welfare of one of her children required her to leave her cottage. But what makes her tremble?

Ah! what makes her tremble, indeed! I will tell you. Long after the children were asleep, she sat at the window watching the progress of the storm; she bent her knees, and held up her hands in prayer, but her faltering lips prayed only for the safety of her son; her son William is in all her thoughts. The bed is now shaking beneath her; how must a ship shake on the raging ocean! She hears the rain pouring down; how soon it must drench a sailor's jacket through and through! The thunder and lightning are terrible, even in a cottage; what must they be on the wide, unsheltered sea! what if her William should be struck by a flash, or be blown from the giddy mast; or what if the vessel should be wrecked in the middle of the raging deep!

Again it is a goodly summer's morn; the rain has given over, the winds have fallen, the tempest is heard no more. The sun is gilding the landscape, and all is calm; but, is it all calm in the widow's heart? No; she yet sees in her memory the forked flash; she yet hears the strife of wind and rain; she fears that dismal tidings may reach the cottage; her duties are done as before, but, now and then, she is lost in thought, and when any stranger stops at the cottage gate, she gives a start.

Days and weeks, and months have passed; the leaves of the trees are beginning to change color; the fields are white unto harvest, and in some of them the laborers are cutting down the corn with the sickle, and binding it into sheaves. The widow is getting her fruit from the apple trees in her orchard; she is shaking the branches with a pole, and her children are filling their baskets.

What is it that has suddenly caught the quick eye of the poor widow? her cheek burns again, and now it is deadly pale. I see a sailor boy at the orchard gate, laden with a bundle, some sticks, and a bird cage. His jacket must be a new one, and his cheek is red as a rose. The pole has fallen from the widow's hands; the children have overturned their baskets of fruit, and mother and daughters are flying towards the gate; in a moment that sailor boy is locked in his mother's arms.

William has liberty to leave the ship for a fortnight; he has been in foreign parts; he has behaved well, and gained the good will of his captain; he has brought his sister some beautiful sea shells, his brothers some capital bamboo sticks, but the parrot in the gilt cage, and the gold in the leathern purse, are for his mother.

The widow has ascended her staircase to her chamber; in the fulness of her heart she has kneeled down to offer up praise to the Father of mercies, for all His goodness. She has confessed, with tears, her folly and sinfulness in doubting His protecting care; she has prayed that she may no more dishonor Him by a want of confidence in His mercy, and has besought Him for JESUS CHRIST's sake, to accept her thanksgiving and praises, for bringing back her son in safety, for wiping away her tears, and making her heart dance for joy.—*London Child's Comp.*

BENEVOLENCE.

Written for the Youth's Companion.

THE NINEPENCE CALICO.

BY FRANCES.

"Oh, Caroline! before I would come to singing school with such a dress!" said Sarah, to one of her companions. "A ninepence dress!"

Caroline had on a dress, which was, indeed, only ninepence a yard, but the calico was pretty—and it was very prettily made. She looked much neater than Sarah. Caroline was somewhat stung, by the scorn of Sarah, and being unused to such language, knew not what to say. But one of her companions, who stood near, and saw that she felt unpleasantly, said,

"I wouldn't mind her. She doesn't look half as well as you do. Besides, think of the difference in your circumstances, the wealth of your father, and the poverty of her's, and tell her that she would look *better* in ninepence calico."

Another came up, saying, "Yes, Caroline. Be even with her. Don't be afraid of her. Let her know you can talk as well as herself. Tell her she would have to wear something poorer than ninepence calico, and the rest of the family, too, if their neighbors didn't turn off their old clothes to them, before they were half worn out; because her lazy father pretends to be sick, and unable to work. I guess that will make her look crest-fallen."

"Tell her there is no doubt but your mother will send her the very dress you have on, bye and bye, and she will be glad to get it."

"No," answered Caroline meekly. "I do not wish to say such things to her, though I wonder she does not think of them, sometimes."

"Think my father is lazy?" asked Sarah. "Think I shall be glad to wear your old ninepence dress? No. I don't think that, I can tell you. Not by a great deal."

Another of her schoolmates advanced, saying, "Oh Sarah, you are talking very foolishly, now, because every body in town knows that you are glad to get half-worn dresses, and that you would suffer for food and clothes, if your friends did not help you. And certainly, you are just as likely to wear an old dress of Caroline's, as of mine, which you have on this very minute."

Sarah looked at the dress she had on, and began to think she had better not have spoken so reproachfully of a new and pretty calico, because it was cheap. However, she thought she would have the last word, if possible, and said,

"You are not obliged to give me. Nobody asks your charity."

"I know," said her companion, "that you have a peculiar and indirect way of *begging*, or rather, asking favors, if begging is too harsh a word; and I can show you one way that you ask, if you desire it."

"I am sure I do," said Sarah, "If I am guilty of *begging*, I should like to know it."

"There is no *guilt* in begging, dear Sarah,

nor in being poor—nor in wearing ninepence calico."

"Well, I thought you were going to show me how I solicited favors," said Sarah with a frown, yet a choked voice and a moistened eye.

So her friend put on a face of extreme sadness and began.

"I meant to go to singing school, but father is sick, and I haven't had any chance to earn any thing; and have no dress fit to wear. I am very much disappointed." "Oh what a beautiful cloak you have. I can't have any thing better than my old one, I suppose, so I must be content. I wish I *could* have one; but I see no way to get it."

"Will you lend me your class-book, Phebe? you know father is sick, and cannot get me one."

"Will you sell me your old history that you have done using? I cannot afford a new one."

Then resuming her own manner and look, she said, "Now do you suppose any person of feeling could hear you complain so much, and not give you? If I had an old history that I had done using, you know I would not sell it to you, especially if you should say you could not afford a new one."

The girls all looked at each other, and smiled, but when they saw Sarah going away weeping, they all at once ran to her, and embraced her, Caroline with the rest; and told her they were sorry she was poor, and if she had not tried to injure the feelings of Caroline, she would have been saved the trial of her own.

Sarah acknowledged that she did wrong, and they were all willing to forget it. They all said they would give her what they could, and Caroline said she would do more than all the rest, for she would wear ninepence calico, and save the money which a better one would cost, to get one for Sarah. They all said Caroline was the most noble girl in the world; and they parted with mutual good feelings.

North Brookfield, Mass.

MORALITY.

PREVARICATION.

"Do come with me to the cricket match," said Sarah Roberts to little Annie Cooper, one fine holiday afternoon; "Mary James says there are two such pretty tents, and so many fine ladies and gentlemen. Do come, Annie."

"I cannot, Sarah; indeed, I cannot," Annie replied. "Mamma told me so particularly not to go near the cricket field, because people are often hurt by the ball; and you know, she would be so very angry."

"Oh, but she need never know it, Annie. Do come," said Sarah coaxingly.

"But mamma would be sure to ask me where I had been, Sarah; and I dare not tell a story," replied Annie less firmly.

"Well, you can tell her you came and fetched me, and then we took a walk past the church, and up the green lane, by farmer Cummings' mill; we shall go there, you know, so it will not be a story." Thus did the naughty Sarah endeavor to persuade Annie to disobey her kind mamma; and I am sorry to say, that Annie, who so firmly refused at first, instead of leaving Sarah, and thus shunning the temptation, at length consented to go with her.

So off they set up the green lane, and passed the mill, and across the meadow, and at length came in sight of the forbidden cricket field; when Annie forgot her mamma's orders, and thought only of the pretty tents, the cricketers in their white dresses, and the finely dressed ladies who looked on. She reluctantly left the field when they heard the village clock strike five.

"I hope you have had a pleasant walk, my dear," said Annie's mamma, as she entered the room. "Where have you been?"

"I have been with Sarah Roberts for a nice

walk, mamma," answered Annie; "up the green lane, past farmer Cummings' mill."

"I am glad you have enjoyed yourself my dear; and am very happy to hear that you have obeyed me, and have kept away from the cricket field," said Mrs. Cooper; "as I shall be able to trust you another time."

These words smote Annie's conscience, and she felt half inclined to tell her mamma all about it; but then she thought her mamma seemed so satisfied, that she would never ask her any more about it; so she sat down to her tea, and talked and laughed with her brother as though nothing had happened. But be assured, my little readers, that sin, sooner or later, is always found out; and so it happened now, for, in the evening, a friend of Mrs. Cooper's called upon her, and seeing Annie in the room, he exclaimed, "So you went to see the cricket match this afternoon, Annie. I was quite surprised to see you there, without your mamma or papa."

Annie turned red with shame and confusion; and her mamma said, "I thought you told me you had not been there, Annie."

"I did not tell you I had not been there, mamma; I only told you where I had been, and said nothing about the cricket field," Annie said, sobbing with shame and sorrow.

Mrs. Cooper was very much grieved to find that her little daughter was capable, not only of disobeying her strict commands, but also of deceiving her by prevarication; and after a short time, she said, "I thought you incapable, Annie, of disobeying me; and am very sorry to find that you could not only do this, but also endeavor to deceive me by falsehood, under the guise of truth. This prevarication is, in my opinion, worse than a direct untruth; as it shows more design and wilful depravity than a complete falsehood uttered in the shame of the moment. Remember that Annanias and Sapphira did not tell a direct untruth; but they placed the money at the apostle's feet, wishing them to think it was all they had received for the possession they had sold. And when Peter asked Sapphira, saying, 'Tell me whether ye sold the land for so much?' She said, 'Yea, for so much.' Now this did not seem to be a direct falsehood; she had sold it for that money, and more added to it; so you told me you had been up the green lane, past farmer Cummings' mill; so you had, but been somewhere else besides. You know the consequences of the sin which Annanias and Sapphira committed; they were struck by God with instant death. O, my dear child, praise God that he has not punished you in like manner, but he has allowed you time to repent of your sin."

Mrs. Cooper knelt and prayed with Annie, that God would pardon her for Christ's sake; and implored the grace of his Holy Spirit, that she might be preserved from doing such wickedness any more. Annie then rose from her knees, and received a kiss of forgiveness from her mamma, retired to her little bed-room with a light heart, which she could not have done, had her fault remained undiscovered and unpardoned.

And now, my readers, let me beseech you while you are young, to check every propensity that may lead you to disregard truth; and carefully avoid every word and action that may lessen your abhorrence of falsehood. Constantly endeavor to form habits of sincerity and uprightness, and shun the slightest approach to falsehood. Remember, that "the lip of truth shall be established forever; but a lying tongue is but for a moment." Prov. xii. 19. ANNE.

Written for the Youth's Companion.

BLIND HUTCHISON.—A FACT.

"What a man soweth, that shall he also reap."

Never, while memory retains its throne, shall I forget the painful sensations which filled my mind, when for the first time I saw this miserable being pass our door, and heard his story related by one, who had been acquainted with him

for years, and was knowing to the event which deprived him at once and forever of his sight. From his youth up, he had been a violent opposer to religion, and the most deadly hatred lurked within his bosom towards Christians. Designing to do an injury to the members of the church in W. B. the place of his residence, he conceived of a plan to demolish the meeting-house, which had been erected for the worship of God. Near the house a large flat rock made its appearance just above ground, and probably extended near the surface, to a considerable distance under the house. In this rock was a large crevice, which he designed to fill with powder, and set on fire, thus by blowing up the rock, the house would be irreparably injured, if not entirely demolished. The night for the foul deed was fixed upon. Proceeding to the spot, he first, with great precaution, strung a long trail of tow, one end of which was to touch the powder, the other to be set on fire, and thus before the fire should communicate to the powder, he would have sufficient time to retreat, beyond the reach of danger. He then proceeded to fill the crevice, which was no sooner done, than the powder exploded directly in his face; he was blown off to a considerable distance, and was taken up by those whom the report called together, shockingly burned, and with both eyes blown out. His life was for a long time despaired of, but he at length recovered, to drag out a miserable existence, in total darkness.

The meeting house was uninjured, not even a pane of glass was broken; it stands to this day, and is still used as a place of worship. L. H. North Brookfield, Sept. 28th, 1840.

THE NURSERY.

THE SLEEPING BABY.

Hush, my dear, lie quiet in thy cradle and sleep in peace, for holy angels are round about thee, guarding thy slumbers; unnumbered blessings are gently falling on thine infant head. Sleep, my babe, for thou has no cause for care; no one will ask thee to pay for food or clothing; thy friends have provided for thee a house and a home; every wish will be met with kindness, and every want gladly supplied.

How much better thou art attended to than the Saviour of the world was, when, leaving his Father's golden throne, he came down into the world and became a little child, just such another as thou art.

What can be softer than the cradle-bed on which thou art slumbering! Thy Saviour was not thus provided; his birth-place was a manger, his bed was made of hay, but thou sleepest on downy feathers.

Only to think of the blessed Babe, fair and bright, and glorious to look upon! only to think of his dwelling with brutal creatures! How could angels bear to look down from heaven on such a sight without tears trickling from their eyes!

Was there no cot nor cradle? no resting place but a hard manger afforded by sinners for the heavenly Stranger to rest in! Did they dare thus to insult the Redeemer!

Softly, my precious baby; though I raised my voice, I did not mean to chide thee. See it is thy mother that sits by thee and rocks thy cradle, ready to defend thee from all dangers.

But when I call to mind the shameful story, how the cruel Jews abused their infant King; how the Lord of life and glory was used by them; it makes me feel sad.

I can fancy that I see him, while the kind shepherds standing round him, are telling about the star that directed them to the spot. They sought him, and they found him watched and taken care of by his virgin mother.

See the lovely Infant while he is being dressed! Sweetly he smiles, and when a tear falls down his cheek, his mother soothes him with her

gentle voice, kisses his soft cheek, and gives him a mother's blessing.

He slumbered in a manger, while oxen, with their long sharp horns, were feeding by him. Peace, my babe! fear not, my darling! Though it was thus with thy infant Saviour; there is no long horned ox near thy cradle, and no danger nigh thee. It was, my child, to preserve thee; to save thee from death; to keep thee from the burning flame; from bitter groans and endless tears, that thy blessed Redeemer came into the world.

O mayest thou live to know him, dear one; to fear him, to trust him, and to love him all the days of thy life, and then mayest thou go and dwell with him for ever, gazing on his face beaming with love, singing his praise.

I could clasp thee, my darling, to my bosom, giving thee a thousand kisses; desiring, and hoping, and praying for thee, that thy young heart may love and obey the Saviour. There is no joy greater than this that a mother's heart can crave.

THE CHIMNEY SWEEPER.

Maurice. You have never told me, uncle, why people do not speak against war. If it be so bad as you say it is, why does not every body speak against it?

Uncle. Because, Maurice, for one reason,—every body does not know it to be so bad as it is. You remember the poor sweep that we met this morning?

M. Yes, very well! I often meet him with his bag on his shoulder. What a black-a-top he is!

Uncle. Sure enough, he is a black-a-top, as you call him. His trade, however, is a very useful one, and we ought never to despise him; but if I were to take him with his black hands, black face, and black clothes—all black together—if I were to take him, I say, soot-bag and all, and cover him over with a fine red coat, or cloak; would he be a sweep then?

M. To be sure he would! The fine coat, or cloak, which ever it was, would only cover him over; he would be a sweep still.

Uncle. But, Maurice, besides covering him over with a fine red cloak; what, if I were to put a cocked hat on his head, with a feather in it as white as snow; what then would you think of him?

M. Why, that he was just what he was before. His white feather could not alter him from being a black sweep.

Uncle. Perhaps not, exactly; but suppose, after I had made him so fine, I were to put him on the back of a fine horse, that arched his neck, and pranced about proudly, and neighed very loud?

M. Well, what if you did! He would be a fine-drest sweep on a fine horse; that would be all.

Uncle. What! If I got a man with a trumpet to go before him, blowing a loud blast, and a drummer and fifer to play music on each side of him, while a crowd of boys followed after, crying out, "Huzza! huzza! Clear the road! clear the road!" Would he be nothing but a sweep then?

M. Nothing in the world! If the crowd of boys saw only his fine clothes and his fine horse, while his fine music played, they might take him to be a great man; but if they could only see him, they would know, in a moment, that all the while he was no more than a chimney-sweep.

Uncle. Come! I am glad that you see things in so clear a light; and now, let me tell you, Maurice, that War is, in blackness, very much like a chimney-sweep, only that, if possible, he is ten times blacker. What is black in a sweep you may rub off; but to try to rub off what is black in War, would be like trying to wash a black-a-moor white. War is not only black in his hands and face, but, also, in his heart—black inside and outside, from the crown of his head to

the sole of his foot. Fair as he may be in speech, he is blacker than soot in his thoughts, and blacker than midnight in his deeds.

M. I think that I begin to understand you a little. I could not make it out before.

Uncle. War hides his black face and his blacker heart with plumes of feathers and scarlet cloth; with gold lace and gaudy banners; he provides prancing horses, and drums, and trumpets, and talks about bravery, victory, fame, honor, and national glory, so that the world stands gaping at him, and listening to his music and fine speeches, never suspecting him to be what he really is. If he were once to be fairly stripped of his feathers and his finery, he would then be found out to be, as I said before, ten times blacker than a chimney-sweeper.

M. Aye! I see, now, the reason why people do not speak against War; he covers himself over, so that they cannot see him.

Uncle. Twenty other reasons might be given; but enough for the present. You know, Maurice, that the holy Scriptures tell us to fear God and to keep his commandments; but war neither fears nor obeys God. There is not a commandment that is not continually being broken by War, especially that of our blessed Saviour, "A new commandment I give unto you, That ye love one another; as I have loved you, that ye also love one another." John xiii. 34, 35. Whenever, therefore, you see a fine troop of soldiers; or hear the praises of War; or read an account of a great victory; or look on a monument raised to the memory of a hero; remember what I have said about War.

M. That I will, uncle; and one thing I am quite sure of, that I shall never meet a chimney-sweep, but it will all pop into my head directly.

[Maurice and his Uncle.]

EDITORIAL.

The Youth's Temperance Lecturer,

Is a little work, designed for Youth and Children, by Dr. Charles Jewett, published by Whipple and Damrel Boston. It contains nineteen engravings. The author in his Preface says:—

"The object which I have kept constantly in view while preparing this work for publication, has been, to convey to the mind of the youthful reader as much truth, in relation to the causes and consequences of Intemperance, as is possible in so few pages. I have long been impressed with the belief that something of the kind was needed to supply a deficiency in the Sabbath School library, as well as in the private libraries of parents and such as are entrusted with the education of youth."

The following extract from this book, is the best recommendation it can receive:—



THE DRUNKARD'S BOY.

See that poor boy, with a bundle of scrolls upon his shoulders, which he is carrying home to supply the fire and keep his wretched mother and his little brothers and sisters from freezing. How sorrowful he looks as he trudges along with his load! You see he has no shoes or stockings upon his feet, although it is winter, and the ground is frozen and covered with snow. His mother is looking out at the door, to see if he is returning safely. What a scene of suffering! Where, think you, is the father of that boy? He is at the tavern or grog-shop revelling with his drunken companions, and mispend-

ing all those precious hours which he ought to devote to the care of his family. Yet he will return, not to bless or to comfort them, but to quarrel with his wife and beat his little children, who will tremble at his approach. Yet remember that there will soon be an end to the evils of intemperance, if no new drunkards are made. Those who are now drunkards are hurrying themselves along to the grave, and in a few years the last one will die. Distillers, brewers, and all those who now sell the poisons they make, will then have to give up the business, unless some of the children will learn to be drunkards. Then let us all labor to prevent the rum-sellers from making drunkards of the youth and children. But perhaps you would like to know how that can be done. I will tell you. Let a youth's or juvenile temperance society be formed in every town and village in the country, and get all the children to sign the total abstinence pledge, if possible. If the children will all sign and keep the pledge, no more drunkards will be made.

The Singer.

Devoted to the general cultivation of Music, and adapted to the use of schools and private instruction.

This is the title of a new work, to be published monthly, at No. 32 Washington Street. It is designed to promote the introduction of Music into common schools and Sabbath Schools, and will contain a series of progressive lessons in the theory and practice of music, with a hymn and song adapted to Sabbath Schools and the social circle. This is a good design, and deserves encouragement. We make the following extract:—

SABBATH SCHOOL SINGING EXHIBITION.

There have been of late, several singing exhibitions, by the children in different Sabbath Schools, at the close of one quarter's instruction in Sacred music. The first was held at the Rev. Mr. Hall's meeting-house, in Dorchester, and was composed of nearly all the children in the Sabbath School, amounting to more than two hundred. The exercises were performed in the meeting-house on the Sabbath, at third service; and consisted in singing a dozen or more hymns and tunes adapted to the occasion. The house was very full, and the society have since manifested their approbation, and the interest they feel in this part of their children's education, by voluntarily contributing enough to defray all the expenses of the school, and to still sustain it.

Another exhibition has been given at the Rev. Dr. Codman's meeting house in Dorchester of the children in the Sabbath School, and was performed on the Sabbath during the hours of public worship; in the afternoon, the regular choir left the seats and the children occupied their places. There were nearly one hundred and fifty children who sung. The Dr. said, that this sight reminded him of the "Hosannas to the Son of David," sung by the children in the temple. After singing that beautiful hymn,

"What are those soul reviving strains
Which echo thus from Salem's plains," &c.

The Dr. gave us a sermon on music, the whole of which was admirably adapted to awaken an interest in the church, in this important part of Christian service; a collection was taken up at the close, which was sufficient to defray all the expenses of the school.

The above schools were started and sustained through the instrumentality of their ministers; they alone becoming responsible to the teacher for his compensation. The result has shown the entire willingness of the congregation to back up the efforts of their ministers made in so good a cause.

VARIETY.

Parental Example.

Richard Cecil, who died in 1810, was an eminent and useful minister of the gospel. In early life he was inclined to infidelity and profligacy. But he was the child of many tears, admonitions and prayers. He says, "I had a pious mother, who dropped things in my way. I never could rid myself of them." Again he says, "My mother would talk to me, and weep as she talked. I flung out of the house, with an oath, but wept too, when I got into the street." The teaching of her conduct, confirming the teaching of her lips, gave it authority and efficacy. He saw that his mother had something to sustain her, which he had not. "I shall never forget," he says, "standing by the bed of my sick mother—'Are not you afraid to die?' I asked her. 'No.' 'No?' 'Why does the uncertainty of another state give you no concern?'—'Because God has said to me, 'Fear not: when thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee; and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee.' The remembrance of this scene, has often times since drawn an ardent prayer from me, that I might die the death of the righteous." The mother conquered; her son became a Christian."—*Parent's Magazine.*

Only Five Miles.

A gentleman in passing through one of the new towns in Jefferson co. New York, met a little girl ten or eleven years old, and asked her if she attended Sabbath School. She answered in the affirmative. The gentleman then asked her where she lived. The little girl answered, by mentioning the name of a family which he knew lived at a considerable distance from any Sabbath School. He therefore asked, how it could be that she attended Sabbath School, when she lived so far off. "How far?" said the child, "it is only five miles, sir." The gentleman found, by inquiry, that it was a fact, that the girl was a constant attendant at the Sabbath School, though living five miles distant, which distance she was generally obliged to walk.

A Pious Daughter.

My little girl, said a father, about five years of age, while attending the Sabbath School, entreated me to love God and pray to him, and pray with and for her. At one time she said, Pa, you must not love your money more than every thing else.

What must I love most, my child?

Pa, you must love God most.

I don't love my money but very little.

These conversations and appeals have brought the father to embrace the Saviour.

POETRY.

THE DIVIDED BURDEN.

BY L. H. SIGOURNEY.

I saw a boy who, towards his cottage home,
A heavy burden bore. The way was steep
And rocky, and his little loaded arm
Strain'd downward to its full extent, while wide
The other horizontally was thrown,
As if to counterpoise the painful weight
That drew him towards the earth.

Awile he paused
And set his burthen down, just where the path
Grew more precipitous—and wiped his brow
With his worn sleeve; and panting, breathed long
draughts
Of the sweet air, while the hot summer sun
Flamed o'er his forehead.

But another boy,
'Neath a cool shade tree in a neighboring field,
Sat playing with his dog; and from the grass
Uprising, with light bounds the fence he clear'd,
And lent a vigorous hand to share the toil.
—So on they went together—grasping firm
The basket's handle, with a right good will;
And while their young clear voices met my ear,
I mus'd on that philosophy divine—
"Bear one another's burdens,"—and perceived
That to obey God's word was happiness.

Then, like the bee, who from the humble flower
Sown by the way-side, gleaning for her hive,
I treasur'd up the lesson; and when eve
Called home the laboring ox, and to its bed
Warned the young bird, and shut the lily's cup,
I took my little boy upon my knee,
And told him of the basket bearer's toil,
And of the friend who helped him.

When his eye
Swell'd full and round, and fix'd upon my face,
Taking the story to his inmost soul,
I said, "My son—be pitiful to all,
And aid them when thou canst.

For God hath sown
Sweet seeds within us—seeds of sympathy—
Whose buds are virtues such as bloom for heaven.

If thy young sister weepeth—kiss the tear
From her smooth cheek, and soothe with tender care
Her swelling breast;—or if a secret thorn
Is in thy brother's bosom,—draw it thence;
Or if thy playmate sorroweth, lend an ear
And share with sympathy his weight of woe.
And when thou art a man, my little one,
Still keep thy spirit open to the ills
Of foreigner, and stranger, of the race
Whom Afric's sun hath darken'd, and of those
Poor red-browed exiles, from our forest shades,
Where once they rul'd supreme.

Thus shalt thou shun
That selfishness which, wrapped in its own gifts,
Forgets alike the Giver—and the grief
Of those who mourn.

So may'st thou ever find
Pity and love in thine own time of need,—
If on thy young heart, as a signet ring
Thou grav'st that motto from the Book Divine,
'Bear one another's burdens,' and fulfil
The law of Christ."

[Ladies' Companion.]

YOUTH'S COMPANION.

Published Weekly, by NATHANIEL WILLIS, at the Office of the Boston Recorder, No. 11, Cornhill.—Price, \$1.00 a year in advance; or \$1.25 if not paid in advance.

NO. 25.

BOSTON, OCTOBER 30, 1840.

VOL. XIV.



APRIL.

April is the month in which the farmers begin ploughing. It is sometimes a very pleasant month, and sometimes very much the reverse. But whichever it be, it is proverbially fickle and inconstant. Its smiles are not to be trusted, for they often deceive. Every boy and girl has heard that "April showers bring forth May flowers." Henry Kirke White has written some verses in which he compares life to an April day.

• "What is this passing scene?
A peevish April day;
A little sun—a little rain—
And then night sweeps along the plain,
And all things fade away."

Now I wish you would all try to think, first why he calls an April day "peevish," and secondly, why it is like life.

After you have answered these two questions, I will tell you how our little friends spent the first of April. Shortly before this day arrived, a boy of William's age, the son of some friends of their parents, had come to spend a few months with them. He was not a malicious boy, but rather rough and coarse in his manners, disposed to play rude tricks, and without much consideration for the wishes and feelings of others. The night before the first of April he kept the boys awake very late, telling them stories of his exploits in making April fools, and boasting of what he would do the next day. In this way, he excited the ambition of his cousins, not to be left behind in such praise-worthy efforts.

"But mother does not like to have us play April-fool," said Harry, "so what shall we do?"

"Oh, poh! she won't mind, I dare say," replied the other boy whose name was Harrison; "all mothers talk so, I suppose, but she won't care."

"You know, Harry," interposed William, "she didn't say we must not make April fools, only that she had rather we should not."

"Well," said Harry, musingly, "I will ask her again to-morrow, and if she is not very unwilling, I should like to have a little fun, as well as you, I can tell you."

Harry did ask his mother, and she told him that although she thought it a silly custom, she would not absolutely forbid him to practice it. She would only make these two conditions; that he should not play tricks which might have any dangerous results, and that he should confine his April-fooling to boys; for she thought it highly indecorous in children to play tricks upon old people. The boys promised, and set off for school.

Presently, they overtook a little girl, apparently also, on her way to school.

"Little girl! you have dropped your handkerchief," called Harrison. She turned suddenly, looked bewildered, then saw that she had her handkerchief in her hand, just as Harrison called out, "April fool!" She blushed deeply and walked on. Harrison laughed loudly and William joined him, but Harry did not see much fun in it, for he could not help pitying the little girl who looked so timid and embarrassed. He thought he should play his tricks on boys only.

Harrison had provided himself with various parcels of all sizes neatly done up, but containing nothing except old rags or other worthless articles. One of them he threw upon the sidewalk when there happened to be nobody near, and then the boys watched behind a corner to see what would be the result. An old man with a wooden leg came hobbling along, saw the packet and stooped to pick it up. It was with some difficulty however, that he could stoop at all, and while he was trying to reach the packet, a troop of noisy boys who came along behind him jostled him and made him fall over. Harry felt very sorry when he saw this, and ran to help the poor man up, who as it happened was not much hurt but very much frightened. Some of the passers-by had reproved the boy who knocked him over, and Harrison was afraid to show himself, lest his share in the exploit might be found out. The lame man, when he was set on his feet again, was very anxious not to lose the packet, and asked Harry to be so good as to pick it up for him. Harry knowing what was inside, could not bear to add to the poor man's distress by cheating him, and yet he did not like to tell him the trick, lest he should be supposed the author of it. He hesitated and stammered, and finally put the packet into the old man's hand and ran off.

Next they met a very little girl with a small basket in her hand. Harrison filled his hand with gravel, kept it tightly closed, and advancing to her said, "Do you want some sugar-plums?" The child looked at him with surprise, but being too young and innocent to suspect any deceit, she said, "Yes."

"Then open your basket," said Harrison, and the moment she did so, he let fall into it the gravel and dirt he had collected, and called "April fool!"

The little girl began to cry, when she saw her basket and the things in it thus spoiled, and Harry could not bear the sight.

"It is too bad," said he to Harrison to make fools of such poor little things; why can't you wait and try it upon the boys when we get to school?"

"It isn't so easy to trick them," said Harrison, "they are on the look out."

They had not gone many steps, before they heard a halloo! behind them, and stopped to see what it was. A young man dressed like a mechanic, was running after them, and soon came up with them. He looked at the three for a moment, and then said to Harrison, "So you are the fellow that's offering sugar plums to little girls, are you? I'll teach you to do it again!"

So saying, he gave him several severe knocks, first on one side of his head and then on the other, and then walked off. It was all done in a moment, and besides, he was so much larger and stronger than Harrison, that resistance would have been in vain.

They went on to school, Harrison pretending indifference, and at the same time vowing revenge; but evidently rather crest-fallen. This experience was not enough for him however, and in recess, he was repeating his experiments on the boys. Harry and William also made some trials in this way; and in a few cases, their tricks were taken pleasantly and returned in kind. But whenever the joke was a little more serious, it almost always ended in a quarrel; and before the day was through there were various contests in school, more or less serious.

On the whole, when Henry was giving an account of the day to his mother at night, he was obliged to confess that he had had very little "fun," and a great deal of pain to make up for it. He said he had thought of the poor old man a hundred times in the day, and always

with self-reproach, and he did not think he should ever make an April-fool again. L.

NARRATIVE.

REMARKABLE CONDUCT OF A LITTLE GIRL.

The following extraordinary act was performed by a child in Lyons not long ago, according to a continental paper:

An unfortunate artizan, the father of a family, was deprived of work, by the depressed state of his trade during a whole winter. It was with great difficulty that he could get a morsel of food now and then for his famished wife and children. Things grew worse and worse with him; at length, on attempting to rise one morning for the purpose of going out as usual in quest of employment, he fell back in a fainting condition beside his wife, who had already been confined to her bed by illness for two months. The poor man felt himself ill, and his strength utterly gone. He had two boys, yet in mere childhood, and one girl about twelve or thirteen years old. For a long time, the whole charge of the household had fallen on this girl. She tended the sick bed of her mother, and had watched over her little brothers with more than parental care. Now, when the father was taken ill, there seemed to be not a vestige of hope for the family, excepting in the exertions that might be made by her, young as she was.

The first thought of the poor little girl was to seek for work proportionate to her strength. But that the family might not starve in the meantime, she resolved to go to one of the Houses of Charity, where food was given out to the poor and needy. The person to whom she addressed herself accordingly inscribed her name in the list of applicants, and told her to come back in a day or two, when the case would have been deliberated upon.

Alas! during this deliberation, her parents and brothers would starve! The girl stated this, but was informed that the formalities mentioned were indispensable. She came again to the streets, and almost agonized by the knowledge how anxiously she was expected with bread at home, she resolved to ask charity from the passengers in the public ways.

No one heeded the modest, unobtrusive appeal of her outstretched hand. Her heart was too full to permit her to speak. Could any one have seen the torturing anxiety that filled her breast, she must have been pitied and relieved. As the case stood, it is not perhaps surprising that some rude being menaced her with the police. She was frightened. Shivering with cold, and crying bitterly, she fled homewards. When she mounted the stairs and opened the door, the first words that she heard were the cries of her brothers for something to eat,—"bread! bread!" She saw her father soothing and supporting her fainting mother, and hears him say, "Bread!—she dies for want of food!"

"I have no bread!" cried the poor girl with anguish in her tones.

The cry of disappointment and despair which came at these words from her father and brothers, caused her to recall what she had said, and conceal the truth. "I have not got it yet," she exclaimed, "but I will have it immediately. I have given the baker the money; he was serving some rich people, and he told me to wait or come back. I came to tell you that it would soon be here."

After these words, without waiting for a reply, she left the house again. A thought had entered her head, and, maddened by the distresses of those she loved so dearly, she had instantaneously resolved to put it into execution. She ran from one street to another till she saw a baker's shop, in which there appeared to be no person, and then, summoning all her determination, she entered, lifted a loaf and fled! The shop-keeper saw her from behind. He cried loudly, ran out after her, and pointed her to the people passing by. The girl ran on. She was pursued, and finally a man seized the loaf which she carried. The object of her desires taken away, she had no motive to proceed, and was seized at once. They conveyed her towards the office of the police; a crowd, as usual, having gathered in attendance. The poor girl threw around her despairing glances, which seemed to seek some favorable object from whom to ask mercy. At last, when she had been brought to the court of the police office, and was in waiting for the order to enter, she saw before her a little girl of her own age, who appeared to look on her with a glance full of kindness and compassion. Under the impulse of the moment, still thinking of the condition of her family, she whispered to the stranger the cause of her act of theft.

"Father and mother, and my two brothers, are dying for want of bread!" said she.

"Where?" asked the strange girl, anxiously.

"Rue—, No—" She had only time to add the name of her parents to this communication, when she was carried in before the commissary of police.

Meanwhile the poor family at home suffered all the miseries of suspense. Fears for their child's safety were added to the other afflictions of the parents. At length they heard footsteps ascending the stairs. An eager cry of hope was uttered by all the four unfortunates, but alas! a stranger appeared in the place of their own little one. Yet the stranger seemed to them like an angel. Her cheeks had a beautiful bloom, and long flaxen hair fell in curls upon her shoulders. She brought them bread, and a small basket of other provisions. "Your girl," she said, "will come back perhaps to day; but keep up your spirits! See what she has sent you!" After some encouraging words the young messenger of good put into the hands of the father five francs, and then, turning round to cast a look of pity and satisfaction on the poor family, who were dumb with emotion, she disappeared.

The history of these five francs is the most remarkable part of the affair. This little benevolent fairy was, it is almost unnecessary to say, the same pitying spectator who had been addressed by the abstracter of the loaf at the police office. As soon as she heard what was said there, she had gone away, resolved to take some meat to the poor family. But she remembered that her mamma was from home that day, and was at a loss how to procure money or food, until she bethought herself of a resource of a strange kind. She recollected that a hair-dresser, who lived near her mother's house, and who knew her family, had often commended her beautiful hair, and told her to come to him whenever she wished to have it cut, and he would give her a louis for it. This used to make her proud and pleased, but she now thought of it in a different way. In order to procure money for the assistance of the starving family, she went straight to the hair-dresser's, put him in mind of his promise, and offered to let him cut off all her pretty locks for what he thought them worth.

Naturally surprised by such an application, the hair-dresser, who was a kind and intelligent man, made inquiry into the cause of his young friend's visit. Her secret was easily drawn from her, and it caused the hair-dresser almost to shed tears of pleasure. He feigned to comply with the conditions proposed, and gave the bargainer fifteen francs, promising to come and claim his

purchase at some future day. The little girl then got a basket, bought provisions, and set out on her errand of mercy. Before she returned, the hair-dresser had gone to her mother's, found that lady at home, and related to her the whole circumstance. So that, when the possessor of the golden tresses came back, she was gratified by being received into the open arms of her pleased and praising parent.

When the story was told at the police office by the hair dresser, the abstracter of the loaf was visited by no severe punishment. The singular circumstances connected with the case raised many friends for the artisan and his family, and he was soon restored to health and comfort.

[Chambers' Edinburgh Journal.]

OBITUARY.

DEATH OF A MISSIONARY'S DAUGHTER.

To the little readers of the *Youth's Companion*.

My Dear Young Friends,—I will tell you of a little girl who, like yourselves, was very fond of reading the *Youth's Companion*. This little girl was the daughter of missionaries, and lived far away among the heathen in Asam. There was no day school or Sabbath School for her to attend, nor any little white children for playmates for her. But her parents taught her to read, and she loved to read her hymn book, and Bible, and the little Sabbath School books that were sent out from America. He spent all his leisure time which children usually spend in play, in reading these. Her mamma well remembers how her young eyes used to sparkle with delight, when the *YOUTH'S COMPANION* was received by her uncle and aunt Cutler, who used to lend it to her to read. Her parents, desirous to make her still more happy, subscribed for it that she might have one to keep for her own. But before any of the numbers arrived, Dorothy Sophia was taken sick and died. She was not afraid to die, for she loved the Saviour who had said, "Suffer little children to come unto me and forbid them not, for of such is the Kingdom of heaven."

She had read in his Sabbath School books and in the *Youth's Companion*, so much about good children who had died, that she felt anxious to go and be with them, and the bright angels in heaven. Her last employment before she died was to read a chapter in her Testament, kneel down upon her bed and pray to God, (for she was too weak and ill to get up.) When she got through she commenced singing the beautiful hymn,

"Oh, when shall I see Jesus,
And reign with him above?"

She was very ill, and had much bitter medicine to take, but she did not complain. She seemed patient and happy under all her sufferings, and would often express herself thankful to God, who gave her so many comforts, and kind friends to take care of her when she was sick. She felt very sorry for the poor heathen children, who had not like herself been taught to read the Bible which gave her so much comfort, and taught her how the precious Saviour had died to save her from her sins. She used to take much pleasure in assisting her mamma in teaching them to read and write, and was anticipating with great delight the time when she should be old enough to have a school of heathen children entirely by herself. Some of the people among whom she lived were very savage and very wicked. Twice they dug open the grave of this dear child, and tore down the little brick monument which her parents had built to mark the spot where she was buried. This they did, in hopes that her parents had buried with her money and other valuable articles, which is the custom of the rich heathen to do. It has been very painful for her parents to have the sacred remains of their dear child thus cruelly disturbed by those wicked ungrateful people to whom she

was so kind, and anxious to teach, and do them good. But although they may again open her grave and leave the body to be destroyed by Jackalls and wild beasts, which infest the country where she is buried, yet her soul, her immortal spirit, is safe and happy in the presence of her God and Saviour, beyond the power of ruthless savages. She don't require the *Youth's Companion* now to make her more happy. Christ is her friend, and he will teach her to unite in the happy songs of the saints and angels who are forever singing praises to God and the Lamb.

Now my dear children, if you want to hear more about this little girl, and the poor ignorant heathen among she lived, you must ask your parents to purchase for you, "THE MEMOIRS OF DOROTHY SOPHIA BROWN, a book recently published by the SUNDAY SCHOOL UNION. And when you have read it, I hope that you will think seriously whether you too love the Saviour and are not afraid to die.

THE NURSERY.

THE SOLDIER'S RETURN.

"Maurice," said Uncle Oliver, "it was in the time of summer, that I once walked abroad. The sun shone brightly, the sky was blue and clear above my head, the birds were singing in almost every bush, and a thousand flowers bedecked the verdant fields.

"I saw on a rising ground a little cottage; the walls were white, the roof was neatly thatched, and a honey-suckle, in full flower, was clustering over the door.

"The garden was well weeded; three beehives stood under the elderberry tree; half-a dozen cocks and hens were pecking among the straw in the yard; and a drake and three ducks were swimming in the little pond.

"I saw, through the opened door, the cottager's wife mending stockings, with a smiling infant on her lap. She was singing cheerfully; no care could be seen on her brow; no trouble seemed to oppress her heart.

"I saw the cottager and his son returning from their labor in an adjoining field, and I heard their jocund laugh, as they passed beneath the orchard trees well laden with fruit. All was peace, and cheerfulness, and happiness.

"Years rolled away; and at the fall of the leaf I walked to the same place; but oh, how changed! The walls of the cottage were no longer white, the thatch let in the rain, the honey-suckle was dead, the garden was overgrown with nettles; no poultry were in the yard, and no ducks were seen swimming in the pond.

"The cottager's son had, years ago, regardless of his father's command and his mother's tears, enlisted for a soldier; and his heart-broken mother had never since held up her head. The cottager was sleeping beneath the green sod in the church-yard, and his thoughtless son was almost forgotten.

"I saw a one-armed soldier, weary and worn with travel, enter the churchyard and seat himself upon a little headstone. His cheeks were sunken, his eye was hollow, and the threadbare soldier's coat he wore hung loose upon him; he had but just entered the village, and finding the cottage, of which I spoke, without a tenant, he walked into the churchyard.

"I saw him gaze rather earnestly upon a new-made grave, which had been dug under the yew-tree, for the bell was tolling for a funeral. Drawing a little nearer, I stood, leaning on the old sun-dial, looking at the stranger.

"They are coming now," said the sexton, as he patted the earth round the edge of the grave, to prevent its falling in—"they are coming now," said he to a lad who stood near him; "she will lie in the same grave with her husband; but I only wish the old woman had died in a better

place than the work-house. It was all owing to that scapegrace of a son of hers, who 'listed for a soldier. If ever a young fellow brought his father and mother down to the grave, he has done it."

"Just then, a burial came out of the work-house gate. It was borne to the churchyard; and the soldier, with a face almost as pale as marble, approached with an unsteady step, to look upon the coffin lid. He was disappointed, for there was no plate upon it; so he asked one of the bystanders whose burial it was. The reply given was—the name of his mother.

"With a look of bitter anguish, he gave a hasty glance at the coffin; and, oh! what a groan was that which escaped his bosom as he hastened from the place. It is written, "Cursed be he that setteth light by his father or his mother;" and that curse seemed to have fallen upon him. There is a blessing promised to him that honoreth his parents, and there is also a curse for him that despiseth them.

"The eye that mocketh at his father, and despiseth to obey his mother, the ravens of the valley shall pick it out, and the young eagles shall eat it." Prov. xxx. 17.

[Maurice and his Uncle.

SABBATH SCHOOL.

THE LORD'S DAY.

"It is a very beautiful morning, aunt; and I should very much like to run about, and gather the pretty flowers," said little Fanny, as we were walking towards the Sunday School one Sabbath morning; "but," she added, "it is Sunday, the Lord's own day, and I must not play."

"No, Fanny, that we must not," said a little girl who had joined us; "and so it is a great deal best not to look at the flowers at all, or else we shall keep wanting to play with them; and that is breaking the Sabbath in our hearts."

"But I cannot shut my eyes, Sarah," replied Fanny; "besides, I can look at the pretty flowers, and think about God, who made them, and keeps them alive, and makes them smell so sweet; and then, you know, that won't be breaking the Sabbath."

"No, Fanny, dear, that won't be naughty," said Emma, a little girl of eight years of age; "because you know, dear, when we think God made the flowers, we can think that same God made us, and that very same God made the Sabbath. And then we shall love one another, and love the flowers, and love the Sabbath, and everything that God made. I do love the Sabbath, ma'am, very much," said she, turning to me; "it is the best day of the seven;" and Emma's animated looks showed that she felt what she said.

"And why do you love the Sabbath, my dear?" I asked.

"Because it is a holy and happy day, ma'am. I love to go to school, and to join in prayer; and then when we sing, I feel so happy I almost wish to go to heaven, and sing with the angels. And then we say our catechism and hymns, and read the word of God, and my teacher does make me understand it so nicely, and tells us about Jesus Christ. I don't think my teacher ever forgets to tell us something about him."

"And what does she tell you about him?" asked Sarah.

"A great many things, Sarah; how he was living in heaven, and looked down upon earth, and saw we were ready to perish; and then he left his Father, and came down to earth, and was born in a stable, and laid in a manger; and, when he was twelve years old, he minded what his mother said to him; and, as he grew older, he went about doing good; and, at last, he was crowned with thorns, and cruel people killed him on the cross; and he let them kill him because he would save us."

"All of us, Emma?"

"Yes, Sarah, dear, every one that hates sin and believes in him."

"Such a little girl as I am?" asked Fanny.

"Yes, dear,—

"Down to this sad world he flew,
For such little ones as you!"

"Ah, Emma, did not your teacher ever tell you how Jesus took the little children in his arms, and blessed them?"

"Yes, Fanny, and a great many more pretty things; but we shall not have time to talk about them all."

"No, Emma; but that seems to me the best thing Jesus ever did."

"But Jesus Christ is not dead now, is he Emma?" I asked.

"O no, ma'am! I meant to have told them that he rose again on the third day, and, after staying on earth a little while, he went up to heaven. I am sure we ought to love the Sabbath, because Jesus came out of the grave on this day."

"I think, Fanny," said I, "you learned a verse about that the other day."

"Yes, aunt Louisa; it was this:

"This is the day when Christ arose,
So early from the dead;"

and I have been going to ask you about it ever so many times."

We were now at the school doors; and, after we were in our places, one of the teachers gave out the hymn,—

"How sweet is the Sabbath, the morning of rest,
The day of the week I love dearest and best!
This morning my Saviour arose from the tomb,
And broke all the fetters of death and its doom."

Emma quickly cast her eyes towards me, and a smile of joy passed across her countenance; but, instantly recollecting herself, she took her hymn-book from her bag, and, finding her place, she put on a serious look, and raised her voice, and I believe her heart also, in humble thanksgiving to the God of the Sabbath.

My dear young readers, do you love the Sabbath? Are you glad when the time comes to go up to the house of the Lord? Is it to you "the best of all the seven?" Is it a delight; or are you, like some children I know, glad when it is over? O, my children, seek to have God for your Father, and then you will love every thing he loves; and, amongst other things, you will love the Sabbath.—*Child's Companion.*

MORALITY.

THE TWO ROSES.

We translate from a late French Journal, the following singular case, which was brought last spring before the justice of the peace of the fourth district in Paris. The object of the dispute was two white roses, whose withered leaves had long since been dispersed to the winds.

Madame Gallien, (mantuamaker.) I demand thirty francs (six dollars) damages, from Miss Flora Minville, for having caused me to lose an order worth one hundred and fifty francs.

The Judge. Explain the facts.

M. G. Yes, sir. About two months ago, Miss Leontine de Crillon was to be married to the Prince of Clermont-Tonnerre; the marriage gifts were to be magnificent. I received an order to make a dress for the bride; it was to be a *chef d'œuvre*. Splendid face, pearls, gimp—all the marvels of the art of dressmaking were to be united. But something more rare at that time was wanting; it was a nautical white rose—a rose at the end of February!

J. And Miss Flora engaged to procure one for you?

M. G. Yes, sir; she cultivates flowers, and often sells them to the great milliners of the capital. I went to her, and she promised to let me have one of the two roses she then possessed for

twenty five francs, which sum was to be paid on delivery. I depended on her promise, but she did not keep it faithfully, for I did not receive the rose, and for that reason they refused to take the wedding dress.

J. (To Miss Flora.) Why did you not deliver the rose?

M. F. with timidity. It was not my fault. The evening before the day on which I had promised the white rose to Madame Gallien, a shower, which took place during my absence, made the flower expand, and some hours afterwards nothing remained of it but the stem. What I tell you is the truth!

J. I believe you, young girl. But the second rose, could you not have delivered that?

F. with tears in her eyes. Oh, as to that one, it was not promised. Madame Gallien would certainly have accepted it, for it was the more beautiful of the two. But I could not give it. It was destined to my mother.

J. Was it her birth-day?

F. sorrowfully. No sir, it was the anniversary of her death. (Profound sensation in the auditory.) Every year I lay on her tomb one of those white roses which she so much loved. This year I did the same. I said to myself, the bride will be as handsome with a flower less, and my poor mother shall again to-day have her favorite rose.

Here Miss Flora shed abundant tears, and Madame Gallien, endeavoring to console her, said to the judge—"Stop the cause, sir; it is wrong for me to molest this poor girl for a good action; let us say no more about it; it is a misfortune that cannot be helped. All that I wish for compensation, is to have a daughter like Miss Flora."

The justice of the peace, much affected, sent away the parties without any further trial.

[*New York Mirror.*

THE TWO GARDENS.

Ellen was an idle young lady. Mary was an industrious little cottager. Ellen's maid was taking her out for an evening walk. They passed by the cottage where Mary and her mother then lived. Ellen stayed to admire some beautiful flowers, which Mary was watering. Mary, though very poor, was a civil, obliging girl; she set down her watering pot, quickly gathered some scarlet geraniums, purple and pink sweet peas, a fine tiger lily, a stem of Canterbury bells, a double stock, and some honeysuckles; these she bound together, and, opening the garden gate, begged Miss Ellen to accept them, asking her if she would like to walk round to see the bee-hives, and the young rabbits.

Mary's own garden, a square piece which her mother had given her to do as she liked with, was a great credit to her; it was bordered with strawberry plants, and Mary gathered some ripe strawberries for Miss Ellen.

"I love a garden," said Miss Ellen; "but it is so much trouble. Mother gave me a large piece of ground, and bought me a new green watering-pot, a proper size for me to lift, a small hoe, rake, and trowel, and gave me some money to buy seeds and roots; but I got tired of it all, there were so many weeds always springing. Then I forgot to water it regularly, and the plants did not thrive, the seeds did not come up. I grew out of patience, and told mother I did not wish to keep my garden; but yet I often long to have flowers of my own to gather."

"Why, Miss Ellen," replied Mary, "there is nothing to be gained without a little patience and industry. All my mother's garden tools are very old, some almost useless; and I am sure we have not much money to spare for our garden; but mother says that patience and industry will accomplish great things. We save all our roots and seeds; we pay a little attention every day to watering, weeding, and tying up; and, as you see, every plant is full of bloom, and every tree of fruit."

"Patience and industry!" thought Miss Ellen as she returned. "I have had very little of either, much less than Mary, poor little girl! With old tools, and no money, she has reared those beautiful beds of flowers. Well, I will try again, and see if I cannot do better with my garden." As Ellen said this, she arrived at home, and went to look at the long neglected spot. Oh what a difference! Beautiful and expensive plants were withered, the border was trodden down, the trees were dead, and the whole presented a sad picture; and all for want of patience and industry.

Ellen felt ashamed, and almost discouraged from attempting to set her garden in order.

While she was thus thinking, her mother came to the place. She had a small Bible in her hand, which she had been reading in the arbor, and seeing her little Ellen so thoughtfully looking on her neglected garden, she inquired the cause. "Oh, I wish," said Ellen, "my garden was in as nice order as Mary's. See, mother, what a beautiful nosegay she has gathered for me; all these flowers she reared herself." Ellen's mother did not reply, but, turning over the pages of her Bible, she found and read to Ellen, Prov. xxiv. 30—32: "I went by the field of the slothful, and by the vineyard of the man void of understanding; and lo, it was all grown over with thorns, and nettles had covered the face thereof, and the stone wall thereof was broken down. Then I saw, and considered it well; I looked upon it and received instruction."

Ellen listened, and blushed for shame as she looked at the nettles that had sprung up all over her garden. At last she said, "Mother, I did not think that the Bible would notice such trifles. Pray let me have some money to buy new tools, seeds, and plants, and I will try to set my garden to rights."—*Youth's Friend*.

EDITORIAL.

THE YOUTH'S TEMPERANCE LECTURER.

We noticed this book last week. The following is another of its cuts, and the poetic tale that accompanied it, which is said to be true. There are many poor children living, who are in as distressed a condition as the pigs represented in the picture. We hope the reader will take warning, and avoid all intoxicating drink, which produces such misery.



Little Margaret Briggs was a sweet little child,
And always to good was inclined;
She was honest, obedient, pleasant and mild,
And her heart it was tender and kind.

Her mother, when sober, was one of the best
And loved little Margaret well;
But she was a drunkard, and loved to taste
The poison which rum-sellers sell.

She would drink till she scarcely could stagger along;
Strange fancies would run in her head,
She would whip her poor child when she had not done
wrong,
And supperless send her to bed.

A store was kept on the street near by
The house that was Margaret's home,
And many a time did the poor girl cry
Because she was sent there for rum.

One day the man who tended the store

Threw out by the side of the street
Some cherries, which he had soaked before
In his rum, to make it more sweet.

Just then a sow with her pigs came along,
And discovered the cherries so nice;
So the stupid hog ate them, although they were strong
And the creature was drunk in a trice.

She staggered along to where Margaret lived,
Then stumbling, she fell on the ground,
While the poor little pigs, of her care now deprived,
Ran squeaking and squealing around.

Such a sight as this could not fail to stir
The feelings of Margaret Briggs;
So she ran to her mother, and said unto her,
"How I pity these poor little pigs!"

"You pity the pigs! and for what, I pray?"
"Oh, ma! come and look in the street;
Their mother's got drunk, and fell down by the way,
And the poor pigs have nothing to eat."

"Oh, how will they find their way back to the sty,
Or where through the night will they stay?"
"I'm sure I can't tell," was the mother's reply,
And she turned from the window away.

But the vision stuck by her—herself she had seen
In the beast that lay drunk at her door;
So she called her children and washed them up clean,
And never drank rum any more.

VARIETY.

The Bread of Life.

"Mother," said little George, "what does Christ mean when he says, 'I am the bread of life,' I never could understand this text."

"I am glad my son," answered Mrs. Selwyn, "that you feel interested enough about what you read in the Bible, to wish to understand its meaning, and this is a very important and delightful text. The meaning of it is this; Christ is the bread on which our souls must feed, in order that they may live and be happy. That is, unless we trust in him and love him, our souls will die forever, just as our bodies would die, if we had no food to eat."

"But, mother, you say that we must love Christ that we may be happy; now I know a great many boys who are always very lively and full of play, and never seem unhappy, who, I am sure, do not love the Saviour, for they take his name in vain, and often play on the Sabbath."

"They may appear happy, George, but depend upon it they are not. It is certainly true, that their souls are dying for want of food, though what makes it still more sad, they know it not. You recollect going to see your little cousin William, when he was dying in a consumption. You know he thought he was not sick at all; was not willing to take any medicine, and told you when you left him, that he thought he should be able to prevail on his mother, to let him come and see you the next day, and that very day he died! Just so it is with those wicked boys you speak of, they will not believe that their souls are perishing without Christ. But suppose God should remove them from this world, what do you suppose what would be their feelings? Would they not be convinced then that they had nothing to make them happy? Christ alone, my dear boy, can make us happy in this world, and in that which is to come; but if we will not serve him, and love him here, he will leave our souls hungry and dying forever."—*Youth's Friend*.

Disorderly Children.

We love to see children very careful to set every thing in its proper place, when they have used them. We have seen very many who do not care anything about having things put right, though they have been often told to. It is very wrong for little boys or girls to take a book out of the secretary or any where to read, and when they have done with it to leave it on the table, or upon the chair, or perhaps upon the floor. It is very wrong for a boy or girl to get his pretty little books to shew an acquaintance and then leave them squandered all over the house. It is wrong too, children, when you come home from a visit, or from church, or from a walk to lay your clothes upon the chairs and tables, and so take no more notice of them. You should put them all where they are kept when you do not use them.

When you have been making anything you must pick up the bits of paper, or rags, or chips, and clean all away. We do not like to see you leave your chair at the table when you have done eating, you should return it to its own place. When you change any part of your dress you should put the dirty part away, and not leave it where you took it off. If you do these things you may give your parents and friends a great deal of trouble.

The Great God says, in the Bible, and you know that we are wicked if we do not obey him, "Let all things be done decently and in order." 1 Cor. 14: 40. Boys and girls who behave disorderly, and keep things in confusion, generally grow up to be untidy, indecent, and idle men and women. Then they associate with none but vulgar, and dirty people, and so become very bad men and women.—*Zion's Banner*.

The Old Drunkard's Hat.

A little fellow in Boston, said, the other day, upon seeing an old, torn, mangled and cast away hat in the street, "There is an old drunkard's hat." We asked him if he ever saw a drunkard wear it? He answered no. Did you see a drunkard throw it away? No. Did any body tell you that it was a drunkard's? No. Well then, one said, how do you know that it is an old drunkard's hat? Because, he readily replied, it looks like the hats that old drunkards wear. Was not the boy correct? He was so we think.

Dear children, if you would not wear old hats and old clothes, if you would not live in old houses with all the squares of glass broken out and the places stopped up with old rags and hats, if you would not have old broken furniture in the house, if you would not have a bloated and ugly looking face, and go to hell, you must not drink rum, gin, brandy, whiskey, wine, beer, porter, cider, or any thing that can intoxicate and make you drunk. God says, that the "drunkard shall not inherit the kingdom of God." 1 Cor. 6: 10. If you would be good men and women you must be temperate in all things. 1 Cor. 9: 25. P.

Maternal Association.

The Association in Fitzwilliam, N. H. reports fifty-one members, and more than two hundred children. At one of their meetings, a mother, who had been a member of the Association one year, called on those parents, to help her to render a tribute of thanksgiving and praise, for the recent hopeful conversion of two of her children. Said she, "when I joined this Association, I had eight children out of the ark of safety. Since uniting with you, I have been led to lay hold on the covenant with believers and their children, and plead in faith for their conversion; and God has not turned away my poor request." Again, at another meeting, the same mother declared the farther mercy of God to her and hers, in the conversion of her son, seventeen years old, and likewise of a daughter, residing at a distance from home. Said this mother, "I feel as if these mercies were sent in answer to the prayers of the Maternal Association, and that it is an encouragement to continue to pray." Other mothers have occasion to rejoice over the conversion of sons, who promise much usefulness in the church of Christ. The members of the Juvenile Society, connected with this Association, are now engaged in making clothing for some missionary station. Last year, they sent a box of books.—*Parents' Magazine*.

BOOK OF NATURE.—Surely nature is a book, and every page rich with sweet hints. To an attentive mind, the garden turns preacher, and its blooming tenants are so many lively sermons. What an engaging pattern, and what an excellent lesson have we here. [Hercy.]

POETRY.

THE HAWK AND THE BOY.

Edward found a bird's nest in the old garden wall,
There were three unfledged wrens in it, tender and small
He delighted in pets, so he thought it a prize,
And was bearing them off, when their mother's shrill cries
Made him stop and reflect, though he meant them no harm,
It was cruel to cause her such grief and alarm.

As he paused, undetermined what course to pursue,
A hawk to the poultry-yard rapidly flew;
In one moment he pounced on Ned's favorite dove,
In the next with his prey he was soaring above.

Now to Edward that dove was exceedingly dear,
And the loss of his pet cost him many a tear;
But he said, "These young wrens must assuredly be
To their mother more dear than my bird was to me.

I will carry them back without any delay,
I were worse than the hawk if I took them away;
What he takes is his food, he can't be to blame,
But for me to rob birds' nests, indeed, is a shame,

And my conduct I cannot defend or excuse;
I have power and strength which I must not abuse,
I have conscience to warn me and reason to guide,
And I ought to do right, it can not be denied."

With a cautious step back to the garden he stole,
Very carefully placed the young birds in the hole,
Then, with conscience unburdened, retired,
Slept, and dreamed of the wrens in their

YOUTH'S COMPANION.

Published Weekly, by NATHANIEL WILLIS, at the Office of the Boston Recorder, No. 11, Cornhill.—Price, \$1.00 a year in advance; or \$1.25 if not paid in advance.

NO. 26.

BOSTON, NOVEMBER 6, 1840.

VOL. XIV.



MAY.

May is the month that all the poets love to talk about and to praise. Their verses are full of "sweet May," "flowery May," "lovely May," and other equally pleasant epithets, and they tell us that

"The fairest month in all the year,
Is sweet and sunny May."

But May does not always deserve her character. She is sometimes rude and blustering, and oftener still, cold and chilly. Nevertheless, she has many good qualities; her smiles are very gladdening, and she presents us with some delightful flowers, which, though they may not rival their sisters of the summer months in showy coloring, surpass them all in delicacy, and in almost overpowering sweetness of odor.

The young friends from whom we parted on the first of April, were looking forward to the first of May with still more eagerness. The school to which they belonged, with several other schools were to assemble early in the morning in a grove on the outskirts of the town, and there choose a Queen of May, with all the appropriate festivities. Mary and Fanny looked forward to the occasion with much eagerness, especially the latter, who had never been "a Maying" in her life.

But several days before the first of May, Fanny took a severe cold, and her mother began to hint to her the possibility that she might be disappointed. Fanny did not give much heed to these suggestions, however; she was sure she should be well enough, and she went on talking of the pleasure she should enjoy, till the very last day of April. Her mother told her then that she could not consent to her going with the others. The grass would be wet, and the air probably chilly at that early hour, and as her cold was no better, it would be highly imprudent to go out in such circumstances. Fanny felt the disappointment keenly, but she submitted with cheerfulness to her mother's decision. Mary said that she would not go if Fanny could not, and she persisted in this resolution, though Fanny urged her to go.

So the boys went without their sisters, and when they came back, just as the family were sitting down to breakfast, they told the girls they had not lost much by staying at home. The morning was rather cold, and the air filled with a thick mist or fog, amounting almost to rain.

"Ever so many of the girls," said Harry, "had nothing on but bonnets and little handkerchiefs round their necks, and some of them even took off the bonnets. I guess they suffered a little from cold, and they looked forlorn enough, with their curls all out, and their hair hanging straight about their ears. Even Julia Stevens, who was Queen, you know, did not look pretty. They marched round in the wet grass, and we boys liked very well to see them, but I guess there was not much fun in it to them."

Fanny and Mary were both glad they had staid at home. Their mother told Fanny that the 20th of that month was her grandfather's birth-day, and that they and all their cousins were invited to their grandmother's

to celebrate the day. If it should prove pleasant, they were to drink tea in the arbor, which was large, and floored so as to keep them from the damp ground. Their mother said that as Fanny had borne her disappointment so pleasantly about maying, grandpa had determined to wait till she was well enough to be of the party; and if she should not have recovered by the 20th, he would put off the celebration to some other day.

Fanny was very much obliged and very happy. When the day came it was the finest possible. The air was perfectly soft and balmy, and Fanny perfectly recovered. The children assembled soon after dinner, for such had been grandpa's request, and they passed the afternoon very happily in various diversions. But the crowning pleasure of all came after tea, just before they went home. Grandpa filled his pockets with sugar-plums and candy of every description. He then hid, and the children were told to look for him. When he was found there was to be a scramble for the sugar-plums. Grandpa was hidden so nicely, that the children did not find him for some time, although he kept calling "coop! coop!" But at last little Frank, the youngest of the party who was able to join in the play, found him and brought him out of his hiding-place. Here what a shouting ensued! what a scrambling! what fun in hunting for the good things! Grandpa was attacked on all sides at once, and it was well for him that he was not quite pulled to pieces by his young assailants. At last they obtained all, and then went home declaring that they had never spent a pleasanter day. L.

NARRATIVE.

REQUESTS AND DEMANDS.

Rollo was standing one afternoon in the yard near a great log of wood, which he was idly chopping with his hatchet, when he heard the door open, and, looking up, he saw his cousin Lucy coming out to find him. The people in the house had told her that Rollo was out in the yard somewhere.

"Rollo," said she, "I have come to play with you."

"Well," said Rollo, walking along towards her. "That is exactly the thing; I wanted somebody to go down into the woods with me."

"What are you going to do down in the woods?" asked Lucy.

"O, I am going to clear a piece of land," said Rollo, "I am going to have a little farm."

"A little farm!" said Lucy.

"Yes," said Rollo. "Father says I may cut down as many alder bushes as I please; and there is one good level place there, where there is nothing but alder bushes. Come. We'll cut them down, and burn them up, and have our farm there. We'll plant some corn. Come."

Lucy said, "Well," with a tone of satisfaction and pleasure, as if she liked the plan; and she followed Rollo along towards the great gate.

"But, Rollo," she said, in a minute or two, "won't there be too many roots to plant our corn?"

"O no," said Rollo, "I don't think there will be a great many roots. Besides, we can dig 'em up."

Rollo began to open the great gate for Lucy and himself to go through, when he happened to think that they had not got any dipper. When he went down to work in the woods, he always used to carry a dipper to get water out of the brook; for Rollo, like other children, was always wanting a drink of water.

"There," said he, "Lucy, I have forgotten the dipper, now; you just go back and get it. You know where it hangs, on my little nail behind the door."

"O no," said Lucy, "we shall not want any dipper."

"Yes, we shall," replied Rollo; "I always want a drink when I am working; and you'd better go and get it."

"No," answered Lucy; "besides, you ought to go and get the dipper, as you are the one who is going to want drink."

"No," said Rollo; "I have got the hatchet, and that is my share. Come, you must go back and get it."

So saying, he gently pushed Lucy with one hand, and with the other he held the gate, so as to prevent her going through.

Lucy smiled, but Rollo looked a little vexed. Lucy retreated a little, and then, going along by the fence a few steps, she began to climb over, looking good-naturedly at Rollo, who was holding the gate all the time.

Rollo ran to where Lucy was climbing over, and began to reach up his hands to stop her. "Lucy! Lucy!" said he, in an irritated tone.

Lucy stopped, and, seeing that Rollo was really beginning to be angry, she stepped back off from the fence, and began to walk slowly away.

Rollo thought, from her appearance, that she was not going after the dipper. Besides, he felt somewhat guilty and self-condemned. He stood a moment watching Lucy through the bars of the fence, and then said,

"Where are you going, Lucy?"

Lucy turned around, and looked at Rollo rather sorrowfully; but she kept walking on slowly backwards.

"I don't know where to go to," said she. "I came to play with you, but you won't let me."

"I think you ought to go and get the dipper," said Rollo.

"I don't think you have any right to make me go," said Lucy.

"Nor I either," said a voice that sounded like Jonas's, which came from towards the garden.

They both looked that way, and saw Jonas's head over the garden fence.

"Jonas," said Rollo.

"What," said Jonas.

Rollo paused. In fact he had not any thing to say. At length, however, he looked up again, and said,

"Don't you think that Lucy ought to go and get the dipper?"

"That is a question for her to consider," said Jonas. "If she should ask me for my advice about it, perhaps I should give it to her; but you ought not to trouble yourself about her duty."

Rollo did not answer.

"The question is for Lucy to consider," continued Jonas, "whether she ought to go or not. The question for you is, whether, if she decides not to go, you ought to undertake to make her."

"I was not going to make her," said Rollo.

"Yes, you held the gate," said Lucy, "and would not let me go through."

"You did not try to go through," said Rollo.

"Because I saw you was holding the gate," said Lucy, "and so it would do no good to try."

"It was not merely holding the gate," said Jonas. "You talked about it as if you had a right

to demand of her to go. That's the way that boys and girls get into half their quarrels. They make demands where they ought only to make requests."

"I don't see much difference," said Rollo.

"There is a great deal of difference," said Lucy.

"Yes," said Jonas, "you see, Rollo this is it. When we *request* anything, we do not pretend that we have a right to require it to be done. We leave it to the persons whom we ask, to decide; and, if they decide not to do it, we acquiesce. But when we *demand* anything, then we can properly insist upon it, and show the persons that we have a claim upon them, and that they ought to comply; and we are displeased if they do not comply. That's the mistake that boys are always making. They demand when they have only a right to request, and so they get into a quarrel."

Rollo was silent, and began chopping an old post which stood near him, gently, with his hatchet.

"But I think she *ought* to have gone," said he, in a low tone.

"Even if she ought, you had no right to insist upon her going. And I think you had better go yourself."

"Well," said Rollo, "when I have stuck my hatchet into this post."

He struck the hatchet once or twice into the top of the post, and at length, when it was fixed there, he turned towards the house; but he saw Lucy running along before him, after the dipper. He met her just as she was coming out with it, and they then walked along very peaceably together. Rollo resolved to be careful after that, and not *demand* where he had only a right to request.

The two children went along together through the gate, and down the lane. When they reached the brook, Rollo helped Lucy across the log which served for a bridge, and then they each took a good drink of water out of their dipper. After this they sauntered slowly along to the place where Rollo intended to clear the land. It was by the side of the brook, pretty level, though there was a high bank all around it beyond. In fact it was a piece of ground which was often overflowed when the brook was high. There were several tall alder bushes scattered over it; and there were large trees growing upon the bank. These large trees overhung and sheltered the level piece of ground which Rollo had selected for his farm.

"There, this is the place," said Rollo, when he reached the spot. "Isn't it a good place?"

"Why, yes," said Lucy, looking around; "only I thought it would be rather bigger."

"O, this is big enough," said Rollo. "I can plant a great deal of corn here."

The piece of ground was not very large. Perhaps it was twice as large as a common parlor.

Rollo went to work very eagerly, cutting down the alders. He asked Lucy to go and get some dry sticks and some birch bark to make their fire with.

"We can make it of the alders that you are cutting down," replied Lucy.

"No," said Rollo; "we must have some dry wood to begin with. These alders are green, and won't burn very well at first."

Lucy was satisfied with this statement, and immediately went to work collecting dry sticks and birch bark, to kindle the fire. When her little heap was ready, Rollo took some matches out of a tin box which he carried in his pocket, and lighted the fire; and then he put on the green sticks which he had cut down. In a short time they had quite a good fire.

"I wish we had some apples here, to roast," said Lucy.

"I wish my axe would cut better," said Rollo. He was hacking away at rather a small alder

bush, as he said this, and Lucy went up near to him to watch the operation.

"That's a small one," said Lucy; "I should think you could cut off that very easily."

"No," said Rollo; "the small ones are harder to cut down than the larger ones."

"O Rollo!" said Lucy.

"They are, truly," replied Rollo; "they spring so much that the hatchet will not go into the wood."

"I'll hold it for you, then," said Lucy; and she took hold of the stem of the alder bush, and tried to hold it steady.

"Pull it over towards you," said Rollo; and at the same time he continued striking with his hatchet into the cleft that he had made.

Lucy pulled the bush over towards herself pretty hard, taking hold of it as high up as she could reach. In a moment more it snapped off.

"O, that's the way to get them down," said Lucy. "I'll put the tops down, and you cut them off at the bottom."

Rollo liked this proposal very much, and, on trying the experiment, they found that it succeeded very well. A very few blows were sufficient to make the stem of an alder bush snap off, when Lucy was pulling the top down towards the ground. But, then, the stems had to be cut up into lengths after they were cut down, in order to go on the fire; and Rollo soon began to be tired of such hard work.

After he had cut down, perhaps, half a dozen of the bushes, and before he had cleared one quarter of his ground, he thought he would stop a little while to rest. So he laid his hatchet down, and came to the fire, and began to punch it with a long pole.

The longer he rested, and the more he played with the fire, the less inclined he was to go to work again; and finally he concluded to play blacksmith's shop instead of a farm. He laid down one of the largest of his sticks of wood for an anvil, and took a small one in his hand for a hammer. Then he took several other sticks, and put their ends into the fire, calling them his irons, and when they were red hot, as he called it,—that is, when the ends were burned to a bright coal,—he would take them out one by one, and pound them upon his anvil, pretending that he was forging horseshoes for Lucy's horse. The sparks, which flew about during the process, aided his imagination in making a blacksmith's shop out of a fire in the bushes.

In short, Rollo entirely lost sight of his plan of making a farm; and when, at last, the fire had burned nearly out, he and Lucy began to think of going home.—*Jonas a Judge.*

MORALITY.

Written for the Youth's Companion.

MARIANN, OR THE FRENCH FLOWER GIRL.

BY FRANCES.—No. 1.

It was near night, and clouds gathered darkly over the city of New York, when a little girl, speaking in the broken dialect of the French, entered a large milliner's shop, with a basket of flowers on her arm, and said to the mistress of the establishment,

"I have bonnet flowers, madam; will you buy them?"

The lady took the basket, examined them, and said, "They are very handsome, and made very neatly; but we do not need them now; can you not dispose of them somewhere else?"

"I fear not," she answered, "for I have sold seventy-four baskets of them to-day, and been in all the shops I know."

The lady looked at her tenderly, for there was a subdued tone in her voice, and a gentleness in her manner, that made an impression upon her feelings at once. A gentleman who had stood leaning upon the counter, and looking at her very attentively, now asked her name. "Mariann Lejenne, Sir," she answered.

"Did you make all the *flowers* you have sold to-day?" she asked.

"No, sir," she replied, "my mother helps me, when she is well enough."

"Is your mother sick?" asked the gentleman.

"She is very feeble," answered Mariann, "and cannot work much of the time."

"Where do you live?" inquired the lady.

"In Walnut street, near the ferry, in the house with Capt. Waters, I do not remember the number."

"Have you a father?" she then asked.

"No," replied Mariann, tears coming to her eyes, "He died in Europe; and leaving nothing for our support, my mother came here, because she thought she could do better for me here, than in our own country, but she has been sick ever since."

"How long have you been here?"

"Four years," answered Mariann.

"What was your mother's maiden name?"

"Mariann Decouvre," she replied.

"Well, I will take your flowers," said the lady, "And will you bring us some more?"

Mariann said she would, and the lady wished her to bring the next she made; then turning to her brother, said, "I think you had better take her along with you, as you will go through Walnut street, and the carriage is now at the door."

"Yes," he replied, then turning to Mariann, said very kindly, "You can ride home with me, if you are ready." She thanked him, and he immediately led the way to the carriage.

He asked her many more questions of her mother on their way, and when he left her said, "Tell your mother she is known in America, and will not be forgotten."

Mariann hastened to her mother, with this intelligence; but she was so overcome with fatigue, she could scarcely finish her story of the day's adventures, before she burst into tears, and exclaimed, "Oh mother! is there not some way we can more easily maintain ourselves? I am so tired. I do not believe I could have got home to-night, if it had not been for that gentleman. It seems to me, we do not get *any thing* for our flowers."

Mrs. Lejenne's hopes were somewhat excited by the story of her daughter, though she did not know what friends she could have here.

She said to Mariann in reply, "As we trust in the Lord, he will provide for us."

"But mother," said Mariann, "I fear I shall never have an education at this rate, for we can but just get our food and clothes."

"You need rest, my child," said the worn-out mother. "Go to your chamber, and retire. Tomorrow I will talk with you."

She obeyed; but long before day, she was awake, wondering at the strange questions of the lady at the bonnet establishment, and planning a more lucrative employment.

"I will be a milliner," thought she. I will go to the ladies who bought my flowers, and the one who will give me the most, shall have me; some one must be willing to give me two dollars a week, if I board myself; one dollar a week will board us as we now live; and if mother is well, she can make flowers enough to clothe us,—then I can save a dollar a week towards my education." "But what if mother is worse." And the shade of this thought was deeper upon her soul, than the light of her joy had been, a moment before.

"My mother says, *pray*, when we do not know which way to turn, so I *will*." And strong and fervent was the supplication, which went up in the silence of that night, from that young heart, to Heaven.

Mariann Lejenne had an unconquerable desire to be useful. Her mother had taught her to "seek first the kingdom of God, and his righteousness," for herself and others; and it was not a useless lesson. It seemed as if she never knew a selfish feeling. Her heart constantly

yearned for means to do good beyond the threshold of her own humble home.

Her mother had taught her of the double influence, of the learned and talented; and now she turned her eye to the hill of science, with a determination to overleap all obstacles. Young as she was, she was constantly studying means to accomplish her object; and now that she saw as she thought, a new and easy way, she longed for the day to break, that she might tell her mother. At length a gleam of light entered her little chamber, and she rose and went carefully to her mother, to see if she was awake. But her mother slept. Mariann watched for the opening of her eyes, and she gazed upon her pale, expressive face, till the warm feelings of her heart gushed forth in tears of tenderness and love. It was not a burst of sorrow, or of joy—but the unchecked flow of filial affection. She kissed her mother repeatedly, as she laid back the dark locks which had fallen over her brow.

And again there rose a prayer on the morning light, that she might live, to make her mother blest; to forget the unfortunate past, in present happiness. Oh, what a priceless treasure is such a child. What a thrill of delight must her mother have felt, had she seen those tears of tender feeling—pure, holy feeling of an uncorrupted heart. Mrs. Lejenne soon awoke, and said, as she saw Mariann at her side, "Why is my daughter up so early?"

"I have not slept since the bells rang two," answered Mariann. "I have been thinking of a new business, mother." And Mariann told her mother of the plan she had formed.

"But, my dear," said Mrs. Lejenne, "Don't you know you cannot work upon wages, until you have learnt the trade? Whoever teaches you will want your work for their trouble."

"Then must I give it up, mother? she sadly asked.

"I see no way you can accomplish it, my child. If my health was good, I could earn our board and clothes; but, as it is, you must continue to make flowers for the present, and perhaps a change may come."

Then Mariann took her neat basket, and hastened to make it full of flowers, to carry to the lady who wanted more, for said she to herself,

"I will tell her that I wish to learn to make bonnets, and I do almost believe, she will let me have my board for my work, if no more."

When she had filled her basket, she went forth in earnest expectation of success. The lady who had engaged her flowers spoke to her very kindly, enquired for her mother, paid her for her flowers, &c. Then Mariann mentioned her wish to her, told her again of her mother's feeble health—their poverty, &c. and inquired if she would not board and teach her, and let her pay her afterwards by her work. The lady at once assented; the arrangements were made, and if they suited her mother, she was to commence immediately.

Mariann could go home every day, to see if her mother was well; and if sick, she could stay with her, and every thing was favorable to her plan. Then she hastened to her mother to communicate her success. Mrs. Lejenne approved of all, and the next morning, Mariann went, to receive her instructions.

[To be Continued.]

THE CANARY BIRD, OR THE DISADVANTAGE OF NOT SPEAKING THE TRUTH.

"Next Thursday," said Mrs. Barton, addressing her two sons, one ten, the other eight years of age, "I intend to go to the farm, and if you could be very good boys until that time, I will reward you with me."

"I know I can be good if I try," said the younger, whose name was John.

"So can I," said Henry. "O, how I shall see the trees loaded with ripe apples and

pears, and peaches and plums, and to pluck them from the boughs myself."

"To-day is Tuesday," said John, "next day after to-morrow will be the day. I do hope it will be pleasant."

"I fear more for your behaviour than for the weather," said their mother. "Remember that if either of you be guilty of a serious offence, before that time, you will be obliged to remain at home."

Henry and John were very confident that they should behave so as to meet their mother's approbation, and departed for school with merry hearts and smiling faces. The whole of that day, whenever they were tempted to do anything amiss, thoughts of their promised excursion checked them; and they were so diligent at their studies that the school-mistress was highly pleased, particularly with John, who was often inclined to be idle. Their conduct, the next day at school, was equally commendable; and when they returned home at five o'clock, they felt almost sure that they should not be guilty of doing anything which would prevent them from going to the farm in the morning. Their mother was gone to visit a sick neighbor, and while supper was preparing, they went to amuse themselves with the canary bird, whose cage hung on the limb of a fine large maple.

"Should you not admire to take the bird in your hand?" said John to his brothers.

"Yes, but mother says it injures birds to handle them."

"I don't see why. I have a great mind to take it out of the cage, and let it nestle in my hand, the feathers look so soft and smooth. I want to examine its little cunning claws, too—I can hardly see how they look in the cage."

By the means of a bench which stood under the tree, John could reach the cage, and removing it from the limb, and opening the door, he took out the bird. He was delighted to have it sit in his hand, and even Henry, though he had tried to dissuade his brother from removing it from the cage, was pleased to be able to examine more nearly its bright, beautiful eyes, and its soft, delicate feathers.

"See how pert it looks sitting on my finger, Henry," said John, and they both forgot that the little bird had wings. Not so Mr. Canary. He peeped up through the green foliage to the bright blue sky above, and his little wings quivered with a wish to be soaring away.

The next moment he was gone. The boys kept their eyes upon him, and saw him fly over the garden fence and light upon a rosebush. They started in pursuit, but the bird had no mind to be caught, and flew farther at their approach. Just at this time, the house-maid was seen at the garden-gate, who, calling to Henry, told him that his mother had returned, and wished him to carry a small bundle which she held in her hand to Mrs. Brown, the sick neighbor she had been visiting. He immediately started on his errand, and John, who soon found that it was impossible for him to recover the bird, returned to the house. In a few minutes afterwards, Mrs. Barton happening to go to the door, saw the cage sitting on the ground, the door open, and the bird gone.

"Do you know who took the cage down and opened it?" said she to John.

He replied that he did not; but as he spoke, he fixed his eyes upon the ground, and the color came to his face, which made his mother fear that he had not spoken the truth. She forbore, however, to question him farther; and when Henry returned soon afterwards, she inquired of him, if he knew anything about the removal of the cage. Henry had always been in the habit of speaking the truth, and he could not now think of uttering a falsehood, though he thought of the promised excursion to the farm, and feared that his mother would compel John to stay at home for taking the bird from the cage. He did

not know that he had been guilty of a much greater offence by telling what was not true. John hung his head and wept, as Henry related the circumstances, and their mother was much less grieved at the loss of the bird, than at the thought that her dear boy, whom she had ever taught to consider a lie not only as mean but sinful, should be tempted to utter what was false.

"Remember John," said she, the next morning, as the carriage drove up to the door, that was to convey her and Henry to the farm, "that you stay at home to-day, not for taking the bird out of the cage and suffering it to escape, but for denying that you did it." Tears came into John's eyes; so they did into Henry's, for he loved his brother very much, and felt very unhappy at his being obliged to remain at home. John felt resolved, from that moment to be a good boy, and instead of looking sullen at his disappointment, he wiped his eyes, strove to look cheerful, and went to school. When he returned he could not help going to look at the empty cage, which had been restored to its original place. Poor Mr. Canary had never been used to procuring his own food, like those birds that have their homes in the woods and the fields, and he flew about all the morning vainly seeking to find some eggs boiled hard to suit his taste; some bird seeds, or even a leaf of lettuce, all of which he had formerly had in plenty. At last in his wanderings, he flew back to the very maple where his cage hung, and looking down through the leaves, he could see the box of nice seed where he used to make such fine and plentiful meals. The gold wires of his cage shone brightly wherever a gleam of sunlight fell, and the interior looked elegant and airy; above all he was very hungry, and darting down he flew into the cage, and began to eat the seed with a most excellent appetite. While thus engaged, John stepped up on the bench and secured him in his comfortable home.

When Henry returned from the farm, and gave his brother an account of the delightful day he had spent, John felt his disappointment more keenly than ever, but it had a salutary effect, as from that time he was never known to utter a falsehood.

The next spring Mrs. Barton gave Henry and John money to purchase a mate for the canary, which she would not have done, had not they always been careful to speak the truth, even when it was the means of disclosing their own errors.

[Sabbath School Messenger.]

THE NURSERY.

THE SELFISH SCHOOL BOY.

Maurice. Tell me something more about war, uncle; tell me something more about it. When a king goes to fight, thousands of men go with him. Now, if they thought he was in the wrong, they would not fight for him.

Uncle. I will try to make you understand it, Maurice, by telling you a tale. A cunning and selfish school boy, at Hilltop School, who had got a hoard of nuts, drew on himself, by his bad conduct, the hatred of some of the lads in a neighboring school, who, happening to know where he kept his nuts, came and took them away. The cunning boy, not being strong enough himself to overcome those who were opposed to him, cast about in his mind how to get back his property. With this end in view, he called his schoolfellows together in great haste, and told them that the lads of the other school had insulted and robbed them. "Why," said he, "what do you think they have done? They have stolen our nuts!" "Our nuts!" replied his schoolfellows, "we had no nuts; they must have been your own nuts that they have stolen." The cunning boy, however, made answer, that all being schoolfellows together, every thing they had might be said to be the property of the school. "Do you not see," said he, "that it is

an injury done to the whole school? Nothing can be clearer. They have insulted us, and robbed us of our nuts, I tell you; and what will the neighborhood think of us, if we put up with it, like a parcel of cowards?" "Well," replied his schoolfellows, "if it be as you say, it certainly ought not to be passed over." "Passed over! I should think not, indeed!" replied the cunning boy. "When the affair gets wind, people will not trouble their heads about the particular owner of the nuts; but they will say, at once, that the lads of the Grove School took away a hoard of nuts from Hilltop School, and that we had not pluck enough to call them to account for it." "Looked at in that light," said the convinced schoolfellows, "they may certainly be said to have insulted us; therefore it is high time to bestir ourselves for the sake of our character."

Saying this, they sallied forth in a body after the delinquents, whom they soon overtook, and a terrible battle ensued, the cunning lad taking care, all the time, to keep out of harm's way. Black eyes and bloody noses were to be seen in all directions; but, at last, the victory was gained, and the booty recovered by its rightful owner. On the return of the victorious party, the cunning lad, putting a nut into his mouth and cracking it, said to his comrades, "We have fought a hard battle; but never mind, for we have kept up the credit of the school, and I have got my nuts back again." "Your nuts!" cried out a dozen mouths at once, "your nuts! why, you told us that they were *our* nuts; but we see now how the matter stands; they are *our* nuts when they are to be fought for, and *your* nuts when they are to be cracked. You may think yourself very clever in having outwitted us; but as we have found out how selfish and unjust you are, we will take pretty good care, another time, how we interfere in your quarrels."

Now, it is much the same, Maurice, with the great ones of the earth, when they go to war for any object they have in view, as with the cunning schoolboy; for they enter not the battle themselves, but persuade others to fight, telling them that their rights and liberties are at stake. "Oh!" say they, "the eyes of the world are upon us; and if we do not make a noble struggle for our rights now, we shall have shame cried upon us by all the nations of the earth!" Thus called upon, thousands rush forward to the field, and shed their blood as freely as if it were water; but when the battle is won, and the fruits of victory are shared between the poor fighting-men, who carried on the war, and the great ones who set them on, the bruises and broken bones are left with the one, and the gain, and the honor, and glory, are, in a great measure, given to the other.

Maurice. I see that war is very different to what I supposed it to be. Thank you, uncle, for your tale of the Selfish Schoolboy. I have quite made up my mind never to be a soldier.

[*Maurice and his Uncle.*]

VARIETY.

Too Late.

The fault of being too late is common with children. Some children are too late at their daily employment, and put their employers to inconveniences, and so displease them, instead of using their utmost endeavors to give them satisfaction. Some are too late at their school, and by being so they grieve their kind teachers, as well as lose part of that valuable instruction which they endeavor to impart. Some children are too late with their lessons, and neglect learning them till they come to school, which time ought to be occupied in repeating them, instead of learning them. Some are too late in reaching home, after they have left their school, and thus cause their parents much anxiety concerning them; being fearful that perhaps they have mingled with bad company. Some are too late at their places of worship, and sometimes disturb the congregation, as well as lose part of that important service.

Some children are too late at their meals, and then commence taking their food without first thanking the

Almighty for his great kindness in providing it for them. Some children are too late in rising in the morning, and therefore leave their rooms without first bending their knees in thankfulness to that gracious God, who so kindly preserved them through the night; also they neglect to beg Him to protect them, both in soul and in body, during the day.

Some children are too late with the concerns of their precious and never dying souls; they think but little of heaven, and therefore do not prepare for it; they think but little of hell, and therefore do not try to escape it; they think but little of the awful realities of the judgment day, when the world will be in a blaze, and therefore do not prepare for it.

Oh! how awful! how dreadfully awful, then, it will be, to be too late for heaven! too late to be with God; too late to be with that dear Redeemer, who once shed his precious blood to save the souls of those children who apply to him for mercy! And oh, how painful it will be, for children to be too late to be with their kind teachers, and pious parents, in glory!

Truly of Such Is the Kingdom of Heaven.

A short time ago, when one of the Secretaries of the Belfast Auxiliary Bible Society, and another gentleman were engaged in collecting the subscriptions for the present year, they had occasion to wait upon a lady who was in their district. They found her at home, and mentioned their business. She told them she believed she had been acting wrong for some time in giving so small a subscription to such an object [five shillings]; and immediately gave them one pound. "But," said she, "I have more to give you—it is not much, but the circumstances connected with it are not common. It was collected by a child six years old, to send the Bible to the heathen." When about five years of age, the family were sitting round the fire on a winter evening, the weather was tempestuous, and the rain beating against the windows; the child was playing on the hearth-rug. He suddenly looked up in his mother's face; "Mamma, this is a bad night for the poor." She assented. "But, mamma, this is a bad night for the rich." "Why so, my dear?" "If they are like that rich man we were reading about to-day, who pulled down his barns to build larger ones, and that night his soul was required of him." After a pause he again said: "This is a worse night for the heathen." "What makes you say so?" "Oh, mamma, they have nobody to tell them about Jesus, and no Bibles to read about Jesus." And running to his father, he said: "Papa, will you give me a half-penny?" "What for?" "What for?" "To help buy Bibles for poor heathens who have none of their own." He got a little box next day. During a year of suffering he kept his object constantly in view. Unable to go out but seldom, he pleaded with the friends who came to the house for something—any thing, "to help buy Bibles for poor heathens who had nobody to tell them about Jesus." He seldom pleaded in vain: he was in earnest. In about a year his little collection amounted to ten shillings and fourpence half-penny. At the age of six, it pleased the Lord to remove him from this world of sin and suffering. When near the close of his career, he one day said to his mother,—"Mamma, I love you very much, but I love Jesus a great deal more." "You have been very kind to me, and have done a great deal for me, but Jesus has been a great deal kinder, and has done a great deal more." "I like to be with you, mamma, but I'd rather go to Jesus." Into the presence of the Saviour whom he loved he was early removed. Almost his last request was, that his little store should be given to "buy Bibles for the poor heathens who had no books to read about Jesus." His mother, who mentioned these circumstances, said she had kept the collection for some time past; but having been present at a Bible meeting in this town a short time since, she resolved not only to increase her own subscription, but also, considering it the best means of carrying her little boy's intention into effect, to give his money to the Bible Society.

Sagacity of a Dog.

A gentleman of property had a mastiff of great size, very watchful, and altogether, a fine, intelligent animal. Though often let out to range about, he was, in general, chained up during the day, in a wooden house constructed for his comfort and shelter. On a certain day, when let out, he was observed to attach himself particularly to his master; and when the servant, as usual, came to tie him up, he clung so to his master's feet—showed such anger when they attempted to force him away, and altogether was so particular in his manner, that the gentleman desired him to be left as he was, and with him he continued the whole day; and when night came on, still he staid by him, and on going toward his bed room, the dog resolutely, and for the first time in his life, went up along with him, and rushing into the room took refuge under the bed, from whence neither

blows nor caresses could draw him. In the middle of the night, a man burst into the room, and, dagger in hand, attempted to stab the sleeping gentleman; but the dog darted at the robber's neck, fastened his fangs in him, and so kept him down that his master had time to call for assistance and secure the ruffian, who turned out to be the coachman, and who afterwards confessed that, seeing his master receive a large sum of money, he and the groom consulted together to rob him—and that they plotted the whole scheme leaning over the roof of the dog's house.—*Dublin Mag.*

Witnesses to the Saviour.

The heavens gave witness. A new star passed through the sky at his incarnation; and at his crucifixion, for three hours, the sun was darkened.

The winds and seas gave witness, when at his word, the tempest was hushed, and rough billows smoothed into a calm. At the same word the inhabitants of the waters crowded around the ship, and filled the net of the astonished and worshipping disciples.

The earth gave witness. At his death and at his resurrection, it trembled to its centre.

Disease gave witness. Fevers were rebuked; the blind saw their Deliverer; the deaf heard his voice; the dumb published his glory; the sick of the palsy were made whole; and the lepers were cleansed at his bidding.

Proper Spirit in Correcting Children.

The son of a godly man, had transgressed the family laws. The father took him into the family circle, spent some time in explaining to him the nature and evil of that crime, and laying down the rod, he said, "It is my duty, my child, to correct you; but I will do it in the fear of God. Let us first pray." The whole family circle threw themselves on their knees, while he poured out, with deep emotions and many tears, a prayer for his stubborn and rebellious child. The culprit alone remained standing; but the prayer and tears of his father melted his refractory heart, and he kneeled also. The correction was administered with evident distress, but it was light, for the child bowed instantly in submission and penitential confessions. It was the last correction he ever needed.—*Brownlee's Lights & Shadows.*

A SENSIBLE LITTLE BOY.—A friend of Mr. Cartwright, the celebrated Dentist, took his son to have his mouth inspected by that able artist, who, with a wonderful celerity, removed seven of the boy's first teeth. Upon the boy crying out with surprise, and a little pain, Cartwright said, Never mind Johnny, your teeth will come again. Johnny with tears in his eyes, inquired, "Will they come again before dinner, Mr. Cartwright?"

POETRY.

ADAM AND EVE IN EDEN LIVED.

TUNE.—*The Gondolier.*

Adam and Eve in Eden lived,
A Garden sweet and fair;
Their Maker's blessing they received,
And every good was there.
One tree that in the midst was placed,
God bid them not to take,
But ah! the fruit they dared to taste,
And his commandment break!
Then did the Lord his Angel send,
And drove them from that place,
And sinful man in grief did spend
All his remaining days.
Then let me never, never dare
To disobey the Lord,
But even now my heart prepare
To learn his holy word.

A CONTRAST.

BY THE LATE REV. MATTHEW WILKES.

Calculate the weights and measures,
Past, and present, and to come,
Of your worldly, sensual pleasures:
State at large the mighty sum;—
Tell me, are they not a bubble,
Blown by sin's fantastic breath,
Agitated now with trouble,
Bursting soon in endless death?
Calculate again the measure,
Past, and present, and to come,
Of the Christian's holy pleasure;
State at large the mighty sum;
Tell me—is it not a river,
Ever flowing, ever free,
God alone the gracious giver?
Stop—and drink and happy be.

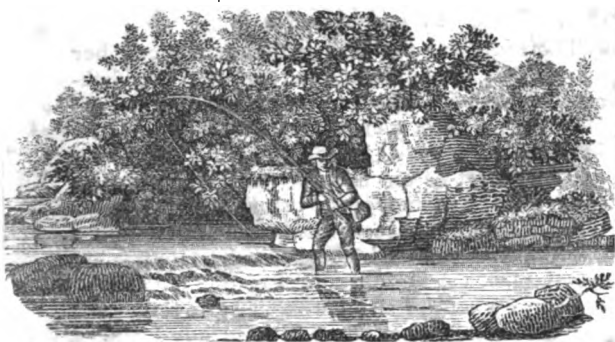
YOUTH'S COMPANION.

Published Weekly, by NATHANIEL WILLIS, at the Office of the Boston Recorder, No. 11, Cornhill.—Price, \$1.00 a year in advance; or \$1.25 if not paid in advance.

NO. 27.

BOSTON, NOVEMBER 13, 1840.

VOL. XIV.



We give this week an extract from the *Book of the Months*, before mentioned.

JUNE.

The first day of June was very fine, clear, and warm; and early in the morning the Milton family arose, with the intention of celebrating the rural festival for which the weather of May-day had been too cold and cheerless. Dr. So-lander had invited his young friends to a feast, which he had prepared in a pleasant, shady grove, within a short distance of his house. This gentleman had suffered severe affliction in the death, a few years after their marriage, of a most lovely and amiable wife. He had no children of his own; but his heart, made more tender by sorrow, poured itself out in benevolence and kindness to the whole human race, but more especially to children. He loved them of every age; and children, who are not slow to find out who loves them, always took the greatest pleasure in his society. He had for many years been the near neighbor and intimate friend of Mr. and Mrs. Milton, and their children had grown up under his eye, so that he took the most tender interest in their welfare. He was never tired of talking with them, and he was always ready to show them whatever was pleasant and entertaining in his large house, his fine library where he had a great variety of pictures, and, what he took most delight in, his garden, greenhouse, and grounds, which latter were laid out with the greatest taste. The Milton children, with several other young people in the neighborhood, assembled this morning at his house. Here they found a delicious breakfast, arranged with the greatest care by the housekeeper of the doctor, good Mrs. Anderson. After having partaken of this meal, they proceeded out to walk. They entered the grove, where they found wild flowers in considerable abundance. Violets, columbines, the Solomon's seal, and the wild geranium, were very abundant. As they passed through the walks, they gathered flowers from the shrubs which lined the paths. They at last reached an open place in a grove, which had been fitted up for the play-ground on this occasion. They chose a queen, and the lot fell on Sophia Milton. The young people wove for her a garland of flowers, which was placed on her head, and she was conducted with considerable state, by her maids of honor, to her throne, which was a shaded seat, ornamented with flowers, and placed on a little elevation. But they soon were weary of these formal sports, which suited not exactly with the simple taste of children; and the queen was not sorry to descend from her throne, after a few compliments were passed, and join in a good romp with her, maids of honor and her subjects. There were provisions made for all sorts of sports—comfortable swings, alleys for bowling; balls, hoops, and everything that children could desire. The doctor joined his young friends in their plays, and,

after passing several hours in this manner, they returned home, much pleased with their June party.

As they returned home, they came in sight of a broad brook, and half-way over they discovered an old gentleman who lived in the neighborhood, and whom every body called uncle Isaac. He had become so engaged in his favorite sport of fishing, that he had waded out from the shore, and stood half-leg deep in the water, with his basket on his arm, awaiting with breathless anxiety, the success of a nibble which he fancied he felt at the end of his line. George was so pleased with the surrounding scenery, and the figure of good old uncle Isaac, that he made a sketch of it, which is placed above.

This was a fine month for the garden. The roses began to show promise of flowers, and the cinnamon rose and early white bloomed before the close of the month. The splendid peonies made a very glorious show in the borders. The sweet William of various kinds, spiderwort, fox-glove, monk's hood, and many others, gave their garden a very gay appearance, and furnished the young ladies with flowers to place fresh every morning in the vases, to decorate the parlor. They were all employed, frequently, in weeding, as the chick-weed, and other unwelcome visitors of the garden, grew with great rapidity. The annuals they had planted had come up in thick bunches. These it was necessary to thin out, and transplant such as were to be removed to other parts of the garden. The birds visited often their garden, and they found much amusement in watching their motions. The robins and swallows were very numerous. Mr. Milton was not willing any birds should be shot within his grounds, thinking that the insects they devoured would have injured him more than the loss of the cherries and peas with which they sometimes took the liberty to regale themselves, and moisten their throats after the exertions they had made to send forth their notes of melody.

This month also furnished some of the most delicious garden fruits. Towards the close of it, the Miltons had strawberries in abundance, currants, raspberries and gooseberries; and the cherries had advanced so far as to furnish materials for a cherry pudding, though they had not yet become ripe enough to eat. But while there were strawberries in plenty, they were willing to wait for the cherries.

One warm evening, the children were much pleased with the appearance of the fire-flies, or lightning bugs, as they are sometimes called. These little sparklers were seen in great numbers, twinkling about in a meadow opposite. The children succeeded in catching one, which they placed under a glass, that they might examine it at leisure. They found it to be an insect about the size of a honey-bee. The light part was discernible, but was not nearly as brilliant when it was quiet as when it was in motion. George asked if the light produced by this insect was the same as that given out by the glow-worm, of which we read so much in English books. His father told him he presumed it was, though more feeble; but Mr. Milton had never seen a glow-worm. Mrs. Milton asked them if they had ever read the lines of Cowper, addressed to the glow-worm; and finding they had not, Eleanor got the volume and read them aloud.

THE GLOW-WORM.

Beneath the hedge, or near the stream,
A worm is known to stray,
That shows at night a lucid beam,
Which disappears by day.

"Disputes have been, and still prevail,
From whence his rays proceed;
Some give that honor to his tail,
And others to his head.

"But this is sure—the hand of might,
That kindles up the skies,
Gives him a modicum of light
Proportioned to his size.

"Perhaps indulgent Nature meant,
By such a lamp bestowed,
To bid the traveller, as he went,
Be careful where he trod;—

"Nor crush a worm, whose useful light
Might serve, however small,
To show a stumbling-stone by night,
And save him from a fall.

"Whate'er she meant, this truth divine
Is legible and plain—

"Tis Power almighty bids him shine,
Nor bids him shine in vain.

"Ye proud and wealthy, let this theme
Teach humbler thoughts to you;
Since such a reptile has a gem,
And boasts its splendor too."

Frank thought it was time now to uncover the fire-fly, which had thus been the means of giving them half an hour's entertainment. He lifted the glass, and off flew the little fellow to join his brilliant companions in the meadow.

NARRATIVE.

THE CLOUD.

"Indeed it is a very fine morning," said Charlotte Reynolds, eagerly drawing aside the window-curtain, "so pray, sister Ann, make haste and dress yourself, for we have no time to lose." "Do you really think it will be fine all day?" said her sister, looking anxiously toward the window, "the weather is so unsettled now, and papa said last night that the wind was in a rainy quarter."

"Let us hope for the best," replied Charlotte; "I am sure it is very promising now. See how blue the sky is all around, and not a cloud to be seen, so make haste. I long to set off, lest our cousins should be waiting for us."

Charlotte and Ann had appointed to meet a party of little girls, their cousins, at the Hailstone turnpike, that they might go and gather bilberries on the neighboring hills. They had looked forward to this treat all the holidays; no wonder, then, that the first inquiry on waking should be about the weather. It was, indeed, a lovely morning; the sun was blazing in the east, the cock had been crowing a full hour at Margaret Pinner's cottage, the swallows were skimming over the pond, and the two light-hearted girls looked forward to a happy day; but neither the blazing sun, the crowing cock, the swift-winged swallows, nor the hope of a happy day, made Charlotte and Ann neglectful of their morning prayers to Him who had mercifully guarded their sleeping hours, and their prayers that they might be kept that day from evil.

Little time was allowed for breakfast, for they were too hopeful, too happy, and too impatient to linger longer than was necessary, and soon they were running down the green hill from the house, hand in hand, laughing at each other because they could not stop themselves just when they came to the bottom. At the turnpike a group of little girls were looking out for them, each holding a little basket in her hand.

"Come, Charlotte! come, Ann!" was repeated by many voices. "You are ten minutes after

your time, and we want to have a long day upon the hills."

Where is the boy or girl who can recollect spending a whole day in pleasure, without something unpleasant occurring? Sometimes when the sun shines over head it is very dirty under foot; sometimes when the ground is as dry and clean as we could wish it to be, the air is thick and misty; and at other seasons, when the air is clear and the ground dry, down comes an unexpected shower.

The little party set off in high spirits, some of them stopped now and then to pluck flowers in the hedges, and the youngest, little Jane Reynolds, was too merry to walk in the straight road, so she kept running up and down the banks on each side of the way. They were about a mile on their road when the sky began to lower a little, and a dark cloud passed over the sun. The little girls looked up fearfully. "Oh," said Ann, "it is going to rain." "It does rain," exclaimed Mary, stretching out her hand; "for I felt two drops." "Perhaps it will soon be over," cried Charlotte; "let us run into old William's cottage." So they ran on, opened the little gate, and tapped at the cottage door.

William Gilbert was a very aged man, and quite blind, so that he could not see the little girls, though he knew them very well by their voices, for they were in the habit of going to see him, and he welcomed them in.

"William," said Charlotte, "we were all going to the bilberry hills, but there is such a dark cloud in the sky, that I fear it will be wet, and that will spoil all our pleasure."

"I hope not," said old William; "we are often afraid of evils which never come upon us; however, sit you down in my cottage, and you will see how it turns out."

"I don't know what to make of it now," said Jane; "for though the cloud is dark, the sky beyond it is blue and bright."

"If the sky be blue and bright beyond it, my little maids," said the old man, "never fear but all will yet be well. Many and many a dark cloud has hung over me in my lifetime, but all was sure to turn out well when there was brightness in the distance; do not look at the cloud, but fix your eye upon the bright sky beyond it."

There was something in the tone of old William's voice that animated the countenances of the little group round him, for they began to think that if the old man had observed this so often, it would most likely be the case now; and little Jane asked the old man if he had ever been disappointed of a day's pleasure on the bilberry hills.

"I can't say that I ever was, my little miss," replied old William; "but in the days of my youth I had many disappointments. You know but little of the dark clouds of life, and I could wish that you might always be a stranger to them, if they were not of service to us. But the gloom and darkness often make us more earnest in our desire for the glory and brightness of the world to come."

"Tell us about some of your clouds, William," said Charlotte; "for I always feel disappointed when mine come over me, and I never think about looking beyond them."

"It is no easy thing to do so," replied the old man, "nor have I been able to look beyond mine till within the last few years. You must know that when the first cloud came upon me I felt as cast down as you do now; ay! and a great deal more so. We lived in a pretty cottage, and I had constant work, and was doing very well. At this time I thought but little of another world, and was only anxious about the good things of this life.

"My wife was very industrious and careful, and, as I said before, we were doing very well. Yet, instead of lifting up my heart in thankfulness to the bountiful hand which supplied my wants, I seldom or ever offered up a prayer, and

I spent the Sabbath strolling about with my companions. It happened one night that our cottage took fire, and before it could be put out all our worldly goods were destroyed; we were left without a shilling to provide for the morrow. The fire had not been brought about by our own neglect, and, therefore, I ought not to have been cast down, but instead of rousing myself, and making the best of it, I thought only of my loss, and the hopelessness of recovering it. It was a dark cloud, and I was not able to look beyond it; but in the course of time I got work again, and became a little comfortable, and then I often thought about the uncertainty of sunshiny weather in this world.

"For a little while the sky was clear with me, and then another dark cloud gathered over my head. I lost my poor wife. While she was very ill, and did not know me, I sat by her bedside, overcome with grief. To be left by myself in the world, to follow her who was the best of wives to the grave, and to sit all alone by my little fire, was what I looked forward to. The cloud was ready to burst over my head, and I could not look beyond it. I thought of her sufferings without remembering that, when sanctified by Divine grace, our light affliction, which is but for a moment, worketh for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory. I dwelt on the gloom of the grave without thinking of the world of bliss and brightness beyond it."

The old man spake with much feeling, and as the girls looked earnestly at him, he wiped away a tear with his coat-sleeve; after which he went on more cheerfully. "And now, my little friends," he continued, "what have I to fear? I, who am eighty-nine. It is true my sight is gone, and this is a dark cloud that will not pass away while I am here; but I know when it will pass away, and even now I can look steadily upon the brightness beyond it. That merciful Redeemer who, when he was on the earth, made the blind to see, and the lame to walk, he who offered up himself as a sacrifice for sinners, when he suffered the agony in the garden, and hung upon the cross, will lift up the light of his countenance on all who come unto him. Blessed be God, I know in whom I have believed. His word, blind as I am, is a lamp unto my feet, and a light unto my paths. He endured his sufferings, looking to the joy and recompense he should receive in bringing many souls to glory.

"It is because I have found so much consolation in looking beyond a dark cloud myself, that I wish you to do the same, not only to-day, but all the rest of your lives. Read the eleventh chapter of Hebrews; there you will find many mentioned who looked beyond the clouds and sufferings of this life to the sunshine of eternal glory."

It is a pleasant thing to see an aged man on the brink of the grave, exulting in the heavenly prospect before him, but none are so happy-hearted on earth as those who have a well-grounded hope of heaven.

As by the light of opening day
The shades of night are driven,
So bursts the darkest cloud away,
Broken and scattered by the ray
Of hope—the hope of heaven!

The little girls had been so much interested in listening to the old man, that even little Jane had only once turned round to peep at the door. It seemed as if the old man had guessed right, for just as he left off speaking a bright sun-ray streamed in through the half-opened door, lighting up the back of a chair, and making the edge of an old frying-pan sparkle like the sun itself.

"Look! look at the sun!" said Jane, running to the door; "yes, the cloud has passed away, and it is very fine again."

The little folks were now all in a bustle, picking up their baskets, and shaking hands with old William; they were out of sight in a few minutes, and spent one of the happiest mornings they had ever known upon the bilberry hills.

Light-hearted as they were, the old man's words were not forgotten, and I do not think any one of them will again feel disappointed at the appearance of a dark cloud, without remembering to look beyond it.

MORALITY.

Written for the Youth's Companion.

MARIANN, OR THE FRENCH FLOWER GIRL.

BY FRANCES.—No. 2.

The same day that Mariann commenced her work, Miss Decouvre the lady of the establishment with her brother, the gentleman whom Mariann had first seen there, went to visit Mrs. Lejenne.

"She must be our sister," said William Decouvre to Frances, just before they started. "No person could look like Mariann but an own child—so peculiar was every expression of her lovely face. And Mariann Lejenne is the very image of what our sister was, at her age."

"We shall find her altered," said lady Frances. "Yes, but she will—she *must* retain much of her own sweet look," said William.

When Mrs. Lejenne was quite young, she had an offer of marriage from a young officer. Her father opposed a union, and Mariann secretly left her home for the man she loved, and they were married. Her family, consisting of a father, brother, and sister, (her mother being dead) lamented so deeply this elopement of Mariann, that they left their country for America. Soon after her father died:—when the brother and sister, unwilling longer to mourn for their lost sister, and wishing some business to occupy, and divert their minds, set up an extensive bonnet establishment, and continued in the same place, when their niece Mariann went there to sell them flowers. They had both at once, recognised her as their sister's child, though they knew not that she was in this country, neither had they heard of her, or seen her, since she was with them in their happy home in France; now they had surely found her. Mariann had answered all their questions promptly, and there could be no mistake. When they arrived, they found her in a small chamber in the third story, with her work basket in her lap, weaving with her wasted fingers, flowers for Mariann's employers. They pretended to have come to give new orders.

Mrs. Lejenne arose to produce some flowers which she had finished, and Miss Decouvre wiped a tear from her eye, as she turned a look of assurance to her brother. Miss Decouvre examined the flowers—gave her orders, and was seated in a social chit-chat, with her faded sister. Her countenance exhibited agitated feelings, and as she glanced with intense interest at the dark eye of her sister, she met a similar inquiring look, and she yearned to acknowledge and embrace her:—but how could she make herself known. She must not allude to their early separation; she must not speak of the death of their father. It must be done slowly, and delicately. Soon the conversation turned to Mariann.

"She very strongly reminds me," said Miss Decouvre, "of a young lady with whom I was very intimate, in my younger years, and whom I loved, as dearly as my own life."

Mrs. Lejenne had no sooner seen her brother and sister, than she knew them; but she had not dared to make herself known, for fear they might still be angry with her, for leaving them, as she did, in early life, and the discovery might lead them to treat her child unkindly, who had no other friends. But this last language of Miss Decouvre, gave her courage and she asked,

"Why do you not love her still. Is she not living?"

"Oh, I do," replied Miss Decouvre. "My heart clings to her, even now, though it is many years since we met."

"Was she not your sister?" asked Mrs. Lejenne, with a softness and sweetness in her tone, extremely touching. Tears gathered in the eyes of lady Frances, as she rose, with her brother, to fold to their hearts the forgiven sister. How sweet was that mutual recognition:—and how soothing was the language of continued and strengthened affection. Mrs. Lejenne, smiling through her tears said, "It is enough. If my brother lives, I shall want no more." And her soul went up in gratitude to Him, whose eye is ever upon the widow and the fatherless. They took her to their home, where, surrounded by friends and plenty, the remainder of her days were easy, and happy.

But what became of Mariann? Did she cease to labor, because she was in the home of wealthy relatives? Did pride grow up in her heart, and show itself in haughty airs, scorn of the poor and unfortunate, extravagance in dress, or any other form? No. She did not forget what she had been. She was still as industrious, persevering, humble, and amiable as ever. She would not be supported by her friends. "They will take care of my mother, and for her my heart is at rest. I shall not need their assistance, if I am well," and she did not. She applied herself closely to her trade, and, when acquired, worked at it, until she had laid up of her earnings, sufficient to prepare herself for a common school teacher.

"Now," said she, when she had received a certificate of approbation as a teacher, "Nothing to hinder me, from becoming an eminent scholar. I will teach every summer, and study every winter, until I can walk forth, in the wide field of benevolence, a competent and faithful laborer." And thus did Mariann. She heard a voice from the temple of science, saying to females who for ages had been excluded from its pavilion, "Come in," and she went forward. She did not wait until the dews of morning had evaporated in a meridian sun, and the freshness and vigor of life had departed. She did not "loiter at the threshold" of this magnificent temple. Oh no. She pressed onward to its richest treasures. And when she had obtained the knowledge she sought, she so used it, that all under her influence, might be incited, by her example, to a similar course of intellectual and moral action.

North Brookfield, Mass.

THE NURSERY.

THE GIANT KILLER.

Once, while Maurice was at Moreton Lodge, John Manners came to spend the day with him. John, though a very little boy, was fond of his Bible; and, after dinner, while sitting with Maurice and Uncle Oliver, he read over the account of David slaying Goliath. When he came to the following verses, he read them twice over:—"And the Philistine said to David, Come to me, and I will give thy flesh unto the fowls of the air, and to the beasts of the field. Then said David to the Philistine, Thou comest to me with a sword, and with a spear, and with a shield; but I come to thee in the name of the Lord of hosts, the God of the armies of Israel, whom thou hast defied. This day will the Lord deliver thee into mine hand; and I will smite thee, and take thine head from thee; and I will give the carcasses of the host of the Philistines this day unto the fowls of the air, and to the wild beasts of the earth; that all the earth may know that there is a God in Israel." 1 Sam. xvii. 44—46.

After sitting for some time, when he had done reading, with his cheek resting on his hand, and his elbow on the table, he gave a deep sigh and said, "I wish that I could kill a giant!"

"Kill a giant!" said Uncle Oliver, laughing at the oddity of the desire; "why, if you were to do that, John, people would call you 'Jack the Giant-killer.'"

"I should not care what they called me, sir,

so that I could kill a great, cruel, wicked giant," replied John.

"Well," said Uncle Oliver, "if your mind is quite set upon the thing, I will tell you how you may kill a giant—a great, cruel, wicked giant—and welcome!"

Little John was vastly delighted with the thought; but he looked somewhat doubtfully at Uncle Oliver, who made the following observations:—

"Let me see! . Goliath was in height six cubits and a span, so that he must have been, at the very least, between nine and ten feet high. He was also armed with a helmet of brass and a coat of mail, and he wielded a spear that was like a weaver's beam, so that, take him altogether, he must have been a most formidable enemy. Well! the giant that I want you to kill is quite a match for him, for he does more evil, and sheds more blood, than ever Goliath did. His name is Anger. The wrath, the cruelty, the bitterness, the revenge, and bloodshed of Anger can hardly be told. Thousands have fallen by his sword, and tens of thousands by his spear. Were he dead, we should be kind one to another, tender-hearted, and forgiving. Hatred would hardly show his face; War would be swift in his flight; and Peace, with her olive branch, would live and dwell among us. Take up, then, your sling and your stone, and go forth valiantly against the foe! for if, with God's help, by prayer, faith, and self-denial, you succeed in subduing anger in your own heart, it will be, what I call killing a giant."

Though it must be granted that the giants little John desired to kill, were very different from the one thus described, and his method of destruction not at all like the one recommended, yet was there in the remarks of Uncle Oliver so much that pleased him, that he was quite determined to be a giant killer.

[Maurice and his Uncle.]

PARENTAL.

THE NEW DRESS.

As I was lately sitting in the nursery of an old acquaintance, she exhibited to me a dress just completed for her infant. After I had admired it, the mother turned and displayed it to her child, exclaiming, "Ann's new dress! sweet little Ann's dress! little Ann's pretty new dress!" While the little thing clapped her hands, and jumped, and crowed, testifying assuredly her admiration of its gay colors,—if not the joy of her sex, in the prospect of having so gay a dress. I participated for the moment in the pleasure afforded by the animation of the little one, but as I walked home I thought, the incident which I have this day witnessed, may exert an influence upon the character of this child through time, perhaps through eternity. She will soon understand the language of the lip, although now she only comprehends that of the feature; and from both she will learn, that to her mother dress is important. She will be arrayed in this dress to visit grandmama, and the pride of displaying it will supersede the gratification which arises from the indulgence of the affections of the heart. When her mamma has visitors, she will be told to be very good, as she is to wear her new dress to see the ladies; thus making propriety of deportment simply an appendage to dress; and connecting for life the idea of displaying herself, with the gratification of seeing her friends. The new dress will be prepared for Sunday, and the child will feel, that to display it, is the primary object for which she is taken to the house of God; and even upon her first entrance into the sanctuary, she may be taught to learn a lesson of pride and vanity, rather than of humility and reverence. She must indeed have made an attainment which has been found too difficult for many now no longer children, if she can bow with devotion, when within the temple, although

the adorning of her person had been that which most occupied her heart until she entered the sacred door. Children are apt scholars in the school of vanity, and she will soon become as vain, as heartless, as fond of display, as the most sanguine mother could wish, were it her only object to infuse pride, vanity, and the love of show, into the heart of her child. But although such may be the effect of my friend's mode of education, such was not her design, and when the long-cherished vanity of the daughter becomes too glaring, and visibly oversteps the rules of propriety and good breeding, I do not doubt the mother will be both surprised and grieved. She will wonder that one so young, should attach so much importance to personal appearance, should think so much of dress; that a child so religiously educated, should be so trifling on Sunday, so heartless in the sanctuary, so occupied in noticing the dress of others, so eager to display her own. She will feel it necessary solemnly to reprove her. She will say, "Your personal appearance is of no consequence—your Creator looks at the heart, while all your feelings are absorbed by your decoration; such vanity degrades you, both as a rational and immortal being—let me see no more of it."

My sisters, which will most influence the heart—the early habits, or casual precept? Which lesson has the child most thoroughly learned, and which will it longest remember?

[New York Weekly Messenger.]

RELIGION.

From the Hartford Observer.

A SAILOR BOY CONVERTED.

"Pray," said a pious and a widowed mother residing in Philadelphia, to a friend of mine—"pray, oh pray for my impenitent son;" and the tears rolled down her cheeks as she made the request. Her husband was once a man of large property, but had providentially been reduced, and Mrs. E. now kept a boarding house. The son, an orphan, and poor, had determined to seek his fortune upon the ocean, and was a sailor before the mast, and exposed to the raging billows, and what was worse, to all the temptations peculiar to sea-faring men. But a mother's prayers followed him through all his wanderings from his home and his Maker. For a while he yielded to temptation, and laid the reins loose upon the neck of passion, and made rapid progress toward the gulf of ruin and despair. Years rolled around, and my friend was now chaplain to the seamen in one of the ports of France, when a captain of a vessel called upon him one day, and introduced himself. He had heard his mother speak of him, and came to tell him what the Lord had done for him in answer to prayer. "I was," said he, "a very wicked and reckless youth, regardless of God and eternity, when the captain ordered me out upon the bowsprit, to attend to a sail. I stood there upon a rope until I adjusted it, and the ship was going at the rate of nine knots the hour. After finishing it, and as I was going down, I looked back and saw that the rope upon which I had been standing, had been cut, until there was but one strand left to sustain me as I stood over the yawning billows. In an instant I was overwhelmed by a sense of the Divine goodness, and at the same time I had such a view of my sins as committed against such a merciful God, as almost to crush me. As soon as I could, I hurried down into my hammock, where I covered my face in my blanket, and with a broken heart cried with the publican, God be merciful to me a sinner. For several days my distress was very great, and I went about the ship praying all the time. In this state of mind I was one day up among the sails, calling upon God for mercy, when suddenly my soul was filled with such a flood of light and joy, that I could hardly contain myself. Just at this moment the bell rang for dinner, and

I hastened down. As I approached the table, the captain also was taking his place—when I said, captain, shall we not have a blessing before we eat? Although not a pious man, he consented. I asked a blessing, and you cannot tell what a change immediately took place on board the ship. I need not tell you, my dear children, that the chaplain was greatly rejoiced to find this widow's son, after so many years rejoicing in the hope of salvation. He is now a captain of one of our ships, and his vessel is a floating Bethel. He has religious services, and a Bible class among his men, and faithfully observes the Sabbath; and when in port you will find him leading his sailors to the house of God with parental care.

H. G. L.

VARIETY.

MORAL COURAGE,

Or, ashamed of going to the inquiry meeting.—A True Story.

It was a pleasant evening in the month of June, when Laura B. stood at the door of her father's house, with a downcast look and a throbbing heart. It was the evening appointed by her pastor for an inquiry meeting. She had long been anxious to attend these meetings, but feeble health sometimes, and an extreme aversion to personal conversation on the subject of religion at others, had, till now, prevented. She had always possessed a thoughtful turn of mind, and often, when attending to the solemn truths of the gospel, had the visions of the eternal world crowded upon her thoughts, until she was almost persuaded to become a Christian; and when listening to the pressing invitations from Calvary to the weary and heavy laden, she had almost resolved to bind her heart to the cross of her Redeemer. But year after year had rolled away, and with it had passed her half formed resolutions and her faithless prayers. She was alarmed, when she remembered that she had spent fifteen years without knowing anything of experimental religion. She had thought for a few months past that she was seeking the Saviour, but had concealed her feelings in her own bosom, and now, for the first time, she was going to acknowledge herself an inquirer after the way of salvation. It was with this determination that she left her home. The stillness and the beauty of the evening, as the last rays of the setting sun shone through the trees, and the tall grass gently waved at the touch of the playful zephyr, painfully contrasted with the agitated state of her feelings.

There were two ways which led to the house of her pastor; one through the village, the other longer but more retired. She hesitated for a moment. "The back way is longer, but it is more pleasant, and then, no one will think I am going to inquiry meeting," said she to herself. She started. The last words, only whispered before, now rang in her ear. "No one will think I am going to inquiry meeting," thrilled through her soul. "Ashamed to have it known that I am going to inquire the way of truth! Who would have believed me capable of such meanness? No one will think I am going to inquiry meeting. No wonder the blood mounts to my face! I will go through the village, and I don't care if the whole world sees me." She did go; and the faithful affectionate labors of her pastor on that evening were not in vain, for she then resolved to follow the Saviour through good and through evil report.

Years have rolled away since that most solemn and interesting period of her life, and in each succeeding year she has looked back with deeper shame upon the emotions which swelled her bosom on that evening; and with more exulting joy has she recollected that she was then enabled to overcome "the fear of man" which "bringeth a snare."

O. S.

A Strange Story.

Jonas began his story as follows:—

"Once there was a boy, and he saw a little mountain, and he said, 'Father?' And his father said, 'What?'"

"And he said, 'May I go up on that mountain?' And his father said, 'Yes.' So he began to climb up; and the more he tried to climb up, the more he kept slipping down.

"Then his father said, 'Catch hold of the trees, boy.' So he caught hold of the trees, and then he could climb very well. At last he got to the top; and he could see a great way.

"He had an apple in his pocket, and he sat down and ate it. One of the seeds was a very big one, and so he planted it. Presently it came up, and began to grow very fast, and the boy thought he would get on it, and let it grow up with him; and so he could get up higher in the air, and see farther.

"So he climbed up upon the tree, and it kept on growing higher and higher, with him upon it."

"O Jonas," said Rollo, "I don't believe that story is true."

"Is it true, Jonas?" said Nathan.

"O, you'll hear," said Jonas; "it will be true before I get through with it."

"Will be true?" said Rollo.

"Yes," said Jonas; "you'll hear. The tree grew up higher and higher, until the boy got so high in the air that he could not see the ground."

"O Jonas!" said Rollo.

"I don't believe it," said James.

"And the boy," continued Jonas, "began to be very much afraid he could not get down. So he began to climb down. When he got down a considerable way, he saw a hole, and he crawled into it. He found the tree was hollow, and very large inside. It grew larger, and larger, and larger; and he found a great many large squirrels in there. They were running about; and he began to chase them up and down the trunk of the tree, and into the hollow branches.

By this time the boys had all got out of the garden, and were following Jonas as he walked along towards the barn. At the gate Jonas stopped with them to finish the story. They were all listening with the most eager interest.

"Presently," continued Jonas, "he heard a sound, as of somebody knocking. He thought the men had come to cut down the great tree, and that he should get killed. So he was very much frightened. He clung to the inside of the tree, with his fingers in a crack, and tried to scream; but he could not scream very loud. He could only say,

"U—h; U—h; U—h; and then he woke up."

"Woke up?" said Rollo and James both together.

"Yes," said Jonas, "and found himself in bed, lying on his back, with the nightmare. So there's your story, Nathan."

With these words Jonas walked off, leaving the boys mute and motionless, pondering over this extraordinary dream. After he had gone a little way, Rollo called out to him, and asked who the boy was.

"I was the one," said Jonas; "and the noise was Dorothy knocking for me to get up."

So Jonas went off to his work, and the boys to their play.—*Jonas a Judge.*

Lord Byron's Opinion of Prayer.

When his lordship was in Greece he said to Dr. Kennedy, a pious physician of his acquaintance, that he wished he were a Christian. "I am tired," said he, "and sick of every thing in life; there is no joy to be found on earth." "Do you read the Bible?" said Dr. K. "Yes, and carefully." "Do you pray?" Why, no, I don't pray; I have not got quite so far as that yet; but perhaps I shall by and by."

His lordship had not "got quite so far," as that; he evidently felt that prayer would be a turning point in the passage from death to life; nor with all his vices and his settled infidelity did he venture to account prayer of no value; for in that remarkable letter which he wrote to Mr. Shepherd, in reply to a communication informing him of a passage in the deceased Mrs. Shepherd's secret diary, in which she fervently prayed for him, he said: "I can assure you that all the fame which ever cheated humanity into higher notions of its own importance, would never weigh on my mind against the pure and pious interest which a virtuous being may be pleased to take in my welfare. In this point of view I would not exchange the prayer of the deceased in my behalf for the united glory of Homer, Caesar and Napoleon."

Thus did even Lord Byron in his serious moments feel that "the effectual fervent prayer of a righteous man availeth much," and he was over-awed with the spectacle of a Christian woman supplicating for him at the throne of Divine mercy.

Contentment.

A Sunday School teacher called to visit the grandmother of one of her scholars, who was unwell; and, when rising to take her leave, inquired after her little pupil. The grandmother replied she was at work, and added, that she was a dutiful, loving, and contented child; expressing farther, her regret that she could not make her more comfortable. At this moment the child entered the room, and being asked by her teacher if she was not tired of work, replied, "O, no; for you know, teacher, that—

'Some think it a hardship to work for their bread,

Although for their good it was meant;

But those who don't work have no right to be fed,

And the idle are never content.'"

Adventure with a Bear.

A short time since, while Mr. Isaac Foshay, of Stockholm, K. C. and his servant man, accompanied by a lad,

(a son of Mr. Stark,) of fourteen years of age, were on an excursion shooting partridge, they fell in with a bear. Mr. F. who is noted for his temerity in such cases, without hesitation, fired his load in the bear's face, his man at the same firing into his side. Mr. Bruin was only enraged, but not seriously wounded, and proceeded forth with to avenge the insult, by seizing the man and giving him an affectionate hug. Mr. F. ran and seizing the bear by the beard, endeavored, not like David of old, to smite him, but to disengage the man—he, however, got himself into the same toils, as Bruin found room enough in his capacious arms for both. The lad seeing both lives in jeopardy, did not hesitate to place himself in the same situation, for at Mr. Foshay's suggestion, he took his knife from his pocket, and severed the bear's jugular vein, and so put an end to the contest.

[St. John (N. B.) Morning News.

A Dog worth Having.

The Baltimore Sun states that Mr. Knight of the Holiday Street Theatre, while passing along the street the other day, accidentally dropped his pocket book, containing \$50. When he had proceeded some distance, he discovered his loss, and was about retracing his steps to search for it, when he met his dog running up to him with the pocket book in his mouth. The only reward the sagacious animal demanded, was a caress from his master.

Never Brood over Misfortune.

The person who sits down to brood over his misfortunes, or his deficiency of talents, is sure to be miserable. But he who improves what little his Maker has given him, is sure of gaining double, and of accomplishing more in the end, than many who were naturally endowed with better abilities, but misimproved them.

POETRY.

THE INDIAN SUMMER.

It comes, it comes with golden sheaf,
In the time of the seere and yellow leaf,
And it flings the fruit from the bended tree,
And scatters it round in its reckless glee;
It plays on the brow of the maiden fair,
And parts, with its fingers, her raven hair.
It comes, it comes, and its minstrel's wing
O'er the glassy lake is quivering,
With music soft as the mellow strain
Of zephyrs over the swelling main.
It gladdens the vales as it floats along,
And stream and mountain re-echo the song.
It comes, it comes, like a fairy sprite,
Arrayed in robes of gossamer white,
And the carpet of leaves on the ground is spread,
And the flowers yield 'neath its conquering tread,
For it strides along in its kindly way,
Like shadows that flit at the close of day.
It comes, it comes, and the ripened grain
Is wreathing crowns for its golden rain,
And the bright eye sparkles with liquid light,
Like the star enthroned on the brow of night,
And the teeming fields their offerings bring,
At the sainted shrine of the Autumn King.

SAFETY.

As on the mother's breast,
Safe in her watchful keeping,
And softly hushed to rest,
The little babe is sleeping;
Without a care, without a fear,
Without a thought of danger near;
So on my Saviour's grace,
My Saviour's love confiding;
And till I see his face,
Firm in His truth abiding;
As safe, as happy I may be,
For Jesus watches over me.

[Hymns for Infant School.

A FATHER.

O Providence,

What is there like a father to a son?
A father, quick in love, wakeful in care,
Tenacious of his trust, proof in experience,
Severe in honor, perfect in example,
Stamp'd with authority!

INSTABILITY OF HUMAN WISHES.

Oh that this hour were past! Alas 'tis thus
We wish us nearer to our graves,
With fear of this, and with desire for that,
Flying from one thing, following another,
As rushing from the very thing itself
For which we pray, towards that we pray against.

YOUTH'S COMPANION.

Published Weekly, by NATHANIEL WILLIS, at the Office of the Boston Recorder, No. 11, Cornhill.—Price, \$1.00 a year in advance; or \$1.25 if not paid in advance.

NO. 28.

BOSTON, NOVEMBER 20, 1840.

VOL. XIV.



JULY.

The first day of July proved to be one of those extremely warm days, on which it is almost impossible to move about, and even sitting still, with the fewest possible clothes on, is extremely uncomfortable. It was vacation in school, and the children were all at home. Fanny did nothing all the morning but fan herself and say, "Oh! how hot it is! Mary, did you ever know such a hot day? Mamma, what shall I do?"

Her mother advised her to have something to do, which would prevent her thinking of the heat; but Fanny declared it was quite impossible to do anything in such weather.

However, after looking at Mary for some time, who was busily employed in coloring a map which she had drawn, she concluded to try and find some occupation. At last she took out a patchwork bed-quilt for her doll which she had begun long before, and seated herself to work. But every once in a while she stopped to complain of the heat.

"What do you suppose all the people do who have to be hard at work, in the midst of this broiling sun," said Mary.

"I don't know, I'm sure, I should think they would give up work such hot days."

"Give up work! That's not so easy when a man has a family dependent on him, to whom every day's wages is important. Besides, many kinds of work cannot be suspended. There are the farmers for instance; it is haying season now, and they must 'make hay while the sun shines,' as the proverb says. It would not do at all for them to sit down and fold their hands and wish it were not so hot.

Fanny did not reply, but she thought she would not complain any more of the heat.

After a pause she said, "But I am afraid Mary, that we shan't get our celebration ready for Independence, if we don't work any to-day; and then too, perhaps it will be just as warm tomorrow and next day."

Mary hoped not. At any rate she said they were so nearly ready that they could finish their preparations in one day, and she thought they had better get up very early the next morning, and work before breakfast. "I think," added she, "that as we cannot work out of doors to-day, we had better be getting our oration ready."

"I thought William was going to write that."

"Why, you know we agreed that each of us should write one, and one would choose the best."

"Oh dear! Well, you won't expect me to write any of course."

"Yes, certainly, let us all try; I dare say you will make out very well."

An hour after this, the children might be seen each with a slate and pencil, and a look of anxious thought, now writing a line, then crossing it, then sitting with chin on hand, trying to conjure up the thoughts which would not come. William however, who had, as Harry expressed it, a "knack at writing," went on very glibly.

At last he got up very softly, and stealing on tiptoe to Harry's seat, he looked over his shoulder and read aloud,

"Ladies and Gentlemen; this is the 4th of July. It is a day which"—

"Why, Harry, is that all you have written?"

"It's too bad," said Harry passionately, "coming and looking over my shoulder so; now see if I don't read yours."

So saying, he rushed to William's seat, seized his slate, and read aloud, "Ladies and gentlemen; I rise to address you on this occasion"—But before he could get any farther, William had pulled the slate from his hands.

"Come," said Mary, who was apprehensive there was going to be a quarrel, "never mind, boys; you may see mine and welcome, if you want to; and I dare say Fanny will let you hear hers."

Fanny said that she had not written a word, but the boys read Mary's, and declared it capital.

Harry said he should not write any more, for hers was the best, and was good enough, to which William assented, and Mary was unanimously requested to finish and copy hers, that William, who was to be the orator, might learn it in time for the grand occasion.

In explanation of these doings, I ought to mention that the children had obtained leave of their parents to have "a celebration," as they called it, among themselves; and for this purpose, they had selected a large unfinished room over the woodhouse, which was commonly used for drying clothes. They had decorated it with branches and festoons of evergreens, and intended when the day came to have also garlands of flowers. They were to have an oration and a dinner, to both of which their parents were invited. Their father was the more ready to concur in any little scheme of this sort, because he was decidedly opposed to his boys' mingling with others in the public scenes of the day, and following the soldiers, as they would have liked very well to do. So he aided their preparations as far as he could, without prying too closely into the nature of them—which the children kept a profound secret. He furnished them with an old table, which was converted into a rostrum, a short ladder by the help of which they arranged their festoons, a cold ham and sundry other matters for the dinner.

The children expended so much time and ingenuity on these preparations, and looked forward so eagerly to the day for which they were made, that some disappointment might naturally have been expected; but none occurred. The cousins were all invited, and as they had known nothing of the pleasures which awaited them, nothing could exceed their delight. The unqualified praises which they bestowed on all the arrangements, contributed not a little to the good-humor and enjoyment of the givers of the feast.

To be sure, William came to a dead stop once in his oration, just in the midst of a famous sentence about "the return of this glorious day;" but luckily Mary was near and prompted him. It was very strange he said, when he had repeated it at least forty times alone, without missing a word.

However, his audience applauded, vehemently, and his little mortification was soon over.

"Oh how tired I am!" was the exclamation of each at bed-time.

NARRATIVE.

Written for the Youth's Companion.

MEMOIR OF WILLIAM JOHNS.

This little Memoir was prepared from a narrative written by the mother of the remarkable boy who is the subject of it; and is affectionately inscribed to the readers of the Youth's Companion with an earnest prayer, that God's grace

may move their young hearts while they read, to trust, love, and obey Him, as this blessed child did.

William Johns was born in Alford, Mass. Jan. 2d, 1830. At the early age of five years he thought and spoke much of death and eternity, and was grieved because he had a sinful heart. He sometimes asked with earnestness, "Mother am I wicked? won't God love me?" And when assured that he loved good children, would say, "I will be good. I love God; and I want to go to Heaven when I die."

Once he came to his mother weeping bitterly, and asked her to pray for him; when she had complied with the request, he clasped his own little hands together, and with beautiful and touching simplicity said, "Lord, have mercy on me, forgive me, and love me." But still he wept, when his mother to soothe him tenderly repeated, "Our blessed Saviour when he was upon earth, took little children in his arms and blessed them." His eyes brightened at this, and he said, "Oh mother! God will forgive me. I think I shall be happy when I die."

He loved his Testament better than any other book; and often while reading it, his fond mother saw him wipe the tears from his eyes; when she inquired why he wept, he replied, "Oh, mother! why did they crucify our Saviour? how could they kill him? I wish I could have seen him—I think he would have put his hand on my head and blessed me, for he says, 'Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not; for of such is the kingdom of Heaven,' and I am a little child."

When he was about six years old, the only sister of his mother died in a distant village, and her remains were unexpectedly brought home to the house of his grandmother, whom he always called mother. In this sore trial, when her heart was bowed down to the dust and almost "refused to be comforted," William's infant lips whispered the words of faith, and hope, and consolation. With his arms about her neck, and his eyes streaming with tears, he said, "Dear, dear mother, don't cry; God will raise aunt Clarissa up again."

He was patient and submissive under disappointment—if refused anything he asked for, he was often heard to repeat in a low sweet voice,

"You have ten thousand blessings, child,

Then why do you complain?

Oh! think how kind your Maker is,

And never fret again."

His manners were gentle and engaging, and won a way to every heart—his mother says, "Every body loved him." And he loved every body; the endearing expressions he was wont to use to all about him, were evidently the overflowings of an uncommonly tender and affectionate heart. He was grateful for favors, not only to his mother and other friends, but to his Heavenly Benefactor, from whose bountiful and gracious hand, he knew all good things come. He was kind, considerate, and ready to do good as far as was in his power;—one day he saw a poor woman in the street carrying a large bundle. "Oh! mother," he said, "what can I do to help that poor woman? I will tell you what I can do, I can go and help her carry the bundle"—which he did, and received from her many thanks. He was grieved at sin in others. One day, hearing some wicked boys swear, he gently reproved them; and said to his mother weeping, "he hoped God would forgive them." Indeed this sin seemed peculiarly offensive to him, as it

is to all who truly love and revere that sacred name which swearers are wont to profane, and he often said with much apparent sorrow, "the boys swore, and I would not stay with them."

But that which seems to us most remarkable in one so young, is the calmness with which he thought and spoke of death, even when in perfect health. We know the thoughts of death are very terrible to the unsanctified heart—to take a last farewell of kindred and friends, to close the eyes forever upon the glorious sun, and beautiful world—to lie down in the cold dark grave—but above all, to go to the Judgment alone, sin all unatoned for, no Saviour's precious blood to wash out the guilty stains, no Almighty Friend to bear the overwhelming burden, no prevailing Intercessor to stand between the trembling criminal and his offended Judge—and to hear the final sentence from which there is no appeal—these are fearful thoughts; and he who has not learned to trust the Saviour, turns away with trembling from their contemplation. But it was not so with William; death, Heaven, eternity, were familiar and pleasing thoughts to him long before his last fatal sickness. He did not dwell upon the painful precursors and sad accompaniments of death, the lingering sickness, the last struggle, the mouldering body in its lonely prison house; but his thoughts were all bright and cheerful of the spirit's blessedness in Heaven, and its reunion there with those it had loved on earth. Once, but a few days before he was taken sick, he said to his mother, "I long to be with my aunt Clärissa in Heaven."

His sickness was very painful, but he bore it all patiently. He felt from the first that he should not recover, but it did not terrify him. He often said, "God loves me, and I love God; my little soul will be happy." His mother's grief alone seemed to move him, and he frequently tried to comfort her.

"Dear mother," he said upon one occasion, "don't cry; God will raise me up again." And upon another, "Oh, my dear mother! don't cry for me; my little soul will be happy, for I am God's." The day before he died, after lying quietly for a long time, he looked at his mother and said, "my soul will be happy; I think my soul will be happy." Then raising his eyes to Heaven and clasping his hands together he repeated with a sweet smile,

"I thank the goodness and the grace,
Which on my birth has smiled,
And made me in my early days,
A happy Christian child."

The last night of his life, one of his watchers asked him whether he would rather die or live. He replied with a smile, "I had rather die." And when his mother, not long after, said to him, "my child, are you willing to die?" he answered, "Yes, God will take me home."

Death was now very near; he was aware of it, and calmly bade his friends farewell. While his mother hung weeping over him, he said to her, "You have been a good mother to me, don't cry." Then raising his little feeble hand, now cold with the approach of death, tenderly and repeatedly wiped the tears from her eyes. This was his last act of love for his sorrowing mother, soon after he "fell asleep. Happy child! he has done forever with sin, sickness, and sorrow; and gone, where God himself "shall wipe away all tears from his eyes." Happy child! very gently did his Heavenly Father deal with him, in early sanctifying his heart, and taking him home so soon.

My dear young readers, do you, like William, love to think of Heaven? do you love to think that when you die, you will go there and be forever with the Saviour? Have you truly given Him your whole heart; and do you always try to love and obey Him? then you are happy indeed; and if it should please God to take you, even as early as he took William, when you have passed little more than eight years in the world, yet you will not fear, for Jesus will be

with you through the "dark valley," and then receive you to Himself.

This little boy died at Stockbridge, Mass. where his parents now reside, Sept. 1, 1838, at the age of eight years and eight months.

He was called William Carpenter after the name of his father-in-law, to whom he was strongly attached, and who had a strong affection for him as an only son.

Stockbridge, Nov. 1st, 1840.

BENEVOLENCE.

THE HAPPY MUTE.

The little story which I now write, is no invention of my own. The subject of my history was a boy as dear to me as ever was a child to its parents. A year and a half has scarcely passed since I saw him depart to be with Christ; and often do I look back with thankful wonder on his short but happy life—his slow and painful, yet most joyful death; and then I look forward to the period when, through the blood and righteousness of that Saviour whom he so dearly loved, I hope to meet my precious charge in the mansions of glory.

John B—, was deaf and dumb. His parents were poor people in a very humble rank of life, and had no means of affording any instruction to their child, whose situation seemed to shut him out from all hope of it. They had one son, a few years older than John, and four daughters. Living in the suburbs of a county town in the south of Ireland, and subsisting on the produce of two cows, with what the father and eldest son might occasionally earn by working in the fields, they were, of course, very poor. But I was glad to find that they did not consider poverty to be an excuse for vice; and John's mother remarked to me—"Though we could teach our child no good, we have kept him from learning evil, and have never suffered him to play about the streets with bad children. We watched over him—we could do no more."

John B—, was brought to me by a little companion, also deaf and dumb, towards the close of a cold day in October, 1823. He was then more than eleven years old, but looked scarcely nine. His aspect was remarkably mild and engaging, combining the simplicity of an infant with a great deal of respectful modesty. He was poorly clad, but very clean; and when his little bare feet had made acquaintance with the warm hearth-rug before my fire, and a good many wistful looks into my face had convinced him that he had found a friend, he became exceedingly well pleased with his new situation. New, indeed, it was to him; for I afterwards found that he had never before seen a carpeted room, nor anything superior to the contents of his father's cabin; and I well remember his mounting a chair to peep through what he supposed to be a window—a looking-glass—and falling down in affright at suddenly beholding the reflection of his own face in the mirror.

John did not appear at all expert in expressing himself by signs. Generally I have found the deaf and dumb remarkably animated and adroit in so doing; but he was naturally reserved, and the perfect seclusion in which he had lived, through the watchful care of his family, had afforded him little opportunity for exercising his ingenuity in that way. I could not get any answer to the various gestures that I used in the way of inquiry, encouragement, and remark; but a very affectionate smile told me that he delighted to be noticed, and therefore I went on. Having some large alphabets cut out, I took the three letters, D, O, G, and arranging them together, I pointed to the word, and then to a dog, until I was persuaded that he understood the connection between them. Showing him a man in the street, I formed the word M, A, N, in the same way, and likewise H, A, T. I then shuf-

fled all the letters together, and required of him to pick out what would represent the dog—the same with man and hat; and after a great many attempts I found him beginning to enter with some interest into the sport—for I took especial care, by the most playful looks and manner, to give it the appearance of amusement. Confining the lesson to these three words, I then showed him how to make the letters that composed them on the fingers; and sent him away with more learning in his head than ever it had carried before.

His parents were most grateful on hearing that their child had met with an instructor, and from the first day of our acquaintance the dear boy seemed to love me with "all the veins" of his warm Irish heart. That attachment grew and strengthened for the space of seven years and a half; it spoke in every action, every look; but never so brightly as when, at last, he turned his dying eyes upon me, and smiled until they were fixed and sealed in the darkness of death. It is not my purpose to write now a full history of John B—. Many things I have to say of him, that must be reserved for a larger book, if God spares me; but I wish to give such an account of my plans and progress with him, as may encourage others to similar attempts, when they meet with the uninstructed deaf and dumb.

I have already mentioned, that the first lesson given to the boy was in words, without regarding the general plan of previously teaching the alphabet. This was learned by degrees, as he made each letter on the fingers, when he placed the printed characters before him. Most people, I believe, know what is meant by speaking on the fingers; that is, expressing the several letters of the alphabet by putting the hands into different positions. It is soon learned, and forms a very easy and expeditious mode of conversing. John was soon able to spell many short words when shown the objects that they represented, such as cat, pen, ink, tea, cup, tray, and others—always first putting the proper letters in regular order before him, then making those letters on the fingers also.

At the same time I commenced teaching him to write, in the usual way, on a slate. This was slower work than the other; but he took extraordinary pains to succeed in whatever I wished him to do; and such will be the case in almost every instance when an attempt is affectionately made to instruct the deaf and dumb. They feel a difference between themselves and others; they are conscious of being under some peculiar disadvantage; they see those around them evidently interchanging thoughts and purposes by some medium to them unknown; and no sooner do they find themselves taking one step towards the enjoyment of a similar privilege, than they are eager to advance, particularly if they be a little discouraged from using signs. John, like others, had some gesture to express most things; but I never chose to understand by a sign what I knew that he could spell. Thus, if he was going out, I would hide his hat, and vain were all his inquiring looks, his hand placed on his head, and then pointing to the street, or even another hat—I appeared quite unconscious of his meaning, until the word "hat" was spelt on the fingers; and then I immediately delivered it to him. This rule is of great importance; for the deaf and dumb will rarely, if ever, use a word, when the corresponding sign is understood.

For a long while my pupil only learnt the proper names of objects with which he was daily conversant; but when I caught a sign for any thing easy to spell, I made him use the letters. Thus, bad, good, large, small, light, dark, and other adjectives, were taught as occasion called them forth. Seeing once the word "and," he asked, by an inquisitive shake of the head, what it meant. I tied a piece of thread upon the pen, and passed it round the inkstand, telling him that the thread was "and." He was delight-

and ever after used the conjunction correctly. I mention this to prove how much may be done by watching opportunities of familiar illustration. Children do not first learn their native tongue grammatically, but by catching a word here and there, with its signification. In the same way, by a ready use of the finger alphabet, any person may enable a deaf and dumb child to acquire considerable knowledge of ordinary language, while the thirst for information, once awakened, is found insatiable in these most helpless, most interesting beings.—*Hartford paper.*

THE NURSERY.

THE BOY WHO HAD HIS OWN WAY.

Henry Hayden gave his parents and teachers much trouble by his perverse, ungovernable temper. He might truly be termed a spoiled child. His parents sought to gratify his wishes in every respect, and by so doing injured him, and eventually brought sorrow upon themselves. Once, when his teacher corrected him, he said to one of his school-mates "I don't mind getting punished if I can have my own way. I am determined to do so again the first chance I get."

One day, when he returned from school, he told his mother he was going to ride on Mr. D's horse. Mrs. Hayden knew the animal was very unmanageable, and requested him not to go. Finding her arguments ineffectual in convincing Henry that it would be dangerous for him to attempt to manage the horse, she told him he must not go to the stable. But he paid no attention to her commands. The hostler helped him to mount the horse, and he rode round the stable delighted with his achievement. He then passed the house in which he lived, and in order to display his skill in horsemanship to his mother, he struck the horse. This enraged the fiery animal. He reared and threw his unskilful rider upon a pile of stones that lay in the road, and was out of sight in an instant. There laid Henry Hayden, senseless. The blood was flowing profusely from a deep wound in his forehead. He presented a ghastly spectacle. Several weeks passed before he had an interval of reason. His parents watched by his bedside with their hearts wrung with the keenest anguish. In his delirium, his thoughts dwelt upon the scenes and events which had developed his unamiable traits of character. "I had my way," was more than once unconsciously uttered by him who was to suffer the penalty for doing wrong during his life.

Four months passed, and Henry Hayden entered school. He did not appear as he had formerly done, prompt in his lessons and superior to his school-mates. No. He knew not a letter in the alphabet. His brain was injured. After trying several months to teach him to say his letters, the instructors gave up in despair. It was then evident that he was an idiot for life.

Two years after this afflicting event, his wretched parents left the home of their childhood, and removed to the far west. I have not heard from them since.

Before this sad accident, Henry was a very interesting child. Those who saw him were delighted with his intelligent countenance, and bright, penetrating eye. But, oh! how sad the change! It was painful to see the large scar, which deformed his forehead, and it would have made your heart ache to observe the idiot gaze with which he stared at his old friends and playmates.

This is a true history of one who was bent upon "having his own way." O, my young friends, take warning from the sad fate of Henry Hayden. We know not the dreadful sufferings he has felt. Perhaps his parents, worn out with grief which gnawed upon their hearts, have left their idiot son to the cruel persecution of an unfeeling world. Perhaps he is now wandering from village to village, sleeping in barns and

sheds, pelted by rude boys, and often asking in vain for a shelter from the piercing wind or driving storm. But if his parents live, who can estimate the bitterness of grief which fills their hearts?

O, that all parents might avoid a share in their grief, by early forming in their children a habit of prompt obedience. A FRIEND TO THE YOUNG.

MORALITY.

THE SINGING SCHOOL.

"He has no voice."

I suppose that all my young readers have heard of Peter Parley; how he used to get all his children around him, and tell them a great many pretty stories about other countries, of their manners and customs, religion and laws, how the children were taught to read, and what sports they had, and how they employed their time when they grew up; what great curiosities there were, and very many other things, which the children used to like to hear. Peter Parley was very fond of children, and the children always wanted the time to come, when he would tell them one of his pretty stories. I remember how we used to climb upon his knee, and tease him to tell us a story; and we generally succeeded, for he was so fond of children that he seldom refused to gratify us with a story, which he thought would convey some useful instruction to our young and tender minds.

But among all his stories, I never heard him say anything about children's singing. I have since wondered how this could be, for he was very fond of good music, and I am sure all the children would have been very much gratified to have heard him relate to them something about the music of birds, and of children's music. But I suppose he thought with all the rest of the people in those days, that labor spent in teaching music to children, was little better than lost. For this, however, there may have been a good reason. Since interval, tone, chord, rhythm, dynamics, &c. might have been quite as unintelligible to him as to us. But in those days, music was not so much regarded as it is now. Very few, as it was thought, were blessed with what was then called a *voice to sing*. It was supposed that some had a voice to sing given them by nature, and that others were not thus favored. I recollect when I was about fourteen years old, the schoolmaster in our district proposed getting up a singing school. At that time schoolmasters were not paid so well for their services, as they are now—being obliged to resort to other means of getting a living than school keeping. This was the case with our teacher. He not only had small pay, but had to board round among the parents, which was very inconvenient, as some lived at a great distance from the school house, and there being a great many scholars, he frequently would not board more than three days in a place, and then would have to pack up, bag and baggage, and be off to some other part of the district. Well, to our singing school. Our teacher went through all the district, to see how many would like to send their children to the school. I recollect very well his call at our house. I was just then driving out the cattle and sheep which had broken into the garden, and were eating up all the turnips and cabbages. I was hallooing with all my might to frighten them away, just as he entered the door. I mistrusted his object in calling, for I had heard it whispered among the scholars, that there was to be a singing school. So I put up the fence as quick as possible, and ran into the house to persuade my mother to let me go; but what was my astonishment when I heard my mother say, I could not go, for I had no voice. I had just then been hallooing to the cattle, and could have been heard half a mile, which my mother certainly must have heard, and then for her to tell our

schoolmaster I had no voice, was more than I could comprehend, for certainly I read every day in school, said all my tables, and talked as loud as any of the boys, going home from school; and how she could say I had no voice, and that before my teacher, was what I did not understand. I had always been trained up to tell the truth, and you may imagine how I felt, when my mother, as I thought, set me the first example of telling a falsehood. I have since learned that she meant I could not learn to sing, and for want of suitable language to convey her meaning, she used the too common expression "he has no voice." However, our schoolmaster persuaded my mother to let me go and try. Being rather a practical man, and understanding something of the philosophy of the voice, he gave my mother to understand that I could learn to sing, that there were very few who could not learn, with proper instruction. He said that his system of teaching was entirely new—that he did not follow the old plan, which turned out one-half or three-fourths, for want of voices, for, in his opinion, all had voices, and I rather believed him. He said that his system was brought from Germany, and was called the Pestalozzian system, from Pestalozzi, its author. He said that in Germany, all the children were taught to sing, and told such wonderful stories about it, that my mother was delighted with the idea that I should be able to learn. I really believe my mother was so pleased with our teacher, that she thought he could almost make me a voice. At any rate she fixed me off to singing school, with new books, (for our master introduced some new books, which he said were made on the Pestalozzian system,) and she bade me do my best to learn to sing; for she said "how pleasant it would be to have one singer in the family, who could amuse the little children with a song," and perhaps some day I should be able to sing in the singing seats.

I did not need her injunctions, for I was so delighted with the idea of learning to sing, that I took all the pains possible; and I now have reason to believe, that I am qualified to sit in the singing seats. My mother also looks back with a great deal of satisfaction to that day, when our teacher said that I had a voice. I have a great deal more to tell about our schoolmaster.

[Musical Visitor.]

RELIGION.

Written for the Youth's Companion.

FIVE ORPHANS.

Mr. Editor,—I was called recently to attend the funeral of the father of five interesting children, the youngest of whom was not two years of age. Their mother had been dead but little more than a year. They are thus cast, orphans, upon him concerning whom the psalmist has said—"when my father and my mother forsake me, then the Lord will take me up." Two are old enough to be in some measure sensible of their bereft and desolate condition; while the others, if God should spare them, must live many years to learn their loss. To look upon this group of children, called thus early to drink to its very dregs the cup of earthly sorrow, was affecting indeed. And most of them assembled on this funeral occasion, were affected even to tears. To be deprived of our natural protectors thus prematurely—to look and look, but look in vain for parental support, protection, counsel and affection, when they seem to be most needed, is one of the bitter cups of human woe. But the loss of father and mother, though a loss which nothing earthly can supply, is *not irreparable*. It may be made up, yea, more than made up in God. In him, sooner or later, every joy is assuaged, every sorrow removed, which sin has brought in its train.—If this should meet the eye of any thus bereft, let them look up to him who is the father of the fatherless." He is more to be trusted for

protection and support, for counsel and affection than the best earthly parent. His eye and his heart and his hand are *every where*, to see, and pity and relieve. His wisdom and power are infinitely greater, his pity and care incomparably stronger and more tender, than any earthly parent can possess. And let all children learn to *make God their father*. Let those, whom he is blessing with the care and love of earthly parents, not forget him who has a stronger claim upon them for their gratitude and obedience than any other being in the Universe. *God can do more*—nay, he actually *does more* for them, every day and hour, than the dearest earthly friend. He gives life and health and every temporal blessing. He shields from danger and death in ten thousand forms, when even parental wisdom and love could avail nothing. And what is more, *he saves the soul*. This no earthly parent can do. Our parents have never died to save our souls, and if they had, it would have been to no purpose. A sacrifice far more costly than they could offer was required. But Christ has died. And his death secures the salvation of all who repent of sin and believe in him. Parental love has no power of itself to warm the heart. But the love of God has. This takes away the stony heart and gives a heart of flesh—subdues the love of sin, and implants the love of holiness. *And God never dies!* He is the same yesterday, to-day and forever! He is now, and will always continue to be, as able and willing to bless all who trust in him as he has ever been. O, who then would not become a child of God?

D. SEWALL.

Maine, November 15th, 1840.

VARIETY.

The Sailor.

I want to call your attention, dear children, to the poor sailor. If you could only be with him sometimes, and see some of his dangers and trials, I think, surely, you could not forget him, and would often pray to God to take care of him.

It has been estimated that out of every sixteen sailors who die, eleven are drowned or wrecked; and so very severe is their labor and exposure, that not one in twenty live over forty-five years.

The sailor is generally exceedingly open-hearted, and grateful for kindness shown him. One, for instance, being at a Bethel, and observing how the minister exerted himself in preaching for the salvation of sinners, said afterwards, "how I did wish I could give him a pull." He alluded to sailors assisting one another on board ship, in pulling the ropes; and he could not bear to sit still while the preacher did all the work.

When sailors are converted to God, they can do much good, as they sail to so many parts of the world, and can tell the poor heathen about the Saviour. Then how glad we should all be, when we see Bethels erected for their convenience and comfort; for at sea they are tossed about upon the billows of the deep, and have to work day and night—at the Bethel, they can feel at home, and can rest from their toils. At sea, they hear the roaring of the wind, and the dashing of the mighty waters:—at the Bethel, they hear the whisperings of God's Holy Spirit, and the glad news of salvation, through our risen Redeemer. They will then, on returning to sea, be enabled to adopt the language of the poet:—

"The seas may swell—the storms may beat
And toss my little bark;
But Jesus is my safe retreat,
Though all without be dark." [S. S. Gleaner.]

Let Me be Punished, not James.

In the school taught by Mr. Kilpin, were two boys, brothers, from eleven to twelve years old. One of them had, after repeated admonition, manifested determined obstinacy, and sulky resistance. Mr. Kilpin told him that the result of such conduct would be a chastisement not easily to be forgotten. He was preparing to inflict it on the still-hardened child, when his brother (Paul) came forward and entreated that he might bear the punishment in his place.

Mr. Kilpin remarked, "My dear Paul, you are one of my best boys, you have never needed chastisement; your mind is tender; I could not be so unjust as to give you pain, my precious child." He replied, "I shall endure more pain to witness his disgrace and suffering than any thing that you could inflict upon me; he is a little boy, and younger and weaker than I am: pray, sir,

allow me to take all the punishment, I will bear any thing from you; O do, do, sir! take me in exchange for my naughty brother."

"Well, James, what say you to Paul's noble offer?" He looked at his brother, but made no reply. Mr. Kilpin stood silent. Paul still entreated that the punishment might be inflicted on him, and wept. Mr. Kilpin said, "did you ever hear of any one who bore stripes and insults to shield offenders, Paul?" "O yes, sir! the Lord Jesus Christ gave his back to the smiters for us poor little sinners; and by his stripes we are healed and pardoned. O, sir! pardon James for my sake, let me endure the pain; I can bear it better than he."

"But your brother does not seek pardon for himself, why should you feel this anxiety, my dear Paul? does he not deserve correction?" "O yes, sir! he has broken the rules of the school, after repeated warnings; you have said he must suffer; therefore, as I know you would not speak an untruth, and the laws must be kept, and as he is sullen and will not repent, what can be done, sir? Please to take me, because I am stronger than he."

The boy then threw his arms around his brother's neck, and wetted his sulky, hardened face, with tears of tenderness. This was rather more than poor James could stand firmly. His tears began to flow; his heart melted, he sought forgiveness, and embraced his brother.

Mr. Kilpin clasped both in his arms, and prayed for a blessing on them from Him of whom it is said, in Isaiah liii. 5, "He was wounded for our transgressions," &c. [L.]

Charles Always Knows his Lesson.

I like to hear that. Do you always know your lesson? Perhaps you will say, no, but would like to know it always, if you could. How is it then that it is not so?

When I go home, I sit down and look at my questions, then look at the Bible, and very often cannot find any answer there; then I get discouraged, put the book aside, and think no more about it. But, sir, may I ask you how it is, that Charles always knows his lesson so well?—I will tell you with pleasure.

I understand that the first thing he does, is to go over his lesson with his sister, and select all the questions for which he can find answers in the Bible, they then learn them perfectly, and immediately after supper, repeat them to their mother. She then takes up all the questions she can answer for them, and before they go to bed, kneels down and prays to God, that they might remember and understand what they have learned.

But there yet remains some questions unanswered, these they take to their teacher or superintendent, (for Charles always knows where they live,) and he explains all to them. Thus Charles is always ready with his lesson, consequently always feels happy and ready for Sunday morning to come, and his teacher is always glad to see him.—[L.]

Missionary Zeal of a Poor Woman.

A poor woman had attended a missionary meeting a few years since. Her heart was moved with pity. She looked around on her house and furniture to see what she could spare for the mission. She could think of nothing that would be of any use. At length she thought of her five children, three daughters and two sons. She entered her closet, and consecrated them to the mission. Two of her daughters are now in heathen lands and the other is preparing to go. Of her sons, one is on his way to India, and the other is preparing for the ministry, and inquiring on the subject of a missionary life.—*Stated by Rev. W. S. Plumer, at a meeting of the Virginia Baptist Education Society.*

Cyrus.

Cyrus, when a youth, being at the court of his grandfather Cambyzes, undertook, one day, to be cup-bearer at table. It was the duty of this officer to taste the liquor before it was presented to the king. Cyrus, without performing this ceremony, delivered the cup in a very graceful manner to his grandfather. The king observed the omission, which he imputed to forgetfulness. "No," replied Cyrus, "I was afraid to taste, because I apprehended there was *poison* in the liquor: for, not long since, at an entertainment which you gave, I observed that the lords of your court, after drinking of it, became noisy, quarrelsome, and frantic. Even you, sir, seemed to have forgotten that you were a king."

The Praying Scholar.

A Sabbath School scholar, aged about seven years, was known for some time, after getting up in the morning, to go into a garret at the top of the house. His mother (who was a widow) called him one day to come down to breakfast; her son not answering, she went softly up stairs, and when she got near the door of the garret, she heard her child fervently praying that God would pardon his sins, bless the Sabbath School, &c. When he came down, his mother asked him whether

had a book; he burst into tears, and said—No mother, but I go up and pray every morning.

God Provides for Children.

A friend once said to the Rev. Moses Brown,—"Sir! you have just as many children as the patriarch Jacob." True, answered the good old divine; and I have also Jacob's God to provide for them.

THE LITTLE BLIND BOY.

Once there was a good little boy in Scotland, about eight years old, who took the small pox, and when he grew better, it was found it had shut up both his eyes, so that he could see nothing. He had been such a gentle good boy, that all the family loved him, and led him about, and were very kind to him. He had a little sister Annie, twelve years old, who used to find amusement for him; and when it came warm weather, she would take him to walk in the country.

One day they took a long walk, and sat down at the foot of a great tree. "Annie," said James, "what a pleasant day this is. The air feels so soft and warm to my face. I hear the brook racing on the smooth stones, and the sheep and lambs bleat. How I wish I could see them again. Hark! there is a thrush singing over our heads. O! how beautiful it used to be to sit down here, and look to the far away hills, and the clear blue sky, and see the mill yonder, and the pretty ducks in the pond,—Ah, Annie, I think I never shall see these things again."

Then the little boy thought how dismal it would be to be always blind and dark, and feel so helpless and sad; and he began to cry. "Don't cry, Jamie," said his dear sister, "may be you'll see yet. There was Daniel Scott, you know, had the small pox, and was blind for weeks; but he got well, and now he sees as well as any body. Beside, you know," said she, "God will do right about it, as dear mother says; and if he leaves you to be blind, will make you happy some other way. Beside, we all do what we can for you; and I will read to you, and it will not be so bad."

But poor James kept thinking of his misfortune, and sat with his head bent down upon his hands, with his elbows on his knees, and kept on crying. The flood of tears pressed their way between his eye-lids which had stuck together, and when he lifted up his head, he cried out, "O Annie, I can see! There's the brook and the mill, and the sheep!" O how glad I am! Annie was as joyful a he, and hurried him to return home so as to tell the good news; but James could hardly walk, for he wanted so to look about him. "Oh!" said he, "how little do children know of the blessing of sight. If they had only lost it awhile like me, they would never cease to thank God for eye-sight."

You may think how pleased they all were at home. At night when the father prayed in the family, and came to thank God for restoring dear little James, and he almost wept for joy. James soon got his sight completely; and when he grew up to be a man, he never forgot to be grateful to his heavenly Father that he was not blind.—*Mother's Monthly Journal.*

POETRY.

THE TWO PONIES.

Charles and Frederick had ponies both equally good; They were active and gentle, they galloped or stood, Just as suited their young masters' pleasure. Little Charles had a bright and most beautiful bay; Master Fred had a handsome and high-mettled gray; And the boys were both pleased beyond measure. But when several months had passed quickly away, A great change was observed in the spirited gray; His appearance I always remember. He was thin, he was rough, he was weak, he was lame; You could not have guessed that the steed was the same, Which had been so admired in December. But the cause of this change all might soon ascertain, Master Frederick of none but himself could complain, When he saw the poor beast look so badly; He had rode him so hard, and had used him so ill, 'Twas a wonder the pony could carry him still; For, indeed, he had treated him sadly. The poor gray very soon to the country was sent; Little Frederick his cruelty now may repent, For his prospect is certainly dreary. Charles, who kindly has treated the beautiful bay, May canter along, feeling happy and gay; Whilst on foot Fred must trudge till he's weary.

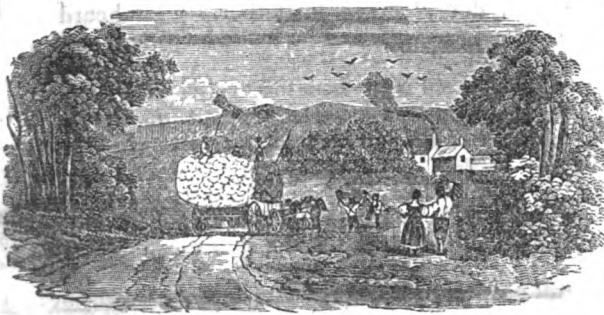
YOUTH'S COMPANION.

Published Weekly, by NATHANIEL WILLIS, at the Office of the Boston Recorder, No. 11, Cornhill.—Price, \$1.00, a year in advance; or \$1.25 if not paid in advance.

NO. 29.

BOSTON, NOVEMBER 27, 1840.

VOL. XIV.



AUGUST.

What shall I say to you about August? I might tell you that it is the month of fruits, that it is often a very sultry month, that the flowers which it brings are very gay and bright in their colors; and various other things of the same sort. But this is not what children care for, and I dare say you would rather I should tell you something about your old friends, William and Harry and their sisters. But I shall not select a day on which any special out-of-door amusement was going on, although they had some pleasant rides into the country in August; because I wish to show you how many ways there are of passing time pleasantly at home, without any extraordinary amusements.

It was about the middle of Saturday afternoon, in the first week after school had recommenced. The boys had been playing out of doors for an hour or two, and having become rather heated they had now adjourned to the house to find their sisters. Mary was busily engaged in finishing a drawing. This was an occupation of which she was very fond, and in which she excelled. Fanny was pasting some stories cut out of newspapers into an old writing book.

William threw himself into a rocking-chair and began rocking with great vehemence. Harry advanced to the table at which his sisters were seated, rested his elbows on it, and his cheeks on his elbows, and thus remained for several minutes without speaking.

"A penny for your thoughts, Harry," said Fanny at last.

"My thoughts!—oh, I was thinking about Charles Ross, who goes to our school this term, and has the seat next to me. Do you know he keeps a journal and writes in it every day."

"A very good plan, I think," said Mary.

"Do you think so?" asked Harry eagerly. "I was just thinking about beginning one myself, but I don't see what I should have to put in it. There would be the same things every day."

"Yes," interrupted William, "very interesting it would be, to be sure, to read the same things over and over; 'Got up at six o'clock; eat my breakfast; went to school; came home again and eat my dinner. Went to school in the afternoon'—"

"Come," said Mary, "you make the case worse than it is. There is always more variety than that in a day; besides you must be more minute if you want to have it interesting. And then you must not expect that it will be interesting to you now; if you keep a journal, it will be for your pleasure and advantage some years hence, or even when you grow up to be a man. Think how pleasant it would be then, to have an exact account of your childish days."

"I wonder what's the reason," said Harry after a pause, "that we never have any such things happen to us as other children do?"

"What sort of things?"

"Why any sort of adventures. We go on just the same from day to day, and the children that I read about

in stories seem to have something happening out of the common course."

Mary laughed. "Perhaps," said she, "it is because the writers of stories put in such things, so as to make them interesting. But here is mamma coming, we will ask her."

When the question was proposed, their mother said she thought Mary's reason was partly the true one. "But that is not all," continued she. "The same things when they happen to you do not seem as wonderful and as interesting as when you read about them in books. If you should read about some children who had passed the last year just as you have done, had just as many incidents and no more, I dare say you would think they had a great deal to diversify their lives, and could make out quite an interesting journal if they chose to keep one. For instance, if you had seen an account of a celebration of the 4th of July like yours, how delightful it would have seemed to you."

All the children declared that this was true.

"But after all, mother," said William, "4th of July comes only once a year, and that would not help us much towards making out a journal."

"Very true," replied his mother. "Therefore if the interest of your journal is expected to depend on such things, I advise you by all means not to undertake it."

"What should it depend on then, mother?"

"Why, on the little occurrences of every day, faithfully narrated. Such a record becomes more interesting, the farther we get from the time at which it was written. I would give a great deal now for such a narrative of my early years."

This remark seemed to awaken a great interest in the children. "Oh I mean to keep one!" was the exclamation of each one, "And I mean to put down every single thing, no matter how little it is," said Harry.

"Shall you put down that you spilt the milk at breakfast this morning?" inquired William gravely.

"Poh! how foolish you are William. But mother, will you give us some paper to make books of?"

"Let me consider," replied his mother. "If you should get tired and give up the plan in a few days, as is very likely, then the paper, and the time spent in making the books will be wasted."

Harry looked rather blank.

"But mamma," said he, "you can make us promise that we will not give it up."

"Yes, I might do that, but perhaps it would not be best. I will see at any rate, how long you will go on of yourselves. How many of you want paper?"

"I," said Harry.

"And I"—"and I," said Fanny and William.

"Not you, Mary?" asked Fanny in astonishment.

"I have a book already," said Mary.

And then came the cutting and sewing of the paper, preparing and pasting covers, in all which Mary's assistance was needed, and she was obliged to lay aside her drawing unfinished. At last they were all ready, and Mary had made a pen for each and placed it inside the cover, ready for use. And the next question was, "When shall we begin to write?"

"Why tomorrow, I suppose."

"Why, tomorrow is Sunday."

"Well, what of that; we can write down the texts and who preaches, and what our Sabbath School lesson is about."

"So we can. Well then, begin to-morrow. I wonder which of us will hold out the longest."

"That remains to be seen," said William, and here the conversation closed, for tea was ready. L.

NARRATIVE.

NOISE.

When Rollo's father came home at night, after he had been away during the day, and sat down in his rocking chair by the side of the fire, reading his newspaper or thinking about his business, he always wanted to have the room still. He was sitting thus, one evening in October, just before tea, and Rollo was upon a cricket near the back side of the room, looking at the pictures in one of his old picture-books, when the door opened, and Nathan came in. He walked along towards Rollo, and began to look over his shoulder at the picture in his book.

But Rollo had by this time done looking at the picture, and he concluded to have a little frolic with Nathan. So he shut up the book, and said,

"Ah! here comes a thief and a robber. Let me get my thumb ready, and then I'll punch him."

As he said this, he began to fumble with his thumb, pretending to be doing something to it with his other hand, and making believe that he was in a great hurry to get it ready. His real object was to give Nathan time to get away a little. So Nathan scampered away, and then immediately afterwards Rollo started in pursuit of him, brandishing his thumb, and calling out, "Stop that robber! Stop that robber!"

The table was set for supper, and Nathan ran around it. Rollo pursued him first this way, and then that, but still taking good care not to catch him; the room was filled with Nathan's shouts of laughter.

"Boys," said Rollo's father, who was reading his newspaper by the side of the fire, "do not make such a noise."

"Why, father, it is Nathan," said Rollo.

"Well, Rollo makes me," said Nathan.

Their father did not reply, but went on reading.

It was not long, however, before the boys got again engaged in their play, and were as noisy as before.

"Rollo," said Mr. Holiday, at length, raising his eyes from his paper, "I want you to sit down upon the carpet, by mother's work-table; and Nathan may sit upon the cricket."

The boys understood that this was a sort of imprisonment for them, as a punishment for again making a noise. So they went silently to their respective places, and sat still.

Mr. Holiday then read on quietly, for about five minutes; and then he looked up again, and said, "Boys, you are free."

They both got up at once, and Rollo went towards the cricket where Nathan was sitting.

"Nathan," said he, "we won't play robber any more; we'll sit down here on this cricket and be still."

"Well," said Nathan, in a low voice, "what shall we do?"

"I will teach you how to count. You shall count your fingers."

"O, I can count," said Nathan.

"Can you?" said Rollo.

"Yes," answered Nathan; and he held up the fingers of one hand, and began counting them, touching them successively with the forefinger of the other.

"One, four, six, three—eh—"

Here he paused a moment, and looked up, and said, "I can't count any farther."

Rollo laughed aloud, and then immediately

clapped his hand to his mouth, to stop the sound.

"That isn't the way to count," said Rollo.

"Isn't it?" said Nathan.

Just then the supper came in, and Rollo and Nathan ran to their places. After supper, their father sat down again in the corner, and called the boys to him, and took them up, one on each knee, to have a talk with them.

"Now tell us a story," said Rollo.

"No," said his father, "I will give you a lecture on intellectual philosophy."

"Well," said Nathan, in a tone of satisfaction.

"Intellectual philosophy," said Mr. Holiday, "is the science of human nature. The subject of my lecture this evening," he continued, very gravely, "is one particular trait of human nature, which is very curious."

"What do you mean by that?" said Nathan, and "What is it?" asked Rollo, both at the same time.

"It is this," said their father; "the change which takes place in us as we grow older, in respect to the effect which sounds have upon us."

"How?" said Rollo.

"Infants are pleased with sounds of any kind. So people try to amuse them by chirping to them, or rapping on the window, or saying, 'Dum, dum,' in their ears. I think it probable that there is no sound so disagreeable, but that an infant would be pleased with it."

"Would he?" said Rollo.

"Why, if you were to take the shovel, and scrape it up and down against the back of the chimney, so as to make a rough, grating sound, it would produce a very unpleasant effect upon your ear or mine; but I think it likely an infant would listen to it for half an hour at a time with great pleasure."

"I wish you'd try it," said Rollo, looking around for the shovel.

"Yes," said Nathan, "do, father, do."

"No," said his father; "sit still, and hear what more I have to say."

"As children grow older, noise seems to lose a little of its charm; still they are very fond of it. They like loud shouts, and laughter, and noisy plays; and the playthings that please them most are rattles, trumpets, drums, and images that will squeak, or bark, or whistle. A boy is delighted with firing off little guns, and throwing stones against a building; or, if he is walking along an open fence, he draws a stick along the palisades to hear the rattling."

"As the boy grows up to be a man, his love for noise gradually diminishes. He begins to love stillness, and always prefers it, unless there is some peculiar source of pleasure in the sounds he hears, as in the harmony of music, the associations connected with the sound of cannon, or the feelings of grandeur awakened by the roaring of the sea, or of the tempest, or by peals of thunder."

"I am afraid when it thunders," said Rollo.

"As men grow older and older," continued his father, "they become more and more averse to sounds, and like stillness and quiet; so that, at last, when a man is advanced in age, one of the highest enjoyments he can possess, is to sit down quietly in the chimney corner, and have sounds hushed, and everything quiet and still; whereas a child would be most pleased by having half-a-dozen boys take shovel and tongs, and tin pans, and whistles, trumpets, and drums, and march around the room, banging them together, and making all the noise possible."

"O father," said Rollo, "I wish I could try it."

"No," said his father; "but I will give you a little specimen of the different tastes of men and boys in this respect."

"First," said he, "we will make a noise to show you what boys like. We will play that you and Nathan are lions and tigers come to devour me, and I will have the shovel and tongs to frighten you off. So you can roar and growl,

and I will bang the shovel and tongs together."

The boys were much delighted with the idea of this experiment, and they jumped down, and began at once to growl. Their father took the shovel and tongs, and began to call out, as if in great terror, that the lions were after him; and to call his dogs, and then to bark and rattle his shovel and tongs together, while the boys filled the room with growlings, howlings, roarings, and shouts of laughter. In the midst of the scene, their mother came hurrying in from the kitchen, wondering what was the matter.

In a few minutes, Mr. Holiday stopped, put down the shovel and tongs, and took his seat, though the lions kept pressing around him, still roaring. In fact, they were so delighted with the play that it was rather difficult to turn them back again to boys. They, however, at length ceased, and their father took them up in his lap again, and said,

"There, now, that is very pleasant to children, but it would not be so to grown people."

"Why, mother looked pleased," said Rollo.

"Yes, she was pleased to witness your pleasure; but she would not like such a noise on its own account. But, now, as we have had a specimen of noise, we will next try a specimen of silence. We will all sit perfectly still for several minutes, and you can observe how silence sounds."

"Silence sounds?" said Rollo; "that's a contradiction."

"Yes," said his father, "it seems to be a contradiction in words; but you will observe that perfect silence produces a peculiar effect upon the ear, accustomed to continual noises, which I call the sound of silence. Hark and hear it."

So the boys sat perfectly still in their father's lap, for a few minutes, and the room was perfectly still, except a faint and almost imperceptible singing of the fire.

"There," said their father, after a considerable pause, "that is what men like."

"Well," said Rollo, "I like it well enough too."

"Not a great deal of it," said his father.

"Why, I like to make a noise sometimes," said Rollo.

"Yes," said his father, "and the object I have had in this long talk with you, is to come to this result—that there is an irreconcilable difference of taste between grown people and children in respect to noise. It gives children pleasure, and men pain. The inference is, that when children want to enjoy the pleasure of a noise, they must do it by themselves, out of doors, or in a remote part of the house, where there are no grown persons present to be troubled by it; and never in the parlor, when the family come together at the close of the day."

"And now, Nathan, as you have been a good boy, and have sat still while I have been talking, I must tell you a story, I suppose."

"Yes, father," said Nathan.

"Well," said his father, "I will tell you one of old Mr. Forgetful's stories."

"Old Mr. Forgetful?" asked Rollo.

"Yes," replied his father. "Old Mr. Forgetful was an old man, and he had lost his memory, and so he could not always think of what he wanted to say; so that when he used to tell stories to his boy Jack, Jack used to have to help him along."

"How?" said Rollo.

"You'll see," replied his father; "but you must not ask so many questions; I am talking to Nathan now."

So, one morning, Nathan, old Mr. Forgetful began to tell his boy a story, thus:—

"Once there was a boy, and, as it was a pleasant day, he thought he would go out and take a——, a——,"

Here Rollo's father said "a——, a——," in a hesitating manner, as if he could not remember what word came next.

"A walk, I suppose," said Rollo.

"O yes, a walk, a walk," said his father.

"Well, he put on his hat, and opened the ——, the ——"

"Door," said Rollo.

"Yes, door," said his father; "but you must not tell me," he continued; "you must let Nathan. This story is for him."

"Door," said Nathan.

"Yes, door," added his father. "He heard a singing in a tree, and he looked up, and saw a——, a——"

"Bird?" said Nathan, interrogatively.

"Yes, bird—bird. He thought he would climb up, and see if he could not find her ——, her ——"

"Nest?" said Nathan.

"Nest—yes, nest. Well, he found it very hard to climb at first, for the tree was covered all over with rough——"

"Bark?" said Rollo. "O, I forgot," said he, immediately after. "I did not mean to tell."

"Bark?" said Nathan.

"Yes, rough bark," continued his father. "But after a while, he got up so high, that he could reach the——, the ——"

"Bird's nest?" said Nathan.

"No, the ——, the ——"

"Branches?"

"Yes, branches, branches; that's it. Well, when he got up to the branches, he could climb very easily. He went up higher and higher, and looked all around; and by and by he saw the nest, away almost up to the ——, to the ——"

"Top!"

"Yes, top. So he kept climbing on; and at last he got up so high, that he could look into the nest, and there he saw three ——, three ——"

"Eggs?" said Nathan.

"No, not eggs," said his father. "Three little ——, little ——"

"Birds?" said Nathan.

"Birds—O yes, birds. They were so small that they had not any ——, any ——"

"Feathers?"

"Feathers; and when they saw him, they opened their ——, their ——"

"Mouths?"

"Yes, mouths; because they thought it was the old bird, coming to bring them something to ——, to ——"

"Eat?"

"Yes, to eat. So the boy looked at the birds a little while, and then came down the tree gently, and went home."

"There," said his father, "that is the way old Mr. Forgetful used to tell stories; and that is all I can tell you now. So jump down, and run away; and remember my lecture on noise."

"You said it was on intellectual philosophy," remarked Rollo.

"True; and it was so, in some sense, as it was not on the physical characters of noise, but on its effects upon the human mind."

"I don't understand," said Rollo.

"No matter; I cannot say any more now. So go away."

The boys accordingly went away, and left their father to finish reading his paper.

[Jonas a Judge.]

RELIGION.

INVISIBLE FOOD.

As Mr. Russell was driving his family, one day, in his dearborn, (or carry-all as it is called in some places,) a little boy, without hat, coat, or shoes, came running from a piece of woods by the road side, and ran by the side of the wagon, as if he wished to say something. Mr. Russell made the horse walk slowly, and asked the little fellow what he wanted. He began to cry, as if frightened, and said he wanted a cent to help to buy some bread for his mother. M

Russell thought the boy must be a very young beggar, as well as a very young child, and stopped his horse to talk with him. From what he could understand, he gathered that the little boy's mother was a widow, that she had supported herself by doing the washing and other work for the families around, but that she had lately been so much hurt by being run over by a rail-way car, as to be unable to go out of her house, or to do any hard work. Mr. Russell and his children were very much interested by the boy's story, and having learned where his mother lived, he was told to run home, and they would soon come and see her, as they found her cottage was not far from their own house.

Mr. Russell did not intend to pay the promised visit until the afternoon, but his daughters Mary and Margaret were so much interested in the little boy's account, that they begged permission to go at once and take something for the poor woman's relief. Their mother, therefore, filled a bowl with meat and potatoes, and allowed the girls to take it before their own dinner.

When they reached the cottage they found it to consist of one room only, with just enough of furniture for the sitting, eating, and sleeping of the woman and her son. She was sitting in a large chair, with a book in her lap, and their little acquaintance of the road-side was amusing himself with some broken play-things on the floor. The bowl of provisions was so gladly received by the lame woman, that the girls said afterwards they enjoyed the pleasure of seeing her joy more than they did the eating of their own dinner. She placed the bowl on a little table near her, until she thanked the girls for their kindness, and gave them some account of her accident, which she told them had injured her so much that she could only move a few steps at a time, and then with great pain. She told them also that she was ashamed to send her child to beg; but that she had not even a crust in the house, and not knowing how else to make her condition known, she had allowed the boy to go to the road, in the hope that some of her former employers might be passing, to whom she could make known her situation.

"Why!" said Margaret, as she took her seat on the stool near the woman's feet, while the little boy stood like a statue at his mother's side, "you do not look distressed! I am sure I could not be so contented if I could not move about and had nothing to eat."

"Ah! my child," said the woman, "I have meat to eat that ye know not of."

"I thought you said you had nothing to eat!" replied Mary, who stood with her hands before her, earnestly looking at the woman.

"My dear children, I thought you would understand what I meant; as I used the words of our blessed Saviour when he was hungry, yet was in no haste to take the food his disciples had brought to him. I am very, very thankful to you, my dear children, for your kindness to me and my little boy, thankful to your good parents who sent you, and to the good Lord who provides us with friends, and gives them the means and the heart to help the poor. I was in great distress, and had prayed to the Lord for help, and his name be praised for this answer to my prayer for Christ's sake. But, my kind friends, *here* (pointing to the Bible in her lap) is food which strengthens and comforts my soul, and makes me happy at all times. This teaches me I shall never want; for he who feeds the birds of the air will not suffer his own children to perish. He is the friend of the widow, the father of the fatherless, and the help of all those who put their trust in Him."

The little girls listened in amazement. They had believed that religion made those who possessed it better people than they were before, but they had never imagined that it could raise them above the distress of poverty, and make them so cheerful when they know not how they were at the next morsel of food.

The good woman noticed the surprise of the two children, and went on in her plain, honest way to explain the matter to them, and to assure them that those who have given their hearts, and souls, and bodies to Christ, and received him as their Redeemer and everlasting Friend, are as much consoled and sustained by the instructions, consolations, and hopes of the word of God, as the body is strengthened by what it eats. And she ended by begging her kind young friends, to seek this spiritual food; that in youth and age, sickness and health, want and plenty, time and eternity, they might enjoy that peace which those only enjoy who are reconciled to God through Christ, and who are accounted for Christ's sake the children and heirs of God.

The girls had felt all the happiness of doing a benevolent action, in supplying the poor woman and her boy with a comfortable meal; but now, as they walked thoughtfully to their home, they felt that that lame and destitute woman was richer than they; and that she had given to them far more valuable food for their hearts, than they could give for her body. They often went afterwards to see her, and though they were glad to help their mother in supplying her wants, they knew that the pious instructions and example which they received from her, were far more valuable than all the gold of the earth.

[*Youth's Friend.*]

OBITUARY.

FIVE LITTLE GRAVES.

In the summer of 1836, as I was travelling in one of the Middle States, the coach stopped one afternoon in a delightful village on the banks of the Susquehanna. It was just at that season of the year when summer is passing into the more grave and sombre autumn, and when the richly waving fields of the farmer showed that his industry had been crowned with an abundant reward. Nearly the whole day had been spent in crossing the Blue Mountains, passing over one lofty ridge after another, with deep, yawning valleys between them; and it was truly pleasant to find that the last summit had been gained, and to see the beautiful Susquehanna, in the midst of a fertile valley, majestically rolling its dark and silent waters to the ocean. About sunset I happened to stroll a little distance out of the village to enjoy the evening breeze, and soon came to the Presbyterian church, a neat brick edifice almost concealed in a grove of oaks. On the opposite side of the road was the village burying-ground, where side by side lay the mouldering dust of father and son, rich and poor, learned and ignorant—all wrapped alike in the same long and dreamless sleep. In one corner of the grave-yard, my attention was arrested by seeing five little graves, all nearly of a length. The little slumberers within were brothers and sisters, and all died in infancy. On four of the graves the tall green grass was waving gracefully as the evening breeze passed over it; but the new and fresh soil on the other plainly showed that the little occupant had been deposited but a short time in his narrow abode.

In a grave-yard one may always learn a valuable lesson. We see there the frailty of man. We see that no age or condition is exempt from the ravages of disease and death. We see how large a portion of the graves are *little graves*, and consequently how large a portion of our race die in childhood. And we may see too the kindness of our heavenly Father in sparing *our* lives, while so many are taken away younger than ourselves. As I stood by the five little graves, I thought of those beautiful lines which I had learned in the primer many years before when a very small boy;

When in the burying place may see
Graves shorter there than I;
From death's arrest no age is free,
Young children too may die.

These lines I used frequently to repeat on going to bed; and I well remember I was sometimes afraid I should die before I grew up to be a man, and a short grave would then be made for me. I have often thought of those lines and repeated them over to myself; but never have I so vividly seen and *felt* their meaning, as I did in the calm twilight of that summer evening when I stood by the *five little graves*.—*Amherst Cabinet.*

BENEVOLENCE.

THE TENDER-HEARTED GIRL.

There is a little girl in Ohio, whose name is Ruhammah. She used to come to school to me. She was four or five years old. She was a very sober and thoughtful girl; sometimes she would sit an hour together without hardly moving, engaged in deep thought. She had a great mind for such a young girl. She was not dull and stupid, for when she played she was as lively as the best of them. Almost every morning she would bring into the school room a flower pot full of the most beautiful flowers,—the lily, the tulips, and the velvet rose,—and set them on the desk. Sometimes their sweet fragrance would fill all the room, and make us all feel happy—that is what God made the flowers for. Probably most of the children who read this, never saw the great "Prairies" of the West. The Jews used to call every thing they saw that was very great, a thing "*of God*." Tall cedars they called "*cedars of God*." High mountains they called "*mountains of God*," and great rivers they called "*rivers of God*." Well, then prairies ought to be called "*flower gardens of God*."

In the Spring, before the grass gets up so high that it covers them, as you pass along by them or across them, you may see, for almost a hundred miles, as far as the eye can reach, an extended bed of flowers, the richest colors and most beautiful varieties that the eye ever saw, all moving their unfolded blossoms in the sun, as the breath of heaven sweeps across their massy foliage. Now, what is all this for? For what purpose are all these made? Why, it is to please the mind of man and make him love God, and to make him happy. "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God." Jesus was "pure in heart," and he "saw God" in his works—he saw more to love and admire in the simple "lily of the field," than in the gorgeous grandeur of King "Solomon in all his glory." So Ruhammah loved to see the beautiful flowers, and it tended to make her "pure in heart." She used to get up early in the morning, and go into the garden and work in her flower-bed. Almost all the girls had flower-beds, and used to see who would keep them cleanest from weeds and have the finest flowers.

One morning, very early, Ruhammah came running up to me, almost out of breath, and said, "A naughty worm has been eating down one of my prettiest flowers, and oh! I am so sorry!" She had one tall, handsome flower, that grew right in the middle of her bed, and had a full blossom right on the top of it, and this is the one the worm ate off. "Well," said I, "didn't you kill it?" She looked at me a moment,—"No sir," said she, and her eyes sparkled with innocence—"no, I didn't kill it." "What did you do with it?" "I put it on a piece of board, so it shouldn't eat any more of my flowers." Well, won't the sun kill it, by and bye, when it shines so hot?" "No, I put some dirt on it, so the sun can't kill it." And she skipped off to play, happy that she had done all things well.

Now, children, if all the little girls and boys are as kind to every thing that God has made, as Ruhammah was to this little worm, do you think they can kill each other when they get to be men and women? Do you think they will have to go to prison for doing each other wrong? She knew that the same God who made her,

made that little worm, and its Creator was her Judge, and she would not hurt it; and I have no doubt, that if she lives to be a woman, God will bless her, and she will bless the world; for if she will not hurt a little worm, she will not hurt any body, who is worth a great deal more than a worm. She will be a "Peace Maker," and then she will be one of the "children of God."

[Youth's Cabinet.]

VARIETY.

An Incident in Real Life.

The Philadelphia Inquirer relates the following affecting incident as having recently taken place in Philadelphia:

A poor woman with an intemperate husband, who was all kindness and affection when the demon of drunkenness was not the master of his mind, had, after various trials, abandoned the miserable man and become a domestic in a family in the western part of the city. The husband, rendered desolate and desperate by this conduct on the part of his wife, plunged still more madly into the vice which had nearly destroyed him. For some days, the poor wife, who, with all his faults, clung to him with the tenacity of woman's love, and still cherished a hope of his ultimate reform, could learn no tidings of him, and was miserable indeed. All his words of kindness and affection crowded upon her memory; she saw him only as he was in his early manhood, when he came to her with looks of gentleness, and drew bright pictures of their wedded life, before he had lost his energy of spirit, had fallen a victim to the temptations of the convivial circle. She conjured up a thousand phantoms of his wretchedness and despair; of his sickness and death, with none to close his eyes or shed one tear of pity or of grief upon his lifeless corpse. The poor creature wandered about the house for a few days in deep mental distress, and almost unable to discharge the duties of her humble position. She then went to the lady with tears in her eyes, confessed the weakness and virtue that was struggling in her bosom, and asked permission to go in search of her unfortunate husband. It was granted freely and promptly, for the cunning eye of woman had already read the whole story in the features and the actions of the poor domestic. She was absent two weeks, when she returned, the very shadow of her former self, and clothed in a deep suit of mourning. She had found her wretched husband in some low hovel in the suburbs, the spark of life just flickering in the socket. He recognized his faithful wife; seized her hand, pressed it to his lips, and asked her forgiveness. She fell upon her knees, and as she joined her prayers with his, the soul of the poor drunkard parted from the body and passed onward to eternity. Her last farthing was expended in providing him with a decent burial, and when she related the story of his unhappy end, last embrace, and dying smile, the heart of the poor woman seemed as if it would break with the convulsive nature of her grief. And such is woman's love.

The Speaking Letter.

The Rev. Mr. Moffatt, missionary from South Africa said at a late public meeting in London, he had been compelled to leave his family and live a semi-savage life one hundred miles from the missionary station. He could not hear from them, for there were no mail-coaches in that country. On one occasion, however, he received a letter from Mrs. Moffatt, and a chief sitting beside him wished to know what it was. He translated to him a part of the contents. The individual who brought it looked at him with utter amazement, and at last exclaimed, "Verily that letter speaks; if I had known it I would not have brought it. It has told every word that is true, and yet it has no mouth." Some time after he wished to get an individual to convey a letter to Mrs. Moffatt, but could not procure one though he offered the most liberal remuneration. A simpleton was at last obtained who promised to take it; but when he received it he thought it was not worth carrying—he expected to receive something in a bag, and that they were playing a trick with him. He was told that it would convey all the news to Mrs. Moffatt, upon which he threw it down, and nothing could prevail on him to take it. He said it would speak to him on the road, and make him go out of his wits. On another occasion when he wished to forward a letter, he asked a native to carry it, but the man hesitated, though he did not like to refuse, for he did not wish to disoblige him (Mr. M.) and he knew that if he frowned upon him, a spear would have been instantly plunged into his bosom. At last he inquired whether he could not pass his spear through it; to which he replied that he might if he thought that the most convenient way of carrying it. The man answered, "No, but if he ran his spear through it, it would not say a syllable to

him all the way he went." Now, however, schools were established, churches were gathered, books were read from one end of the land to the other, and the cry was, "Give us more, more education."

A Deeply Affecting Scene.

In the last Presbyterian Advocate, the Rev. Richard Lea gives a most interesting account of the sickness, religious exercises, and happy triumphant death of Mrs. Mary Woods, wife of Dr. William Woods, and daughter of the late William Semple, who died near Lawrenceville, Oct. 11, 1840. On her deathbed she called her children to her bedside and thus addressed them:—

"My dear children—I gave you to the Lord in baptism, I have prayed for you, and I leave you with him. Seek him early, and you will find him. Your dying mother requests you to give yourselves away to Jesus Christ." She then, with a weak and trembling hand, wrote the following sentences in three Bibles—"Son, give me thy heart." "When my father, and mother forsake me, then the Lord will take me up." "Remember thy Creator in the days of thy youth." This done, she presented one, to each, saying—"Dear children, read these carefully every day, and pray God to bless them to you." When you mention this scene to the youngest one, almost an infant, his little heart will throb, and his eyes fill with tears—he never will forget.

The Career of Crime.

A few years ago, as I was walking through my native village, on an errand, in the dusk of the evening, I saw two young men rush from a shop, one pursuing the other. They were brothers. The oldest had a leather strap in his hand. He caught his brother, and after a severe struggle, in which many blows were given and received, succeeded in throwing him down, and severely whipping him with the strap. I was then a child, and the scene produced an impression upon my mind, which never will pass away. This occurred about fifteen years ago. Since that time, I have neither seen nor heard from these two individuals, till a few days since, I read in a newspaper that this very person who then whipped his brother, is sentenced to death for the murder of his wife. The two events I could not but connect in my mind, though fifteen years apart.

What a warning to parents to restrain the passions of their children.

What a warning to children to avoid contention and to check the risings of anger.

The Good Little Girl.

A very little girl, who often read her Bible, gave proof that she understood her obligation to obey its precepts. One day she came to her mother, much pleased, to show some fruit which had been given to her. The mother said the friend was very kind, and had given her a great many. Yes, said the child, very indeed; and she gave me more than that, but I have given some away. The mother inquired to whom she had given them; when she answered, I gave them to a girl who pushes me off the path, and makes faces at me. On being asked why she gave them to her, she replied, because I thought it would make her know that I wish to be kind to her, and she will not, perhaps, be rude and unkind to me again. How admirably did she then obey the command to overcome evil with good.

A tear stood in the eye of little Charles, and he promised his mother to try and do so too. Will my little readers, under similar circumstances, "go and do likewise."

Effects of Kindness.

At a common school convention in Hampden county, we heard the Rev. Dr. Cooley relate an anecdote strikingly illustrative of this principle. He said, that many years ago, a young man went into a district to keep school, and before he had been there a week, many persons came to see him, and kindly told him that there was one boy in the school whom it would be necessary to whip every day; leading him to infer that such was the custom of the school, and that the inference of injustice towards the boy would be drawn whenever he should escape, not when he should suffer. The teacher saw the affair in a different light. He treated the boy with signal kindness and attention. At first this novel course seemed to bewilder him. He could not divine its meaning. But when the persevering kindness of the teacher begat a kindred sentiment of kindness in the pupil, his very nature seemed transformed. Old impulses died. A new creation of motives supplied their place. Never was there a more diligent, obedient and successful pupil. Now, said the reverend gentlemen, in concluding his narrative—that boy is the Chief Justice of a neighboring State. The relator of this story—though he modestly kept back the fact—was himself the actor. If the Romans justly bestowed a civic crown upon a soldier, who had saved the life of a fellow-soldier in battle,

what honors are too great for the teacher who has thus rescued a child from ruin?—*Common School Journal.*

Wealth in Christ.

A lady of wealth and piety, who had lately met with many afflictions, and was expecting more, related some of her sorrows to a poor but pious woman, whose cottage she entered. The poor Christian, taking the lady to a closet, said, "Do you see anything?" The lady replied, "No." She took her to another closet, and repeated the question, to which with some surprise the lady again answered, "No." "Then, madam," said the poor woman, "you see all I have in the world. But why should I be unhappy? I have Christ in my heart, and heaven in my eye. I have an unfailing word of promise, that bread shall be given me, and water shall be sure, while I stay a little longer in this vale of tears; and when I die, a bright crown of glory awaits me, through the merits of my Redeemer."

Blessed confidence! Reader, do you possess this cheering hope?—*Youth's Magazine.*

Characteristics of Birds.

All birds have their peculiar traits, not only in the manner of constructing their nests, rearing their young, &c. but also in their habits; some of which may not hitherto have been generally observed. The swallow species are never known to alight on a green tree or shrub, nor to enter a green forest; but confine themselves to the habitations of men, fields and meadows. The night-hawk and whippoorwill kind always plant themselves lengthwise of a rail or dry limb; while other birds invariably sit crosswise. The whetsaw never forsakes the wood, and is seldom seen; but makes the forest continually resound in the spring with its sharp and thrilling notes, resembling the filing of a saw. The wood-pecker seldom remains quiet over a few seconds; and never ascends the body of a tree perpendicularly, but in a spiral manner. Crows while feeding, station a sentinel upon the topmost branch of a tree to give warning of danger; and when alighted in a body they select the upper boughs.

Benefit of Good Example.

John Punctual came running into his father's room one day, and exclaimed, "Father, Peter Penurious asked me to go with him to the shoe store and get a pair of shoes, but Mr. Crispin would not let him have them, because he wanted to be trusted. What is the reason, father, he never refused to trust me?" "Why, my son, Mr. Crispin told me the other day, that Penurious never paid his bills till he was obliged to—that is the reason he has lost his credit." "Well, father, I really was sorry for Peter—he held his head down, and looked so much ashamed. But I like your plan best—you always pay people when the money is due, and they are glad to have your custom." "Well, my son, that puts me in mind of your *Youth's Companion*. Is not the year nearly expired which we paid for last? If so, you must hand another dollar to the Post Master, and request him to send it to the Printer and get his Receipt." "Thank you, father, I take a great deal more comfort in reading my little paper, when I know it is paid for—and when I grow up to be a man, I will try to do as you do, so that I may have good credit, and never get refused when I want to be trusted."

POETRY.

THE TULIP AND THE ROSE.

A tulip and a fair moss rose,
Within my garden grew,
And both so bright, I knew not which
With partial eyes to view;
The tulip, like the world's gay charms,
In rich attire was drest,
The rose was clad in humblest garb
And gentle loveliness.
But death came like a wintry blast,
The tulip droop'd its head,
Its gay attractions all were lost,
Its short liv'd charms were dead.
The balmy fragrance of the rose
Outliv'd its maiden bloom,
And shed a soft delicious breath,
Around its humble tomb.
The fairest forms, alas, decay;
And beauty soon is past,
But virtue, like the rose's scent,
Eternally shall last.

YOUTH'S COMPANION.

Published Weekly, by NATHANIEL WILLIS, at the Office of the Boston Recorder, No. 11, Cornhill.—Price, \$1.00 a year in advance; or \$1.25 if not paid in advance.

NO. 30.

BOSTON, DECEMBER 4, 1840.

VOL. XIV.



SEPTEMBER.

"Oh, I do hope Thursday will be pleasant!" was little Fanny's exclamation to one of her school-fellows, in recess.

"Why? what is to be done Thursday?"

"Oh, papa has promised to take us all to Gander's Neck to spend the day, and we shall have such a nice time."

"So you will, I dare say; I went there last summer, and we had a capital time. But you must carry your dinners you know, for you can't get anything to eat there."

"Yes, we know that. There is a cottage there where we can get milk, and where mother says they will cook our fish for us, if we catch any; and we shall carry every thing else we want."

"What are you going in?"

"In a carry-all. We shall have just enough to fill it, with a little squeezing. Oh, I expect to have such a delightful time! I shall carry a basket with me to get shells, and we shall see the waves dash against the rocks. I do *admire* the water so."

But the bell rang and recess was over. As Thursday approached, Fanny watched the weather most eagerly, and so did the other children.

Wednesday came and was perfectly pleasant. In the afternoon Fanny was running down stairs, and in the fulness of her glee jumped the two last. Alas! her foot turned under her, and on attempting to get up she found that she could hardly step, and that her foot was very painful. Mary came running out of the parlor at the noise, and helped her in. Fanny tried to persuade herself and her sister that it was nothing, and would be well in an hour or two. Her mother was out, and Mary did not know what to do. She drew off the stocking and saw that the foot was a good deal swollen, and the swelling seemed to increase. Poor Fanny! she began to think with some apprehension of the next day, though she determined to get well. She could not possibly imagine, she said, how she had done it; she had jumped down stairs a hundred times before, and never hurt her. But it would get well in the night, she knew.

When her mother came, she treated the matter much more seriously. She had seen sprains before, and knew what obstinate things they sometimes are. She told Fanny that so far from being able to go the next day, she might not be able to use her foot for a fortnight.

Fanny could hardly believe it, and when she did believe it, she could not keep from crying. Long and bitterly did she weep over this disappointment, and every attempt at consolation offered by Mary, only seemed to make her feel worse.

"My dear Fanny," said her mother, tenderly but seriously, "I know that this is a severe disappointment to you, and I feel very sorry for you. But this will afford you an opportunity of showing whether you really love God, and are willing to submit to his will, as you have sometimes thought. There is no virtue in submitting when every thing is according to our wishes. I will

leave you alone a little while, my dear child, and I hope you will know where to go for help."

To older persons this may seem a slight trial, but it was not so to Fanny. The thought of a fortnight's confinement was less intolerable than the loss of that next day's pleasure, so eagerly anticipated. But she tried to pray, tried to submit her will to the will of God; and finally she succeeded. "I will try," thought she, "to enjoy their pleasure;" and though her lip quivered at the thought of her own exclusion, yet she did succeed in putting away this selfish feeling, and heartily rejoiced in the anticipation of the pleasure her brothers and Mary would enjoy.

When her father came home to tea, he found her lying on the sofa, quite composed and cheerful. Her foot had been rubbed and swathed, but it was quite painful.

Then the boys came home, in high spirits from a fine game at ball. But their gaiety was soon checked when they heard of what had happened, and the thought of next day's pleasure mingled, it must be confessed, with their pity for Fanny. Would their excursion be prevented, was the question which they longed, but were ashamed to ask. For though they had a secret consciousness that it was rather selfish in them, to think of themselves at all in such a case, yet they could not feel quite willing to give up the object of so many anticipations.

After tea their father called them all three into the next room. "As our party tomorrow is entirely for your pleasure," said he, "I shall leave it to you whether it shall still take place. Fanny will not be able to go with us of course; but she will probably be well in two or three weeks. If we do not go now, I should be willing to take you then, provided I could find another day free from business. But this is somewhat doubtful, and so is the weather, as the season grows later; so you must clearly understand that if we postpone the party, we run the risk of losing it altogether. Now you may decide; but you must let me know to-night, that I may have time to engage a carry-all at the stable."

When the children were left to themselves, a pause ensued. Mary was quite decided herself, but she waited to hear what her brothers would say. In both of them, a contest was going on between selfishness and generosity.

At last William spoke. "If we were sure of being able to go at last," said he, "I would be willing to wait for Fanny; but it is very likely there will not be another pleasant day when father will be able to leave his business. And I am sure Fanny would not want us to stay at home—she does not seem to think of such a thing."

"But then," said Mary, "think how lonely she would be all day, without us; and if she is kind enough to wish us to go, I am sure that is the more reason why we should stay."

"Yes, so I think," said Harry. "It's dreadful hard to give it up, when we've thought so much of it, but still, I think we ought to. So William, if you are ready, I am."

"Well," said William, "I am. And Mary you are of course."

"Yes," said Mary, "I should not go at any rate."

"Oh well, then I am sure it would be no fun to go without either of you," said William; and on the whole, it would take away half the pleasure to leave Fanny at home; so I'm content."

"Then let us all try," said Mary "to see how happy we can make her to-morrow. She will have to keep still you know, and we can amuse her."

"So we can," said Harry; "I'll read my new Rollo book to her."

"And I'll draw that picture of a cow for her, you know, which we saw in the *Annualette*."

"What, making her think it's going to be a house—oh yes."

"And I do believe we shall be just as happy as if we had gone," was Harry's concluding remark, and the assembly broke up. L.

NARRATIVE.

POSSESSIONS.

Rollo and Nathan had a dispute about an apple. It was one of two apples which they got in rather a singular way. It was as follows: One afternoon, they went to take a walk. They rambled along the road for some time, until they came to a place where a brook ran across the road under the shade of some trees. Here they sat down upon the bank of the brook, and amused themselves for a little while, looking into the water.

There were several little fishes swimming in a deep place in the water, among some stones. There was also a large butterfly, black and yellow, upon the wet ground close to the brook. Nathan watched the fishes, and Rollo watched the butterfly.

They were sitting pretty near the fence. There was a bridge across the brook for people to drive over upon; and, between the place where they were sitting and the bridge, there was a shallow place in the water, with a sandy bottom, where people used to come down with their horses to let them drink.

While Rollo and Nathan were sitting upon the bank, they heard a noise of wheels; and, looking up, they saw a wagon coming. It was a small wagon, with one horse. The man drove the horse down into the brook, to water him. Nathan was afraid that the horse would drink up the little fishes, but he did not say anything. Both he and Rollo looked on in silence while the horse drank.

Presently the man looked up, and saw them.

"What are you doing there, you lazy boys?" said he, in an ill-humored tone.

The boys did not answer. They were both a little frightened at being accosted so ungraciously by a stranger.

Presently the man drew up his reins, and drove on. The butterfly had been frightened away, and even the fishes had disappeared; and so in a minute or two, Rollo and Nathan got up to continue their walk.

As Rollo arose from his seat, his eye suddenly fell upon a whip, lying in the roadway, which led up from the watering-place.

"Ah," said he, "that man has dropped his whip."

He ran and picked it up.

"I've a great mind not to give it to him," said he, "because he called us lazy boys."

"Yes, I will, too," he continued after a moment's hesitation. And then, taking Nathan by the hand, he began to run, calling out, at the same time,

"You've lost your whip, sir; you've lost your whip."

But the man had reached the level ground above the ascent which led from the brook, before Rollo began to call to him; and, as his horse had begun to trot, the wheels of the wagon made such a noise, that he could not hear Rollo calling.

"Run, Nathan," said Rollo, pulling Nathan along; "run faster."

THE HAPPY FAMILY.

"O," says some little boy or girl, "I have seen so many stories about happy families that I don't care about reading another. I suppose the father was a rich man and bought every thing his children wanted; and they lived in the country, and could ride, or walk, or play as they pleased, and did not have to work, or go to school as we do." No, no, my little friend, you have not guessed right. This is not the kind of family, neither is it one living in a neat little cottage at the entrance of some fine town, where the woodbine and honeysuckle creep over the door, and fruits and flowers, and shrubs grow close around, and a pretty little yard is nicely fenced off for the children's play-ground, and little carriages, rock-horses, tops, whistles and dolls, are strewn plentifully around. Nothing like all this. But the family of which I am about to tell you, is remarkable for having no such things as these to enjoy; and I suppose if you were to take just one look into their home you would think they must be very unhappy.

But there is nothing in wealth nor all the fine things that wealth can buy, that will give happiness. Mr. Wilson is a poor man who lives in a factory village, and moves his family about from one tenement to another wherever he can find the best place for him and his wife and children to get employment,—but in whatever room we find them, around whatever hearth the children gather, there we always hear cheerful voices, and see smiling countenances. In this family are six children, and not one expensive toy, and very few little books or pictures for all of them. Their dresses are of the cheapest and most common kind, with one suit rather nicer to wear to meeting and Sabbath-school. Their food is plain and simple, and as for fruit and confectionary 'tis very little that they obtain. As soon as they are old enough, perhaps at the age of seven or eight years, they are obliged to begin to work, either in the cotton factory, or at home, in assisting their mother, and taking care of the younger children—and now what do you think these children have to enjoy? I will tell you some things, and then I wish you to think whether you have the same blessings, and ask yourself whether you are cheerful and contented with what you have.

These children are delighted when their parents can find work enough to do. Mr. Wilson came from Nova Scotia to this country because he could not find employment there, and he and his wife said to some persons who called to offer them assistance when they first came, "Only let us find work enough to do, and we will take care of ourselves." Then they were miserably poor, but they have indeed taken so good care of themselves, that they now live very comfortably. Now you see the reason why those children are so happy when their parents find employment. They know what it is to need many things because their parents cannot obtain money to buy them.

Little Margaret whose business it is to fetch and carry the clothes her mother takes in to wash, ran smiling to a friend, saying, "O Miss H., mother will have washing to do every day now, for a gentleman called to day to get her to do some every week, and Mrs. S. wants her to do all of hers, and her ironing too." "Father has had work all summer," said Robert, the oldest boy, "and now mother says we can hire Mr. G's. house, and then we shall have a front room." Did you my dear reader ever think of being happy because your parents had a plenty of employment? and yet this is one of the things which ought to make you feel happy, and grateful to your heavenly Father, for almost all children would soon suffer if their parents had no business by which they could support them.

And why do you suppose this little boy was so pleased with having a front room? Not because he expected to have a nice parlor to sit in, or a new play-room; but because his father, who is very anxious that his children should be getting knowledge every day, had proposed as soon as he was able to hire a tenement with two rooms, to form a little class of his oldest children, and teach them when they all came home from work at night, to read, and write, and cypher. What a pleasant little school this must be! Mr. Wilson calls to mind the time when he was a little boy, and first began to learn from

"I can't run any faster," said Nathan.

In fact, Nathan was doing his utmost to keep up with Rollo; but, although the horse was not trotting very fast, Rollo soon found that he was not gaining upon the man at all.

"Nathan," said he, at length, "you wait here, and let me go and catch him alone; and then I will come back for you."

So he let go of Nathan's hand, and ran on alone. He could now go much faster. He soon came up very near the man, shouting aloud, "Stop, sir! stop! you have lost your whip."

The man stopped and took his whip. He told Rollo that he was very much obliged to him for bringing him his whip; and then he reached over to the back of his wagon, and took two large rosy apples from a box there, and gave them to Rollo. He said that one was for him, and one for the little boy who was with him.

Rollo took the apples, and came back to Nathan. They were both very much pleased with the apples, and determined to carry them home. They kept them several days, until at length they forgot that they had them.

It happened, however, after four or five days, that, as the two boys were playing together in the shed, Nathan brought out his basket of blocks; and when he turned it over, to pour out the blocks, out came one of the apples from among them, and rolled along the plank flooring.

"Ah," said Rollo, "there is one of our apples. I verily believe it is mine."

"No," said Nathan, "it is mine."

Nathan took up the apple, and held it behind him, so that Rollo should not take it.

"Let me see it, Nathan," said Rollo; "I want to look at it. I can tell in a minute if it is mine."

"No," said Nathan, still holding the apple behind him, and retreating backwards.

"I will give it right back to you again," said he.

"Will you?" said Nathan.

So Nathan handed Rollo the apple; and Rollo taking it in his hand, examined it very attentively.

"Yes, Nathan, this is mine. I am very sure it is mine. I remember these rosy streaks upon it."

"No," said Nathan, "it is not yours; and you must give it back to me."

Nathan held out his hand for it, but Rollo did not seem inclined to give it up.

"You promised me that you would give it back," said Nathan.

"Yes, but I meant, if it was not mine; and it is mine, I am sure."

After a little reflection, however, Rollo concluded that he ought to give Nathan back the apple, for the present, and go and appeal to Jonas to decide the question finally. He accordingly led Nathan along out into the yard, to find Jonas.

Jonas was at work in the garden.

"Jonas," said Rollo, as they came to the place, "Nathan will not give me my apple."

Nathan said nothing, but stood at a little distance, holding the apple behind his back.

"Let us hear the whole story," said Jonas.

"Well, the other day," said Rollo, "a man gave Nathan and me an apple apiece; and I suppose Nathan has eaten his, and this is mine."

"What makes you think this is yours?" asked Jonas.

"Because," said Rollo, "it looks exactly like mine."

"And what makes you think it is yours, Nathan?" continued Jonas.

"Because it is mine, I know," said Nathan, very positively.

"Why, this is a hard case," said Jonas, looking perplexed. "There does not seem to be any evidence on either side."

At length, after a pause, he asked how Nathan came to have the apple.

"Why, I found it in my basket," said Nathan.

"But I think it must have got into his basket somehow accidentally," said Rollo; "for I am sure it is mine."

"No," replied Nathan, equally positively. "I put it in my basket myself, and I know it is mine."

Jonas paused a moment after he had heard these contradictory assertions, and leaned upon his hoe. At length he announced his decision as follows:—

"It is pretty clear, I think, that Nathan is entitled to the apple. We find it in his possession; and nobody has a right to disturb any one in the possession of property, unless they can show clearly a superior title to it."

"But it was not in his possession," said Rollo. "It was only in his basket."

"Well," replied Jonas, "that is his possession. No matter if he had not seen it, or touched it, for a week, or a month; still, if it was in his box, or in any place which was under his control, and the repository of his property, then it was in his possession; and you have no right to take it out of his possession, unless you have good proof of a better title to it."

"Well, I have good proof," said Rollo.

"What is the proof?"

"Why, I remember that it is mine."

"How long is it since you saw it?"

"O, only four or five days ago."

"Well, your memory, in regard to the form and color of an apple, is not sufficient proof of its identity."

"Identity," said Rollo. "What is identity?"

"Identity is sameness," said Jonas. "I mean that your recollection is not sufficient proof that this apple is the very same one which the man gave you, and not the one which he gave Nathan. Possession is nine points of the law. You can't disturb it without better proof than that."

Jonas was right in his decision; for the apple was really Nathan's. Rollo's was all the time safe in his mother's china closet, on a high shelf. He had left it in a chair, and his mother had put it up there, and so it was forgotten. He found it, however, the next day.—*Jonas a Judge.*

BENEVOLENCE.

Written for the Youth's Companion.

BENEVOLENCE REWARDED.

Jane Edwards, lived in the town of C. She was the daughter of respectable parents; her kind mother taught her while young, to be benevolent and kind to all around her, especially to those who were deprived of the necessities of life, which she enjoyed; this she remembered, and put in practice. By her good disposition, she won the affections of all around her. We shall now see in what way her kindness was rewarded; one fine day in June, Jane having done all her mother wished her to do, she gave her permission to go out and walk, giving her at the same time a quarter of a dollar, to spend as she pleased. Jane had wished much to have a pretty doll which she had seen, and concluded she would buy it. While on her way to the shop, where the doll was kept, she met an old man, who was hobbling along on his crutches. The man was one, who had a plenty of money, and needed not the assistance of others, but by some injury, he was destined to be a cripple for life. He was not like some, who when they have the command of a large property, dress in all the fashion and finery of the age, but his clothing looked as if it had done him long service; Jane therefore seeing this man hobbling along, and judging from his outward appearance, that he was one who needed the assistance of others, pitied him, stepped up and placed her money in his hand, and told him she thought he needed it more than she did. Oh no, said he, I have no need of your assistance, but as a reward of your benevolence, I give you that, placing at the same time a guinea in her hand. Thus reader, was Jane's benevolence rewarded. H.

books, far away among the hills of Scotland, for that was his native country, and he remembers that it was not then easy for him to understand what now looks very plain, and this makes him patient with his children, and attentive to all their inquiries; while they, seeing how highly their father values learning, and how much pains he takes to teach them, are delighted with being taught, and carefully to improve every moment. Another thing which these children, and indeed the whole family, enjoy very much is, that all who are old enough, now have clothes suitable to wear to meeting and Sabbath-school, and little Jane says that even "little baby brother has got a new straw hat, and little shoes, and has this summer been to take a ride with mother in the stage."

Again, these children are happy because they love their parents, and each other very much. No person can be in the house a few moments without observing this, and even the neighbors who do not enter the house notice their affectionate habits. Robert and John usually go to their work, and return from it, not taking hold of each other's hand, and as many little brothers would, but Robert puts his arm around his brother's neck, and John clasps his around Robert's waist. When the father comes home at night, the younger children all run out to meet him leading the little one, tottling along, and reaching forward till he gets to the arms of his father, who takes him up, and gives a hand to little Jane, while Jemmy gets hold of his father's coat, and all enter the house together. Robert and Margaret are never tired of telling over the pretty words and actions of the little ones, and when altogether they are as merry as the little lambs. I have no doubt there is far more laughing than crying in that cheerful dwelling.

Would my little reader be as happy with the same things to enjoy as these children are? I know some children who are well supplied with friends, food, clothes, books and toys, and yet they never appear to be satisfied. One little girl who has just been furnished with a new doll, and several new articles of dress, seems to forget them all because she noticed a lady the other day with gold rings on her fingers, and instead of saying to her friends, "I thank you for getting me so many nice things," she is saying almost every hour in the day, "Please to get me a gold ring, I want to wear rings as the ladies do." This shows a wrong spirit. The Bible says, "Be content with such things as ye have," and every one who obeys this rule will be seen to be happy. I have thought my little friends of the Wilson family came as near obeying this command as any children of my acquaintance, and I hope their example will be useful to the juvenile readers of the Watchman. L. L. H.

THE SAILOR BOY.

"Fifteen years ago," said a pious sea-captain, "I commanded a ship in the merchant service. It fell to my lot to lodge under the roof of a pious widow, who had one son, the stay and support of her age.

"This lad conducted with great propriety in his situation, but all in a moment like a clap of thunder, the report came to his mother's ears that he had committed an offence, which though morally speaking, was not of the most heinous nature, was nevertheless sufficient to touch his life. The poor mother, by the advice of some friends was induced to send her son on board a man of war, and who would have thought that in sending him there he was to be brought to know and love the truth? But God has his way on the deep. He soon became acquainted with a Corporal of Marines, the only man on board who knew and loved the truth. He began to speak to him of the love of Christ for poor sinners. This was the very conversation suited to his heart, whose crime was yet on his conscience; and the pious man was glad to make known to him the way of life and comfort, as exhibited in the holy word. This conversation was blessed to him; and he soon became a decided Christian. Thus these two sparks in the midst of the ocean came in contact, and here they met amid the scoffs and sneers of a licentious crew. These two became three, then four, and five, and so on,

till in time fifty of their shipmates, among whom were some of the officers, became the humble followers of Christ. You will readily believe how glad the heart of the poor widow was when she received the first letter from her son to find that the storm which seemed to threaten nothing but destruction to her peace, should break in blessings on her head. The vessel was four years on the Mediterranean station; and engaged in some bloody battles, in which the poor despised Christians gave the strongest proofs of their valor.

And when this vessel was paid off, and every one rolled in money, they gave the noblest testimony that the work of God was upon them real and divine.

MORALITY.

"The Village Reader; designed for the use of Schools," has been just published by G. and C. Merriam, Springfield.

From a cursory examination, we should pronounce this an excellent reading-book. The lessons are well selected, and sufficiently varied in their character. The rules for correct reading prefixed to the work are simple, plain, and of the first importance. It is for sale by Crocker & Brewster. We extract the following story from the book, and shall probably copy others.

SELF DENIAL.

One evening during the vacation, Frank, a tall school boy, amused his young brother, Harry, by reading an essay, which had given him the first prize at school. The subject was *Self Denial*. Frank was a clever lad, and had acquitted himself very well.

He represented his subject in so striking a light, that it made a considerable impression on the mind of his young auditor; who, as soon as it was finished, thanked his brother for his good advice, and expressed his determination of endeavoring to profit by it.

"I am afraid," said he, "I have never learned to deny myself as I ought; but I hope, brother Frank, that I shall not forget this lesson of yours; I wish you would be so kind as to give me some more good advice about it."

Now Frank, instead of considering this the best possible compliment that could be paid to his composition, felt disappointed, that, instead of commenting upon the force of his arguments, or the graces of his style, he should begin gravely to moralize upon it; and it confirmed him in a favorite opinion of his, that his brother Harry had not a spark of genius, and never would have.

Harry repeated his request, but finding his brother more inclined to discuss the merits, and relate the success of his essay, than to draw a practical improvement from it, he contented himself with his own private reflections. "To-morrow," said he to himself, "to-morrow morning I will begin. But why not begin to-night?" continued he. The clock had just struck, and Harry recollected that his mother had desired them not to sit up a minute after the clock struck nine. He reminded his brother of this order.

"Never mind," said Frank—"Here's a famous fire, I shall stay and enjoy it." "Yes," said Harry, "here's a famous fire, and I should like to stay and enjoy it, but that would not be self-denial, would it, Frank?"

"Nonsense!" said Frank, "I shall not stir yet, I promise you." "Then good night to you," said Harry.

Now whether his brother was correct or not, in his opinion of Harry's want of genius, we shall not stay to inquire; indeed it is a question of very little importance, either to us or him, since it cannot be denied that his reflections, and especially his conduct then, even on a trifling occasion, displayed good sense and strength of character; and these are sterling qualities, for which the brightest sparks of genius would be a poor exchange.

"Six o'clock was the time at which Harry was to rise, but not unfrequently, since the cold weather set in, he had indulged an hour longer.

When it struck six next morning, he started up, but the air felt so frosty, that he had a strong inclination to lie down again. "But no," thought he,—"here's a fine opportunity for self-denial;" and up he jumped without further hesitation.

"Frank! Frank!" said he to his sleeping brother, "past six o'clock, and a fine starlight morning." "Let me alone," cried Frank, in a cross, drowsy voice. "Very well then," said Harry, "a pleasant nap to you;" and down he ran as gay as a lark.

After finishing his Latin exercises, Harry had time to take a pleasant walk before breakfast this morning, so that he came in, fresh and rosy, with a good appetite, and what was still better, in good humor. But poor Frank, who had just tumbled out of bed when the prayer-bell rang, came down, looking pale, and cross, and cold, and discontented.

Harry, who, if he was no *genius*, had some sly drollery of his own, was just beginning to rally him on his forlorn appearance, when he recollected his resolution. "Frank does not like to be laughed at, especially when he is cross," thought he; so he suppressed his joke; and it requires some self-denial, even to suppress a joke.

"I should like another half, I think, mother," said Frank, that day at dinner, just as he had dispatched a large semicircle of mince pie. "Any more for you, my dear Harry?" said his mother. "If you please,—no, thank you though," said Harry, withdrawing his plate; "for," thought he, "I have had enough, and more than enough to satisfy my hunger, and now is the time for self-denial."

"Brother Harry," said his little sister, after dinner, "when will you show me how to do that pretty puzzle, you said you would, a long time ago?" "I am busy now, child," said Harry—"don't tease me now, there's a good girl." She said no more, but looked disappointed, and still hung upon her brother's chair.

"Come then," said Harry, suddenly recollecting himself, "bring me your puzzle;" and laying down his book, he very good naturedly showed his little sister how to place it. That night, when the two boys were going to bed, Harry called to mind, with some complacency, the several instances in the course of the day in which he had succeeded in exercising self-denial; and he was on the very point of telling his brother what he was thinking of. "But no," thought he, "here is another opportunity still of denying myself; I will not say a word about it; besides, to boast of it, would spoil all."

So Harry lay down quietly, making the following sage reflection:—"This has been a very pleasant day to me, and although I have done several things against my will, I find that self-denial is painful but for a moment, and very pleasing in the end. If I go on this plan every day, I shall have a good chance of having a happy life; for life is made up of days and hours, and it will be more pleasant, and just as easy—"

But here Harry's thoughts began to wander, and soon became quite indistinct. In fact, he was sound asleep before he had half finished his reflections.—Jane Taylor.

FILIAL AFFECTION.

Miss B. was reared in one of our loveliest New England villages, and in the bosom of one of the best families in our state. She became early attached to a young gentleman, and after they were married removed to another state. Her husband, who was a man of generous spirit, was a warm politician, and shared largely in the expenses as well as the honors and emoluments of the then dominant party. He held a lucrative office under the government, and expended the income in the support of his growing family and

the claims of the public, so that when he died, his widow was left without property and with several children to support. Among them was Henry, about fifteen years of age. No one but she who has felt the desolation which such a widowhood brings with it, can understand what anguish filled the bosom of Mrs. — as she returned from the grave of her husband, and found herself surrounded by a helpless family of children, without the means of educating or sustaining them. All she could do was to gather them together, and pour out her sorrows and her prayers in their behalf to Him who hath said, "Leave thy fatherless children with me—and let thy widows trust in me, I will save them alive." Her oldest son was a cadet in one of our military schools, and stood high in the esteem of his instructors. But she could hope for no assistance for a long time to come from him. The others she thought entirely too young, to aid her in procuring a maintenance for themselves. No wonder that her heart often sank beneath the pressure of her burdens, and her sorrows. In this emergency, the heart of little Henry sympathized deeply with her, and his noble spirit was stirred within him to attempt her relief. Mother, said he one day as he kissed the tear away that stood on her cheek, Mother, do not be discouraged. I will tell you too what I have been thinking about. You know that my dear father stood high at W— in the political party with which he was associated. Now if you will spare me, I will go there and offer my services; and who can tell but I may be employed. His name will go a great ways in securing me that office, and then I can help you a great deal in maintaining and educating the family. Don't cry any more mother, it breaks my heart! Mrs. — after consulting with some friends, consented to part with her noble boy for the winter, and soon little Henry was found actually engaged in the duties of his office. His father's friends took a lively interest in him, and his praise-worthy efforts to assist his mother, and there was no difficulty in procuring the appointment, for who was there, whatever might have been his political character, that could have refused his vote to such a generous boy. Henry procured board for himself at a low rate, and when the session terminated, took the stage for home, which after a ride of several hundred miles he reached in safety. In a moment he was in his mother's arms, and taking out his pocket book presented her with a check for three hundred and eighty dollars, and burst into tears! Oh what a noble boy, I hear my little readers exclaiming, and I see the tears standing in their eyes, as they do in mine, while I am recording that portion of his history. And it will gratify you I know, to be assured that this is, all true. There is such a boy actually now living, and engaged constantly in thus assisting his beloved mother, to support her helpless family. We may confidently hope that he will be a useful and an honorable man if he lives. If any of you, my dear children, have widowed mothers, who are struggling hard to keep their families together and not to have them scattered among their friends, or perhaps among strangers, I hope the example of little Henry, will inspire you with the noble purpose of doing all you can to assist them, in their efforts.—*Cong. Obs.*

VARIETY.

Begin Right.

"I know a man who is very rich now, though he was very poor when he was a boy. He said his father taught him never to play till all his work for the day was finished, and never to spend money till he had earned it. If he had but half an hour's work to do in a day, he was taught to do that the first thing, and to do it in half an hour. After this was done he could play; and my young friends all know he could play with a great deal more pleasure, than he could if he had the thought of his unfinished work still on his mind. He says he early formed the habit of doing every thing in its season, and it

soon became perfectly easy for him to do so. It is to this habit that he owes his present prosperity. I am very happy to add that he delights to do good with his riches."

The Bible says, "Seek ye first the kingdom of God and his righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you." Don't forget that. Think to yourself, I have got to make my peace with God first. When you have done that, you will feel happy whether you work or play, walk or talk, sing or pray, because you have attended to the most important duty first. Then your death will be a happy one, and never will you think that you loved God too soon, but only regret you did not love him sooner.

This man got rich through minding what his father said to him; but how much richer still will you get, dear children, if you mind what your heavenly Father says to you.—*Sabbath School Gleaner.*

The Cheerful Sweep.

A poor boy, in the neighborhood of Chatham, was bound apprentice to a chimney sweep. Some time afterwards he began to attend the Sunday School, and there was reason to hope that the instructions he received were useful to him. Being one day sent to sweep a chimney, instead of the dismal noise which is usually made on these occasions, he was heard singing these sweet lines of Dr. Watts:—

"The sorrows of the mind
Be banish'd from this place;
Religion never was design'd
To make our pleasures less."—*Eng. Pub.*

If a sweep, covered with soot, can sing these words, what can you not sing?

A Bristol Boy.

At Bristol, a little boy, who was instructed in a Sunday School, with a desire to be in some degree useful in promoting the cause of missions to the heathen, took considerable pains to breed silk worms, the produce of which he joyfully presented to a Missionary Society. The following is the letter which he addressed to one of the gentlemen who conducted the school:—

Dear Sir—Impressed with a sense of gratitude for the benefit of the instruction which God has been pleased to favor me with, through the labors of my much-beloved teachers, during the time of my being under their care, well knowing that they have done it for my eternal good; and on reading in the magazine of the wretched state of the heathen, that they want such kind men to labor among them, I was resolved to put my few pence, given me by my friends, from time to time, to present it to you, sir, for the Missionary Society; that the poor heathen may receive, in part, that instruction which God has been pleased to give me. Please to accept it as a token of gratitude, from
A SUNDAY SCHOLAR.

This letter was accompanied with five shillings and sixpence, the savings of one year; and two shillings, the produce of the silk worms.—*Eng. publication.*

The Missionary Box.

A little boy, about six years of age, just after entering the school, came and asked his teacher for the missionary box. The teacher inquired what he wanted with it. "I want to put a half penny into it," said he. To examine his motives, and his knowledge of divine things more particularly, he was asked, what good he supposed it would do to put his money into the missionary box. "I want to send it to the heathen," he replied. "Do you know," said his teacher, "who the heathen are?" "They are folks who have not got any Bible, and live a great way off." "What is the Bible?" "The word of God." "Of what use would it be to the heathen, if they had it?" "It would tell them how to love God, and be good." "Where did the Bible come from?" "From heaven." "Was it written in heaven?" "No; the prophets and good men wrote it." "If good men wrote it, how then is it the word of God, and come from heaven?" "Why, the Holy Ghost told them how to write it." "Did they see the Holy Ghost, and did he speak to them?" "No; but he made them think it." The box was presented, he dropped in his money, a smile of joy glowed upon his countenance, and he returned to his seat, pleased with the luxury of doing good.—*Eng. pub.*

Eagerness of South Sea Islanders to obtain the Scriptures.

When the Gospel of Luke was first published by the English missionaries at the South Sea Islands, the demand for books was far greater than the means of supply. The printer was sometimes under the necessity of sending away applicants till more books could be prepared. On one occasion, five men, who had come from another island for the purpose, applied for books at the close of the day. The printer informed them that they could not be supplied till the next day, when some copies

would be ready for distribution. He proposed to them to spend the night in the next village.

Early in the morning, he found the men at his door, where they had spent the night, afraid to leave the spot, lest all the books should be purchased before they could obtain copies. They waited till the books were finished, paid for them, and immediately left the island with their valued treasure. It is not known that they entered any house, or partook of any refreshment, on the island, during their visit; so intent were they on the single object of possessing a portion of the word of God.—*Ellis's Polynesian Researches*, vol. i. p. 404. London.

Attachment of an African to the Word of God.

On the arrival of two vessels at Demarara, from Dominica, with a great number of slaves, among whom were several Methodists, a native female of the latter place, on hearing of their arrival, went on board of one of the vessels. As soon as they saw her, they exclaimed, "Here are we; we came from de word of God; we bin hearing de word of God in Dominica; but we no know if we heard de word of God now. Poor we! We no care where dem bring we, so we hear de word of God." On being told they would find a chapel and missionaries there, in a moment their sorrow was turned to joy. Hailing those in the other ships, they cried out, "Keep good heart, dere be chapel here."—*Burder's Miss. Anecdotes*, p. 313.

Way to Heaven.

A superintendent, in addressing his Sabbath School, said, "Were I to inquire of you the way to the next town, you would no doubt, be able to tell me. But should I inquire of you the way to heaven, what answer would you give me?" He paused; when a little girl, having climbed upon the bench, said, "Jesus Christ, sir, is the way."

Cheerfulness.

It is important that you should remember your place—and fulfil the duties assigned you with cheerfulness. A fretful spirit is always unhappy. It will make no situation comfortable—no friend agreeable; no employment pleasant. Avoid it then. Guard against it—and you will pass your youthful days with satisfaction to those who feel an interest in you, and with profit and honor to yourself.

Good Advice.

Obey the voice of those who love you; be kind to those who counsel you; be affectionate to those who beg you with tears to forsake every false way, and be willing to yield the feelings of your hearts to the control of no bad passion, but to the dictates of prudence and wisdom; and, depend upon it, you will be blest through all the days of your life, and peace and happiness will crown them at their close.

POETRY.

From the Lady's Book for October.

THE "GOOD NIGHT!" OF THE BIRDS.

BY MRS. SIGOURNEY.

It was a Sabbath evening,
In Spring's most glorious time,
When tree and shrub, and early flower
Were in their fragrant prime,
And where the cloudless sun declined
A glow of light serene,
A blessing on the world he left,
Came floating o'er the scene.
Then from the verdant hedge-row,
A gentle descant stole,
And with its tide of melody
Dissolved the listening soul;
The tenants of that leafy lodge,
Each in its downy nest,
Pour'd forth a loud and sweet "good night,"
Before they sank to rest.
That tender, parting carol!
How wild it was, and deep,
And then, with soft, harmonious close,
It melted into sleep;
Methought in yonder land of praise,
Which faith delights to view,
True-hearted, peaceful worshippers,
There would be room for you.
Ye give us many a lesson
Of music, high and rare,
Sweet teachers of the lays of heaven,
Say will ye not be there?
Ye have no sins, like ours, to purge
With penitential dew;
Oh! in the clime of perfect love,
Is there no place for you?

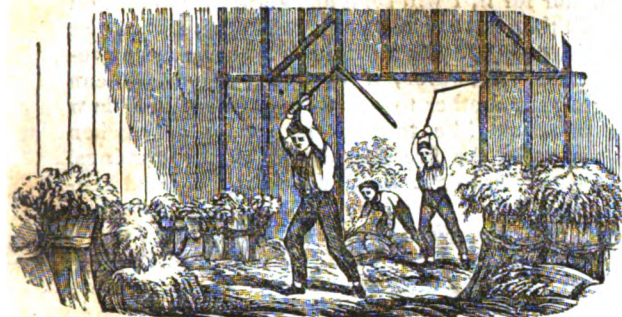
YOUTH'S COMPANION.

Published Weekly, by NATHANIEL WILLIS, at the Office of the Boston Recorder, No. 11, Cornhill.—Price, \$1.00 a year in advance; or \$1.25 if not paid in advance.

NO. 31.

BOSTON, DECEMBER 11, 1840.

VOL. XIV.



OCTOBER.

The first day of October was stormy. The rain poured down in torrents all day long, and of course the boys were at home except during school hours, and the girls all day. When evening came, they were tired and restless.

"How I do hate to have it rain all day so!" said Harry. "I am tired to death of keeping still."

"Keeping still!" echoed Mary and Fanny together. "Why Harry," continued Fanny, "you have not been still a single minute; you joggled me so while I was writing that all my letters were crooked, and Mary had to put away her drawing."

"Well, if that aint keeping still, I don't know what it is. I am sure I tried not to move a finger after you spoke to me, and I am tired half to death." And Harry yawned for the twentieth time in half an hour.

"So am I," said William, "I wish mother would let us play blind man's buff, to wake us up a little."

"Oh! blind man's buff! delightful! but then you know she won't; she is so afraid we shall get hurt."

"And especially since we have got a fire," observed Mary.

Their father had been sitting reading the newspaper during this conversation, but it seemed that he had overheard it. For suddenly starting up, he exclaimed,

"Come boys, what do you say to a game of blind man's buff? Mother will trust you if I am of the party, won't you, mother?"

The answer could not at first be heard, on account of the shout of rapture with which the proposal was received by the children; but at length it was decided that the play should go on, provided mother might be a spectator only, and watch that no one received any injury.

Never was a noisier company than they were for the next hour. Their father was an excellent player; now stealing along like a cat, then giving a sudden bound to the right or left, before or behind; they never knew from which quarter to expect him, and as expert in avoiding as he was skilful in pursuit. At last their mother declared that her head would bear it no longer, and they all sat down.

But repeated bursts of laughter for the next half hour, from one and another, announced how much they were amused at the remembrance of some skilful attack or escape.

When they were all quiet, their mother introduced the subject of their journals.

"How many of you have continued them till now?" asked she.

"All of us," was the reply.

"Indeed! well that is much better than I expected."

"I should not have kept mine," said Harry, "only that I was ashamed to be the first to leave off. Some days I have only written a single sentence."

"And I should not have kept mine," said Fanny, "if it had not been for sister Mary. She used to remind me of it every day, and used to tell me what to put in it, when I could not think of anything."

"Well," said her mother, "suppose by way of variety, we have some specimens read aloud."

Various exclamations broke from the party, but without heeding them, their mother went on.

"We can take the last week; Mary can read her account for one day. William his for the next, and so on."

After a good deal of laughing and objecting, the books were produced, and Mary began.

"Sept. 25th. A beautiful day. I took a long walk before school, and wished I had time for one still longer. In recess the girls were all busy talking about a new society which they wanted to form, to meet once a week and work—the money to be devoted to the education of a heathen child. However, nothing was decided about it. Coming home I saw a man whipping a poor horse so badly, that I could not bear to see him. Almost before I thought, I spoke to him, and he told me it was none of my business. 'He's a lazy brute,' said he, 'and can go faster if he has a mind to.' I did not know what else to do, but a gentleman came along just then, and told him he would complain to the police if he did not leave off beating the horse. So the man stopped, though I am afraid he will be just as cruel again when he is out of sight."

"My lesson this afternoon was so hard that it seemed as if I never should learn it, and I was tempted to give it up and finish my drawing. However, I did not; and was very glad of it; I enjoyed the drawing so much more afterwards. In the evening I helped William and Harry cover their balls, while father read to us some anecdotes out of Miss Edgeworth's work on Education; I forget the name of it."

Harry sat next, so his mother requested him to read. He looked rather red, and evidently complied with much reluctance.

"Saturday, Sept. 26th.—My Latin lesson was so hard to-day that I could not learn it, I missed twice. However, master did not scold me; he said it was unusual for me to miss, and that he was sorry for me; so I shall try the harder next time. It was the turn of our class to speak, and one of the boys spoke a piece called 'The way to tell bad news,' which was very funny. I was sorry I had not chosen a funny piece. Mine was, 'The Burial of Arnold,' and all the boys liked it. This afternoon I have been with William over to the shore behind the hill, to try and get some shells for the girls. But we didn't find any. Afterwards we had a fine game at ball. In the evening, I studied my Sunday School lesson for next day."

Fanny came next. She begged Mary to read hers, and Mary complied.

"Sunday, Sept. 27th.—How I do love my Sabbath School teacher. She always smiles so pleasantly when I see her, that I long for Sunday to come. This morning I was there first, and she talked to me before the others came, and showed me a beautiful hymn. I hope I shall be like her when I grow up. The text this morning was in Romans 8: 5, and this afternoon it was Psalms 1: 1. I tried to listen to the sermons, but did not understand them much. In the evening we said the Catechism, and father told us a story to explain one of the answers."

"Now William," said his mother.

"Oh, it comes to William's turn to read about our party, doesn't it! That's capital!" said Harry.

Very demurely William began.

"Sept. 28.—At half past five o'clock precisely, I jumped out of bed and called to Harry that it was a fine morning. We dressed ourselves in less than no time, and ran to wake the girls, but Fanny was up first. Father

said we should start at six, so as to have a long day of it. We helped pack the basket of cakes and pies, Harry and I got our fishing lines, and Mary her drawing-book. We were but just ready when the carry-all came, and in we jumped, as merry as grigs. We had a very pleasant ride of about twelve miles, and talked about all manner of things by the way, which I cannot stop to write. Father let me drive part of the way.

"When we got there, we found the water looking beautifully. It was sparkling, and the little waves were dancing in the sunlight, as if they felt as happy as we. What we did all the time I cannot possibly tell, it would take so long. Part of the time we sat still and looked at the water, part of the time we scrambled over the rocks, and part of the time we fished. Harry and I did not catch any fish, but father caught two or three, and we had them fried for dinner. The girls did not like it much though; they thought it was cruel, and Fanny screamed as loud as if she had been shot, when one of the fishes flapped over near where she was standing. But that's only because they are not used to it."

"We found some very pretty shells, and filled Fanny's basket with them. In the afternoon we rode three or four miles further on, to the light-house, and that was the best part of the day. Oh, how splendidly the waves did look dashing up against the rocks! the man at the light said they were sometimes twice as high after a storm, but we could hardly believe it. I would give any thing to see them so high. Our ride home was, if possible, still pleasanter than in the morning. The sun set when we were about half way home, and the clouds were beautiful. I do not believe we ever had a pleasanter day, and we were all glad enough we had waited for Fanny's foot to get well."

All the company expressed their approbation of this account, only that each one remembered something that had been omitted.

"Why, you did not tell about our going up to the top of the light-house, and into the greasy lantern!"

"And you did not tell how finely we were splashed when that great monstrous wave came, and we were so far down."

"And what queer things that old man in the cottage said to us while we were eating our dinner."

"How could I tell every thing?" was the reply. "It would have kept me writing all day."

"I wonder if we shall have any more such pleasant weather this month as we had that day—do you think we shall, mother?"

"Yes, I dare say; October is often the pleasantest month in the year."

"So it is, or at least so it was last year," said Mary; "it is just the right weather for long walks."

"Yes, and the leaves have such beautiful colors. But father is holding up his watch, so I suppose it is time for us to go to bed."

"Yes, that it is, so good night, my children," said their father. And thus ended the first day of October.

NARRATIVE.

HEALTH PREFERABLE TO RICHES.

Little Martin was a poor boy, who gained his living by going on errands. One day, as he was returning from a village very far from his own, he found himself much fatigued; and, sitting down at the door of the little inn, he procured a small glass of beer, and a piece of bread.

While he was taking this humble refreshment, a young gentleman and his tutor stopped in a carriage at the door of the inn. They were ele-

gantly dressed, and followed by servants on horseback.

The inn-keeper immediately came to the door, and asked if the travellers would do him the honor of alighting? This, however, they declined; and, without getting out of the carriage, they regaled themselves on part of a cold fowl and some wine and water, which were brought to them in an instant.

Martin, having now finished his little repast, fixed his eyes upon them with much attention, and looked as if he would say, "Those gentlemen are making a very good dinner, and I have had a very bad one."

The tutor, having accidentally cast his eyes upon little Martin, guessed his thoughts, and said to his pupil, "Look, how that little boy's eyes are fixed upon us. I imagine that he says within himself, 'I wish I were in that young gentleman's place.'"

"Well," said the youth, who, though extremely unwell, was of a gay temper, "let us make the proposition, for a moment, of changing places with me."

The tutor immediately beckoned Martin to the carriage, and said to him, "Seeing how attentively you look at this young gentleman, it appears to me, my little friend, that you would like to be in his place. Will you change with him?"

"Ah, Sir," replied Martin, "You are in jest; but, if the young gentlemen be willing, it shall soon be done. Ah, ha! what a gainer I shall be by my journey! Our neighbors will be confounded, when they see me return home this evening in a fine carriage!"

"I take you at your word," said the young gentleman; "I am going to resign to you my carriage and my horses. And I engage to give you every thing that you have not; provided that you, on the other hand, give me everything that you have, and that I want."

Martin having agreed to these conditions, the young traveller called his servants, and desired them to assist him in getting out of his carriage. Alas, what a sight! The legs of the amiable invalid were completely crooked, and incapable of supporting him. He was therefore obliged to be held by the servants till crutches were brought, on which he propped himself.

"Now," said he, to little Martin, "have you still an inclination to change with me?"

"O dear, no Sir! I have no such wish," cried Martin, retreating from one who no longer excited his envy; "No, I do not wish to change. The health which I enjoy, and the use of my limbs, are of more value than anything you can give me. I had rather eat my dry bread, and not want any body to help me to walk; and I had rather be without poultry and wine, than be carried like an image. Good afternoon, Sir," added he, and immediately ran homeward.

"You are right," cried the young gentleman; "if you could only give me your legs, I would cheerfully strip myself of all that I possess in the world, to give you in return."

So true it is, that a poor person, with a good constitution, and well made, enjoys more true happiness than the most wealthy individual, who is a stranger to the blessings of health and strength. It must, therefore, be acknowledged that health is preferable to riches.—*Village Reader.*

OBITUARY.

Written for the Youth's Companion.

DISTRESSING DEATH BY FIRE.

Died in Fitzwilliam, Nov. 12th, Sarah E. daughter of Mr. Theophilus May, aged 19 years. The circumstances attending her death were distressing indeed. She was watching with a sick acquaintance, and about 3 o'clock in the morning having no call upon her attention, she fell asleep, and in some way the fire caught her clothes, and although she was immediately aroused by others, the fire made such progress

as to cause her death in about 30 hours. Thus, in a very short time has one been called into eternity who, but a few hours before, had as good prospects of a long life as any one now living. Miss M. united with the church the Sabbath before she died, thus showing her determination to love and serve the Lord. Ah! how little did we who saw her give herself up to the Saviour in a public manner, how little did we think that before another Sabbath, she would be deposited in the tomb. She loved the Sabbath School, and was a constant attendant. She was asked before she died if she was willing to die and leave the world. She said she was. She was in so much pain she could say but little. But there is good reason to believe, that "All is well" with her.

Youthful reader, are you prepared to be called out of the world and meet your judge as unexpectedly and suddenly as she was. You may be strong and healthy now, but strength and health are no security against death. Miss M. was watching with one who had been dangerously sick, but the well one was taken before the sick. What a solemn warning to all to be ready for death at all times, so that whenever it comes we may go and dwell with Christ, and be forever happy.

Written for the Youth's Companion.

MARY MAHALA STEARNS.

Mary Mahala, youngest daughter of Levi and Mary Stearns, died August 22, aged 3 years and 2 months. Although at this tender age, she had developed many striking traits of character, her disposition was particularly lovely; she was one of the most affectionate children I ever knew. She seemed to love all with whom she was acquainted. She was often heard to sing in her artless manner, "I love father, I love mother, I love sister, I love brother," and would conclude by saying, "happy Mahala." It seemed the more she loved, the happier she felt. She was always afraid of leaving her mother alone. If she had been out to play and came in and found her alone, she would say, "why my dear mother is alone, she don't like to stay alone, I won't leave her again." She seemed to have a clear sense of right and wrong. She would often ask, "if I do this will it be wicked? God sees me, and I must not do wrong." When she was angry she would say, "Mahala is not happy," now, but the moment she yielded, she would run to her mother with a kiss and say, "Mahala is happy now."

In her last sickness though of short duration, she manifested the patience of a person in maturity. I more than once heard it remarked by those who called to see her, how patient she appeared to be. Not a murmur to my knowledge escaped her lips. She wished to have her mother constantly by her side, yet she seldom refused any medicine that was brought her, as children often do.

Now little children who may read this, you see from this case that little children die; and we know not who may be the next to be called from time to eternity. Then children strive to enter in at the straight gate. Remember the instructions you receive at the Sabbath Schools, and love your Saviour.

MORALITY.

Written for the Youth's Companion.

LETTER TO THE LITTLE GIRLS,

In the Preparatory Department of the Abbott Female Seminary, Andover, Mass.

My dear Pupils,—Although I am not with you as much as your Teacher is, yet I am as much interested in you as she is, and as anxious to have you grow wiser and better every day. Some of you have this paper to read every week, and I hope you will all ask your parents to buy it for you after this year is through, so that you can have it to read in, at school. There are always

interesting stories in it, and hymns, and letters from good people, and advice to children, just such as you would like, and such as you ought to read. Mr. Willis, who prints it, tries to make it as useful as he can. He has printed a newspaper for grown people, a great many years, and at last thought that children ought to have a paper to suit them. The paper can be bought for \$1.00 a year. If any of you will bring me one dollar for it, I will send and get it for you. You will then have fifty-two little papers, as large as this, to keep. You can have them bound up together, afterwards, if you wish to, or you can get your mother to sew them together, and how you would like to read the stories over, when you sit by the fire these long winter evenings! I wish you to get this paper for five good reasons. 1st. To read in, at school. 2nd. To read in, at home, when you have nothing else to do. 3d. To teach you to love to read. 4th. To help you to become better and wiser, by reading about good people, and reading their advice to you, and 5th. To help Mr. Willis print the paper, for I think children ought to take care of this paper as grown people sustain other papers, and see that he has money enough to print it with. Every dollar you pay will help him a great deal, besides getting your fifty-two little newspapers. I am sure your parents would be glad to give you two cents a week, if you try hard to be good at home, and at school. If I were you, I would ask them to get this paper, instead of buying Thanksgiving and Christmas presents. I hope you will get at least one, in every family, as soon as you can.

I am dear children, very affectionately, your Principal, T. D. P. STONE.
Abbott Fem. Sem. Nov. 22d, 1840.

NATURAL HISTORY.

THE FAITHFUL DOG.

There is nothing more picturesque than the image of an infant and a large dog. Every one has felt it. The little plump hand looks smaller and whiter, in his rough hair, and the round, dimpled cheek rests on his shaggy coat, like a flower on a rock.

Edward and Frederick rode, one afternoon, to Roxbury to take tea with a friend. Our woman in the kitchen wished to pass the night with a sick person, after the evening lecture, and I felt no hesitation in leaving Martha in Polly's care. We were prevented, by an accidental delay, from returning until ten o'clock. The ride over the neck, although it was fine sleighing, appeared uncommonly long, for I had never been so long from my infant. The wind was sharp and frosty, but my attention was beguiled by sheltering Frederick with my furs, who soon fell asleep, singing his own lullaby. As we entered the square we perceived that the neighboring houses were closed for the night, and no light visible but a universal brilliancy through the crevices of our parlor shutters. Our heart misgave us; I uttered an involuntary cry; and Edward said that "a common fire light could not produce such an effect." He urged his horse—we reached the house—I sprang for the door. It was fastened. We knocked with violence. There was no answer. We looked through a small aperture, and both screamed in agony, "Fire!" In vain Edward attempted to wrench the bolt or burst the door; that horrible light still gleamed on us. We flew to the side door, and then I recollected that a window was usually left open in a room which communicated with the parlor, for the smoke to escape when the wind prevailed in the quarter it had done this day. The window was open, and as Edward threw down logs that we might reach it, we heard a stifled howl. We mounted the logs, and could just raise our head to the window. Oh! what were our emotion as we saw Growler with his fore paws stationed on the window, holding Martha safely with his

night dress between his teeth, ready to spring at the last extremity, and suspending the little cherub so carefully that she thought it but one of his customary gambols. With a little effort Edward reached the child, and Growler, springing to the ground, fawned and grovelled at our feet.

Edward alarmed the neighborhood and entered the window. Poor Polly had fainted in the entry, from the close atmosphere and excess of terror. She could give no account of the origin of the fire, unless she had dropped a spark on the window curtain. The moment a blaze appeared, she endeavored to extinguish it; "but," said she, "the flames ran like wildfire; and, when I found I could do nothing, I snatched Martha from the cradle, and ran into the entry to get out by the back door; after that I recollect nothing."

With prodigious efforts the house was saved, though with great loss of furniture. But what were pecuniary losses that night to us? We were sheltered by an hospitable neighbor; our little cherub was clasped in our arms, amid smiles and tears; and Growler, our good Growler, with a whimpering dream, lay sleeping at our feet.—*Southern Rose.*

THE NURSERY.

Written for the Youth's Companion.
THE OBEDIENT BOY.
BY FRANCES.

"Hurrah James! What are you standing there for?" said Charles Rice, to his friend James Willis. "Don't you see how the wind blows, and the nuts falling off like fun? Come, get your basket, and go."

"No, I can't," answered James. "Father told me to stay here and watch the cows till he came home."

"Why?" asked Charles.

"Because, he wishes them to eat the grass here, and if I leave them they will get into the garden, and eat up all our winter squashes and cabbages."

"Oh, I'll risk that," said Charles. "The nuts are just up here in the edge of the woods, and if the cows go to the garden, we can see them before they will do any hurt. Come," he continued earnestly.

"No," replied James. "Father would be very much displeased if they *should* get to the cabbages, and I know they will if I leave them."

"Well, suppose I go and get Henry to stay here a few minutes?" said Charles.

"Oh that would not do; father has left employment for him too; and he ought not to leave it."

"Do come, then, and let the cows stay. They will not leave this good feed, I assure you."

"Oh yes, they will. They try to get into the garden very often when I am here, and the moment I'm gone, they'll head for the cabbage yard."

"Just come part way now, and see," said Charles.

"No Charles," answered James decidedly, "It is of no use, I cannot go. If you will stay with me till father comes home, I presume he will let me go, and how much better it will be. We shall not be all the time uneasy about the cows; nor all the time thinking I have done wrong; and I think he will be here very soon."

"I'll wait a few minutes and see," said Charles.

Just then, Mr. Willis, who had returned sooner than he had expected to do, and had overheard the preceding conversation, came up, and taking the hand of his brave boy, he said, "My son, you know not the joy you have caused your father's heart, by striving to resist temptation. Always be as conscientious, my dear boy, and life will be to you a joyous journey, and your path will be one of unfading flowers and continued sunshine. You may now go with Charles,

to gather nuts, and continue to set before him an example of obedience and goodness." Then turning to Charles, he said, "And you, my little fellow, remember, whenever you try again to lead any of your associates from duty, that you incur as much guilt, as if you were yourself to commit the very sin to which you tempt your friend."

SABBATH SCHOOL.

ANECDOTE OF JEREMIAH FLATE.

"Fifty years ago," said this venerable teacher, "I was master of the Orphan Asylum, in Stuttgart, and had a whole room full of children to instruct. It was my custom to pray every morning for meekness and patience in the fulfilment of this arduous duty. One day, as I was walking up and down among the children, I observed a boy, about twelve years of age, leaning with both his elbows upon the table; I reproved him for this improper behaviour, and walked on. The next time I passed, he was doing the same thing; and I was obliged to repeat my desire that he should take his arms off the table. He obeyed me for the moment; but when I returned for the third time, I found him angry and perverse, and could read in his face that he was determined to despise my orders. I was much annoyed, but restrained myself, and prayed inwardly for strength to exercise patience towards this poor child, even as my God had been patient towards me. My ill-humor vanished immediately, I became calm, and was enabled to continue my instructions. The boy obstinately remained in the same attitude, but I took no notice of him. When school was over, I sent for him into my study, praying, in the meantime, for wisdom and composure of mind. He stamped in, and banged the door after him in a violent passion. "Why did you bang the door so violently?" I asked. "I did not bang it," he replied. "Yes, you did, my boy," said I. "I tell you, I did not," was the answer. Upon this I went up to him, took his hand, and asked him, in a gentle voice, "Do you know, my son, against whom you are sinning? it is not against me, but against your Saviour, your best Friend! Examine yourself, and try to find out why you behave in this manner."

"The boy's heart was touched; he burst into tears, and entreated me to forgive his wicked behaviour. "I had determined this morning," continued he, "to tease you by my disobedience, till you should beat me, thinking you would suffer much more from it than I should. Pray, pray forgive me; I will never do so again in all my life." I pointed out to him from what a great temptation he had been delivered, and then dismissed him, with the assurance that I had long since forgiven him. He left me, but still appeared almost inconsolable. In the afternoon, having finished my classes, I was sitting alone in my little study, when I heard a knock at the door. The boy came in, his eyes red with weeping, and saying it was impossible I could have forgiven him, for he had behaved towards me like a devil. He begged I would tell him once more that I had forgiven him, repeating that he would never vex me again, not even by a look. I again assured him of my full forgiveness, but told him he must ask pardon of his Saviour, against whom he had chiefly sinned, and who would certainly hear his prayer, if his repentance was sincere. The boy however left me, still crying.

"I had scarcely risen the next morning, when my little penitent came again, crying so bitterly that I was quite astonished. He said the remembrance of his conduct the day before had prevented his sleeping, and entreated me, with his whole heart, to continue to love him as I had done before. He could not imagine what had led him to form such a naughty resolution, and assured me he had determined not to allow any punishment to overcome his obstinacy, but had

been quite unable to resist the kind and gentle means I had used to convince him of his fault. He begged me to tell him how it had been possible for me to bear with this wicked behaviour as I had done. To this I answered, 'Dear child, I cannot exactly explain that to you; but if I must express it in a few words, it is because I have myself received much mercy from the Lord, that I have been enabled to show mercy towards you.' Thus spoke this venerable man, and concluded his narrative with the satisfactory intelligence, that the boy had, from that day, become his best scholar, and was still living in Stuttgart, esteemed by all who knew him as an honest and virtuous citizen.—*From the German of Dr. G. H. Schubert.*

PARENTAL.

THE FATHER,

AN INSTRUCTIVE SKETCH.

It is the duty of mothers to sustain the reverses of fortune. Frequent and sudden as they have been to our own country, it is important that young females should possess some employment, by which they might obtain a livelihood in case they should be reduced to the necessity of supporting themselves. When families are unexpectedly reduced from affluence to poverty, how pitiful and contemptible it is, to see the mother desponding or helpless, and permitting her daughter to embarrass those whom it is their duty to assist and cheer.

"I have lost my whole fortune," said a merchant, as he returned one evening to his home. "we can no longer keep our carriage. We must leave this large house. The children can no longer go to expensive schools. Yesterday I was a rich man. To-day, there is nothing I can call my own."

"Dear husband," said the wife, "we are still rich in each other and our children. Money may pass away, but God has given us a better treasure in those active hands and loving hearts."

"Dear father," said the children, "do not look so sober. We will help you to get a living."

"What can you do, poor things?" said he.

"You shall see, you shall see," answered several cheerful voices. "It is a pity if we have been to school for nothing. How can the father of eight children be poor? We shall work and make you rich again."

"I shall help," said the youngest girl, hardly four years old. "I will not have any new things bought, and I shall sell my great doll."

The heart of the husband and father, which had sunk within his bosom like a stone, was lifted up. The sweet enthusiasm of the scene cheered him, and his nightly prayer was like a song of praise.

They left his stately house. The servants were dismissed. Pictures and plate, rich carpets and furniture were sold, and she who had been so long mistress of the mansion, shed no tear. "Pay every debt," says she, "let no one suffer through us, and we may yet be happy."

He rented a neat cottage and a small piece of ground a few miles from the city. With the aid of his sons, he cultivated vegetables for the market. He viewed with delight and astonishment the economy of his wife, nurtured as she had been in wealth, and the efficiency which his daughters soon acquired under her training.

The eldest one assisted her in the work of the household, and also assisted the younger children. Besides they executed various works, which they had learned as accomplishments, but which they found could be disposed of to advantage. They embroidered with taste some of the ornamental parts of female apparel, which they readily sold to a merchant in the city.

They cultivated flowers, and sent bouquets to market, in the cart that conveyed the vegetables: they platted straw, they painted maps, they executed plain needle work. Every one was at her

post busy and cheerful. The cottage was like a bee-hive.

"I never enjoyed such health before," said the father.

"And I never was so happy before," said the mother.

"We never knew how many things we could do, when we lived in the great house," said the children, "and we love each other a great deal better here. You call us your little bees."

"Yes," replied the father, "and you make just such honey as the heart loves to feed on."

Economy as well as industry was strictly observed—nothing was wasted. Nothing unnecessary was purchased. The eldest daughter became assistant teacher in a distinguished female seminary, and the second took her place as instructress to the family.

The little dwelling which had always been kept neat, they were soon able to beautify. Its construction was improved, and the vines and flowering trees were replanted around it. The merchant was happier under his woodbine covered porch, in a summer's evening, than he had been in his showy drawing room.

"We are now thriving and prosperous," said he, "shall we now return to the city?"

"Oh, no, no," was the unanimous reply.

"Let us remain," said the wife, "where we have found health and contentment."

"Father," said the youngest, "all we children hope you are not going to be rich again; for then," she added, "we little ones were shut up in the nursery, and did not see much of you or mother. Now we all live together, and sister, who loves us, teaches us, and we learn to be industrious and useful. We were none of us happy when we were rich, and did not work. So father please not to be a rich man any more."

[Mrs. Sigourney.]

VARIETY.

Only Once.

How often do children beg that their parents will let them do wrong. Their language is, "let me go, or do something just once, and I will never ask again." They never stop to think that what they desire, is sinful, and that their parents know better than themselves the consequence of wrong doing. This was true of a lad who removed from a pleasant country village with his friends, into one of our large cities, where there are many strong temptations to evil. His friends knew this, and wished to keep him away from vicious associates, and places of sinful amusement. He soon procured a very good place in a store, and his employer was very much pleased with his steady habits and fidelity. He had heard much said by his imprudent and thoughtless father about the theatre; and now as he walked the streets, read the handbills, and met with other boys who had much to say about this wicked place, he desired more than ever to go with them. His friends objected, and would not furnish him with money to pay for a ticket. At last he made a little money bag, and hung it up in his room, and put into it every cent which was given to him. A few weeks passed away, and he had collected twenty-five cents,—a sum sufficient to pay for a ticket. Now he asked more earnestly than ever for permission to go, saying he wanted to go *only once*; he would not ask again. His friends reluctantly consented, thinking that once might satisfy him. He came home delighted with what he had seen, and his desire to go again was stronger than ever. He was now more unwilling to be denied than before. He had no money, but he was determined to go unbeknown to his friends. But he must have money, and to get it, he stole articles from the store, sold them to get the money, and in a short time an officer came to the boy's home and told his friends that he was in jail.

Can my young readers imagine the feelings of his brothers and sisters? They wept and blamed themselves that they had ever said that their brother might go "*only once*." If he had never gone, he might now have been in his store happy and honored with a good name. He was such a good boy that his employer could not believe he had taken the things for a long time. But now he has lost his place. The man would not have him behind his counter. He has lost his good name. But what is more sad, he has committed a great sin against God. Oh, what would that boy give now, if he could be as he was before he begged to do wrong, before he went to that place of amusement, which leads to hell.—*Treas.*

The Brook and the Flower.—A FABLE.

"I wish I were a cloud, to roll all day through the heavens, painted so beautifully, as those lovely shapes are colored, and never descending again in showers; or at least, I wish I were a broad river, performing some useful duty in the world. Shame on my weak waves and unregarded bubbling. I might as well have never been, as to be thus puny, insignificant and useless."

When the brook had thus complained, a beautiful tall flower that had bent over its bosom replied.

"Thou art in error, brook. Puny and insignificant thou mayest be; but useless thou art not, for I owe half my beauty, perhaps my life, to thy refreshing waters. The plants adjacent to thee are greener and richer than the others. The Creator has given thee a duty which, though humble, thou mayest not neglect. Besides, who knows what may be thy future destiny? Flow on, I beseech thee."

The brook heard the rebuke, and danced along its way more cheerfully. On and on it went, growing broader and broader. By and by other rivulets poured their crystal waters into it, and swelled its deepening bosom, in which already began to appear the fairy creatures of the wave, darting about joyfully and glistening in the sun. As its channel grew wider and wider, and yet other branches came gliding into it, the stream began to assume the importance of a river, and boats were launched into it, and it rolled on in a meandering course through a teeming country, freshening whatever it touched, and giving the whole scene a new character of beauty.

As it moved on now in majesty and pride, the sound of its gently heaving billows formed itself into the following words:

"At the outset of life, however humble we may seem, fate may have in store for us great and unexpected opportunities of doing good and being great. In the hope of these we should ever press on without despair or doubt, trusting that perseverance will bring its own reward. How little I dreamed when I first sprang on my course, what purpose I was destined to fulfil! What happy beings were to owe their bliss to me! What lofty trees—what velvet meadows—what glorious harvests were to hail my career! Let not the meek and lowly despair: heaven will supply them with noble inducements to virtue."

Robbery by a Bird.

A respectable sheep-farmer near Fort Augustus, has sent to us a communication, of which the following is the substance. After a walk over his farm, and on a very warm morning, he had fallen asleep on a high hill. On awakening, he found that his broad blue bonnet, and yellow silk handkerchief which he had placed beside him, were both missing. At first he suspected that they had been taken away in sport by some person on the farm; but, on inquiry, every individual on the farm and neighborhood, who could possibly have approached the spot, denied all knowledge of the missing articles. Some weeks thereafter, our correspondent and a party ascended a very steep and dangerous rock on the farm, to destroy the nest of a *glade*. Great was his amazement when the first article taken out of the nest was the missing yellow silk handkerchief; then the broad blue bonnet, with three eggs most comfortably ensconced in it; next appeared an old tartan waistcoat, with tobacco in one pocket, and Orr's Almanac for 1839 in the other, (the almanac having the words barely legible, "J. Fraser" written upon it); then came a flannel night cap, marked with red worsted, "D. C. J." a pair of old white mittens; a piece of a letter with green wax, and the Inverness post mark; an old red and white cravat; and a miscellaneous assortment of remnants of cotton, paper, &c. This bird must have been carrying on its larcenies on a large and miscellaneous scale.

[Inverness Courier.]

Anecdote of a Goose.

At the flour-mills of Tubberaheena, near Clonmel, while in the possession of the late Mr. Newbold, there was a goose which, by some accident, was left solitary, without mate or offspring, gander or goslings. Now it happened, as is common, that the miller's wife had set a number of duck-eggs under a hen, which in due time were incubated, and of course the young ducklings, as soon as they came forth, ran with natural instinct to the water, and the hen was in a sad pucker, her maternity urging her to follow her brood, and her selfishness disposing her to keep on dry land. In the meanwhile, up sailed the goose, and with a noisy gabble, which certainly, being interpreted, meant "leave them to my care," she swam up and down with the ducklings, and when they were tired with their aquatic excursion she consigned them to the care of the hen. The next morning down came again the ducklings to the pond, and there was the goose waiting for them, and there stood the hen in her great flusteration. On this occasion we are not

at all sure that the goose *invited* the hen, observing her maternal trouble—but it is a fact, she being near the shore, the hen jumped on her back, and there sat the ducklings swimming, and the goose and hen after them up and down the pond. And this was not a solitary event:—day after day the hen was seen on board the goose, attending the ducklings up and down, in perfect contentedness and good humor—numbers of people coming to witness the circumstance, which continued until the ducklings, coming to years of discretion, required no longer the joint guardianship of the goose and the hen.—*Dublin Magazine.*

A Bear Story.

Francetown, Nov. 3, 1840.—Our election is over, and to-day, myself, accompanied by my two boys, took a stroll into the forest in search of a stick of timber suitable for sled runners. We had not proceeded far, however, before we heard a rustling noise near a pile of under brush, and we were rather disposed than otherwise to learn the cause thereof—and, in approaching it, we found that it was occasioned by a *huge bear*, of the long nose species, which, on noticing us, made tracks to a large hollow beech tree, which lay horizontally upon the ground, into one end of which she entered. We followed and gave the log a pounding with our axes, in the hope of driving her out, and thus giving us an opportunity to capture her, as she made her egress. But Mrs. Bruin was not disposed to quit her domicile—and one of my sons, who took his rifle with him, in anticipation of falling in with less formidable game, discharged its contents into the end of the log.

It was but a moment before two cubs ran out of the end opposite to the one which the old bear entered—and a moment after, out she came at the same end at which she entered—but had not proceeded more than a rod or two before she fell, and we soon despatched her with a blow or two upon the head. The cubs fled into a thicket a short distance from the log, and we soon lost sight of them.

This is the only bear that has been killed in this town for five years, although many of our farmers have suffered some in the loss of sheep, &c. in consequence of their depredations.—*Correspondent of the Mer. Jour.*

A Widow's Son Converted.

A lad of twelve, in—, the only son of his mother, and she a pious widow, has been hopefully converted. This mother, prompted by the pious, maternal yearnings of her heart for the good of her child, procured for him the Evangelical Library. Her earnest prayers followed him, as he perused volume after volume. And her praying breath was not spent in vain. He came to "Pike's Persuasive to Early Piety,"—that precious little volume, which has been so often blessed to the young,—and the Spirit of God set home its impressive truths upon his heart and conscience, and made them the power of God to his salvation.—*S. S. Visiter.*

POETRY.

"Incline your ear, and come unto me."

Isa. lv. 3.

My Father's voice I love to hear—

How sweet its accents are!

I feel his arms of mercy near,

Outstretching from afar.

From hope, and love, and home I roved,

And still had madly strayed,

But He who loved me ere I loved,

Came to the wanderer's aid.

"Return, my child!" his mercy spoke,

"There's room for thee at home;"

My heart beneath his kindness broke,

And no more loved to roam.

"I will return, my gracious God!"

And straight a kindling ray

Burst brightly on the path I trod,

And blessed me on my way.—*S. S. Journal.*

THE OPENING FLOWER.

Sweet is the opening flower

Which just begins to bloom,

Which every day and every hour,

Fresh beauties will assume;

But sweeter that young heart

Where faith, and love, and peace,

Blossom and bloom in every part,

With sweet and varied grace.

O may life's early spring,

And morning, ere they flee,

Youth's dew, and its fair blossoming,

Be given, O God, to Thee.

YOUTH'S COMPANION.

Published Weekly, by NATHANIEL WILLIS, at the Office of the Boston Recorder, No. 11, Cornhill.—Price, \$1.00 a year in advance; or \$1.25 if not paid in advance.

NO. 32.

BOSTON, DECEMBER 18, 1840.

VOL. XIV.



NOVEMBER.

This picture represents the children of the Milton family and some others, assembled at a husking. The following sentence from the book explains the matter. "The consent of the elders having been obtained, the large barn chamber was nicely swept out and prepared for the occasion; the neighbors, young and old were invited, the barn was lighted up, and, for a short time after the company were assembled, all hands were employed in stripping the husks from the ears of Indian corn."

However, it is not about a husking party, that I am going to write. I think you would like better to hear about *Thanksgiving day*, and how it was spent by our young friends, the journalists.

Thanksgiving did not occur till nearly the close of the month, and the interval between this time and our last parting from them, nearly two months, was spent in a diligent attendance on school and lessons. I must not forget to mention however, that on the day after the last conversation recorded, their mother presented each of them with a blank book, neatly bound and ruled, for their journals.

Thanksgiving day was to be spent, according to custom, at grandpapa's. Stores of little pies had been provided for all the cousins, by grandmama, and it was a day of general rejoicing.

On this particular day every thing went on, at first, as usual. They all went to church, and after church there were the usual happy greetings as one after another arrived. Such huggings and kissings! such pettings of the little cousins by the older cousins! such efforts to make them sit in cousin Mary's or cousin Lucy's lap, and such struggles on the part of the little ones to get away and play! But hark, there is the dinner-bell, and all steps are turned to the dining room. And now follows the assigning of places—a work of no small time and difficulty, where so many are to be seated. However, every one has a place at last. Little Frank with his sober face sits next his mother, and all the rest of the little ones are scattered among the "grown up folks" to be taken care of.

At dinner, each one seems happy himself, and determined that all the rest shall be so. There is a great consumption of pies, big and little, pumpkin, mince, and apple.

All this time, grandpapa has a plan in his head, which the children know nothing about. But about the middle of the afternoon, when conversation and play seem to be at a pause, he summons them all to hear a story. Most willingly is the summons obeyed. Grandpapa is seated in the middle, and the eager circle around him watch with sparkling eyes for what is to come. As the story goes on, it is curious to look from one to the other, and watch the various expressions of the faces, down to that of dear little Mary, (not "great Mary," whose lips are parted in the earnestness of her attention, while her blue eyes never wander from her grandfather

"Once there was a squirrel who lived in the woods.

He used to eat nuts. He would climb up the trees, when the nuts were ripe, pluck them off one by one, and carry them to his hole and hide them. He did this so as to have something to eat in winter, when there would be no nuts on the trees. At last he had a great store laid up. Then he said to himself, I will invite my children and grandchildren to come and eat some of my nuts. I will let them look for them, where they are hidden away in my hole."

When grandpapa had proceeded thus far, several of the children burst out laughing, and "Oh, I know what's coming now," was heard on all sides.

"So the old squirrel invited his grand-children to come and see him, and when they came, he said to them, 'I'm going a-nutting, a-nutting, a-nutting.' And the grand-children, said 'then we're going a-cracking, a-cracking, a-cracking.' And some of them said, 'We're going a-smacking, a-smacking, a-smacking.'"

Here a universal shout of laughter interrupted the narrator.

"Now," continued he, "I'm the squirrel!"—

"Yes, I knew that was coming!"

"And when you hear me call out, I'm going a-nutting, a-nutting, a-nutting, you may come and find me."

So off went grandpapa, and presently the welcome signal was heard. Instantly, the house was filled with merry voices, running in all directions, and "We're going a-cracking, a-cracking, a-cracking," resounded on all sides. At last the old squirrel was found and brought out of his hiding-place, and a strange looking object he was. He had wrapped himself in a red baize gown, and tied something around his head, and now, with a large bag full of nuts at his back, he was seen running before his pursuers, who drove him down stairs, where a sheet was found, spread out on the floor, and the nuts were emptied upon it. Then such a scrambling as ensued! The little paper bags provided for the occasion, were soon filled, and each went off with his spoils.

We cannot stop to describe any more of the doings on Thanksgiving day. I hope that in the midst of all these enjoyments, the children did not forget to whom they were indebted for them, and that they were grateful as well as happy.

L.

NARRATIVE.

THE FOUR PISTAREENS.

Young persons are too apt to suppose that little circumstances which happen every day, and little temptations, to which they daily yield, will all be forgotten, or have no influence upon them, when they become men or women. They have not had sufficient experience to know how much the whole life of any individual may be influenced by an apparently trifling event of his childhood.

When a person discharges a musket, he finds that the smallest departure from the true aim, will give a direction to the ball, which will carry it to a wide distance from the mark. And so it is with a very little sin in early-life; it may give a direction to our conduct that may lead us far away from the point at which we should all aim.

When John was about thirteen years old, he left his paternal roof, in the north of New Jersey, and went to Philadelphia, to learn a trade. He entered as an apprentice with his brother, a coachmaker in the northern part of the city.

On a certain occasion he was sent to a drug store for a half gallon of oil. He had frequently been sent on a similar errand, and had been accustomed to pay 25 cents for the oil. But it

happened that oil had fallen, and the price on the present occasion was only 20 cents, of which, however, he was not informed. He had taken with him, to pay for the oil, a one dollar note, and having obtained the article, he presented the note, and received in change—not as he expected, three quarters of a dollar, but four pistareens.

It may be necessary to remark, that the pistareen was an old Spanish coin, of the value of 20 cents, which was in extensive circulation twenty years ago. At the present day they are but rarely met with, and my young readers may never have seen them. John, who had never been much troubled with money changing, and was ignorant of their value, supposed they were quarters of a dollar, and that the druggist had given him four instead of three.

He had been taught when a child to be honest. He knew that he ought to do to others, as he would have others do to him; and that it was as dishonest to take advantage of another's mistake to take what was not his own, as to cheat in any other way. His first impulse, therefore, was to return one of the pieces to the man; but before he had time to carry out his feelings into practice, the thought occurred to him, that he would give three of them to his brother, as the right change, and keep the fourth for himself.

He closed his hand upon the money, picked up his jug, and left the store. He stopped, however, upon the step, and looked at his money. There were certainly four, and he should have but three. Conscience began to reprove him, but selfishness claimed the fourth as its own. The latter pleaded the hardest; and fearing lest the druggist should discover his mistake and recall him, he hurried off homeward, thinking of his good fortune.

The jug in which he carried the oil had no handle, and John was forced to carry it by a string, tied around its neck. This so cut his fingers, that after changing it from one hand to the other several times, he was compelled to stop at the distance of a square, and rest. Setting down the oil, and seating himself upon a step, he took out his supposed quarters of a dollar to convince himself there was one too many. But although he congratulated himself on his good fortune, John's heart was not at ease.

He knew he should have returned one of the pieces to Mr. W——, the store keeper; that in keeping it he was acting dishonestly, and that he ought still to turn back, and correct the mistake. But cupidity was as busy as conscience, and soon framed a number of good reasons why it was properly and lawfully his. The druggist ought not to have made the mistake, and would justly lose by his carelessness. To Mr. W—— a quarter of a dollar was but a trifle, and would never be missed, whilst to him, it was a large amount.

Besides, it was too late now to return. If he did, he should probably be censured for not returning at first;—and then he would be losing too much time, and displease his brother. How strangely people will balance the account of their sins, by making the omission of one, to atone for the commission of another! John entirely convinced himself that he should be wronging his brother of his valuable time, by returning to rectify so trifling a mistake. He proceeded on his way.

But by the time he reached a second corner, his conscience, as well as his jug, began to be very heavy again. He again sat down to rest,

and to settle the dispute between his principles and his desires; and again went on his way determined to keep the money, but by no means satisfied that he was doing right.

The next corner brought John a third time to a stand. Rest relieved the smartings of his hands, but the cuttings of his conscience were not so readily palliated. He meditated some minutes. Conscience now became urgent in its demands. But he was ashamed to go back. He wished he had obeyed his first honest impulse. He felt very unhappy. But he must not delay. He had already been a good while about his errand. He took up his jug. He was undecided whether to go forward or to return. He stood one moment, and determined—to go back.

It was a hard task to trudge back three long squares with a heavy jug, without a handle; and more than once he had almost determined to give up his honest resolution. But he persevered, reached the store, and set down his load. "You have given me too much change," said he, presenting the four pistareens to Mr. W—; "you have given me four quarters of a dollar, instead of three."

"And how far had you got before you discovered the mistake?" said Mr. W—. This was a stumper; for John had discovered it before he left the store, and he now imagined that the druggist was acquainted with the whole circumstance. But such was not the fact. Mr. W— knew that from the time John had been gone, he must have got some distance, and he wished to know how far.

Supposing from his silence that he did not understand him, he repeated the question in another shape. "I say, how far, my boy, have you been since you were here?"

John recovered from his embarrassment. "To Callowhill street, sir."

"You think there is a quarter too much, do you? well, you may have that for your honesty."

John thanked him, and putting the pistareens into his pocket, without suspecting the joke, he resumed his burden, with far different feelings from those that had filled his bosom half an hour before. As he was about leaving the store, "Stop, my man," said Mr. W—, "I will not deceive you. You have your right change. The oil is 20 cents, and those four pieces are not quarters of a dollar, they are twenty cent pieces."

"Here is a quarter," continued the benevolent store keeper, taking one from his drawer, "which I will give you. You can notice the difference between them as you go home; and let me advise you always to deal as honestly as you have to-day."

Who can imagine the feelings of the boy when he saw the real state of the matter; and knew in an instant, that, had he persevered in his sinful project, he must, from the very nature of the circumstances have been discovered! "Had I carried out my first intentions," said he to me, when he related the anecdote, "I should have handed my brother three of the pistareens."

He would of course have asked for the balance, and I should have been driven to add falsehood to my crime, by saying that was all he gave me. In all probability I should have been detected, and sent back to my father in disgrace. It would have stamped my character with dishonesty, from which I might never have recovered." As it was, he picked up his jug, and with a light heart and rapid step proceeded up the street.

He was so rejoiced at the happy result, and so thankful for his preservation, that he set out on a run, and did not feel the old string cut his fingers till he reached the third corner, where he had resolved upon returning to the store. During thirty five years that he lived after this event, he never forgot the lesson it taught him; and throughout his life, in private business, and

in public office, he ever acted under the firm conviction that "*honesty is the best policy.*"

[Village Reader.]

THE NURSERY.

THE GRANDMOTHER'S FAREWELL.

An old lady sat at her cottage door, enjoying the pleasant air of a spring morning. It has not been long since you could find her idle at this time of day, or indulging herself with rest. She used to be busy from morning till night, in her dairy, or in the milk house, or in some useful business of housekeeping. And when she took a seat, it was not to be idle, but she had her sewing or her knitting in her hands, and often with a book in her lap, helping one of her children with a lesson for school. But the old lady's eyes failed, so that she could scarcely see, even with the help of spectacles. Then her hands trembled so much with the weakness of age, that she could not use a knitting-needle. At length her limbs became so feeble that she had to support herself with a cane; and, as she could do but little in the house, she loved to have her chair placed by the vines that ran over the door, and, weak and helpless as she was, you could not see her cheerful countenance, as she sat in her neat cap, and clean apron, and old fashioned gown, without feeling sure that she was a happy woman.

She had been a pious woman for many years, and it was no wonder she was happy when she felt that she was at peace with God, and could look on the fields, the clouds, and the sunny sky, as showing His glory and goodness, and could say to Him with the most affectionate spirit—My Father! And no wonder that she was still more happy in believing, that whenever it should please her heavenly Father to bring her earthly life to a close, she would go at once into the still more beautiful and happy world above, where she should be free from pain and weakness, and be with God forever.

She had been for many years a widow. Her husband, she had reason to believe, had gone before her into heaven, and her daughter, her only living child, gave the best evidence of being a true Christian, by her excellent life and her love of Divine truth.

This daughter, who was married, lived with her mother, and if there was one happier moment in the week than all the rest, it is that of a bright Sabbath morning. The old lady is too infirm to get to the place of worship, but she takes her usual seat in the quiet shade, to meditate upon what she remembers of the blessed Scriptures, and to lift up her thoughts and prayers to her God and Saviour. Her daughter comes out of the door, to take her own little girl to the Sunday School; and as the school is a mile from the cottage, the child carries in a basket some plain food, which she eats between the morning and afternoon meetings, under one of the trees that are around the church, without returning home with her mother to dinner. This she loves to do, rather than miss the afternoon school.

I was about to say, that one of the happiest moments of the grandmother's life was in seeing her daughter and grand-daughter thus setting out for the Sunday School and the church. She would take the dear child by her hand and encourage her to be attentive to all she should learn; she would tell her that she could not value too highly the opportunity of committing the Scriptures and hymns to memory. "What should I do now," she often said, "if I had not the Bible in my mind? I can no longer read. I cannot go to the house of God. I cannot well hear what is read or said to me. There were no Sabbath Schools when I was young; but my good mother taught me, not only every Sabbath, but every other day; and now I find whole verses and passages of the Bible and of hymns coming

to my mind just as if I were reading them; and many that I have not thought of for years, are constantly coming to my recollection, filling me with pleasure, and helping my poor weak faith to take a fresh hold upon Christ to sustain me. Go, my dear child, and if you live to be as old as I am, may you reap, as I do, the blessed harvest of this early seed."

Let the example and testimony of this plain Christian lead every reader to follow her advice, and they will find, that not only in old age, but in sickness, in sleepless nights, in travelling, in walking, in times of fear, the texts and hymns which they lay safely away in their memories now, will be a more valuable treasure than heaps of silver and gold.—*Youth's Friend.*

Written for the Youth's Companion.

THE WALL OF SNOW.

BY FRANCES.

Some weeks since an article appeared in the *Youth's Companion*, which mentioned some of the pleasures of winter; and they were "skating, coasting, snow balling, making snow-men, snow-houses," &c. Though these are innocent pleasures, if not carried too far, they are none of them very useful. And is it not best, children, to amuse yourselves by some useful, as well as pleasant play? "We do not know how to work and play at the same time," says some of my readers. I will tell you of *one* way, and perhaps that will suggest others, in a short story of some children, who enjoyed all the happiness of playing in the snow, and at the same time were quite useful.

One morning, after a severe snow-storm of two or three days, they rose, and found themselves completely imprisoned, by the heavy drifts which had blown against the doors.

"Only look here," said William to his brother, as he raised their chamber window, "Our front yard is full of snow, and the door is entirely covered."

"What a bank!" exclaimed Thomas. "But it will be good fun for us to shovel it away, if father will let us."

"Rather cold fun I should think," said their sister Charlotte, who just entered the room to call them to breakfast.

"We'll come in a minute," said William, "if you will run down; we've got a little privacy, and don't wish you to hear." So with a smile she turned and went down, and William said "I have been thinking, Thomas, that we can cut this snow into blocks, and make a real handsome wall."

"How can you make them stay together?" asked Thomas.

"Cement them with water," replied William, "just as brick layers cement with mortar, only turn on the cement."

"I don't see how *water* will make them stick together," said Thomas.

"Why don't you know water freezes in cold weather?" asked William rather out of patience, because his brother could not understand, "when we get the blocks ready to lay together, turn water between them, and that will freeze them together."

Thomas understood it now, and seemed much pleased.

"Don't you say any thing to father about it," said William, as they went down stairs, "I am going to see what he will say first."

When they were all seated at the table, William said, "Father, will you give us the privilege of making a path, from the front door to the road?"

"Yes, my son," he replied, "I should like to have you do it, if you can. It will be fine exercise for you, out of school."

"I think we can do it, sir, very nicely, if you will give us time enough."

"You may do it, but I should like to have it

done before Spring," said Mr. Carter, smiling. The boys looked at each other, as if they thought they could accomplish it pretty quick. After breakfast, they tied down their pantaloons over their boots, and with their shovels in their hands, they cleared the way from the door at the end of the house, round to the road, opposite the front door.

"Now let's see," said William, "I suppose we had better begin as near the gate as we can, on this side, because it is not so deep here, and we shall want to use the snow away from the door, before we get at it."

"What shall I do first," asked Thomas, "you seem to be boss of the business."

"Roll the snow into long, large balls, then cut them into smooth blocks, with your shovel; make them about two feet long, like hewn stone," said he, laughing.

Then both went to work, or to play, as it seemed to them, and before school time they had several blocks finished, and firmly laid upon the bare ground, from which they had taken the snow. Every leisure moment was spent upon the wall. After it got two or three feet high, the school boys used to come and assist lay the blocks; sometimes the girls would help, for fear the boys would not finish it alone, before another storm.—But it was not long before it was completed. A beautiful wall of hewn snow, five or six feet high, perfectly straight, each side of the walk, from the front door to the road. When a storm was expected, the boys laid boards across the top of the wall, and at the end, so that the snow was never allowed to enter. It remained until the warm sun melted it away in the spring. Mr. Carter praised the ingenuity of his boys, and every one who saw the wall, admired their taste and industry. *North-Brookfield.*

MORALITY.

THE CIDER MILL.

Come, James, said Samuel, let us go down to Deacon Arnold's cider mill, and get some new cider; that is not against our pledge.

Well, Samuel, replied James, I suppose it is not exactly. Our Juvenile Temperance Society is pledged only against all that intoxicates, and I suppose there is no alcohol in new cider. But I do not care much about getting the character of a cider drinker. See what a parcel of boys are always hanging around a cider mill, sucking cider; they do not belong to the Temperance Society, and I do not want to mingle with them.

Samuel. But I think we ought to be consistent. We have said we will not drink any thing that intoxicates. Then I think we ought to be willing to drink all that does not intoxicate. Now I would drink new cider from principle.

James. You may drink if you please; but I see nothing wrong in my letting it alone. But come, I will go with you and see what you drink.

S. That is right. See now what fine piles of apples there are here before us; all going to be made up when they get mellow.

J. Mellow? Why, there, Samuel, is a pile more than half rotten.

S. They say they make the best cider.

J. Do they? Here, take one that is half rotten and eat it.

S. I won't. (*throwing it down.*)

J. Why not?

S. Why not? It is rotten. I'll not eat rotten apples.

J. But you'll drink them; when the cider maker mashes them all up and pours you out the juice you call it good new cider. If it was not for being new cider and drinking out of principle, I had as lief have pure spring water. Here is one with two or three clever fat worms in it. Eat this, worms and all.

S. I'll not.

J. You'll not? Why you'll drink it, when the cider maker has ground up rotten apples, worms

and all, you'll drink what he presses out, and drink from principle. I think your principle must be pretty strong to stomach all that. It is about as bad as Albany Ale.

S. But all this works off.

J. Yes, Samuel, but you want to drink it before it works off, scum, filthy sediment and all. Now Samuel this is all nonsense. Let total abstinence boys keep away from the cider mill. Depend upon it, it does no good, only makes a parcel of drunkards. The mill, the brewery, and the distillery, all belong to the demon intemperance. Cider is the drink of the worst of drunkards. It makes men lazy, bloated, stupid, cross and ugly.

S. But do you despise apples?

J. Despise apples? No. I love them, and thank God for them. They are a most delicious fruit the year round, and it does my heart good when I see how all the animal creation enjoy them. If I had these heaps of apples, I would give them all to horses, and geese, and hogs, and let them fat on them. But this making them up into cider to spoil man with, for time and eternity, is a shameful business; and I, for one, will have nothing to do with it. Now, am I not right, Samuel?

S. I believe you are.

J. Well then, let us both resolve we will not be seen near a cider mill, as it is no place for TETOTALLERS.—*Youth's Temp. Adv.*

THE SELFISH BOY.

The selfish boy is one who loves himself solely, and nobody else; who does not care whom he deprives of enjoyment, so that he can obtain it. Should he have any thing given him, he will keep it all to himself. Should it be a cake, he will keep it in his box, and eat it alone; sometimes creeping up stairs in the day-time, to eat when nobody sees him; at others, getting out of bed at night, to cram himself in the dark.

The selfish boy likes playthings, but he does not like anybody to touch them: "You shall not beat my hoop, you shall not touch my kite," is constantly on his tongue. He is ever on the watch, to find out if any one has been even near any thing of his. He is restless, anxious, fearful; he knows it lies at the bottom of his heart to rob others, because all selfish boys are covetous, and he thinks that everybody will take from him.

When he sits down to his writing, if he happens to make a good letter he holds his hand over it, so that no one may copy it. When he has worked his sum, he hugs it up to his breast, for fear any one should be benefited by knowing how it was done.

He obtains knowledge, perhaps studies hard for it, but he has no desire for communicating it to others. If he should see a fine sight at the window, he calls for no one to share his delight, but feels a pleasure in being able to say, "I saw it, and you did not."

The selfish boy cannot see the good of any thing, unless he is to be the gainer in some way or other. When his interests are concerned, he will see him quite alive, although he was ever so sluggish just before. He sees in a moment what will make to his own advantage, and is, therefore, an adept at chopping and changing, and at making bargains. He knows well enough how to speak against his schoolfellow's article. If it be a knife, he will pretend the spring is bad, and find out a hundred faults; then when he has made a good bargain, O! how he chuckles over it, and rubs his hands.

The selfish boy is a great cheat; when he plays marbles he takes care, when an opportunity offers, of kicking his alley nearer to the ring; when he makes a false shot, he will pretend that he was not in earnest, on purpose to get another; when the game is going against him, he will pretend he has hurt his knee or his knuckle, and cannot play any more.

The selfish boy is a great braggart; he often

says, "I have got this, and I have got that. Ay, you do not know how much money I have got in my saving box."

His whole life is a sort of scramble; if any thing is to be given away, he is the first to cry out, for fear he should lose his share, and the first to grumble when he obtains it. If another boy happen to receive a larger slice at meat-times than himself, he pines over it, and can scarcely contain himself for vexation. He always looks out for the best of every thing, and thinks he has a right to it.

Poor boy! he thinks the world was made for him. He never thinks of others. It is no pleasure for him to see others happy; nay, he would sooner make his dearest friends miserable, than deprive himself of any thing. He will make no self-sacrifice, I can assure you.

Nay, more than this, if he does not want a thing, he cannot bear that anybody else should enjoy it. This is the last stage of his disease; and thus he is like the dog in the manger, and snaps at every one who comes near him. What a pretty man he will make!—*Youth's Friend.*

RELIGION.

KNOCK.

There goes the postman, with his hands filled with letters and newspapers, knocking so loudly at the doors around, that you cannot doubt for a single moment that he is a person of some consequence. Notice the quick step with which he walks along, the hasty manner in which he announces his errand, and the sharp, urgent tone of his voice, as he speaks to the tardy, thoughtless servant who has kept him waiting so long. Yes, it is pretty evident that the postman cannot afford to waste his time, like some idle girls and boys whom I have seen creeping along at a late hour to their Sunday School; they would do well to imitate his activity and perseverance; and, perhaps, if we were all to take a lesson from the industrious letter carrier, it might do us some good.

There, now, the postman has turned round the corner of the street; and, I dare say, he will soon get to the end of his journey. But, only look! what a beautiful carriage has just stopped before that large house over the way; and now the footman has jumped down, and given a loud knock at the door.

Perhaps you are thinking, how fine it would be if you had such a carriage to ride in whenever you chose; or wishing that you had as much money as the lady and gentleman who are leaning back in its comfortable seat. Ah, I shall be very sorry if the knock of the smart footman has awakened such feelings as these in your heart; sorry, because children who are in the habit of wishing for such things, are idle, discontented, and unthankful; and I do not want you to be so. An envious and repining disposition will never buy you a fine carriage to ride in; and, indeed, if it would, I am sure it could not make you happy. Oh no, my young friends, rather be grateful to God for the many, many mercies which he has given you, and always rest satisfied with what he knows to be best for you.

If you have resolved to follow the example of the diligent postman, by being active and industrious in all your employments; if, instead of envying the gay lady and gentleman in their fine carriage, you have been led to seek after true riches, I shall not be inclined to regret having chosen such a title as "Knock."

But I want this little word, "knock," to remind you of something far better than all we have been talking about.

Sin has long reigned in your heart, and has barred the door closely against all that is holy and good. Do you wish for strength to overcome every evil, and that Christ alone may reign triumphant in your heart? "Ask, and it shall be given you; seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened to you."

NATURAL HISTORY.

ANECDOTE OF THE HORSE.

On a tour to the White Hills, I rode a fine light grey saddle pony, by the name of *Federal*. He and I had become well acquainted, and he was a most noble hearted fellow. I thought I could see the best way to ascend, and he clambered up by my directions—he would do any thing for me. We got at last upon the peak, where was a level of some yards square, and *Federal*, who had never before been so high in the world, as we slackened the rein, turned three times round to enjoy the prospect, and then set up a scream of delight! It was not a neigh nor a whinner, nor any common mode of speech for a horse—it was a regular hurra!

After a while, we turned to descend, and I gave *Federal* the rein; it seemed at times a ticklish job, but he managed it well; he stopped now and then and made a survey, as carefully as could be done by a civil engineer, turning and tacking, and working ship like an old sailor amongst breakers, and being careful and sure-footed, he came down as safe as a tortoise. But we brought up at last against a fence, having taken a different route from that by which we ascended. We rode at the fence fairly, but *Federal* stopped short—tried it again—it was no go—I stopped a moment, I felt sure that he would have done his best for me at any time, and would have broken his neck sooner than have refused, had he known exactly what to do. I therefore talked kindly to him, coaxed him, patted his neck, and when I saw his head raised up two or three inches, and his ears pricked up brightly and felt the muscles of his sides swell under the saddle, I knew he had caught the idea—that was all I wanted—I gave him the hint to try it, and over he went, like a swallow, and at least two feet higher than needful, for he meant to make a sure job of it. He no sooner touched the ground on the other side of the fence, than he wheeled about, looked at it; snorted, as much as to say “what do you think of that,” and trotted on. During our journey afterwards, *Federal* was looking out for an excuse for leaping; a log of wood, a run of water, or a low culvert he uniformly pricked up his ears at, and leaped over giving a snort each time, to express his joy at having accomplished a new feat. *Federal* needed only to understand what I wanted, he then would do his utmost towards its accomplishment. No whipping, pulling, jerking, or spurring would ever have compelled him to take the leap at the fence; but with a moment to think about it, and a little flattery, he flew over like an experienced hunter. A horse may be taught like a child, by those who have won his affections; but the method of teaching is to show him distinctly what you wish him to do, and not to beat him because he does not understand you, and perform at the outset.—*Boston Times*.

VARIETY.

A Story about Lydia.

I have a little friend named Lydia. She has good parents, who teach her the way in which she should go, and a very kind Sabbath School teacher; and she loves the Sabbath School, and is very constant there. One pleasant afternoon, as I was setting out for the missionary concert, she came running to take my hand and ask if she might go with me. This pleased me very much, for I love dearly to see little children interested in good things. As we walked together, I asked Lydia why we went to Monthly Concert, but she said, “I don’t know.” “Why do we go to meeting at all?” I inquired. “To learn to be good,” she told me. Then we talked some about the Sabbath, about worshipping God, and the way to become better by attending meeting. And I said, “Do you know who the heathen are, Lydia?”

She smiled, and looked as if she had some ideas on the subject, but said nothing. I asked again, “Did you ever hear of such people as heathen?” “O yes,” she said. “What kind of people are they?” “Very wicked.” “And where do they live?”—But Lydia could not

tell. So I told her about the poor heathen; that there are a great many in Asia and Africa, and in other places; that they have no Bibles, no ministers, no Sabbath Schools; that they know nothing about Jesus Christ or the way to heaven; that many of them have no books or schools of any kind; that the parents are not kind to their children; and much more about their ignorance and wretchedness. “Now, Lydia, if you were a heathen child, what do you think people that have the Bible ought to do for you?” She looked up with an expression of deep interest, and said, “They ought to tell me about God.” Then she said, “Mr. C.” (a missionary whom she had seen) “went to teach the poor heathen.”

“And did you know,” I asked, “that we were going to the Monthly Concert to pray for the heathen?” “Why, no.” “And we shall have a contribution, and the money given will be used to send missionaries and books for those ignorant people; do you not think you shall like that?” “O, yes,” said Lydia; and when the time came for the next Concert, she came to go with me again, and showed me the money she was to put in the contribution box.

I was pleased that she had remembered the poor heathen; I hope she will always remember them, and the Monthly Concert; and that a great many other children will think of them, too.—*S. S. Visiter*.

Benefit of Sabbath Schools.

A woman called one Sabbath at the Orphan House Sabbath School, in New Castle, England, to get some of the preachers to go and pray with a young man who was dying; but not finding any on the spot, two of the senior teachers offered to go with her. On entering the woman’s house, they observed a young man lying in a bed, evidently in the last stages of a consumption. His eyes were closed, and the death-like rattling in his throat, indicated his speedy dissolution. One of the teachers asked him how he felt; but he made little or no reply. His little brother, who had been crying at the foot of the bed, came round to the side, and said to him, “Here are the teachers from the Sabbath School, come to see you.” New life seemed to be given to the dying young man at these words:—his countenance brightened, and he lifted up his languid eyes to behold the teachers. To his and their surprise he recognized in them the persons in whose class he had been several years before at the Sabbath School. The scene was now truly delightful. Tears of joy flowed down the young man’s cheeks, when he told them that he was happy, that he had no doubt of his acceptance with Christ, upon whom alone he rested his hopes for salvation. On the teacher’s adverting to past times, when he was at the Sabbath School, he replied, “Ah! those were happy days. It was in the school that I first learnt that I was a sinner, and led to seek the salvation of my soul through the merits of a crucified Redeemer. I shall praise God throughout eternity for the instruction I received there.”

Defect in a Mill.

A faithful minister, who knew that a miller in the neighborhood, who was proud of his business and machinery, prosecuted his calling on the Lord’s day, as many millers still do, called upon him, and fell into conversation respecting his mill. “A fine mill,” said he, “one of the very best I have ever seen.” This was nothing more than was true, and the miller had heard as much many times before; but his skill and judgment were gratified by this new testimony, and his feelings were of course conciliated. “But, ah!” continued the minister, after a moment’s pause, “there is one defect in it.” “What is that?” carelessly asked the miller. “A very serious defect, too.” “What is it?” repeated the miller, looking up with some curiosity. “A defect that is likely to counterbalance all its advantages!” “Well, what is it?” said the miller, looking him earnestly in the face. “A defect that is likely to ruin the mill!” “What is it? what is it?” rejoined the miller. “And will no doubt one day ruin the owner too!” “And can’t you say it out?” cried the impatient, half-alarmed, and half angry miller. “It goes on the Sabbath!” exclaimed the minister, in a firm, and solemn, and monitory tone. The astonished man stood blank and silent; and when the minister went on with remonstrance and exhortation, in which the danger of his state and practices, and the call to repentance and faith were urged upon him, he listened with respectful submission, and promised to turn from his ways of sin, and especially from his violation of the fourth commandment.

Attachment of Fishes.

I once had occasion to observe the friendship which can exist even between fish. I was accustomed to keep some gold fish in a large glass globe. I do not think I should do so now, for whatever care I might take of them, still it was a state of imprisonment to which I was dooming them. It so happened that, from some cause, the nature of which I do not recollect, my stock was di-

minished to two. I gave away one of them; the other from that moment refused to eat; he lay motionless at the bottom of the water; as I thought, was evidently pining away. It struck me that he was mourning the loss of his companion. I shall never forget the evident joy and strange antics to which he abandoned himself when his companion was restored to him.

[*North Devon Journal*.]

Anecdote of John Adams.

We find in Whitney’s History of the town of Quincy, Mass. the following anecdote of the boyhood of the elder Adams, which may provoke a smile, as well as illustrate the economy and simplicity of those early times in New England. The public school in Quincy was taught for many years by a Mrs. Belcher. “It was a custom with her to carry her corn to the mill herself, except when some one of her scholars lent her a helping hand. John Adams, (one of the number,) afterward President of the United States, was a favorite among the rest, and when he carried the corn, she gave him as a reward three coppers, and charged him at the same time to keep his money to buy land with. It is unnecessary to add how well he profited by early instruction.”

A Warning to Rash Youth.

A boy by the name of Flannegan, aged about 14 years, narrowly escaped drowning yesterday. He attempted to cross the ice on the South Mill Pond, soon after noon, and had proceeded perhaps two thirds the distance from the shore to the Rail Road bridge, when he fell through, and continued to struggle for some time, before he sank, within sight of several persons who could not immediately assist him. A boat being at length procured from the river, and transported across the causeway to the pond, the spot where he had disappeared was reached, and the boy was seen by Mr. WILLIAM WAKEFIELD standing upright on the bottom, his head being some three feet below the surface of the water. By much hard work and perseverance, Mr. W. succeeded in drawing him out apparently dead, when he was taken to a house near by, and after great exertions and with exceeding difficulty, under the direction of Dr. Cox, he was finally restored to life.—*Salem Reg.*

ADVICE.—In thy calling be diligent; the idle person is the devil’s hireling, whose livery is rags; his diet, famine; his wages, disgrace.

POETRY.

OLD WINTER IS COMING.

BY MISS HANNAH GOULD.

Old winter is coming again—alack!

How icy and cold is he!

He cares not a pin for a shivering back,
He’s a saucy old chap to white and black,
He whistles his chills with a wonderful knack,
For he comes from a cold country.

A witty old fellow this winter is:

A mighty old fellow for glee,

He cracks his jokes on the pretty sweet miss,
The wrinkly old maiden unfit to kiss,
And freezes the dew of their lips,—for this
Is the way with such fellows as he.

Old winter’s a frolicsome blade I wot!

He is wild in his humor and free!

He’ll whistle along for the “want of his thought,”
And sets all the warmth of our furs at naught,
And ruffles the laces the pretty girls bought;
For a frolicsome fellow is he!

Old winter is blowing his gusts along,

And merrily shaking the tree!

From morning till night he will sing his song;
Now moaning and short—now howling and long,
His voice is loud, for his lungs are strong—

A merry old fellow is he!

Old winter’s a wicked old chap I ween—

As wicked as ever you’ll see!

He withers the flowers so fresh and green—
And bites the pert nose of the miss of sixteen,
As she triumphantly walks in maidenly sheen,
A wicked old fellow is he!

Old winter’s a tough old fellow for blows,

As tough as ever you’ll see!

He’ll trip up our trotters, and rend our clothes,
And stiffen our limbs from fingers to toes—
He minds not the cry of his friends or his foes—
A tough old fellow is he!

A cunning old fellow is winter they say,

A cunning old fellow is he!

He peeps in the crevices day by day,
To see how we’re passing our time away,
And marks all our doings from grave to gay—
I’m afraid he’s peeping at me!

YOUTH'S COMPANION.

Published Weekly, by NATHANIEL WILLIS, at the Office of the Boston Recorder, No. 11, Cornhill.—Price, \$1.00 a year in advance; or \$1.25 if not paid in advance.

NO. 33.

BOSTON, DECEMBER 25, 1840.

VOL. XIV.



DECEMBER.

It will doubtless be remembered that our young friends had conceived a plan of making some presents to their parents when New Year's day should arrive. As the year drew to a close, they had often spoken on the subject, and wondered what they should get. It had been decided that as they had not money enough to make more than present a piece, each of the boys should buy something for his mother, and each of the girls something for her father. But what should it be?

"Mary, you must tell us what mother would like," said Harry. "I don't know any thing about women's things."

"Yes, and think of something for me too," interrupted William.

"That will be very easy," said Mary, "there are always plenty of things that are pretty for a lady, but what Fanny and I shall find to give to father, is the question."

"A penknife," suggested Harry.

"He has one already."

"A pocket-book then."

"He has one."

"Oh dear!" said Fanny despondingly, "I don't see what we shall do."

"Why my dear, what is the matter?" inquired her mother who just then came into the room.

"Oh mother, is that you. I hope you did not hear what we were talking about. I cannot tell what is the matter, mamma, it is a great secret."

"Is it? oh well, I have no desire to discover your secret," said her mother smiling, "so if you want to talk any more, I will go back to the other room."

"Oh no," said all the children, "we will go into the other room, "and I wish mother," added William, "that we could have your advice without letting you into the secret."

"Sure enough, that would be a grand plan," said Harry, who was the last to follow into the next room.

"And why wouldn't it do," said he to Mary, "for you to ask mother about yours and Fanny's presents to father; you need not say any thing about ours to her."

"Oh no, that would never do, she would suspect of course. But I will tell you what I have been thinking of, and that is, that father and mother both, would like better something that we made ourselves than any thing we bought."

"But what could we make ourselves?"

"Why, Fanny has learned how to do worsted work, she could make a pair of slippers for father, and I could net him a purse."

"Yes, that would do very well, but what in the world could William and I make for mother?"

"I don't know," said Mary hesitatingly, "but at any rate, you can buy her something, as you at first intended."

Many more such consultations were held in the course of the next few days, and Mary and Fanny set about their respective undertakings.

As Christmas drew near there was another query, viz.

as to whether Christmas or New Year was the proper time for hanging up stockings. Mary said she supposed Christmas was the proper time, as that was the day observed in Germany, where the custom originated; but she was afraid that her purse would not be done by that time. On the whole they all concluded to wait for New Year's.

"How did you know that they hang up stockings in Germany, Mary?" asked Harry.

"I don't know about their hanging up stockings," said Mary, "what I meant was that they give presents all round in the family. I was reading something about it in one of papa's books, the other day."

"Oh, tell us about it, will you?"

The person who wrote the account said that it is the custom at Ratzeburg, in Germany, to set up a branch of yew tree near the wall, and fasten to the boughs little combustible things, pieces of candle wrapped up in colored papers. Then all the presents are tied to the branches, and all the children are called in."

"Then there is a general rejoicing, I suppose."

"Yes, and by and by they set fire to the little candles, and the branches begin to burn and crackle, which makes grand fun."

"Why can't we do so?" asked William.

Then besides, the parents write notes to the children, and hang them to the tree, telling them what faults they have overcome during the year, and what they have still left to overcome."

"I should like that," said Fanny.

"So should not I," said William.

"Well now suppose," said Mary, "we each write a note with our presents."

"Oh yes," was the first exclamation, but Harry presently drew back, and next, Fanny began to be afraid she should not know what to write. However, Mary succeeded in convincing them that it would be easy and pleasant, and then how they would enjoy having answers to their notes.

I am happy to say that all the plans were executed. Their parents were as much pleased and surprised as the children had hoped for, and the children in their turn were equally pleased, if not equally surprised, at the presents prepared for them. The notes were duly answered, and the answers received with great delight. Fanny declared she meant to read hers over every day through the year, but I hardly think she did.

And I would say to my young readers, if you have always been contented with receiving pleasure, see if there is not some person to whom you can communicate it.

NARRATIVE.

CONTROL YOUR TEMPER.

There is much said about the natural disposition and temper of men; and the fact that any one has a temper which is unhappy and unpleasant, is both accounted and apologized for, by saying that his temper is "naturally" unpleasant. It is a comfortable feeling to lay as much blame upon nature as we can; but the difficulty is, that the action, to use a law term, will not lie.

No one has a temper naturally so good that it does not need attention and cultivation; and no one has a temper so bad, but that, by proper culture, it may become pleasant. One of the best disciplined tempers ever seen, was that of a gentleman who was, naturally, quick, irritable, rash and violent; but, by having the care of the sick, and especially of deranged people, he so completely mastered himself, that he was never known to be thrown off his guard.

The difference in the happiness which is received or bestowed by the man who guards his temper, and that by the man who does not, is immense. There is no misery so constant, so distressing, and so intolerable to others, as that of having a disposition which is your master, and which is continually fretting itself. There are corners enough, at every turn in life, against which we may run, and at which we may break out in impatience, if we choose.

Look at Roger Sherman, who rose from a humble occupation, to a seat in the first Congress of the United States, and whose judgment was received with great deference by that body of distinguished men. He made himself master of his temper, and cultivated it as a great business in life. There are one or two instances which show this part of his character in a light that is beautiful.

One day, after having received his highest honors, he was sitting and reading in his parlor.

A roguish student, in a room close by, held a looking-glass in such a position as to pour the reflected rays of the sun directly in Mr. Sherman's face. He moved his chair, and the thing was repeated. A third time the chair was moved, but the looking glass still reflected the sun in his eyes.

He laid aside his book, went to the window, and many witnesses of the impudence expected to hear the ungentlemanly student severely reprimanded. He raised the window gently, and then—shut the window blind! I cannot forbear adducing another instance of the power he had acquired over himself.

He was naturally possessed of strong passions; but over these he at length obtained an extraordinary control. He became habitually calm, sedate, and self-possessed. Mr. Sherman was one of those men who are not ashamed to maintain the forms of religion in his family. One morning, he called them together, as usual, to lead them in prayer to God; the "old family Bible" was brought out and laid on the table.

Mr. Sherman took his seat, and beside him placed one of his children, a small child—a child of his old age; the rest of the family were seated round the room; several of these were now grown up. Besides these, some of the tutors of the college were boarders in the family, and were present at the time alluded to.

His aged and now superannuated mother occupied a corner of the room, opposite the place where the distinguished Judge of Connecticut sat. At length, he opened the Bible and began to read. The child, who was seated beside him, made some little disturbance, upon which Mr. Sherman paused, and told it to be still. Again he proceeded; but again he paused, to reprimand the little offender, whose playful disposition would scarcely permit it to be still. At this time he gently tapped his ear.

The blow, if it might be called a blow, caught the attention of his aged mother, who now, with some effort, rose from her seat, and tottered across the room. At length she reached the chair of Mr. Sherman, and, in a moment, most unexpectedly to him, she gave him a blow on the ear, with all the power she could summon. "There," said she, "you strike your child, and I will strike mine!"

For a moment, the blood was seen rushing to the face of Mr. Sherman; but it was only for a moment, when all was calm and mild as usual. He paused—he raised his spectacles—he cast his eye upon his mother—again it fell upon the book,

from which he had been reading. Not a word escaped him; but again he calmly pursued the service, and soon after sought, in prayer, an ability to set an example before his household, which should be worthy of their imitation. Such a victory was worth more than the proudest one ever achieved in the field of battle.

[Village Reader.]

RELIGION.

THE LAST SABBATH OF THE YEAR.

"The harvest is past, the summer is ended, and we are not saved."—Jer. viii. 20.

These words, originally, applied to the children of Zion in the period of calamity. They had been looking a long time for deliverance in vain, and at length they cried out with despondent sorrow, "The harvest is past, the summer is ended, and we are not saved." To apply this subject to you, my young friends, in relation to your souls, I fear many of you might make a similar declaration. Let, then, the season of winter, the concluding Sabbath of the year, and the subject we have chosen, teach us,

I. *To be thoughtful.* Young, lively persons are apt to be thoughtless and giddy. They think seriousness may very well become those whose hoary heads, in the winter of old age, appear like venerable oaks, blanching on the top with snow and icicles; but, as for them, they are in the spring of life, and the bloom of youth. "Surely," say they, "we may be gay, and merry, and thoughtless." No, my young friends, for though your pious friends delight to see you cheerful and happy, yet they are commanded to exhort you to "be sober-minded." Indeed, true pleasure, while it is far removed from levity and mirth, is not incompatible with sobriety and religion. You can possess no real happiness, unless it be founded on reflection. O, think seriously. Winter is the time for meditation; while the stormy blast, the piercing frost, the descending rain, or the fleecy snow, confine us to our habitations, we can call home our wandering thoughts, and reflect on God and our souls, on death and eternity.

The closing Sabbath of the year demands consideration. How quickly have the last twelve months departed! how many subjects arise to our minds in reviewing them! The mercies we have enjoyed—the afflictions we have experienced—the sins we have committed—the privileges we have possessed—are all subjects suited to produce thoughtful reflection. This day we stand like travellers on an exalted eminence,—we look back on the country through which we have passed; we recollect the rugged course and the flowery paths which we have trod, the mountains we have climbed, and the plains we have traversed. We glance forward into futurity, with hope and fear, anxiety, and joy; we know not the nature of that part of our journey which lies before us; none of us can affirm that we shall live another year, or even that we shall see the few remaining hours of this; surely, then, we should be thoughtful and serious.

Do we examine the state of our souls, and inquire if we are saved? Surely such an important subject demands the greatest attention, and we cannot be thoughtless without being exceedingly culpable. Let me ask, if you have, during the past year, begun to think seriously of your eternal welfare, or to make any progress in the ways of religion. O, consider your state in the sight of God, ere it is too late!

II. The season of winter, the concluding Sabbath of the year, and the subject we have chosen, should lead us *to be grateful.* Whilst we are seated by our comfortable fire-sides, or reposing in warm beds, how many poor creatures are shivering in the cold, which pierces through their ragged clothes! or lying down to sleep with only a few straws to cover them, while the pitiless blast howls through the broken windows and

ruined walls of their miserable cottages! See the benighted traveller wading through the snow in his journey homewards; a fierce storm overtakes him; he tries to support himself against its fury; he endeavors to proceed; he sees a faint light glimmering from his little cottage; he thinks of his expectant wife, and fancies that his children are crying for their father's return; he struggles again and again; his efforts grow weaker and weaker; his limbs are benumbed; he trembles, he falls, he expires, and quickly is wrapped in a snowy shroud. Behold the sailors on the tempestuous sea! "God raiseth the stormy wind, which lifteth up the waves thereof; they mount up to heaven, they go down to the depths; their soul is melted because of trouble;" torrents of rain descend from above, and the lightning with its terrible splendor only serves to show them their dreadful situation. Vast numbers of our countrymen are every winter buried in a watery grave. While we thus contemplate the sufferings which others endure, let us feel thankful for our mercies, and praise the Lord continually.

Surely we should be grateful because God has spared our lives nearly to the close of the year; many, who began it as young and healthy as ourselves, have been called to meet their God. We should not only consider our present enjoyments, but our past mercies, as incentives to gratitude. We have been blessed with health, food, clothing, friends, means of gaining wisdom and piety, Sabbaths, Bibles, and privileges too numerous to mention. O, let us feel grateful, and remember that we are responsible for all the mercies and privileges of the past year.

How thankful should we be if we possess just grounds for believing that we are saved! Even those whose consciences proclaim that they are not saved, may rejoice that they are now earnestly invited to believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, that they may obtain eternal salvation. We might have been justly forbidden to expect any mercy, instead of being kindly invited to pardon, peace, and everlasting happiness.

III. The season of winter, the concluding Sabbath of the year, and the subject we have chosen, may lead to *sorrowful reflections.* This is reckoned the most gloomy part of the year; the days are short; the nights are long; clouds cover the sky; rain, snow, and hail, drop on the earth; the sun is veiled; the trees and the fields are stripped of their beauty. Nature in every part appears sad; and surely there is a sorrow of heart, and a sadness of countenance, by which the heart is made better. If we are properly acquainted with ourselves, and with the situations of others, we shall sometimes indulge a salutary sorrow; not formed of melancholy and despair, but of reflection and feeling. Young persons are apt to consider life as one unmingled scene of felicity; but let them remember that the year has its winter; day is succeeded by night; and pleasure is often the precursor of pain. The sorrows of seriousness will only destroy deceitful enjoyments; they will augment our real and permanent happiness.

When we reflect on the past year, can we forbear feeling some degree of sorrow? How little have we thought of God, of our souls, and of eternal realities! How much time have we lost! how many talents neglected or abused! how many mercies have we slighted! how many sins have we committed! "O Lord, righteousness belongeth unto thee; but unto us shame and confusion of face." O may we feel that godly sorrow for our sins "which worketh repentance that needeth not to be repented of."

What great occasion for the deepest sorrow have those young persons whose consciences are saying, "The harvest is past, the summer is ended, and we are not saved." Not saved! Well may you be sorrowful! You must perish forever if you are not saved. You cannot save yourselves; Time is flying rapidly; one stroke of

his wings bears you over a year; eternity is surely approaching, and you are still without hopes of salvation. O slight not your danger, but fly unto Jesus Christ, who died on the cross as a sacrifice for our sins, and who is able to save unto the uttermost them that come unto God by him, seeing he ever liveth to make intercession for us.

Will you still continue to neglect his great salvation? Shall the golden moments of youth pass away while you feel no sorrow for your sins, and no love to Jesus Christ? I beseech you no longer despise his mercy. Cast yourselves at his feet; believe on him while he gives you space for repentance; then the lamentation shall not be yours, "We are not saved;" but you shall sing, "Unto Him that loved us, and washed us from our sins in his blood, be glory and dominion for ever and ever. Amen." Rev. i. 5, 6.

[Sabbath Day Book.]

THE BROKEN BOUGH.

As Mr. Tarn was strolling one Saturday afternoon with his two nephews, they found the door of the old village church open, and the sexton dusting the pews for the next day. Walking through one of the aisles, they came to a door which opened into the grave-yard, into which they passed, and began to walk among the tombs and monuments with which it was nearly filled. Some of the graves had only a small piece of marble at the head, with the name and age of the deceased. Others had a stanza of poetry or a text of Scripture added. On some there was carved a butterfly just escaping from its chrysalis; signifying the living soul leaving the dead body. Some of the monuments were composed of a strong marble pillar, broken in the middle, to represent early death, or the removal of some one who was like a pillar in the church or his family. One of the boys discovered a high stone on which was sculptured a tree with a large branch broken off, and called to his uncle to come and explain it to him. Mr. Tarn pointed at an inscription on another side of the monument, from which it appeared that the person who was buried under it was the eldest son of a rich family, and that his removal from this life was like breaking off one of the principal branches of a tree. On a third side of the monument they also found this inscription—

"For there is hope of a tree, if it be cut down,

That it will sprout again;

And that the tender-branch thereof will not cease."

"That," said Mr. Tarn, "is taken from the beautiful reflections of Job on the life of man, which he compares to the cutting down of a flower;" and taking out his pocket-bible as he spoke, he opened it at the place, and as he read the fourteenth chapter, they pursued their walk slowly out of the grave-yard, and down the lane which passed the old church. He had hardly finished the chapter, when they came to a young oak tree at the side of the road, a bough of which had been lately broken, and was now hanging by a small splinter to the tree, as if unwilling to leave the place in which it had grown and lived.

"Here," said their uncle to the boys, "we have the emblem in a more striking form than we saw it on the marble. A few days ago this bough was as flourishing and as full of life as any one in the tree; but a sudden wind has snapped it, and it can never be united to the old trunk again. But yet you see it is not absolutely dead. It is still green. It has a principle of life in itself, and if this branch were carefully planted it would take root and soon attain the size and beauty of its parent stock. And it was this double idea that was intended to be conveyed by the monument; and the confidence of the surviving family is expressed, that though one of their branches has been removed, it is not to wither and die forever, but to "sprout again" in such a condition that "the tender branch thereof will not cease"—will never again suffer

even this temporary decline. And see how beautifully this faithful and patient patriarch applies this comparison to the resurrection of the body. "There is hope of a tree," he says, "though it be cut down and destroyed, even till its very root shall decay in the earth, yet a fresh tree shall spring up from that root and bear boughs as before. So man dieth and wasteth away; he lieth down and riseth not; that is not *now*. How long, then, shall his body lie in this condition? He tells us "till the heavens be no more." That is, until the heavens and the earth shall pass away, and Christ shall appear in judgment. Then the dead shall awake and "be raised out of their sleep." "Thou shalt call, and I will answer thee. If a man die shall he live again? All the days of my appointed time will I wait till my change come."

"And," continued Mr. Tarn, "you observe that the bough that is thus planted does not cease to live, although it has been broken off. It has life still. So it is with our life, my dear boys; it is separated for a time from our bodies, but it does not cease to exist; it is only removed to another place until it shall be united again, never more to be separated. Let us take care that we have an interest in Him who is the resurrection and the life, that when he shall appear, we may live with Him in glory, and not be cast out as withered branches fit only to be burned."

[*Youth's Friend.*]

THE NURSERY.

Written for the Youth's Companion.

THE CHERRY PARTY.

BY MARTHA ANN.

A little south of the union of the Hudson and Mohawk rivers, which flow in the eastern part of New York, is situated a small, but beautiful and neatly laid out city, on either bank of the river, being connected by a bridge and an island. This island is covered with a great variety of spontaneous plants and flowers; with bowers covered by large shading trees, inducing many to resort thither, as a place of retirement and rest, from the noise and bustle of the city. The external appearance of the city, is such as attracts the attention of the traveller, exhibiting in the distance, park and fountain, trellis and trefoil, spire and cupola, representing not only the reverence the inhabitants possess for the worship of God, but their estimation of scientific knowledge, which from its number of literary institutions, is judged to be considerable.

It was a sultry afternoon in July. The heat was excessive. An almost universal stillness prevailed throughout the city. The busy merchant lolled upon the counter; the clerk listlessly leaned over his ledger; the attorney hoped the peace officers would do their duty, that he might not be disturbed to plead any cause of justice; the invalid looked unusually languid, as slowly he alighted from a splendid carriage, at his door, in the most fashionable part of the city; the belle forgot her accustomed walk, and was nowhere to be seen; and ever busy imagination could picture in the midst, many a scene of pleasure, resigned by the gay and fashionable, for the otoman and lolling couch at home. The parks looked dry and parched, as though a blasting simoom had been wafted over their surfaces; nor were these all that partook of the general languor; but at a short distance from the main street, was situated a seminary, whose inmates consisting of forty or fifty young ladies, were so overcome by the heat, that it seemed as if any change would be a relief; yet all were busy; some at recitation, others at the drawing table, while some of the smaller members exhibited their powers of imagination, by transcribing images of fanciful appearance on their slates, instead of Arabic characters, for which they were intended.

At length the study-card dropped, to the great

joy of all, who gladly left their desks to enjoy the shade and breeze, which the adjoining yard afforded them.

In a shady arbor at one corner of the yard, a group of girls had collected, and were busily conversing upon an anticipated walk.

"I should like to know in what order Miss Landen intends to have us go," said Jane Crawford, to her intimate friend and schoolmate, Ruth Hastings "do you know, Ruth?"

"I do not," replied Ruth, "but I presume two by two in procession." "I should think so," said Jane, "and if she does, you will go with me, of course," she continued, while Ruth tenderly embracing her, replied, "most certainly I will, and to be sure that we go together, we will now ask permission of Miss Landen;" to which she readily consented.

Jane and Ruth were not the only ones that had been talking about it, for many others had selected a companion to walk to the island.

After their rest, the school was better prepared to attend to the remaining duties of the afternoon.

Miss Landen their teacher, had obtained permission of the owners of the island, to take her scholars there to get cherries, which grew there in great abundance, the trees having been cultivated with great care.

After school, they were some time in getting ready, and were just starting, when it was ascertained that Julia Richards, the favorite of the school, and who on account of the ill health of her mother, was obliged to remain at home that day, having been informed the day previous, by Miss Landen, of their intended visit to the island, had come to accompany them. But who should go with Julia? Each had a companion, but any would have been glad to go with Julia. Miss Landen was much engaged in arranging her scholars for their walk, and did not observe Julia at first, but after she had placed the last couple in order, and walked round to see if all were ready, she saw her. Julia had been very patiently waiting for Miss Landen to get through arranging her pupils, for she knew it was not proper to interrupt her, even at the risk of losing her anticipated pleasure; and for this, she was well rewarded, for Miss Landen said she might walk with her, and although many of the young misses would have rejoiced to have enjoyed the same privilege, yet none envied her, none were angry, because they might not go in the same way; none charged their respected and beloved teacher with partiality, as many foolish and naughty children have done, but all declared, that it was ten per cent better, to have Julia go as she did.

They proceeded along the main street but a short distance, when they came to the bridge, connecting the city with the island, and then after paying a "cent toll," they proceeded in high glee, across the bridge which more than once shook, as if to invite them to a bath, in the silvery waters beneath; but they all crossed safe, and after resting awhile in the bowers, and amid the trees, and having gathered some flowers, they separated, and all were active in getting their cherries, which were more abundant than they had even expected. When any of the younger or smaller girls were troubled to reach the bending limbs, Julia was ready to assist them, without stopping to notice their many thanks and praises.

Each was social, each happy; there was no quarrelling about who should pick the thickest limbs, or who should get the most; but all were kind and obliging to each other. They all filled their baskets, as Miss Landen proposed, before eating any, and after they had filled them, they carried them to a place of safety, and enjoyed themselves well in eating the delicious fruit. No one was greedy,—none tried to eat more than another, but much to their credit, they were very temperate. They had eaten what

they wished, and were enjoying exercise in the grove, when they heard the little bell ring, which Miss Landen had brought with her, in order that they might be collected to return. They instantly obeyed the summons, and again forming a procession, they returned, with their baskets on their arms, each to their home, grateful to their teacher and the proprietors, whose generosity had afforded them so much enjoyment.

North Brookfield, Mass.

MORALITY.

FIVE MINUTES TOO LATE!

O it is a wretched habit to be behind the proper time in any thing which we have to perform, yet this has been the case with me all my days; take warning by the trouble it has brought upon me.

So many unlooked for events take place in the world, that the most punctual are sometimes thrown out of their accustomed plans, but there is no excuse for the wretched practice of habitual irregularity.

When a child, I was scolded for being too late at school; when a boy, I was cuffed and kicked for being too late at my work; and when a man, I was turned away for being behind my time on a particular occasion when my services were wanted.

My uncle Jonathan was well to do in the world, and as his nephews were his nearest relations, we had reason to expect that his property would come among us. He had, however, one peculiarity, which effectually shut his door against me. He never was five minutes too late in an appointment in his life, and thought most contemptuously of those who were. I really believe that I was a bit of a favorite with him until my unfortunate failing justly offended him.

He had occasion to go a journey, and I was directed to be with him at seven in the morning, to carry his portmanteau to the coach. Alas! I was "Five minutes too late," and he had left the house.

Knowing his particularity, I hurried after him and running till I could scarcely stand, arrived at one end of the street just in time to see the coach go off with my uncle at the other. Dearly did I pay for being "Five minutes too late."

My Uncle did not return for a month, and certainly showed more forbearance toward me than he was ever known to do on a similar occasion; for in a letter he stated, that if I could be punctual, he should wish me to meet him on his return, to take charge of his portmanteau, and thereby make some amends for my misconduct. Off I set, but knowing that coaches frequently arrive a quarter of an hour after their set time, I thought a minute or two could be of no consequence. The coach unfortunately, was "horridly exact," and once more I was after my time, just "Five minutes too late."

My Uncle Jonathan never forgave me, fully believing that I had done it on purpose to get rid of the trouble of carrying his portmanteau. Years rolled away, and I was not so much as permitted to enter the door of my Uncle Jonathan.

Time, however, heals many a sore, and while it ruffles many a smooth brow, smooths many a ruffled temper. My Uncle Jonathan so far relented, that when about to make his will, he sent to me to call upon him exactly at ten o'clock. Determined to be in time, I set off, allowing myself some minutes to spare and pulling out my watch at the door, found that for once in my life I had kept my appointment to the second. The servant, to my surprise, told me, that my Uncle Jonathan had ordered the door to be shut in my face for being behind my time. It was then I found out that my watch was too slow, and that I was exactly "Five minutes too late."

Had I been earlier on that occasion I might

have been provided for, but now I am a poor man, and a poor man I am likely to remain. However, good may arise from my giving this short account of my foolish habit, as it may possibly convince some of the value of punctuality, and dispose them to avoid the manifold evils of being five minutes too late.

Readet, at the beginning of this year, determine to try never to be too LATE during any day of it which you may be permitted to see.

VARIETY.

The Last House.

Do you ever think of your *last house*? Perhaps you may say, how can I tell which is my last house? A few years ago, I lived in one, then moved to another, and am now in a third; but how am I to know whether it is the last I shall ever live in?

The house in which you at present live is of very little consequence, for should you never move to another while you are alive, yet when you die, you will have to be removed; therefore it cannot be the *last house*.

Perhaps you may think I mean the grave. That is much more like the last house, but no, I do not. I mean the house that the Bible says is "not made with hands," and is "eternal in the heavens." Are you ready for such a glorious house as that?

How glad I should be if I could persuade you to get ready immediately, for you know not when God may call you from your present house, and then how important to be ready for the glorious everlasting house in heaven. But, remember

"That none can find admittance there,
But followers of the Lamb."

It is said that the Duke of Richmond (Eng.) built himself a large and splendid family vault. When it was completed, he invited other lords and gentlemen of rank to dine with him; and after dinner took them to see his superior vault. The first thing that arrested the attention of one of the company was, the words *ultima domus* (the last house), engraved in large letters over an arch. He immediately took his pencil and wrote on the wall, under the inscription.

Did he, who thus inscribed this wall,
Not read, or not believe St. Paul,
Who says, there is, where'er it stands,
Another house, not made with hands;
Or shall we gather from these words,
That house is not a "House of Lords!"

A Girl who hated prayer, and a Boy who loved it.

"Don't walk so fast, Lucy," said a little girl, apparently eight or nine years old to her companion on their way to school; "I hope the door will be closed before I get there, for I do not like to hear Mr. — pray every morning."

"Mother," said little Albert, "I do not want any dinner to-day." Why my son, are you sick? "No, mother, but the bell is ringing for the Sabbath School. May I get my cap and go?" "You had better wait, dear; if you are a few minutes later than usual this cold weather, your teacher will excuse you."

"I know she will; but last Sabbath I felt so unhappy because I was not there to kneel down with the children when they prayed, that every thing went wrong."

Neither of these children had pious parents; but one was a Sabbath Scholar, the other was not.—S. S. Visitor.

Charles will lead you into Temptation.

Dear Children,—The other day I called to see a lady who has several little children under her care. I was in the chamber, and one of the little girls was coming up stairs. I heard her say to a little boy who was going into the kitchen, "Edward, don't you go into the kitchen, for if you do, Charles will lead you into temptation; he liked to have led me into temptation, and if you go there he will lead you into temptation. I wouldn't go, if I was you."

When little Lydia (for that was the little girl's name) came up stairs, I asked her what she had been saying to Edward, and asked her how she thought Charles would lead him into temptation? "Why," said she, "I was putting on my shoes, and was warming them, and Charles was cross, and pushed them away from the fire, and struck me. He was angry, and I was afraid I should be angry too, and so I took up my shoes and ran up here, for I was afraid he would lead me into temptation."

Now dear children, do you not think little Lydia did right? Did she not do as the Bible tells us we should? You know, Solomon says, we must not enter "into the paths of the wicked," but must, "turn from it, and pass away." Lydia turned from it and passed away. Will you not do as she did, when you are with children who

get angry, and say cross things to you? if you do, God will bless you, and keep you from temptation.

The Children's Prayer Meeting.

"A Sabbath School having been opened near the village of H—, a laboring man who had a large family sent his children there for the benefit of instruction, the good effects of which soon appeared. It happened that very near to this man's house a place was opened for the worship of God, where service was performed every Sabbath evening, at an early hour, and this man and part of his family were in the habit of attending regularly. One Sabbath evening, the weather being snowy, the man thought it prudent to leave his children and go alone. Some of these young ones, doubtless, were much disappointed in not being permitted to accompany their father, and thought they would have a meeting by themselves. The father, on his return home, was surprised at seeing a light up stairs in his cottage, and thought that the children must be retiring to bed. He opened the door of his cottage, and went softly up stairs, when to his astonishment, he heard his youngest daughter, a child not more than six years old, in humble strains pouring forth her prayers to that God, through whose tender mercy it was, that she had been taught to "remember the Sabbath day and keep it holy." When she had finished her prayer, she called upon one of her little brothers to pray (for they met together for that purpose,) and thus they finished that blessed day; experiencing, it is hoped, the blessedness of that promise: "Where two or three are gathered together in my name, there will I be in the midst of them."

A Butterfly's Moral.

A boy, on perceiving a beautiful butterfly, was so smitten with its gaudy colors, that he pursued it from flower to flower with indefatigable zeal; at first he attempted to surprise it among the leaves of a rose; then he endeavored to cover it with his hat as it was feeding on a daisy; now he hoped to secure it as it revelled on a sprig of myrtle; and now grew sure of his prize on perceiving it to loiter on a bed of violets; but the fickle fly still eluded his attempts. At last, observing it half-buried in the cup of a tulip, he rushed forward, and snatching at the object of his pursuit with violence, it was crushed to pieces. The dying insect, perceiving the boy chagrined at his disappointment, addressed him with the utmost calmness in the following words: "Behold, now, the end of thy unprofitable solicitude; and learn, for the benefit of thy future life, that pleasure like a painted butterfly, may serve to amuse thee in thy pursuit; but, if embraced with too much ardor, will perish in thy grasp."

Teaching the Young.

"I once saw," says Sir H. Davy, "a very interesting sight above one of the crags of Ben Nevis, as I was going, on the 20th of August, in pursuit of black game. Two parent eagles were teaching their offspring, two young birds, the manoeuvres of flight. They began by rising from the top of a mountain in the eye of the sun; it was about mid-day, and bright for this climate. They at first made small circles, and the young birds imitated them; they paused on their wings, waiting until they had made their first flight, and then took a second and larger gyration, always rising towards the sun, and enlarging their circle of flight, so as to make a gradually extending spiral. The young ones still slowly followed, apparently flying better as they mounted; and they continued this sublime kind of exercise, always rising, till they became mere points in the air, and the young ones were lost, and afterwards their parents, to our aching sight."

A Bear Hunt.

A few of the inhabitants of Florida, Berkshire county, adjoining Charlemont, had a grand bear hunt, on Friday and Saturday before Thanksgiving. Mr. Luther Clark, who had discovered the tracks of a pair of cubs, went with Mr. Dwight Dickinson, his brother-in-law, to see what could be found. Having traversed about six miles through woods and over hills, (there are hills in Florida,) they were led by the tracks, to a small cave formed by shelving and projecting rocks, situated within the bounds of Charlemont. The barking of the dog drew a bear to the entrance when he suddenly received a ball from Mr. Clark's rifle, which probably gave him a sudden turn of headache, as he instantly backed in and disappeared. Another then came forward, and was saluted by Mr. Dickinson in the same manner, and with the same effect. This warfare was kept up for some time, though it became necessary for one to hunch the beasts, while the other stood ready to pay the salute should any of them appear. Mr. D. jumped into a cavity in front of the den, where, had one of the bears rushed out, he could not have escaped a very serious hug, indicating altogether a closer attachment than would have been desirable. Night coming on, the hunters dragged out a cub, which had fallen near the mouth, blocked up the den, and marched

home. Next morning they were reinforced by a few neighbors, and on reaching the battle-ground found another cub dead, and our old bear and a cub alive, but seriously wounded. On opening the cave, Sylvanus Clark, with a lighted candle crept into the aperture, and finding the large bear within reach, he grasped her shaggy coat and gave her a shake, which brought her ladyship to her feet in quick time. However, the bullet was too quick, and Bruin fell to rise no more. The whole number of bears obtained was four, three of which were young, weighing about 50 lbs. each. The large one weighed 175 lbs.

This was a very successful hunt, and will amply reward those who participated in it. The bounty on the destruction of bears, is five dollars a head.—*Mercury*.

A Joyful Rencontre.

At a late hour on yesterday evening, a very pleasant incident occurred on board one of the ferry boats which ply on the East River. Two jolly tars, who had just returned from a whaling voyage, and who exhibited a due proportion of the light-heartedness of "Jack-a-shore," were seated together near the cabin door, and one of them—who had, it seemed, been impressed at an early age into the British service, and had never revisited his native land—after relating some of the perils of the deep, through which he had safely passed, exclaimed, "Well, here I am, once more safe ashore, but there is no kind face to greet me; if I but saw my old mother, that is, if I have a mother now"—just at this moment an elderly, decent looking old woman, who had been listening attentively to the sailor's narrative, stepped quickly forward, and seizing Jack's arm, gazed eagerly in his face, and loudly exclaiming—"It is—it is my son!" fell into the arms of the astonished tar; the delight of the joyous meeting we will not attempt to describe.

The Traveller's Friend.

In Madagascar grows a singular tree, (*Urania*), which, from its property of yielding water, is called the traveller's friend. It differs from most other trees, in having all its branches in one place, like the sticks of a fan, or the feathers of a peacock's tail. At the extremity of each branch grows a broad double leaf, several feet in length, which spreads itself out very gracefully. These leaves radiate heat so rapidly after sunset, that a copious deposition of dew takes place upon them; soon collecting into drops, forming little streams, which go down the branches to the trunk. Here it is received into hollow places of considerable magnitude, one of which is found at the root of every branch. These branches lie one above the other alternately, and when a knife, or, what is better, a flat piece of stick, (for it is not necessary to cut the tree,) is inserted between the parts which outlay, and slightly drawn to one side, so as to cause an opening, a stream of water gushes out, as if from a fountain. Hence the appropriate name of "traveller's friend."

POETRY.

From the *Friendship's Offering*, for 1841.

MY BROTHER.

Is this my little brother?
How cold he is and still,
Do take him up, dear mother!
Is he not very ill?
No, no! my child, the dear one
Will suffer no more pain,
Tis death makes him so silent;
He will not move again.
Not hold his little arms out!
Nor make that pleasant noise!
Nor open wide his tiny hand
To take the pretty toys?
'Twas little brother's spirit
Which made him laugh and play,
That which you loved you see not,
There's nothing here but clay.
Why do you weep, then, mother?
You said the other day,
To die was only going home;
Did brother want to stay?
Will God love to see him,
And show him pretty things?
And if he cries to come to you,
Won't he give him little wings?
He has not gone away, child;
If we love him with our hearts,
His spirit will stay with us,
When this little form departs.
If you are good and gentle,
He will always be with you;
And I will try to grieve no more;
If you are kind and true.
We'll kiss once more those lips,
Then we will go away;
And God will give us happy thoughts,
If we ask him when we pray.

MARY.

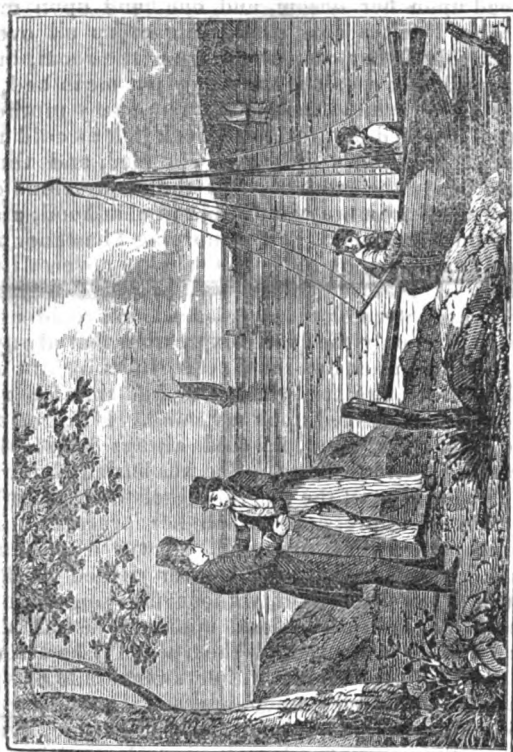
YOUTH'S COMPANION.

Published Weekly, by NATHANIEL WILLIS, at the Office of the Boston Recorder, No. 11, Cornhill.—Price, \$1.00 a year in advance; or \$1.25 if not paid in advance.

NO. 34.

BOSTON, JANUARY 1, 1841.

VOL. XIV.



THE WAGES OF SIN.

It is Sunday evening; the public worship of God in his holy temple is just closing, and the loud song of praise is ascending from a thousand lips. Now, the congregation come, issuing from Zion's doors, and the wide street is filled as they pass quietly homewards. But let us follow that cheerful group yonder to their home.

There is an old man, venerable with hoary age, and a matron whose heavy step betokens her nearness to the tomb. They are the parents of that healthy troop of girls and boys who follow them. Four bright girls just verging into womanhood, and two fine boys whose looks speak them to be about twelve or fourteen summers old are there.

But see, they have reached their home; a large antiquated building, surrounded by barns and sheds, and having a noble orchard in its rear. It is a farm house, and the aged gentleman is its owner, let us call him Farmer Hall.

Farmer Hall having seen all the necessary business of the farm attended to, calls his family around him, and, after reading a portion from a huge old family Bible, he kneels and offers up a solemn prayer to God. In that prayer he prays with special fervor for his child William, beseeching his Heavenly Father to preserve him from the new temptations to which he is soon to be exposed. As the family rise from their knees, many eyes are wet, and they part in silence, to retire to their respective chambers.

Mr. Hall however remained, and with him William, the eldest of his two boys. They are alone, and the old man begins, "My son, you leave home to-morrow for the great city of London. This is necessary for your temporal prosperity, as you understand, but my child forget not your father's counsels, when away from his eye. Beware of vicious company. Be honest. Keep the Sabbath. Avoid the theatre and obey your employer strictly and faithfully. Then will you rejoice your mother's heart and mine; but if you become vicious and idle, you will bring us both in sorrow to the grave." With this, and

much other advice, the father bade his son adieu, and then separated for the night.

Monday morning arrived, and with it many tears and caresses for young William. At last he was compelled to leave them, as the boatmen were waiting to carry him down the river. His father conducted him to the shore, and after an affectionate embrace, William jumped with a trusting heart into the boat, and in three hours landed at London Bridge.

See that group of boys. They are earnestly discussing something. Let us listen to their discourse. "Your father is too particular," says a slim fashionably dressed youth, "country people are all of them old fashioned in their notions. Come Bill, you mustn't be so odd; every body in London sails on Sunday; even old Stiffback the deacon, goes down to Richmond sometimes on a fine evening."

"Well, I'll go this time," replied a modest looking youth, and he reluctantly joined the guilty party which proceeded at once to the ferry.

Three months after the above scene another of a more painful character was enacted at the farm house. Lights burned in the large bed-chamber, the physician was in constant attendance, and one lay there surrounded by nearly the whole family in tears. He was in a burning fever; delirium had seized the sufferer's brain, and the disease was fast reaching its crisis of life or death.

That sufferer was William. Yielding to the insinuation of the Sabbath-breaker, he next consented to go to the theatre, then the gambling house. He became dissipated, conscience tried to do her office, but he stifled its wise though painful monitions, and plunged deeper into iniquity.—His body unused to excesses, soon yielded to his new mode of life, and finding himself unwell, he hastened home, where he arrived in a high state of fever. This grew worse, until it became so violent that his life was despaired of.

"O my son, my dear son!" exclaimed his mother, "O, that William was prepared to die. Oh! my poor boy, thou art lost!"

But William did not die. His fever subsided. It left him very weak. As he acquired strength, he became very serious, and ere he was well he sought the Saviour.

When he returned to London, his wicked friends flocked to see him, but he kindly repulsed them all; he told them the wages of his folly and what would be theirs, if they persisted. Remember, said he, "THE WAGES OF SIN IS DEATH."

Here you see the effect of vice in the disease of William. God was merciful to spare him. While he was spared, thousands have perished. Youthful reader, beware of vice.—S. S. Mess.

NARRATIVE.

HONESTY.

"I am going to buy some marbles, Sam; will you go with me?" said Robert Ellis to the boy who occupied the desk next his, as they left the school room together.

The two boys were soon standing at Mr. Moore's counter, discussing with great animation the merits and prices of the marbles offered for their inspection. The important selection was at length made, and the marbles paid for.

"I gave you a ten cent piece," said Robert, to the shopman, as he looked at his change, "and you have given me back four cents."

"Was it ten cents?" said the man looking at

it again. "I thought it was twelve and a half."

As he said this he swept the two cents which Robert handed back to him into the drawer, and the two boys left the shop.

"That's an honest little fellow," said a man who sat behind the counter, reading the newspaper, "a very honest little fellow; who is he?"

Robert's companion, however expressed a different opinion. As soon as they left the shop, he called out—"why, Robert, what a fool you were, to tell that man you only gave him ten cents."

"Robert stared; "why, you would not have had me cheat him, would you?" said he.

"Cheat! no, but you did not cheat him; he cheated himself."

"Don't you think it would have been cheating if I had taken four cents when he only owed me two? I don't see what you call cheating, if that is not."

"I don't see why you should trouble yourself to correct his mistakes. If he chooses to be so careless, it is his own look out."

They had by this time joined the group of boys who were playing marbles on the meeting-house steps, and the conversation was dropped; but Robert did not forget it. He was a boy of good sense and sound principles, and Samuel's arguments did not convince him. Samuel was a new acquaintance. His father and mother had lately moved into the village, and as Samuel was very lively and entertaining, he soon became a favorite among the boys.

Robert had liked him as well as others, but now his confidence in him sensibly diminished. The new doctrine he had advanced this evening, appeared to Robert nothing less than downright dishonesty, and he began to look upon his new friend somewhat suspiciously. Unwilling, however, to think ill of him, he endeavored to persuade himself that it was only his odd way of talking, and when he took his seat in school the next morning, he felt almost as cordially towards him as ever.

"I have not done my sums," said Samuel, in distress; "I couldn't do them last night, and I have not time now;—what shall I do?"

"Do as many of them as you can," replied Robert, "and perhaps Mr. French will excuse your not doing the rest."

"That plan won't do," replied Samuel. "I tried it yesterday; but I'll tell you what will. If you will only do part of them while I do the rest, we shall get them all done in time, and then I can copy them off."

"Oh! that would be cheating," cried Robert, "I can't do that; I shouldn't think you'd want to have me, Sam."

"Cheating! you are always talking about cheating. Pray, what cheating is there in that?" "Why, wouldn't it be deceiving Mr. French, to make him think you had done all?"

"Well, don't stand here preaching," interrupted Samuel; "I might have finished half of them while we have been talking. Say at once, yes or no?"

"No," said Robert, firmly.

Samuel walked off in high indignation, and Robert, too, was not a little angry. After school he did not join Samuel as usual, but walked home alone. His thoughts were still occupied with Samuel's conduct, and he felt more unhappy than he had done before for a long time. Finally he concluded to tell his father the whole affair, and ask him if he did not think it would have been dishonest for him to perform another

person's task, for the purpose of deceiving his teacher.

"But then, I was angry with Sam," thought he, "when he told all the boys that I was cross, and father will say that was very wrong. But I know it was wrong myself, and I will tell him the whole, if I tell any." This resolution taken, he again felt easy, and in the evening he related to his father the circumstances we have mentioned.

"I am glad, Robert," said Mr. Ellis, "that you have told me all this; I should be sorry to have you led away by a bad boy, or puzzled by his arguments. You see, in the first instance, that it is no less dishonesty to retain what does not belong to you when given to you by mistake, than to take it yourself.

"I am glad that you had principle enough to refuse to do Samuel's sums, for you were right in thinking it *dishonest* to abuse Mr. French's confidence in this way. Some people think, Robert, that those only ought to be called *dishonest*, who deceive others in regard to property; but it is the same spirit which leads a boy to present the compositions and sums of another to his teacher, as his own, which would lead him to pass a five cent piece for a six cent piece."

"So I thought, father, only I did not know exactly how to say it; but I ought to tell you that I did wrong too, for I was angry when Sam told me not to stand preaching to him; and I can't help feeling a little angry now, when I think of it."

"And why should you feel angry with him, Robert? Do you never do wrong?"

"Yes, father, but not like Sam."

"Think, my son, of all the wrong feelings and actions which you have indulged to-day, and which are all known to your heavenly Father; and do you find such a wide difference between your sins and Samuel's?"

Robert said nothing; and after a pause, his father continued, "I do not wish you to make a friend of Samuel, because I think from what I hear, that his influence will be a bad one; but I do wish you to treat him kindly wherever you meet him, and let your influence and your example be good."—*Village Reader*.

THE NURSERY.

Written for the Youth's Companion.

LITTLE ALBERT AND HIS TWO SISTERS.

When little Albert saw Julia returning from school, he ran out to the gate to meet her, laughing and clapping his hands, and calling out in broken half spelt syllables, "come sister, come play;" and when he saw her opening the gate, he ran and hid behind the lilach bush and called "coop, coop," but Julia who unfortunately possessed an unhappy disposition, came from school on this occasion altogether out of tune, so she took no notice of her little brother, but walked on, and very indifferently seated herself in the hall door.

Albert peeped out from behind the bush, to see if Julia was looking for him, but when he saw her sitting in the door, he came from his hiding place, and climbing up the steps to her, looked very inquiringly in her face for a moment, then covering his eyes with his little hands he again called "coop, coop," but Julia instead of joining in the sport, helped him down from the steps, and told him to "run around the house to the kitchen." Poor Albert was evidently much disappointed; he advanced a few steps, then stopped and looked back at Julia, and at last, though very reluctantly went on.

In a few moments, Eliza, who had witnessed their proceedings from an open window, came and seated herself in the door by the side of Julia.

"You have chosen a delightful seat," said Eliza.

Julia did not answer.

"How pleasant sitting in this east door, in the afternoon of a warm summer's day," said Eliza.

Julia still kept silence.

"How have you succeeded in drawing to-day," enquired Eliza.

"About as well as I do in every other undertaking," said Julia. "It is," continued she "of no use for me to try to learn, I have no ingenuity, nor do I ever expect that I shall have."

"No patience, you should have said," replied Eliza, "patience and perseverance, will accomplish much. I am very sorry for you, that you have no more; the want of it occasions much unhappiness, to yourself and others."

"I do not see," said Julia, "why my want of patience should be a source of trouble to any one but myself."

"I think," said Eliza, "that I can convince you that it is, and we will take little brother for an example. Do you not think that the coolness and indifference with which you met him when you came from school, caused unhappiness? You know that he was overjoyed to see you; he expected that you would welcome him with a kiss, and then spend a few moments, at least, in playing with him about the yard. I could have cried well enough, when you sent him away, he looked so wishful and disappointed. I cannot conceive how you can have a heart to treat him so unkindly, when he is so pleasant, so easily diverted."

"I fear," continued Eliza, "that you are planting thorns in his bosom; by and by we shall see their fruits, if you continue to set a bad example before him; it will not be long before you will see an alteration in his appearance, he will not love you as well as he does now, he will not care about trying to please you; he will grow fractious, if not wilful, unkind and disobedient, and how do you think that you can endure to see him punished at home, or at school, for these faults, knowing that they are in a great degree owing to your bad example."

The tears gathered in Julia's eyes, when she thought of the disastrous effect which her misconduct might have upon her little brother. She was very sorry that she had done so wickedly, and promised that from that hour, she would try to govern her temper.

Eliza was glad to see that Julia wished to do right. As for Julia, she had many severe struggles with her naughty temper, notwithstanding she came off conqueror at last, and ever felt that she had reason to love Eliza the more for her faithfulness.

L. H.

North Brookfield, Dec. 11th, 1840.

PARENTAL.

THE PARTING KISS --A FRAGMENT.

"I was but five years old when my mother died; but her image is as distinct to my recollection, now that twelve years have elapsed, as it was at the time of her death. I remember her as a pale, beautiful, gentle being, with a sweet smile, and a voice that was soft and cheerful when she praised me; and when I erred, for I was a wild, thoughtless child, there was a trembling mildness about it, that always went to my little heart. And then she was so kind, so patient; methinks I can now see her large blue eyes moist with sorrow, because of my childish waywardness, and hear her repeat, "My child, how can you grieve me so?" I recollect she had for a long time been pale and feeble, and that sometimes there would come a bright spot on her cheek, which made her look so lovely, that I thought she must be well. But then she sometimes spoke of dying, and pressed me to her bosom, and told me "to be good when she was gone, and to love my father a great deal, and be kind to him, for he would have no one else to love." I recollect she was very sick all day, and my little hobby horse and whip were laid

aside, and I tried to be very quiet. I did not see her for the whole day, and it seemed very long. At night they told me mother was too sick to kiss me, as she always used to do before I went to bed, and I must go without it. But I could not. I stole into the room, and laying my lips close to hers, whispered, "Mother, mother, won't you kiss me?" Her lips were very cold; and when she put her arm around me, laid my head upon her bosom, and one hand upon my cheek, I felt a cold shuddering creep all over me. My father carried me from the room, but he could not speak. After they put me in bed, I lay a long while thinking. I feared my mother would indeed die, for her cheek felt as cold as my little sister's did when she died, and they laid her in the ground. But the impressions of mortality are always indistinct in childhood, and I soon fell asleep. In the morning I hastened to my mother's room. A white napkin covered her face. I removed it—it was just as I feared. Her eyes were closed, her cheek was cold and hard, and only the lovely expression that always rested upon her lips remained. In an instant all the little faults for which she had so often reproved me, rushed upon my mind. I longed to tell her how good I would always be, if she would remain with me. She was buried; but my remembrance of the funeral is indistinct. I only retain the impressions which her precepts and example left upon my mind. I was a passionate, headstrong boy; but I never yielded to this turn of my disposition, without fancying I saw her mild, tearful eye fixed upon me, just as she used to do in life. And then, when I had succeeded in overcoming it, her sweet smile of approbation beamed upon me, and I was happy. My whole character underwent a change, even from the moment of her death. Her spirit was forever with me, strengthening my good resolutions, and weakening my propensity to evil. I felt that it would grieve her gentle spirit, to see me err, and I could not, would not do it. I was the child of her affection; I knew she had prayed and wept over me, and that, even on the threshold of eternity, her affection for me had caused her gentle spirit to linger, that she might pray for me one more. I resolved to become all that she could desire. This resolution I have never forgotten. It helped me to subdue the waywardness of childhood, protected me through the temptations of youth, and will comfort and support me through the busier scenes of manhood. Whatever there is that is estimable in my character, I owe to the impressions of goodness, made upon my infant mind by the exemplary conduct and faithful instructions of my excellent mother.—*Parent's Magazine*.

MORALITY.

A HAPPY NEW YEAR.

Little Edwin Moore rose early in the morning—hurried on his clothes—and ran to wish his father—and mother a happy new year.

"Thank you, my boy," said his father. "And we wish you the same."

"I think I shall be very happy this year," replied Edwin. "You and mother have both made me a present. Aunt Nancy is going to give me a humming-top. And our John has been busy all the week making me a sled. He did not say it was to be mine. But I know it is—for last night I saw he had painted ROLLO at the top, and E. M. at the bottom. E. M. stands for my name. And John knows that I think Rollo a pretty name for a sled. Oh! how glad I am. Yes, I shall have a happy new year."

"But stop, Edwin. Think a moment. Are you always happy when you have had things given to you? On the fourth of July, your mother gave you a moss-basket full of flowers, which she bought of the children on the common. And I gave you something else. Did you enjoy as much on that day, as you expected to?"

Edwin hung his head in shame. He recollected a good many things that had disturbed his peace on the Fourth of July. Presently he looked up and said, "But, father, to-day and all this year I mean to be a good boy. Then, don't you suppose, I shall be happy?"

"Certainly, my child, we do," replied his mother, kissing him. "Now run, and wish John a happy new year. Put your tire on, and be ready for breakfast. And don't forget your promise to begin the year with being a good boy."

Edwin did as he was directed. When his father and mother came down, he was standing by the fire, with his face and hands nicely washed, his hair neatly combed, and his clean apron on. It was not always that he came to the breakfast table in such good order. On many a morning of the last year, he had been sent back to his room, because he had forgotten to attend to some one of these little matters, which a boy of his age might easily remember.

Edwin was now six years old. His father was a mechanic in good business. His mother was a quiet, excellent woman. They had no other child. Edwin was a great treasure to them. They were too fond of him, to dare to run the risk of spoiling him through ill-management. Nothing was allowed to interfere with the proper training of their boy. They regarded this as the great business of their lives. They desired, before all things else, to make him obedient, just, and merciful.

After breakfast Edwin ran to find John, who worked with his father.

John was tying a strong string to the new sled. He laughed as Edwin came near—and pointed to the E. M. to show whose the sled was to be.

"Yes, John," cried Edwin. "And I thank you for it. May I take it now, and try it on the snow? Henry Hudson is coming to play with me to-day. Suppose I should put my cap and coat and mittens on—and drag my sled over to his house, to see if he is ready to come?"

John said he was willing.

And off Edwin started. In a few moments he returned with Henry. It was a bright morning, and not very cold. The boys asked Mrs. Moore if they might play in the yard a little while. She gave her consent.

There had been a snow storm a few days before. When John shovelled out a path to the gate, he made quite a high pile on one side. This pile slanted down towards a hollow place in the yard. Edwin had asked John to sprinkle some water upon it. It was now frozen hard. The two boys clambered to the top with the sled, and said it was a capital coast.

"Let me try first," cried Edwin, seating himself upon Rollo, holding by the string, and lifting up his heels to steer with.

He and the sled soon reached the bottom of the coast. Edwin sat kicking and jerking to try to make Rollo go a little farther. He presently found this did no good—and returned to the top on the coast, where Henry stood looking on.

"Was not that a good one?" said Edwin. "Now here she goes again! Clear the lull!"

Henry was a little disappointed. He thought it was to be his turn then. He said nothing. And Edwin was just beginning the same thing again, when a loud knock upon the window called the boys into the house.

Mrs. Moore said nothing for a few minutes. The boys were wondering, why they had been knocked for. And Edwin began to grow a little uneasy. His mother looked up from her work, and asked him if he had wished Henry Hudson a happy new year.

"Yes, mother. I did so, the moment he came to the door."

"Did you mean anything by it?"

"Oh yes. I meant that I hoped he would be happy this year."

"Well, my son, suppose some day this year, Henry should come to play with you, would you try to make him happy? If there was a coast in the yard, would you let him enjoy it? If you had a new sled, would you let him use it?"

Edwin had no reply to make. He felt how foolish and unkind he had been.

"Now," continued his mother, "You may learn an excellent lesson from this. Your text last Sunday was, 'Faith, Hope, Charity; these three; and the greatest of these is Charity.' To day you have had occasion to see how true it is. Your sled was new. The coast was a good one. You enjoyed your sport so much, that you forgot all about Henry. Had you remembered him—had you let him try the coast first—had you taken even the same pains to please him, that you did to please yourself, it would have been Charity. You would then have loved your playmate, as you love yourself. And both of you would have been a great deal happier for it."

Edwin promised to be more careful. His mother sent them out to play again. She was pleased to see that Rollo was immediately given up to Henry, who had three good coasts. Afterwards the boys agreed to take turns on the sled. And now and then they contrived to make it carry them both at a time.

An hour or two passed away very pleasantly. Rollo was put away in the wood-shed, and Edwin took Henry into the house to show him the present his father had given him. Mr. Moore had cut a hundred nice blocks out of hard wood. They were shaped like bricks. The boys sat down to build houses with them. Each one began with half of the blocks. Edwin worked faster than Henry. His house only wanted three bricks to be completed. He reached forth his hand to take them from Henry's pile, but instantly remembered that that would be wrong, and drew it back again. His mother observed his triumph over the temptation with pleasure.

Henry's house was soon finished, and he had some blocks left. He saw that Edwin wanted a few, and told him to take them.

Both houses were then completed, and the boys stepped back to look at them. Mrs. Moore said they might be certain of a great deal of enjoyment, if they would always treat each other as they had done while playing with the bricks. She opened the Bible, and read aloud the parable of the Good Samaritan, and some of the commandments which Jesus gave his disciples about loving one another. She read also St. Paul's beautiful description of Charity. The boys listened very attentively.

Edwin recollected his first coast in the yard, and how he had been tempted about the blocks. He resolved to try to treat every body kindly. When his mother finished reading, he whispered something in her ear. She smiled, and said she would see about it, when his father came home.

It was time for Henry to go. Edwin offered to go with him part of the way. When they left each other, he told Henry to look at the head of his bed the next morning, for a new year's present.

When Mr. Moore came to dinner, he gave his consent, very cheerfully to his son's request. John was sent over to Mr. Hudson's in the evening with a parcel.

The next morning Henry found a bag tied to his bed-post. He opened it, and found Edwin had filled it with fifty of his new bricks. C. F. B.

RELIGION.

From the Southern Christian Advocate.

FLEE FOR THY LIFE.

"Flee for thy life," said the Angel to Lot, when leading him out of the doomed city; "Look not back, but flee for thy life." You remember dear children, that it was because they were so very sinful that these people were to be destroy-

ed, and had Lot and his family remained, he would have been consumed with the rest—and do you not think deservedly so? because he would have been acting in direct opposition to the command of God. Now reflect a little—think you not the world at present is as wicked as those cities? The Bible tells us it is more so, for does it not say, "In the last day the cities of Sodom and Gomorrah shall rise up to condemn us?" And is there no command to you to come out from this wicked world? does not God say, "Be not like unto them, separate thyself from them, and forsaking all else cleave only unto me?" An angel is not sent to you as to Lot, but God warns you himself in his holy word, to "Flee for thy life!" and unfolds the awful punishment awaiting those who are lovers of the world more than lovers of God. Satan will whisper, you are a little child, and too young to be religious—such things are too wonderful for you to understand. But do you not know right from wrong? and do you not feel something within rebuking you, when you do what you should not? That something, dear child, is your conscience, "and if your own conscience condemn you, how much more will God?" Young as you are, if you do not repent of your sins and pray for Christ's sake to be forgiven, you cannot enter the kingdom of heaven, but will be destroyed with the world which lieth in wickedness. Flee, then, for thy life!—go into thy chamber, and kneel down and pray to your blessed Redeemer, who says, "Suffer little children to come unto me," and who died upon the cross to save you, to give you his Holy Spirit, that you may love him and strive to serve him. There is a great deal of wickedness in your little heart, young as you are; pray to God to give you a new and a pure heart—pray night and morning—pray a thousand times a day, if you are tempted to do wrong as often, and the Spirit of God will enable you to resist the temptation, and at last you will cease to do evil and love to do good. The older you are before you begin to serve God, the harder will be the task; for each time you do that which you know to be wrong, the greater is the power the devil obtains over you. Think not it is too soon.

Suppose, dear child, you were in a beautiful wood in Florida, and the birds were singing sweetly among the tall forest trees, the ground was covered with beautiful flowers, and every here and there the bending trees were loaded with delicious fruit, and any one was to tell you while you were playing in the wood that an Indian was near, flee for thy life;—because you were a little child and could not run far, or you had been but a short time in the wood and wished to look around at the bright landscape a little longer—would you venture to remain? would you stop to listen to the song of the birds, to cull a few more flowers, or gather a larger portion of the pleasant fruit, until the fearful whoop sounded in your ears, and the fatal tomahawk was raised above your head? No, certainly not. You would no sooner hear that an Indian was at hand, than you would spring up, and casting away all you had collected during your short stay in the wood, you would bound forward, straining every nerve to get to a place of safety.

Now, my dear child, your adversary the devil is more to be dreaded than the most ferocious savage. The savage kills the body, but the devil plunges the soul into everlasting torments. He is close at your heels, he is eager for your soul! flee for your life to the foot of the cross—until you love Christ with all your soul, and with all your mind, and with all your strength, and desire to serve him all the days of your life; you are not safe. Death is surer than the tomahawk of the Indian—you know not how near he may be to you; flee for thy life—pause not to be older, to see more of the world, but if you would be sure of Heaven, flee at once, at this very moment, for thy life, thine everlasting life.

Go with the simple village maiden, who, when warned by her aged grandmother that she might soon die, thought she was too young, and to satisfy herself, taking her own measure went her way to the churchyard to inquire of the dead; and as she measured the graves, wept to find so many shorter than herself. Go to the churchyard too, and as you look at the little graves, remember, and flee for thy life. SILVANUS.

EDITORIAL.

CONTRADICTION.

Two little boys were playing together by the fire. Their names were Frank and William. They had some blocks and were building a house.

"I am tired of making houses, I wish we had something else to do," said William to Frank.

"Well then, let's play horse."

"Well; it's your turn to be horse, you know."

"My turn, no it isn't, it is yours."

"Why Frank! what a story! when you know I was your horse yesterday."

"No you wasn't; it was day before yesterday, and I was yours yesterday."

"You was not."

"I was."

By this time the voices had reached so high a pitch that they attracted the attention of their mother, who was writing in the other part of the room.

"What is the matter, boys?" inquired she pleasantly.

"Why, Frank won't be my horse, when it is his turn."

"It isn't my turn, mother, it's his," said Frank.

"Come to me both of you," said their mother, "and let me see if I cannot help settle your difficulty."

"When did you play horse last?"

"Yesterday," said both the boys together.

"What part of the day?"

"In the afternoon," said Frank.

"Seems to me it was the morning," said William.

"No William, don't you remember, father gave us each an apple after dinner, and we had not finished eating them when we began to play, and you said your horse was eating his hay."

"So I did," said William.

"Then it seems he *was* your horse yesterday," said their mother.

William looked a little confused.

"But perhaps," said he, "it was day before yesterday that we had the apples."

"No," said his mother, "I remember about that; day before yesterday you had pie, and I did not give you any apple."

"Then it is my turn, I suppose," said William rather mournfully.

"Don't look so sad about it," said his mother; "can't you find pleasure in making Frank happy?"

"If he cares so much about it, I will be his horse," said Frank.

"No," said William, his face clearing up, "I will be yours."

"This is much pleasanter than to hear such a dispute as that I overheard a little while ago," said their mother. "And now I want you to remember one thing; whenever you cannot agree upon any point, instead of contradicting each other over and over, stop and try if you cannot recall some circumstances which will help to settle it. If it relates to a promise, try to remember the place and time in which it was made, and thus the one who is in the right will be able to convince the other. Will you do so?"

"Yes, mother," said both, and off they ran. L.

VARIETY.

Written for the Youth's Companion.

Mischievousness Punished.

I suppose the readers of the Youth's Companion have many a time made and seen snow men. Well, one day during the month of February, after there had been a

great snow storm, some boys who were going home from school, saw a stone post situated at the corner of a street almost covered with snow; so they thought they would cover it all over with snow, and make it look like a snow man; in this there was no harm, as the stone was not out in the street, and would hurt no one. Well, presently a boy came along with a very pretty horse and sleigh, which he had been told to take to the stable. As he approached the stone, he thought it was only a snow man, which some boys had to amuse themselves with, and told another boy who was in the sleigh with him, that he meant to run against it and knock it down, just to plague them; and he whipped his horse so as to make him go fast, and then steered up against this snow man. The runner, striking as it did against the stone, was torn from the sleigh, and the boys were upset in a snowbank, leaving the horse to go where he pleased. When they arrived home, they found that their parents had heard all about it, and were much displeased when they learnt the cause. This boy learnt, as you may suppose, never to plague others, to amuse himself. H.

Snow.

"I wish it would not always be so cold and stormy," said Maria as she came home from school rubbing her hands on account of the cold. "Last summer it was very pleasant going to school, and I don't see why we can't have pleasant weather now." "Maria," said her mother, "your language is very improper and wicked; it is wrong to indulge such feelings. Is not your heavenly Father good?" "Why yes, I suppose he is good; but I don't see why he could not just as well make warm weather, as so much cold and snowy weather. I should much rather see the fields always green and beautiful than covered as now with white snow as far as the eye can reach." "But, Maria, the snow is not without its uses. The fields could not be always fair and beautiful, if the earth did not rest. You feel tired at night and want to rest; so the land needs rest such as it finds in winter. The snow serves as a covering to keep the earth warm and prevents the frosts from penetrating too deeply. And, besides, people carry wood and timber, and other heavy articles, much better on sleds than on wheels."

By this time Maria had got warm, and began to feel more cheerful. "Now," said her mother, "as you seem to be a little more pleasant, than when you came in, I will show you how beautiful these flakes of snow are." She then took Maria to the door, where she caught some of the falling flakes on a shingle. Maria looked at them, and saw them made in the shape of little stars, in the most neat and beautiful style; every part was finished off in the most perfect manner.

"Mother," said Maria, "what is snow made of?"

"It is vapor that rises from the earth into the air, and there freezes into beautiful little crystals. If the vapor did not freeze, the particles would collect into drops and form rain. Just see how good God is, in removing the snow at the proper time. When snow covers the ground three or four feet deep, we should perish if we had to remove it ourselves. But at the proper season God sends warm weather, which melts the snow, and moistens the earth, and makes the grass and flowers begin to grow."

[Amherst Cabinet.]

POETRY.

A KIND AND GENTLE TEMPER.

Since trifles makes the sum of human things,
And half our misery from our foibles springs;
Since life's best joys consist in peace and ease,
And few can save or serve, but all can please;
Oh! let th' ungentle spirit learn from hence,
A small unkindness is a great offence,
Large bounties to bestow, we wish in vain;
But all may shun the guilt of giving pain.
To bless mankind with tides of flowing wealth,
With pow'r to grace them, or to crown with health,
Our little lot denies; but Heav'n decrees
To all the gift of ministering to ease.
The gentle offices of patient love,
Beyond all flattery, and all price above,
The mild forbearance of another's faults;
The taunting word suppress'd as soon as thought;
On these Heav'n bade the sweets of life depend;
And crush'd ill fortune when it made a friend.
A solitary blessing few can find;
Our joys with those we love are interwined;
And he whose wakeful tenderness removes
Th' obstructing thorn which wounds the friend he loves,
Smooths not another's rugged path alone,
But scatters roses to adorn his own.
Small slights, contempt, neglect, unmix'd with hate,
Make up in number what they want in weight;
These, and a thousand griefs, minute as these,
Corrode our comforts, and destroy our peace.

EPITAPH.

Too gentle for the storms that fall
Upon the shores of time,
The cherub heard its Parent's call,
And sprang to joys sublime.



New Year's Gift.

A WEEKLY PAPER FOR YOUTH.

THE YOUTH'S COMPANION is a small juvenile paper published every week, by N. WILLIS, at the Office of the Boston Recorder, No. 11 Cornhill, Boston. Price, One Dollar a year, in advance.—Six copies for \$5.00.

This paper commenced in June, 1827, and has had a steady increase of subscribers ever since.

It is intended to convey Religious and Moral Instruction in a manner the most interesting and impressive to Children and Youth. The articles it contains are mostly in the narrative form, and are generally classed under the following heads:—Narrative, Religion, Morality, History, Biography, The Nursery, The Sabbath School, Miscellaneous, Editorial, Poetry. Many of these articles are illustrated by Pictures. An Index closes each volume.

The Youth's Companion has been often used in Sabbath Schools. The Teachers find in almost every number something suitable to be read to their scholars, which furnishes them with the groundwork for remarks. It is also proper to be read by the scholars during the week, and circulated among them, like books from the Library.

No advertisements, and nothing sectarian or controversial, are admitted into the Youth's Companion—and it is adapted to the taste of all Evangelical denominations.

LETTERS FROM SUBSCRIBERS.

A letter, containing the names of seven Subscribers, dated Lexington, Ga. Feb. 20, 1838, says:

"I wish I could procure a thousand subscribers for you, for I have never seen, neither do I believe there is printed, a paper so well adapted to the minds of the rising generation, or one which will serve to excite and cultivate a taste for reading. If we can only get our young to read, and then give them suitable books, we need have no fears for any of the benevolent institutions of the day. All will prosper under a generation educated for the Lord."

Gorham, Me. March 22, 1839.

DEAR SIR,—I have read your paper with much pleasure and profit, during the past year; but the chief object in view in receiving it was, to benefit a Sabbath School class. It has in this respect met all my expectations: it was pleasing to see with what earnestness they looked for the Companion; and I had the satisfaction to know that it was not merely to have a paper to carry home, but because they loved to read it.

Yours in Christian fellowship, J. P.

Ipswich, Mass. May 28, 1838.

DEAR SIR. From having been a subscriber some years back to your valuable work, the Youth's Companion, and having settled in a New Country, and in an interesting and growing town, where I am engaged in Sabbath Schools, I would be glad if you would forward me your valuable paper, as I consider it the most useful publication, particularly to be read in Sabbath Schools, that I know of in the United States.

Yours, &c. A—M—

West Prospect, Me. June 11th, 1838.

I am of the opinion, sir, that your paper is one of the best periodicals now in circulation, for the improvement and cultivation of the minds of the younger part of our population. I say one of the best, I think I may be justified in saying that it is the best. I highly approve of the sentiments and views that are set forth therein; and think they are such as are calculated to produce high moral and religious character in our youthful friends. I think that every family of children should be furnished with the Youth's Companion.

Yours, &c.

Bangor, Me. July 26th, 1838.

MR. WILLIS. I am more and more pleased with the Youth's Companion. I have been in the habit of sending it for more than a year to a family in St. Albans. Calling there a few weeks ago, I received substantially the following account of its reception:—"You can scarcely conceive the avidity with which the Companion is taken from the office and read. Our little girl generally manages to get a cent every week to pay the postage, and if it does not come she cannot restrain her tears. When we have read it, it goes into other families, regularly into four, and very frequently it does not rest until it has visited nine families. No paper in this place is read with so much interest."

Yours,

Voluntown, Ct. Jan. 7th, 1839.

MR. WILLIS. Sir,—I have received six of your little papers, the Companion, the year past, and they have been very interesting to me, and to my children. We have read them, and then I have distributed them among our Sabbath School scholars, and they have been very much liked. I have read many of the stories in the Companion in our Sabbath School the year past, and they have been the means of doing much good. There has been some eight or ten of our scholars in the Sabbath School united with the church; and they have dated the time of their conviction from a story that I have read in this little paper.

D. C. C.

Boston, Mill Dam, Feb. 21, 1839.

I always love to associate my thoughts of the Companion with those of the Sabbath School. I was a constant reader of your paper for the first ten years of its publication; and the first, the specimen number, now lies before me. Some of my most vivid conceptions on serious subjects I can trace to the perusal of this work; and no book do I now peruse with so much satisfaction as the bound volumes of the Youth's Companion. I hope it will long be continued with the interest and value of its early and its present times; for as long as it does, I shall not grow weary of recommending it to younger friends as an invaluable Companion for them.

Most truly Yours,

YOUTH'S COMPANION.

Published Weekly, by NATHANIEL WILLIS, at the Office of the Boston Recorder, No. 11, Cornhill.—Price, \$1.00 a year in advance; or \$1.25 if not paid in advance.

NO. 35.

BOSTON, JANUARY 8, 1841.

VOL. XIV.



THE BREAKFAST TABLE.

Papa has been gone, o'er the sea far away,
And breakfasts at home for the first time, to-day;
The children crowd round to enjoy his return,
While Ann spreads the table, and places the urn;
The baby climbs up by the strength of his arm,
And chatters, and shouts, and feels no alarm.
While Mary, the eldest, quite gravely sits down,
And looks at papa, as she smooths her new gown;
Little Fred, at his elbow, cries loud in his ear,
Now tell us a story, please do, father dear.

Well, look, says papa, at this table here spread,
With milk, tea and coffee, with butter and bread;
Thus the cloth comes from Holland, far over the sea,
While to China the ships go to bring home the tea.
The coffee from Java, an Indian sea isle,
Is brought o'er the water, full many a mile.
Then the flour for the bread, which we take with our tea,
Comes down the North river, from famed Genesee;
Or from Baltimore round, in a packet is brought;
I cannot just tell where this barrel was bought.
But then there is sugar, that surely don't grow,
Said Fred, but papa cried, how can you say so?
When sugar you'll learn soon, of cane is the juice,
From whence it is pressed, and is boiled down for use.
From various places 'tis brought to us here,
As molasses, brown sugar, and loaf sugar clear;
The nourishing milk, comes, you know, from the cow,
And the butter, of cream made, I need not say how.

So now I have told you, as well as I am able,
A story about the things placed on the table.
And explained where they come from, though only in haste;

Now draw up your chairs, and this breakfast we'll taste.

[The Annaletta.]

NARRATIVE.

THE WINDMILL.

Rollo was sick for several days. His father thought that he was going to have a fever. A physician came to see him, and gave him some powders in a great spoon. His mother stood by, with a lump of sugar, ready to clap into his mouth, as soon as the powders were down. Rollo did not care much about the sugar however; for his head ached, and he felt giddy. So he laid his cheek down again upon the pillow, and shut his eyes, without speaking a word. That night they put a tumbler full of tamarind water upon a little table, by the side of his bed, for him to drink in the night, for he was quite thirsty, and wanted something to drink very often. His mother staid in the room with him that night, to take care of him.

The next day he was better; and in the evening his mother gave him some tea, and one piece of toast, with a little currant jelly upon it. His mother made him some drink, too, of currant jelly and water; for he had by this time got tired of his tamarind water. His cousin Lucy, too, who had heard that he was sick, brought him a little jar of preserves, to eat with his toast.

One morning, a day or two afterwards, Jonas came into his room to see him. Rollo had got so much better, that his mother had left him alone while she went to breakfast.

It was a pleasant summer morning, and Rollo was looking out of a window which his mother had left open, and listening to a robin, which was singing upon one of the trees in the yard. Just then he heard the door open; and Jonas came in.

"Well, Rollo," said Jonas, "are you getting better?"

"Yes," said Rollo, "I am a great deal better."

"Can I do anything for you?" said Jonas.

"O, I don't know," said Rollo; and he raised himself up in bed, leaning back against the pillows, and began to look around. The room had not been put in order that morning; and there were tumblers half full of different kinds of sweet drinks, and two or three little glasses and boxes of jellies and preserves, on the tables and mantelpiece.

"Yes," said he; "Jonas, there is one thing I should like to have you do. I wish you would go all around this room, and take all the jellies, and preserves, and sugar-bowls, and everything sweet that you can find, and carry them all off out of my sight; for I am tired and sick of them."

Jonas laughed, and said, "I rather think you are getting better."

"And there is another thing, Jonas, I wish you would do for me," said Rollo.

"What is it?" said Jonas.

"Go and catch that robin, that is singing on the tree out in the yard, and bring him in here," said Rollo, with a roguish smile.

Jonas perceived, from Rollo's light-heartedness and gaiety, that he was really getting better; and he was very glad. He did not, however, attempt to comply with either of Rollo's requests; but, after talking with him a few minutes, he went away.

After breakfast his mother came in, and she carried the sweet things all away, and brought him, instead of them, a bowl of broth, which Rollo liked very much indeed. She let him get up and dress himself too; and then he and Nathan went out to the end of the entry, where a door opened out upon a platform towards the garden yard. The sun shone in very pleasantly, and Rollo and Nathan got some crickets, and little chairs together, and concluded to play there for an hour or two.

Rollo proposed that they should make a shop out of the crickets and chairs; and Nathan, who had greater confidence in Rollo's capacity for planning plays, than in his own, agreed at once to the proposal, though he did not know very well how a shop was to be made. He soon saw, however; for Rollo placed one little chair for himself, and one for Nathan, and then placed a couple of crickets together, end to end, for a bench. He put his knife and a little gimlet on the bench, and then asked Nathan to go and get a small carpet hammer, which was kept hung up in the china closet, and which his mother used often to let them have to play with. He asked him to bring also a case-knife from the kitchen.

"What are you going to make, Rollo?" said Nathan, when he came back with the knife and hammer.

"O, I don't know," said Rollo; "I have not thought about that. A windmill would be a pretty good thing to make."

"A windmill?" said Nathan; "can you make a windmill?"

"Yes," said Rollo, "easy enough."

"Did you ever make one?" said Nathan.

"No," said Rollo, "but I saw Henry make one, the other day; and it is easy enough."

"If I only had some wood!" he continued, as he looked around upon the crickets and chairs, and saw that he had plenty of tools, but no stock. Workmen call the materials out of which they manufacture their articles, their stock.

"Could not you get me some wood, Nathan?" said Rollo.

"Yes," said Nathan, "I know where there is a plenty." So Nathan went off after some wood. While he was gone, Rollo occupied himself with sharpening his knife upon the sole of his slipper, strapping it back and forth, as he had seen his father strap his razor.

Nathan came back in a few minutes, bringing a round stick of wood from the wood-pile, covered with bark, and disfigured here and there by a knot. At sight of this, Rollo laughed aloud, and told Nathan that that kind of wood would not do to make a windmill of.

"Why not?" said Nathan.

"Because," said Rollo, "it is a very hard kind of wood, and I cannot cut it easily. And then it is too large. Besides, it is full of knots, which will prevent its splitting straight. You go and find Jonas, and ask him to send me in some pieces of good, soft pine, and I can make it out of them."

Nathan looked at his stick of wood somewhat despondingly. He did not want to go again after more wood; but he saw very clearly that that piece would not answer. He walked along slowly across the platform into the yard, while Rollo went on strapping his knife. When Nathan reached the gate which led from the garden yard towards the barn, he climbed upon it, and called out, "Jonas," with a loud voice.

Jonas did not answer.

Rollo, hearing Nathan call, laid down his knife and slipper, and stepped out upon the platform, so that he could see Nathan upon the gate.

"I would not stop there, calling for him, Nathan," said Rollo. "You had better go and find him."

"I don't believe I can find him," said Nathan. "He is not out here any where."

"O yes, he is," said Rollo.

While Rollo was speaking, Nathan unhasped the gate, and it swung open a little way, carrying him upon it. He then put his hand upon the post, and began to swing himself back and forth upon the gate.

"Come, Nathan; run along," said Rollo.

"I don't think I can find him," said Nathan.

"O yes, you can. He must be there. Come, that's a good boy. If you'll go and find him, and bring me the wood, I'll give you the windmill when it is done."

"Well," said Nathan, "I will." So saying, he clambered down from the gate, and went off into the other yard, and disappeared.

He was gone a considerable time. At length, however, Rollo heard him opening the gate; and presently he appeared upon the platform with

two long, slender strips of pine, which Jonas had split off from a board. He said, too, that Jonas was coming there pretty soon, to give him some advice about making the windmill.

Jonas did come; and he gave Rollo very particular directions about the work, especially about fitting the two cross-pieces together neatly. He told him that if he would take pains, and form the joint carefully, he would let him have some glue to glue the parts together with. In fact, Jonas helped him a little in making out his work, and in finishing the parts in a true and regular manner. When the two cross pieces were ready to be glued together, Jonas said he would go and get the glue-pot and a clamp.

"A clamp?" said Rollo. "What is a clamp?"

"You will see," said Jonas, when I come back with it."

"What is it for?" said Rollo.

"It is to press the pieces tight together, while the glue is drying."

In a short time, Jonas came back with a small glue-pot in his hand, and a short piece of board under his arm. When he put them down, Rollo observed that there was a square notch sawed in the board,—in one side of it. It was about half an inch wide, and one or two inches deep.

"But where is the clamp?" said Rollo.

"That is it," said Jonas, pointing to the board.

Jonas then put the two cross pieces of Rollo's windmill together, and then took up the board, and put the joint, where the cross-pieces came together, into the notch. The thickness of the joint was almost enough to fill up the notch. Still there was a little room on one side; and Jonas asked Rollo to hold the board and the windmill, while he made a wedge to fit the empty space. When all was ready, he took the pieces of the windmill apart, and brushed the glue on; and then he put them together again, and inserted the joint once more into the notch. Then he drove the wedge in tight between the windmill and the side of the notch, so as to force the parts of the windmill together very closely.

"There," said Jonas, as he laid the work down carefully upon the platform in the sun, "you must leave it till after dinner to dry. In the mean time you can be making the spindle."

"How shall I make it?" said Rollo.

"O, make a round stick, and then take a long, slender nail, and file it round and smooth, and drive it into the end of the stick, through the hole in the middle of the joint between the cross-pieces; and that will be a good axis for the mill to turn upon."

"Well," said Rollo, in a tone of great satisfaction. He had never known before how to make a windmill so well as this, and he was much pleased with these directions.

"But how shall I hold the nail," said he, "to file it?"

"Why, you can drive it into the end of a stick, and then hold the stick in your hand, and rest the end of the nail on a board in your lap, and that will confine the nail."

"So I can," said Rollo; "but then how shall I get the nail out again?"

"O, split open the stick, with your case knife," said Jonas, "and then you can take it right out."

So Jonas went away, and Rollo began to select a piece of wood for a spindle; and when he had chosen one, he sat down and began to shave it down to the proper shape, drawing it along over his knee, and gently pressing the edge of his knife upon it, as it moved. While he was doing this, Nathan looked on with great interest and pleasure, delighted to think what an excellent windmill he was going to have.

"Did you ever glue a windmill together before?" said Nathan.

"No," said Rollo; "I never had such a good windmill as this is going to be."

"Nor I," said Nathan. "When do you think you shall get it done?"

"O, perhaps this afternoon," said Rollo. "I don't know but that I shall get Jonas to paint it for me."

"I wish he would," said Nathan. "I should like a painted windmill very much. I will go and show it to mother when it is done."

[Jonas a Judge.]

OBITUARY.

Written for the Youth's Companion.

LITTLE JOHN F.

Or, "The righteous hath hope in his death."

In giving the reader a brief account of the sickness and death of little John F. it is proper to state that though young, he was found watching. The happy effects of early piety, were manifest in his daily walk and conversation. He carefully searched the Scriptures, and when he found a text which he did not perfectly understand, would ask an explanation either of his parents or his Sabbath School Teacher. It was his practice to rise very early in the morning, and before leaving his room, his low sweet voice might be heard in prayer; then descending to the kitchen, where he had fuel ready prepared, would make a fire, and when it burned cheerful and bright, his favorite morning hymn was sung. The last verse sung, the last note sounded, was the signal for the family to rise, for they forbore sooner to disturb him, as he seemed to have chosen and set apart this still morning hour, when all were hushed in silence, when there was naught to disturb or divert his attention, for special devotion. If the early shrill notes of the Nightingale have called the Christian to his duty, what must have been the effect of this dear child's example? who that heard him thus offering his morning sacrifice, could arise and go about the ordinary concerns of life, neglectful of his or her own duty.

But the opening flower was destined to premature decay. Disease, sudden and violent, laid prostrate the active limbs of little John. A physician was immediately called, and all that skill and attention could do was done; but the devouring fever raged uncontrollable, and in three days from the time of being called, the doctor informed his afflicted parents that their son was beyond the reach of medicine; he must die.

His sickness was short, but severe. The night preceding his death was one of extreme suffering. Spasms, or paroxysms of pain, succeeded each other at short intervals, and with every returning one it was expected that life would terminate.

From the second day of his sickness, he had been deprived of speech, and many and fervent had been the prayers of his dear parents, that an opportunity might be granted for them to learn the state of his mind, in the immediate prospect of death. About midnight (perhaps in answer to their prayers) as the sick boy leaned his head on the doctor's breast, it became evident that he was exerting himself to speak; he struggled long in vain, but at length to the great surprise of all, he spoke. And what were his words? Did he implore the physician to administer something to mitigate his sufferings? Or did he entreat his weeping parents to rescue him from the jaws of death? Ah no; raising his little emaciated arms upwards to their full extent, and looking steadfastly to heaven, he exclaimed, "Jesus Christ is good, good, good!" These were his last words, and their effect upon the hearts of his afflicted parents, are most consoling; by the eye of faith, they saw their dying boy embraced in the arms of that dear Saviour whom he so much loved.

But the words which were as a healing balm to the parents' wounds, were as steeled arrows in the heart of the infidel doctor. Convinced of the positive reality, and the superlative excellence of religion, he exclaimed, "let me die the

death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his."

Dear young reader, have you like little John chosen "that good part" which will never be taken from you? Have you sought the forgiveness of your sins? Do you love the dear Saviour who has suffered so much for you, who has provided a way whereby you may obtain the forgiveness of your sins, and be happy when you die? I must leave these questions for you to consider. That you like little John may be found "walking in wisdom's ways," that you may live the life of the righteous, and die his death, is the sincere prayer of the writer.

North Brookfield, Dec. 3rd, 1840.

L. H.

LEARNING.

PERSEVERANCE.

"Oh dear! I cannot do this horrid sum! so it is of no use to try any longer," said Emily Mortimer, one day; "and I think it is very ill-natured of Mrs. L—, not to allow any one to help me. I cannot do it by myself."

"Do try once more, dear Emily," said Helen Stanley; "I am sure you can do it if you try. Come make haste, dear, it will soon be time to take our evening walk. Mrs. L— said you should not go until your sum was done; and you know she always keeps her word."

Well, Helen, I will try once more, just to please you; though I know I cannot do it; 8 from 2, I cannot—borrow 10; 8 from—oh, I cannot do it! and I will not try any more!" said Emily, amidst tears and sobs.

And now I will tell my young readers something about this little girl. Emily Mortimer was about ten years of age, she had lost her dear mamma about two years before, and her papa had therefore placed her under the care of Mrs. L—, an amiable and pious woman, who endeavored to supply the place of mother to her and the rest of her young charge. Emily was deservedly a favorite among her young companions, for she was good-tempered and cheerful, and always ready to oblige any one when it was in her power; but she had one fault, and that was a want of perseverance. As long as every thing went on smoothly, all was well; but as soon as a difficulty appeared, Emily threw aside the task as hopeless, or ran to one of her more persevering school fellows to beg assistance. This was not the way to improve, and therefore Mrs. L— had forbidden her to ask any one's assistance but her own; and fearing still that she would not exert herself, had told her that if her sum were not done by tea-time, she should not accompany them in their evening walk.

Just as Emily had uttered the desponding speech I have related above, Mrs. L— entered the room, and seeing her in tears, asked what was the matter.

"Emily is crying because she cannot do her sum, Mrs. L—," said Helen.

"You should rather say, she *fancies* she cannot do it, my dear. Come, Emily, let me look at it; but first dry your eyes, for crying will not do your sum; now tell me, what is it you cannot do?"

"Oh, I cannot do it at all, Mrs. L—; indeed I cannot!"

"Well, let me hear; come and stand by me, and do it aloud. I think it is not so difficult, Emily, as you imagine."

The little girl took her station by the side of her kind governess, and in a very short time had the pleasure of seeing her sum completed, without the assistance of Mrs. L—. "There, my dear," said Mrs. L—, "you see it is done, and without my assistance too; and why was it that you could not do it as well when seated by yourself, as when at my side? I will tell you; because, when you sat down to do it by yourself, you allowed the least difficulty to throw you into despair; and instead of saying, 'I will try

again," you were quite out of patience and exclaimed, "I cannot do it; but, when standing by me, you were ashamed to do that, and therefore when you make a mistake, you tried again, as you should do; and see what perseverance has accomplished. There is your "horrid" sum, as you call it, without an error, and done quite by yourself, which I think you cannot say of any sum you have done before. I hope, my dear, henceforth, when tempted to throw aside any thing in despair, you will remember those two little words, "Try again;" for, I assure you, they will enable you to overcome many difficulties. Now, my dear, go and prepare for your evening walk." Away Emily ran to get her bonnet, and I am happy to say she took Mrs. L—'s advice, and adopted the words, "Try again" for her motto, and is now rapidly improving in all useful knowledge, and is looking forward to gaining one of the prizes for arithmetic at the next vacation.

And now, I wonder if any of my readers are like Emily Mortimer? If they are, I hope they will also take "Try again" for their motto; for I am sure no one can improve without perseverance, and with it the greatest difficulties may be surmounted.

"If you find your task is hard,
Try, try, try again;
Time will bring you your reward,
Try, try, try again;
All that other folks can do,
Why, with patience, should not you?
Only keep this rule in view,
Try, try, try again."

One thing I might add, join prayer with your efforts, and you will not fail.

ANNE.

[London Child's Companion.]

MORALITY.

CHARLES, THE YOUNG SAILOR.

While sitting in my study to-day, some thoughts in relation to the death of a young man, a member of my congregation, who died at sea, revolved through my mind, and seemed to present a very forcible illustration of the fleeting nature of all earthly enjoyments. This young man, I had very frequently observed, (nearly a year since,) sitting in the congregation, and attending to the services with the utmost seriousness and solemnity. Occasionally I observed his head drop upon his bosom, and his handkerchief to his eyes, which seemed to give evidence of the deepest emotion.

His mother was a member of the church, and although she had several children, yet Charles was her idol. She was poor, and Charles was, and had always been a dutiful child. When he went away to sea, he always made it a point to leave a portion of his earnings at his mother's disposal. This, and many other things endeared him not only to his mother, but to all his intimate acquaintance. What renders the history of this young man still more interesting, and causes it more powerfully to illustrate the perishing nature of earthly things, is, that a few weeks previous to his departure, he was married to the daughter of a worthy brother in our society. This young lady had once enjoyed religion; but like many others had wandered into forbidden paths. However deeply thoughtful he might have been, yet she seemed to manifest but little thought upon this all important subject. Months rolled away, and letters had been received from him. He was alive and well, and longing to be at home.

Ah, how often have I marked that young lady as she gaily entered the church. The apparently entire absence of all religious thought, has often made a deep and solemn impression upon my mind. Very frequently have I expressed the deep conviction, that something awful would take place to bring down the pride of that apparently obdurate heart.

The time at length came. The scene has

changed. One day, in my round of pastoral visiting, I entered the dwelling of our sister, when she met me at the door; exclaiming in the deep agony of her soul, "O, my son! my son!" I was surprised, being entirely unacquainted with what had happened. But soon after, recovering herself in some measure, she informed me that Charles had died at sea, with a slow fever. I remained with her for a short time, and tried to administer consolation to her wounded spirit. We joined in prayer, and found that there was consolation in Jesus.

I visited the widow. I was prepared to witness a scene of deep sorrow, but I was not prepared for the great agony and distress I saw in that house. But a few months since, this house was a place of feasting, joy and gladness; but now it was a house of mourning, lamentation and woe! But a few short months since, and every earthly prospect opened brightly before this happy pair. But now, all their worldly, their brightest hopes, are driven as chaff before the wind of heaven.

Reader, you perhaps have a companion at sea. If so, have you an interest at a throne of grace? If not, O for your own soul's sake, for the sake of the eternal well-being of him you love, seek to obtain an interest there, and use it in his behalf.

Sailor, are you about venturing forth upon the ocean? If so, seek an interest in Jesus; and then if you die in a foreign land, or are buried beneath the main, your friends will have the unspeakable consolation of hearing that you died in a state of reconciliation with God.

I feel greatly to praise God, that we have reason to believe from the letters, and from the information we have received from different sources, that Charles died in Christ. This I attribute to the serious impressions he received while attending divine worship at home.

From one who has been a sailor, and feels deeply for his brethren on the
OCEAN.
Dartmouth, Sept. 1840. [Zion's Herald.]

HONESTY REWARDED.

Virtue is the surest road to happiness. It sweetens every enjoyment, and is the sovereign antidote to misfortunes. Pleasures, unless wholly innocent, never continue so long as the sting they leave behind them. See that moth fluttering incessantly round the candle. Man of pleasure, behold thy image!

In a just account of profit and loss, an unlawful gain is a greater misfortune than a real loss. This is but once felt; that scarce ever wears out, but is the source of continual affliction.

Perrin lost both parents before he could articulate their names, and was obliged to a charity house for his education. At the age of fifteen, he was hired by a farmer to be a shepherd, in the neighborhood of Lucetta, who kept her father's sheep. They often met, and were fond of being together. Five years thus passed, when their sensations became more serious. Perrin proposed to Lucetta to demand her from her father; she blushed, and confessed her willingness. As she had an errand to the town next day, the opportunity of her absence was chosen for making the proposal. "You want to marry my daughter," said the old man. "Have you a house to cover her, or money to maintain her? Lucetta's fortune is not enough for both. It won't do, Perrin, it won't do." "But," replied Perrin, "I have hands to work; I have laid up twenty crowns of my wages, which will defray the expense of the wedding; I'll work harder, and lay up more." "Well," said the old gentleman, "you are young, and may wait a little; get rich, and my daughter is at your service." Perrin waited for Lucetta's returning in the evening. "Has my father given you a refusal?" cried Lucetta. "Ah, Lucetta," replied Perrin, "how unhappy am I for being poor! But I have not lost all hopes. My circumstances may

change for the better." As they never tired of conversing together, the night drew on, and it became dark. Perrin making a false step, fell on the ground. He found a bag, which was heavy. Drawing toward a light in the neighborhood, he found that it was filled with gold. "I thank Heaven," cries Perrin in a transport, "for being favorable to our wishes. This will satisfy your father, and make us happy." In their way to her father's house, a thought struck Perrin. "This money is not ours; it belongs to some stranger; and perhaps this moment he is lamenting the loss of it. Let us go to the vicar for advice; he has always been kind to me." Perrin put the bag into the vicar's hand, saying, that at first he looked on it as a providential present to remove the only obstacle of their marriage; but that he now doubted whether he could lawfully retain it. The vicar eyed the lovers with attention; he admired their honesty, which appeared even to surpass their affection. "Perrin," said he, "cherish these sentiments; Heaven will bless you. We will endeavor to find out the owner; he will reward thy honesty; I will add what I can spare; you shall have Lucetta." The bag was advertised in the newspapers, and cried in the neighboring parishes. Some time having elapsed, and the money not demanded, the vicar carried it to Perrin. "These twelve thousand livres bear at present no profit; you may reap the interest at least. Lay them out in such a manner as to insure the sum itself to the owner if he shall appear." A farm was purchased, and the consent of Lucetta's father to the marriage was obtained. Perrin was employed in husbandry, and Lucetta in family affairs. They lived in perfect cordiality; and two children endeared them still the more to each other.

Perrin, one evening returning homeward from his work, saw a chaise overturned with two gentlemen in it. He ran to their assistance, and offered them every accommodation his small house could afford. "This spot," cried one of the gentlemen, "is very fatal to me. Ten years ago, I lost here ten thousand livres." Perrin listened with attention. "What search made you for them?" said he. "It was not in my power," replied the stranger, "to make any search. I was hurrying to Port L'Orient, to embark for the Indies, for the vessel was ready to sail." Next morning Perrin showed to his guests his house, his garden, his cattle, and mentioned the produce of his fields. "All these are your property," addressing the gentleman who had lost the bag; "the money fell into my hands; I purchased this farm with it; the farm is yours. The vicar has an instrument which secures your property, though I had died without seeing you." The stranger read the instrument with emotion; he looked on Perrin, Lucetta and the children. "Where am I?" cried he, "and what do I hear? What virtue in people so low! Have you any other land but this farm?" "No," replied Perrin; "but you will have occasion for a tenant, and I hope you will allow me to remain here." "Your honesty deserves a better recompense," answered the stranger. "My success in trade has been great, and I have forgotten my loss. You are well entitled to this little fortune; keep it as your own. What man in the world would have acted like Perrin?" Perrin and Lucetta shed tears of affection and joy. "My dear children," said he, "kiss the hand of your benefactor. Lucetta, this farm now belongs to us, and we can enjoy it without anxiety or remorse." Thus was honesty rewarded. Let those who desire the reward, practise the virtue.—Sabbath School Messenger.

NATURAL HISTORY.

A MODERN DOG OF MONTARGIS.

The Gazette des Flanders has the following narrative in a letter from Arras of the 16th of August:—A shepherd was journeying to Souas-

tre, where his relations lived, for the purpose of passing some days with them. At night fall he perceived three individuals approaching him from a field on the road-side. The moment they reached his side they laid hold of his person, and demanded his money or his life. The poor man had nothing with him, and pleaded his penury. Incensed at their failure, confirmed by an examination of his person, the ruffians assaulted him violently with their heavy sticks. He struggled with them, when one of his opponents drew forth a knife and wounded him seriously with it. The unfortunate man fell, and was left for dead on the road. During the night, the shepherd's relatives were awakened by the singular barking of a dog opposite their dwelling; but the noise ceasing some time afterwards, they thought there was nothing about which it was necessary to trouble themselves. Next morning, however, having risen very early, they were greatly terrified upon opening the door at perceiving a bundle covered with blood lying outside, with the contents of which, upon opening it, they were but too well acquainted. They also remarked that the road which the bearer of the bundle had taken, seemed to be indicated by traces of blood. They followed this track, and at some distance perceived the shepherd stretched on his back, apparently lifeless. A knife had cut through the folds of his cravat. His dog, which had been wounded in several places, apparently by the same knife, was by his master's side, licking his wounds, and whining piteously. The unfortunate man was carried to his relatives' house, and their careful treatment restored him to life, and hopes are entertained of his ultimate recovery. The dog had carried the shepherd's bundle to the house, and barked for assistance. Not succeeding in obtaining any, he had returned to watch over his master, until human aid came at length to his relief.

VARIETY.

Anecdotes.

It is said, that in the hand of one of the mummies found in a pyramid, was discovered a bulbous root, which being placed in the earth, grew and bloomed, a beautiful, but unknown flower, after two hundred years. So may the good seed of the word of God spring up after many years. We have a case in point. Some years since, a venerable man, upwards of one hundred years old, was the subject of converting grace, in an eastern state. The mediate cause of his conversion was, hearing a text of Scripture which his pious mother had taught him in England, one hundred years before!

"Though seed be buried long in dust,
It shan't deceive our hope;
The precious grain shall ne'er be lost,
For grace insures the crop."

A pious mother, about sixty years since, had a prodigal son. He was about to leave her and go to sea. As a last resource, she placed a Bible in his chest, with a prayer to God for his blessing upon it. Year after year passed away, and nothing was heard of the wanderer. But the eye of his mother's God was upon him. A long time after, a clergyman was called to visit a dying sailor. He found him penitent and prepared to die. He had in his possession a Bible, which he said was given him by a dying shipmate, who, expiring in the hope of the glory of God, gave it to him with his parting blessing. On the blank leaf was found written the name of John Marshall, the above mentioned pious mother's prodigal son. This man was the brother of Mrs. Isabella Graham.—*Parent's Magazine.*

Little Mary.

A few months ago, while sojourning in the State of Ohio, I heard a minister relate a very touching anecdote, which beautifully illustrates the influence of the love of Christ. "The 'disciple whom Jesus loved,'" says "We love him, because he first loved us." Little Mary understood and felt in her heart the meaning of this precious passage; for she was a Christian. The anecdote that I heard, and which so much interested my mind, was concerning three children, whose names were John, William, and Mary. They were innocently amusing themselves at play, when their uncle went into the room and asked them the following question, viz:—"Now, children, suppose I should give each of you two

thousand dollars, what would you do with it? John, what would you do with yours?" "Why, sir," said John, "I would buy a splendid carriage and four horses, and then ride about at my leisure, and be happy." "Well, William," said the uncle, what would you do with two thousand dollars, suppose I should give it to you?" William hesitated some, but at last replied—"I would purchase a fine great house and farm. Then I would always live at ease, and take a great deal of pleasure." Little Mary had been listening all this time with intense interest, and when her uncle asked her what she would do with so much money, she did not hesitate in the least—"Jesus has loved me, and died for me, has he not, uncle?" Her heart big with love and gratitude, her eyes streaming with tears, "I would buy a crown and lay it at the feet of Jesus."

How true are the words of Jesus, Mat. vi. 21—"Where your treasure is, there will your heart be also." Mary's treasure was in heaven—her heart was there. Her affections were placed on Jesus, and things heavenly. She loved him, because she felt that he first loved her. Jesus not only loved Mary, but he loves every body, and therefore we all ought to love him. Yes, dear reader, Jesus loves you, he gave himself for you, therefore you ought to love him, and give yourself away to him forever. Think of his love to you—think how much he has done, and is still doing for you, and then ask—"Am I not under the highest obligation to love my Saviour with all my heart?" A LOVER OF JESUS.

The Ostrich.

"A story is told of the affection of a pair of Ostriches which were formerly in the Jardin du Roi, at Paris. The sky-light in the roof of the apartment in which they were kept having been broken, the glaziers proceeded to repair it, and in the course of their work, let fall a triangular piece of glass. Not long after this, the female ostrich was taken ill, and died after an hour or two of great agony. The body was opened, and the throat and stomach were found to have been dreadfully lacerated by the sharp corners of the glass which she had swallowed. From the moment his companion was taken from him, the male bird had no rest; he appeared to be incessantly searching for something, and daily wasted away. He was removed from the spot, in the hope that he would forget his grief; he was even allowed more liberty, but in vain, and he literally pined himself to death."—*Youth's Keepsake.*

The Inch Augur.

When the temperance reformation first began, a down easter who lived in a "log cabin," thought he could take a little and not be a drunkard. So he would not sign the pledge. But time rolled on and he went to a raising, where several "littles" made a great deal, made too much; and when he got home the gushing tears of his wife and daughters, *seas over* as he was, preached to him as no lecturer ever did, his mind being better off than his body. He soon made a mustering, and called for his inch augur, and then more distinctly cried out, "where is my inch augur?" "What in the world do you want of your inch augur?" said his wife mildly. "I want it," was the reply. It was brought. He got up and bored a hole straight through his mantel, and as he drew out his augur, said, "I'll drink no more rum till that hole grows up." There is his pledge, he can see it when he gets up in the morning, when he sits at his meals, when he enters or leaves his house, and the hole is not likely to grow up over his wife's rousing fire.

[*Mass. Temp. Almanac.*]

I won't.

"I won't," said a child to his kind parent, when he had been requested to do a little favor. That child is now despised by his associates, and shunned by the virtuous and the good.

"I won't!" was the exclamation of a scholar, whose teacher had labored faithfully with him, when he was asked to be punctual at school, and to commit his lesson more perfectly. That scholar is now employed as one of the lowest servants in an extensive establishment.

"I won't," said a youth to his father, when requested to learn some honest trade. That youth is now a common sailor, with scarcely a coat to his back.

Great Loss.

"There were three hours and a half lost by you this morning," said a superintendent to a tardy teacher. "I was only half an hour too late," he replied. "True, but there were seven scholars waiting for you."

Parties of Pleasure.

You will doubtless have many invitations to parties of pleasure, before you arrive to manhood. Therefore I would urge you to be careful how you decide. Invariably ask yourselves, Shall I be benefited if I go to such a place this evening? Will my mind be improved,

my ideas enlarged, and my time usefully spent? I wish you to do this, not because I desire to deprive you of any real pleasure—but to make you respected and useful, while at the same time you respect the opinions of those who are best entitled to your love and esteem.

Let Conscience Decide.

Young men are often placed in severely trying situations, and feeling a sense of their own weakness are led to inquire, "How shall I proceed? What course is it best for me to take?" I answer, let conscience decide. But if you are still doubtful what to do, ask the advice of those friends whose experience and age give weight to their opinions. If you are determined to live an upright, virtuous life, which will also be a life of substantial pleasure, you will gain the approbation of God, and insure the esteem of the influential and the good.

POETRY.

From the Olive Leaf and Weekly Messenger.

THE WEARY DOVE RETURNING TO THE ARK.

"But the dove found no rest for the sole of her foot; and she returned unto him, into the ark."—Gen. viii. 9.

A weak and weary dove, with drooping wing,
And tired of wandering o'er this watery waste;
Jesus, my ark! to thee, a worthless thing,
Once more I fly, thy pardoning love to taste.
For since I left thy sweet, secure retreat,
In search of pleasures fair, though false and vain,
My peace,—my joy hath flown;—no rest my feet
Have found:—and now I turn to thee again!
I've sought for rest in friendship's hallowed shrine;
But lov'd ones change, and earth's endearments end;
No love is true and lasting, Lord, but THINE,
Henceforth, incarnate love, be Thou my friend.
I've sought to find a place to rest my feet
In fame's alluring temple, bright and gay;
In health and competence, and pleasures sweet,
But short and transient as the passing day.
Yet all in vain—o'er all this dreary waste
Of sin and sorrow, toil, and care, and pain,
No spot I've found my weary feet to rest;
And now, sweet ark, I fly to thee again. DELTA.

MOTHER, HOME AND HEAVEN.

The sounds that fall on mortal ear,
As dew drops pure at even,
That soothe the breast or start the tear
Are mother, home and heaven.
A mother—sweetest name on earth,
We hush it on the knee,
And idolize its sacred worth
In manhood's infancy.
A home—that paradise below,
Of sunshine and of flowers,
Where hallowed joys perennial flow
By calm, sequestered bowers.
And heaven—the port of endless peace,
The haven of the soul,
When life's corroding cares shall cease,
Like sweeping waves to roll.
Oh weep not then, though cruel time
The chain of love has riven;
To every link in yonder clime,
Re-union shall be given.
Oh, fall not they on mortal ear
As dew-drops pure at even,
To soothe the breast, or start the tear,
A mother, home and heaven!

THE CHILD'S MORNING HYMN.

Soon as the sun ascends the sky,
His light and heat to shed,
I would not any longer lie
And slumber in my bed.
For when the little birds unite
Their morning song to raise,
So little children should delight
Their Maker's name to praise!
He gave the little bird his wings,
On which he mounts the sky;
He taught him all the notes he sings,
And built his nest on high.
He gave me life, and to prolong
That life, my food affords;
He taught my mind to think, and tongue
To tell my thoughts in words!
For this, my kind Preserver, thou
Shalt hear my frequent praise;
To thee I'll early learn to bow,
And give my youngest days.

YOUTH'S COMPANION.

Published Weekly, by NATHANIEL WILLIS, at the Office of the Boston Recorder, No. 11, Cornhill.—Price, \$1.00 a year in advance; or \$1.25 if not paid in advance.

NO. 36.

BOSTON, JANUARY 15, 1841.

VOL. XIV.



THE GOLDEN EAGLE.

"The largest of the Birds of Prey, undoubtedly," said Uncle Thomas, "is the Golden Eagle. It inhabits all the wilder parts of Europe, and is also found in other parts of the world. They are, however, only to be found among wild and savage scenery, preferring for their place of habitation the lonely and elevated peaks of the highest mountains, where, from their great power, they harbor secure from the storm and the tempest."

"Are they very large, Uncle Thomas?" asked Jane—"Larger than this bird?" pointing to a fine Falcon, which occupied a prominent place in the little museum already referred to.

"Yes, dear!" said Uncle Thomas; "they are much larger, very much larger than that. Like all other animals, they are of course subject to variations in size; their development in some measure depending on the plentifulness or scarcity of their food during the time they are in the nest, and indeed during the whole period until they arrive at their full growth; but the average size of the mature Bird is usually about three feet in length, measuring from the point of the beak to the tip of the tail, while the wings from point to point measure between six and seven feet."

"They must be very powerful animals, Uncle Thomas," remarked Mary.

"So strong, that they frequently carry off lambs and other small animals to their nests," said Uncle Thomas; "and it is said that they have even occasionally carried away children. About a hundred years ago an incident of this kind is said to have occurred in Norway. While a boy about two years old was passing between his father's cottage and a field at no great distance, in which his parents were at work, an Eagle pounced upon him and flew off with him. His parents, attracted by his shrieks, saw their dear child carried off to an inaccessible rock, and notwithstanding all their efforts, they were unable to rescue him."

"And was the poor dear child killed, Uncle Thomas?" asked Jane.

"It appears from the story that he was," said Uncle Thomas, "and unfortunately it is not the only instance of a similar kind. In one of the Feroe Islands, which lie between the north of Scotland and Iceland, an Eagle stooped down and carried away an infant which its mother had

laid on the ground, close by the place where she was at work. It flew direct to its nest, at the point of a high rock so steep and precipitous that the boldest bird-catchers had never ventured to scale it. But the strength of a mother's love overcame all obstacles; she climbed to the nest, but alas! she reached it too late. She found her poor child dead and partly devoured—its little eyes torn out by the cruel bird!

"I am happy to say, however," continued Uncle Thomas, "that all attacks of the kind do not terminate so fatally. A child which was carried off by an Eagle in the Isle of Skye, in Scotland, was borne by the huge bird across a lake on the banks of which it sat down, probably for the purpose of feeding on its prey, which it perhaps found too heavy to carry farther. Fortunately however, it happened that the bird alighted at a short distance from some people who were herding sheep, and hearing the infant cry, they hurried to the spot, frightened away the Eagle, and rescued it uninjured."

"It was very fortunate they were so near," remarked Harry.

"It was so," said Uncle Thomas, "and the parents in this respect were more fortunate than those of another child which was carried off by an Eagle from the side of its mother, who was at work in the fields. She saw the huge bird pounce down on her little darling, but before she could run to its assistance it was carried off, and she heard its cries as it was borne out of her sight, and she saw it no more. This took place in Sweden."

"Though the Eagle has long had the character of being a very bold and courageous bird," continued Uncle Thomas, "it really does not deserve its good name. It is sometimes called the King of Birds, and if the term is limited, so as to convey only an idea of its great size and strength, it may be permitted; but we must not allow ourselves to be misled by a mere name. It is in truth almost the least courageous among birds, and is frequently put to flight by those of less than half its size."

"Do they ever attack men?" asked Frank.

"Unless when they are forced to put forth their strength in self-defence, which is an instinctive operation which even the weakest animals display," replied Uncle Thomas, "they never attack man; at least the only instance which I recollect of their threatening to do so is related by Captain Flinders, in his account of his voyage to New South Wales. While he and some of his officers were walking on shore, a large Eagle, with fierce looks and out-spread wings, was seen bounding towards them; when it arrived within a few yards it suddenly stopped and flew up into a tree. They had hardly got rid of this one, when a second flew towards them as if to pounce upon them, but it also stopped short when quite close upon them."

"I suppose they were afraid, then," said Mary.

"Captain Flinders imagined," said Uncle Thomas, "that the Eagles had at first mistaken him and his officers for Kangaroos; and as the place seemed then quite uninhabited, he conjectured that the Eagles had never seen a man before; and he observed that they fed on those animals, as on the appearance of one, the Eagle stooped down at once and tore it in pieces in an instant."

"That the Eagle can defend itself very vigorously, however," continued Uncle Thomas, "is proved by an adventure which a young man had

with one in the Highlands of Scotland. He had gone out very early one morning to shoot Rock Pigeons, accompanied by a dog of the terrier breed. As he stood watching the Pigeons, an Eagle came floating over the brow of the precipice. He took aim and fired, and the bird fell to the ground with a broken wing. He attempted to master it with his hands, but it fought with great determination, and lacerated his hands so that he was obliged to desist. He then caused his dog to attack it, but though well accustomed to fight with Badgers and with Otters, it soon found that they were weak foes compared to the Eagle, and ran yelping away. The sportsman was at last compelled to knock it on the head with the end of his gun, nor was it killed till it had received about a dozen heavy blows. He described it as having legs as thick as his wrist."

"It must have been a very strong Bird," remarked Jane.

"It is perhaps only under the influence of extreme hunger, or in defence of themselves or their young," continued Uncle Thomas, "that the Eagle ever attacks human beings. Probably to the former of these is to be attributed the attack of one on a little boy of which I will now tell you:—

"A few years ago, as two boys, the one about seven and the other five years old, were amusing themselves in trying to reap during the time that their parents were at dinner, in a field in the neighborhood of New York, a large Eagle came sailing over them, and with a swoop attempted to seize the eldest, but luckily missed him. Not at all dismayed, the Bird alighted on the ground at a short distance, and in a few moments repeated the attempt. The bold little fellow defended himself with the sickle in his hand, and when the bird rushed upon him, he struck it. The sickle entered under the left wing, went through the ribs, and proved instantly fatal. On being measured, it was found that from the tip of one wing to that of the other, was upwards of six feet! Its stomach was opened, and found to be entirely empty. The little boy did not receive a scratch."

"He must have been a bold little fellow," said Jane.

"Do you think you should have fought as determinedly, John?" asked Mary.

John was, however, too modest to return an answer directly in the affirmative. He merely said mildly, "I don't know, Mary; I hope I should."

Uncle Thomas, seeing that this story of the valiant defence of the little boy excited so much interest among his little auditors, produced a portfolio, in which he kept a few choice prints, one of which contained a representation of the boy defending himself against the Eagle. When they had done admiring it, Uncle Thomas continued:

"Powerful as the Eagle is, it is frequently vanquished by the animals on which it seizes. It has been observed while soaring into the sky with its prey suddenly to falter in its flight, and then to fall to the earth as if pierced with a ball by some skilful marksman. A game-keeper to a Scottish nobleman, who witnessed a scene of this kind, hurried to the spot, and found the Eagle quite dead, and a Stoat, an animal of the Weasel kind, severely wounded, struggling by its side. The little animal on being seized by the Eagle had with instinctive sagacity seized upon and ruptured one of the principal arteries in the

Eagle's neck, and thus brought his enemy to the ground."

"I wonder such a large and powerful animal as the Eagle did not kill the little Stoat before it had time to seize its neck," said Harry.

"Recollect, Harry," said Jane, "that Weasels are very nimble creatures. As we were walking through Langton Wood lately, we saw one running about, but it soon got among some loose stones and concealed itself."

"Perhaps," said Uncle Thomas, "the Eagle had missed its aim when it pounced upon its prey, and thus held it insecurely, for so powerful is the force with which it darts upon its object, that it usually kills its victim at one blow. When it fails to do this, a contest generally ensues; and powerful as the Eagle is, it does not always come off successful. On one occasion, one was observed to pounce down upon a Cat. The latter darted its sharp claws into the Eagle, and clung so that it could not be shaken off. It mounted into the air, but still puss held securely, and on descending to the ground the struggle continued, until some persons who witnessed the attack came up and captured both of the combatants."

"A contest, somewhat of the same kind," continued Uncle Thomas, "was observed between an Otter and an Eagle. It was witnessed by a party of gentlemen who were enjoying the amusement of fishing in one of the Scottish Lakes. An Eagle, hovering over the lake, descried an Otter sleeping on the sunny side of a bank near the water's edge, and pounced upon it. Thus attacked, the Otter stood on the alert, and prepared to give battle to its assailant, when another Eagle appeared, and joined in the attack. The unfortunate Otter, finding himself assaulted on both sides, immediately retreated to his favorite element. On reaching the water, it attempted to dive, but was powerfully withheld by one of the Eagles, whose talons had been fixed in his skin, which made him redouble his exertions for life and liberty. In this way the combat was long and amusing, till the Eagle, finding his claws fairly disengaged, and little used to combat on such an element, precipitately beat a retreat, and retired with his companion to his native mountains."—*Youth's Keepsake*.

NARRATIVE.

From *Wilberforce's Sunday Stories*. Second edition. London: 1840.

THE MAN IN THE DUNGEON.

There was a deep dungeon—its walls were all green and stained with the damp which had long hung on them; its floor was made of cold rough stones. It had one small window, across which were thick iron bars, and it was so narrow and so high up, that hardly any light came from it to the floor. It was night, and all was quite still and silent there; even in the day, no cheerful sound came into that sad place; not even a bird's song was ever heard there; scarcely even a fly could ever be seen in it; but now it was night, and dark, and silent, except when now and then the moving of chains was heard on that dungeon's floor. For a man was lying there chained, by chains which went round his wrists. But his chains made no noise now, for he was lying still; he was asleep; sleeping as quietly, and breathing as gently as if he were a child. How could he be sleeping so gently? Did he know where he was? Yes, he well knew: and he knew too, that when the sun rose the next morning, and woke so many persons all around him to their daily work, or to their daily pleasures, that it would see him led out of that prison to be put to a cruel death; for that the very next morning he was to be killed. Then surely he must have been some very wicked man; for why else should he be in that dungeon, why else should he be about to be killed. You would the more have thought so if you could have seen all; for you would have seen that he was chained to two soldiers, who lay on

each side of him, with their weapons ready to slay him if he were to move. Fierce evil-looking men they were, of dark and savage faces; they were asleep, but even in their sleep they looked angry and cruel. The gate of the dungeon too was barred and locked, and there were four other soldiers asleep outside it; and beyond them again was a great iron gate fast closed, so that surely he must be a very wicked and desperate man whom they are guarding with this strength and care. And yet, if you could look into his face, you would see him sleeping quietly and calmly. A little child upon the knees of his mother, could hardly sleep more gently. And could he sleep so, if he were indeed a wicked man? Could his conscience be asleep when he was thus deep in the dungeon, and death coming so near to him? No doubt he could not; no doubt that his sleep could not have been what it was, unless God had been with him there; for he was a holy man, one who did indeed love God, one who had followed Jesus Christ when He lived upon this earth, and whom with eleven others Jesus Christ had trusted to govern His church, now that He had ascended into heaven. He had been thrown into that dungeon, because he loved Jesus Christ, and believed in Him, and would speak about Him among people who hated Him; and so their wicked king had laid hold on him, and cast him into this dungeon, and was about to put him to death the very next day. He seemed now given over, for no one else was to be seen in that dungeon, but the poor man in chains, and the fierce soldiers to whom he was bound. But there was another there; there was one who watched over him; who kept him from all harm; who gave him that sweet sleep; who heard when he prayed, and was ever ready to help him,—Jesus Christ was there.

There was in that town another room not a very large one, and yet there were many persons in it. It was now late at night, but still they stayed there. There were some men and some women,—what are they doing? They are praying to God, calling on the name of Jesus Christ, begging Him to save His servant Peter, and not to let him like St. James, be put to death by Herod. They prayed very earnestly, and no doubt their prayers were heard. Perhaps it is as an answer to their prayers, that the chained prisoner sleeps so peacefully; for he looks as if some happy vision or dream came to him as he slept. Perhaps he is dreaming of the time when he was a boy, and went with his father upon the lake of Gennesaret as a fisherman.

Perhaps he dreams of the first time he went; how pleased he was to go; how the bright moon shone, and the little waves rippled round the boat, as it shot with its dark shadow through the moonlight, and left a troubled path on the waters where it had passed. Is that his father's voice calling him? Is that the moon-light round him? See, he starts in his sleep, and opens his eyes; he looks like a man who hardly knows whether he is well awake, or still in a dream. What is the light around him? there was never moonlight in the dungeon, and he is there, and not by the sea of Galilee. And what is this light, brighter, and yet softer far than any moonlight. It is so clear, that he can see every corner of the dungeon, and yet so mild that it does not dazzle his eyes, which had been so long in the darkness? And what is that voice which says to him, "Arise up quickly," as kind as his father's in his dream, and yet a real sounding voice. The soldiers too beside him, why do they sleep on? He looks up, and he sees a form he knows not. Is it one of God's angels? the light seems to beam from him; either he must be a holy angel, or all this is a beautiful dream. But he does as the voice bids him; he rises up, and the chains fall off from his hands; they clanked and rung as they fell upon the ground, but the soldiers did not stir; the hand of one of them was upon the hilt of his sword; in a moment surely it would be drawn,

and Peter slain; but no, the fierce man slept on, and Peter bound on his sandals, and followed the angel. He passed the first gate, for it opened for them; the keepers lay around it, but no man stirred, and it shut again behind them. They came to the second; it too is left behind. Surely it must be a dream. But now they stand before the iron gate; its heavy weight hangs always stiffly on its rusty hinges, and many men can only just slowly and scarcely force it open with a great creaking noise. It too opens of its own accord, and they pass through it into the open air. It was a very pleasant feeling; that first breath of the open summer night breeze upon Peter's forehead, which had grown damp and cold in the dark wet dungeon. Surely it must be more than a dream. He looked round for the angel who brought him forth, but he was gone. Gone as he came, unseen and unknown by man, save when God would have him seen. Perhaps he stood near him still, though he could be seen no longer. Peter stands doubtful for a moment. Then all the truth comes surely on his mind, and he knew that "the Lord had sent his angel, and delivered him out of the hands of Herod, and from all the expectation of the people of the Jews." And he went to that room where the servants of the Lord were together praying, and they would scarcely believe when they heard that Peter was there. But he went in and told them what great things the Lord had done for him; and he and they feared the Lord together, and trusted in him more and more.

THE NURSERY.

Written for the *Youth's Companion*.

THE DISAPPOINTMENT.

"It snows! It snows!" exclaimed little Willy, as he came running in from school one day, "what fine times we shall have now!"

"Why, what will you do, Willy?" said his mother, looking up from her work.

"O we shall coast and slide, and make snow-balls."

"All that is very fine to be sure," said his mother, "but how should you like to go to school tomorrow in a snowstorm?"

"I should admire it. I shall put on my new mittens and tie my cap down under my chin. You know, mother, I haven't had it tied down once this winter, because I wanted to be tough. Mother, when I was down at grandmother's the other day, she told me a story about you!"

"About me?"

"Yes, mother, she said that once when you was a little girl, about as large as I am, you started to come home from school without your mittens, and your fingers ached so with the cold that you couldn't help crying, and bye and bye the schoolmaster came along and said, 'what's the matter little girl, why don't you put your mittens on?' and you looked up with the tears freezing on your cheeks and said, 'I want to be tough!' Do you remember that, mother?"

"O yes," said his mother, laughing, "I remember it very well, and I recollect too, that I asked him, whether if I cried, that would prevent my getting tough."

"And did he think it would, mother?"

"I don't know; he laughed, and said I had better put on my mittens, and try my experiment when it wasn't quite so cold."

"Well, mother," said Willy, "I mean to see if I can't go to school some cold day without my mittens, and not cry either!"

His mother smiled at this brave resolution, but advised him to have his mittens in his pocket, in case his courage should not hold out.

The snow now fell fast in beautiful large flakes, and Willy stood for some time at the window watching them as they came down and lighted softly on every tree and bush, and little twig. "O how pretty it is!" he exclaimed at length.

"What is it?" said little Sarah, who had been playing with her new doll, on the floor. She jumped up, got her little cricket and came to the window to see what Willy was looking at. She watched the snow flakes for a minute or two, and then looking up in her brother's face, said, "is it feathers, Willy?"

Willy laughed, and looked at his mother as much as to say, "she don't know every thing, does she?"

That night Willy went to bed full of the idea of the grand times he should have to-morrow—for it was Saturday, and school wouldn't keep. He lay awake a good while thinking about the coasting and the snowballing. He was so animated, that after he fell asleep he kicked off the bed clothes, and dreamed he was in a snow-bank. When his mother came to tuck him up as she always did before she went to bed, he cried out in his sleep, "It's no fair to pelt me when I'm down!"

Alas, for Willy's bright visions! They melted away, as many a bright vision has done before. In the course of the night the snow turned to rain, and in the morning every flake had disappeared. Poor Willy was dreadfully disappointed, and I am sorry to say he was quite out of humor about it, and came into the breakfast room looking very cross indeed.

"What is the matter, Willy?" said his mother, for she missed his sunny smile in a moment.

"I say it's too bad, there!" exclaimed he, pouting.

"What is too bad, Willy?"

"Why the snow is all gone!" said Willy, and he looked up as if he had a good mind to cry.

"I am very sorry for your disappointment," said his mother, but never mind Willy, we shall have plenty of snow storms before winter is over; so cheer up my dear, and after breakfast I'll tell you an anecdote."

"An anecdote, what is that mother?"

"It is a little bit of a story."

Willy's face brightened somewhat at the sound of a story, and he finished his breakfast with rather a better appetite than it was begun.

As soon as breakfast and prayers were over, the children gathered round their mother for the anecdote.

"You have heard children, of the Shepherd of Salisbury Plain, a very poor and a very good man. One day when he was tending his sheep, a gentleman rode up, and said, 'friend, what do you think the weather will be tomorrow?'"

"Why," said the old man, "it will be just such weather as pleases me."

The gentlemen was surprised that he should answer him so, and asked what he meant.

"I mean, sir," said the old man, "that it will be just such weather as pleases God, and *what-ever pleases God, pleases me.*"

"What a good old man!" exclaimed Eugenia. Willy never said a word, but he looked as if he thought the story was meant for him. S. J.

RELIGION.

NANCY CHANDLER.

We extract the following narrative from a late publication by Rev. Dr. Reed of London, entitled, "*The Revival of Religion.*" It gives an account of a revival of religion, during the past year, in the society of which the writer was pastor. Nancy Chandler, whose short history is given below, was one of the subjects of the revival.

This child belonged to the Infant Bible Class, which is a selection from the infant school, and meets one hour on the Sabbath for religious instruction. It was at this time under the care of Mrs. Reed. She was only seven years of age; but though so young, she was sure to win attention to her intelligent smiling countenance, and sweet open manners.

The most remarkable circumstance was the interest she took in religious instruction. What-

ever related to her state of sin—the love of Christ to sinners—and her need of salvation through him, fixed her attention. Her prevailing temper seemed to be a hatred to sin. To show her what was sinful, was enough to secure her avoidance of it, and even her effort that others should avoid it also. On one occasion, when the nature and evil of sin were the subject of discourse, she was deeply concerned. When, among other things, it was said that swearing was sin, "Teacher," said the child, with a full heart, "my brother swears; and when I tell him it is sin, he will not leave off." "Well," said the teacher, "tell him what Jesus Christ says—'Swear not at all.'" She went home, and told her brother what Jesus Christ said, and entreated him not to swear. Her brother listened, and swore no more. This was not enough for her; she won her brother to attend the Sunday School.

In the same way it was remarked, that it was sin not to keep the Sabbath. "Teacher," she said, "my father and mother do not keep the Sabbath; they stay at home all day, and never go to the chapel." The matter rested on her mind—now that she saw her parents were living in sin, she could not be satisfied. She not only told them what she had learned, but, with the winning power which her sweetness of temper gave her, she persuaded her father to go to the chapel on the Sabbath evening. She succeeded, and there were no bounds to her joy.

Still, her mother did not go, and she was not contented. She pleaded with her. Her mother said she could not leave the children. Nancy had sense to feel the force of this, and was perplexed. She could not, however, let her mother rest; it was sin not to keep the Sabbath. At length she summoned courage to propose that her mother should go, and let her stay at home and take care of the baby. "You can trust me, mother!" she said, appealing to her. What was her joy to hear her mother say,—"Yes, I can trust you, Nancy;" and prepared to go with her father, for the first time to chapel. Here, then, was a child, who had, at seven years of age, acquired so much the confidence of her parents, that she could be trusted with the care of the little family, and in that family, a child in arms!

In April this dear child was absent from her class. It was at once thought that some of the family was ill, and an elder child was requested to call and inquire. But it was Nancy herself who had become suddenly unwell, and of fever. Apprehensions were not at first entertained of the issue; but after its first power was subdued, it lingered on until she sank at last exhausted.

She retained in sickness and in death the same interest in religion, and the same trust in Christ, as she had previously done.

Her medical attendant, after attending to her case, asked her if she was afraid to die.

"O no," she replied, "I should then go to Jesus Christ and be happy."

A young friend called to see her, and found her intelligent, peaceful, and happy. She began to repeat to her a stanza of a favorite hymn:—

"Jesus Christ, my Lord and Saviour,
Once became a child like me;"

Nancy took up the verse and continued—

"O that in my whole behaviour,
He my pattern still may be!"

Mrs. Reed visited her; she found her very low, and suffering frequently severe pain; but prayerful, patient, and resigned. On entering the room she was asleep, but she quickly awoke; and turning her eyes on her, she once more sweetly smiled, and stretched out her little thin hand, saying, "Do kiss me, teacher."

"So," said the teacher, "you are glad to see me, are you? and you think that I love you, do you?"

"O yes, teacher."

"But who is it that loves you much more than I?"

"Jesus Christ, teacher."

"How did he show his love?"

"By dying for me!"

"Do you think that you love him?"

"Yes, teacher, very much."

"Are you willing to die, that you may go to him, and live with him?"

"Yes."

"What has he said to encourage you to come to him?"

"He has said—'Suffer little children to come unto me, for of such is the kingdom of heaven.'"

"Besides going to him by dying, how else can you go to him."

"By prayer, teacher."

"What do you chiefly pray for?"

"A new heart!"

"What do you mean by a new heart?"

"A heart that loves Jesus Christ more and more."

Just before the event of death, she smiled, and said—"Mother, He is come—Jesus is come with open arms to take me home."

"Then," said the anxious mother, "you are happy, my child."

"O yes—O yes!"—It was all she could say; but when her voice failed her, she waved her little hand; and it was in the very act of waving the hand, as in victory, that her spirit sprang to immortality.

Her memory is sweet to all who knew her; and it is still blessed to her parents. They both attend the means of religion; and while influenced, we trust, by higher motives, they still find a tender lesson in the requests of their departed child. On one occasion, when bitterly lamenting their loss, the afflicted mother exclaimed,—

"O, it is hard to give her up! Such a child I never saw. Such a loving heart,—so kind, so thoughtful, so patient;—she did us all good."

"Well, my dear," said the father, you know this family is God's garden; and he has a right to come into it, and pluck any flower that pleases him best."

The parent who uttered this beautiful sentiment was as ignorant of all religion as any person I ever knew. I have seen him many times; and I trust he is hearing the word of life unto life. Thus is a little child of seven years of age made a blessing in the midst of her family. Her brother is rebuked of sin, and drawn to the Sabbath School; and her sweet affections win on her parents to wait on the means of grace, by which they also may be saved; and with the hope that salvation has already come to one if not to both.

PARENTAL.

A MOTHER'S INFLUENCE.

It was a fine summer's holiday, when Mr. H— said to his wife, "I suppose Henry must go to the Common to-day and see the parade." He thought that an attempt to keep him at home would be useless. But Mrs. H— did not think so. Besides, they both feared the influence of the mixed crowd of the vulgar and profane upon their dear son. Henry had never visited such places, although he was eight years of age; and his mother, wishing to keep him at home on this occasion, ventured in the kindest manner to make the attempt. She accordingly told Henry that it was her wish that he would amuse himself at home about the premises, but promised him nothing whatever, in case he should obey her;—she never would hire obedience. He went to his play without a word of complaint and seemed to be happy.

After a short time he came running to his mother and asked her if he might go and see Mr. Simmons a little while. Mr. S. was a neighbor, and lived but a short distance from Henry's home, and was very fond of children. Henry had been absent about an hour, when his mother began to fear that he might have been tempted to go to the parade ground. But her

fears were groundless, for he soon returned. As he came in he said, "Mother, I cannot find a boy in the streets to play with,—they have all gone to the Common." But he asked not to go, nor manifested any anxiety to act contrary to the wishes of his mother. She gave him some little nice things to eat, which he was not accustomed to have on other days, with which he seemed very happy. She said nothing to him about going off, but left him to act his own pleasure, having a knowledge of her desires. After being absent a short time, he returned and said, "Mother, may I go and see Mr. S. again a little while?" "Yes," was her reply, "you may go and stay two hours, if you will not get in his way." Away he ran, full of joy. But when the time had expired, he came running in. "Well, my son," said his mother, "I almost began to fear lest you had gone to the Common." "Why mother," he replied, "do you think I should go when you did not wish me to?" "No, I hope not," said she, "but I did not know but you might do wrong." He received the second time some little dainties, with the understanding that he would not be so indulged on other days, and away he went to his play in the yard.

Sarah, his little sister, was a good little girl, and always chose to be with her mother; she never was so willing to go to places of amusement as other children were. She was very happy at this time to think her dear brother was so kind and obedient to his mother. "Oh, mother," she exclaimed, as he left the house, "we shall keep him now till night, shan't we mother, he has kept away so long!" But the day was not quite spent, and he was left with nothing but a mother's desire to keep him from the Common. This was sufficient. Night came,—the boys began to return home. "Mother," said he, "I am glad I have not been on the Common; I am not all tired out as the other boys are. And there is Mrs. Cary,—she says her boys have been gone ever since eight o'clock this morning, and she has not seen them, and don't know whether they are dead or alive. Oh she would give any thing to know what has become of them. She feels very bad." His mother improved this opportunity to impress him with the fact, that his good conduct had made her and himself very happy. He retired that night as well satisfied and as pleased as though he had been indulged in every desire excited by such a holiday, and without experiencing the bad effects of following a wicked crowd. It was on the afternoon of such a day, a year after, when I saw him at home as happy as the year before.

[Sabbath School Treasury.]

EDITORIAL.

TEAZING.

John went to spend a few days with his aunt. He was a little boy, and it was the first time he had ever been away from home. His uncle came in a chaise, and carried him to the place where his aunt lived. John was very much pleased to go. He asked his uncle a great many questions by the way. At last they came to his uncle's house. It was a pretty white house, and there were green fields round it, and a beautiful garden on one side. John was very happy there.

After he had been there a few days, his aunt found out one fault that he had. If he wanted any thing, he did not go and stand quietly by his aunt's side, and wait till she was ready to attend to him, and then say, "Please, aunt Lucy, to give me such a thing." But he would go and say, "Aunt Lucy! Aunt Lucy! I want a needle and thread. Will you give me one? Aunt Lucy, will you give me a needle and thread? Aunt Lucy!"

And so he would keep calling, if his aunt was ever so busy, without waiting a moment to see if she heard him.

One day when he had been doing so, his aunt said to him, "John, there is one thing you do every day, which troubles me; shall I show you what it is?"

"Yes aunt," said John, looking very curious.

Well then, sit down here in the rocking-chair, and you shall be aunt Lucy, and I will be little John.

John laughed at this, and looked quite pleased when he was seated in the great chair.

Then his aunt went a little way from him, and came running up to his chair like a little child. She pulled him by the sleeve and said,

"Aunt Lucy! aunt Lucy! may I have the blocks to play with? May I, aunt Lucy? Say, may I?"

John laughed when his aunt did this.

"Now," said his aunt, "suppose you were building your house, or painting, or looking at a picture book, and I should come and pull you so, and say, 'John! John! John! I want you; John! John! go and pick up that pin for me;' would you like it?"

"No, aunt," said John.

"Well then, you must remember not to do so. Now I will show you the right way."

So his aunt came and stood by his side, and waited for a moment, and then said very gently,

"Aunt Lucy, if you are not busy now, will you please to give me a needle and thread?"

John laughed again, and said yes, and he told his aunt that he would try to ask in that way in future. L

BOSTON ALMANAC, for 1841, just published. Mr. Dickinson has comprehended in this little annual a variety of information which must be interesting and valuable to every Bostonian, whether at home or abroad. The typographical execution is very beautiful.

VARIETY.

Sons Unrestrained.

There was lately a man who had an only son, to whom he was very kind, and gave every thing that he had. When his son grew up and got a house, he was very unkind to his poor old father, whom he refused to support, and turned out of the house. The old man said to his grandson, "Go and fetch the covering from my bed, that I may go and sit by the way-side and beg." The child burst into tears, and ran for the covering. He met his father, to whom he said, "I am going to fetch the rug from my grandfather's bed, that he may wrap it round him, and go a begging?" Tommy went for the rug, and brought it to his father, and said to him, "Pray, father, cut it in two, the half of it will be large enough for grandfather, and perhaps you may want the other half when I grow a man and turn you out of doors." The words of the child struck him so forcibly, that he immediately ran to his father, and asked forgiveness, and was very kind to him till he died.

A certain farmer in England, had an only son, to whom he was greatly attached, and never could think of chastising him for his faults. When he arrived at the age of twelve years, he bade adieu to his father's house, and went with a band of gypsies. For nearly twenty years he was never heard of. It happened, however, that the old man was under the necessity of taking a journey a considerable way, with a large sum of money. He had to pass a wood, and as he went on, a man rushed from it, seized his horse, and demanded his money. The old man remonstrated with him. He would not hear, but again demanded his money. Most reluctantly he gave it up. The robber gazing at him, said, "Do you know me?" "No," said the old man. "Do you not know me?" he repeated. "No, I do not know you." "Well," said the robber, "I am your son!" and returning his money, added, "Had you corrected me when young, I might have been a comfort to you; but now I am a disgrace to you, and a pest to society!"—*Parent's Mag.*

A Sailor's Mother.

During the last illness of a pious mother, when she was near death, her only remaining child, the subject of many agonizing and believing prayers, who had been roving on the sea, returned to pay his parent a visit. After a very affecting meeting, "You are near port, mother," said the hardy looking sailor, "and I hope you will have an abundant entrance." "Yes, my child, the fair haven is in sight, and soon, very soon, I shall be landed.

"On that peaceful shore,

Where pilgrims meet to part no more."

"You have weathered many a storm in your passage, mother; but now God is dealing very graciously with you, by causing the winds to cease, and by giving you a calm at the end of your voyage." "God has always

dealt graciously with me, my son; but this last expression of his kindness, in permitting me to see you before I die, is so unexpected, that it is like a miracle wrought in answer to prayer." "O mother!" replied the sailor, weeping as he spoke, "your prayers have been the means of my salvation, and I am thankful that your life has been spared till I could tell you of it." She listened with devout composure to the account of his conversion, and at last, taking his hand, she pressed it to her dying lips, and said, "Yes, thou art a faithful God! and as it hath pleased thee to bring back my long-lost child, and adopt him into thy family, I will say, 'Now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace; for mine eyes have seen thy salvation.'—*Id.*

The High Ways.

A minister of the gospel passing through the streets to his church, met a youth, who appeared by his conduct to be peculiarly hardened in sin. He kindly invited him to hear his sermon. But he replied in the negative. The reason was asked, when with great indifference, he replied, "I do not like to hear sermons." The minister reproved him for his wickedness—told him of the miseries of his condition—and pointed him to the Saviour of sinners. The youth was left, while the man of God lifted up his soul in prayer to God, that what he had said might be blessed. But how gladly was the minister surprised when he saw the youth enter the sanctuary. His eyes were fixed on the preacher from the beginning to the end of the sermon; "and if I mistake not," adds the minister, "his hand was raised at one part of it, to wipe off the falling tear."

"I have not the confidence," says some dilatory person, "to converse with a youth who is doing wrong. Others better qualified must do it." Have not the confidence? With what shame and confusion must this excuse cover the face when the universe is assembled at the bar of God!—*Youth's Monitor.*

Difficulty Overcome.

"John," said the schoolmaster, "you will soon be a man, and will have to do business—what do you suppose you will do when you have to write letters, unless you learn to spell better?" "Oh, sir, I shall put easy words in them."

POETRY.

THE INQUIRY.

"Mother, why do the stars to-night,
Shine down so prettily—
Casting abroad their modest light
O'er all the sparkling sea?"

"Who made them, mother?—was it He
Who built the earth and sky?
Who gives us air to breathe so free,
And souls that never die?"

"'Twas God, my child, who made them all,
And scattered them on high;
He holds them that they do not fall,
Fixed firmly in the sky."

"Say, mother, will this glorious One,
Love children such as I,
And take us when we die, to dwell
In his eternity?"

"If you are good, he will my child,
If you delight in prayer,
He'll take you to his heavenly home,
To reign forever there."

"Then I will love him, and each day
I'll bend my knees in prayer;
He'll teach a child what words to say,
And then I know he'll hear."

THE LAME GIRL.

Sweet as the breath of early morn,
And bright as coming day,
Cornelia lived a happy child,
And passed ten years away.

Then sickness came! and fell disease
Preyed on her tender frame;
Till every wise physician owned
Cornelia—must be lame.

'Twas now, in gloom she passed the night,—
And day was darker still,—
Till quite subdued by rankling pain,
She breathed—"Oh, God, thy will."

And then she knew that God was kind,
E'en when he sends the dart,—
Converted by his precious word,
She gave him all her heart.

"Songs in the night" her comfort were
Songs, such as angels sing,
When in commune around the throne
Their sweetest praise they bring.

The children gazed to see her smile
In midst of all her pain;
"Seek ye, the blessed God," she said,
"No mortal seeks in vain."—*Watchmen.*



THE OSTRICH.

"A traveller in Africa, who had an opportunity of observing the Ostrich, says that it runs as rapidly as a good saddle-horse at full speed; and a philosophical writer, speaking of the providential arrangements of nature, says, 'There is not in the whole range of nature a more beautiful instance of adaptation than that which subsists between the Ostrich and the desert. The desert is a singular locality in nature, and the Ostrich is singularly formed and fitted for the severe labor which it has there to encounter. In its walking structure this bird is not excelled by any animal, even by those swift Antelopes which are her near neighbors. We find, too, that wherever one species of action is required, in a very high degree, the organization of the animal is in a great measure concentrated upon that. Flight would have been of comparatively little use to such a bird, in the situation in which it has been placed by nature. Wings for flight, to bear up so weighty a bird as the Ostrich in swift motion through the air, would have demanded a waste of muscular exertion, for the supply of which sufficient food could not have been found in the Ostrich's country. Besides, wings would have been of no use in the desert, because there is nothing there which a vegetable feeding bird could catch upon the wing, and the height of the Ostrich is quite sufficient to reach the top of the tallest vegetable in her pastures. There is, therefore, a very fine instance of economy in the wings of the Ostrich being so little developed, as that they are not useful for flight, because this enables the whole power of the bird, in so far as motion is concerned, to be concentrated upon the legs, and the muscles by which these are moved.'"

"Are Ostriches very strong birds?" asked Jane.

"So strong," said Uncle Thomas, "that when caught and tamed by the natives of Africa, they sometimes mount the children on their backs, and the Ostriches run about quite easily with their burdens. Here is a print of a scene of this kind, in which the little riders and their fond mammas seemed highly pleased with the amusement."

"Oh, delightful!" cried Jane.

"It is said," continued Uncle Thomas, "that one of the ancient Egyptian monarchs had a chariot drawn by Ostriches; and such is their

power of limb, that they can readily lay a dog prostrate by a single blow."

[Youth's Keepsake.]

NARRATIVE.

From *Wilberforce's Sunday Stories.*

THE RAVENS IN THE FAMINE.

The spring time was come; and the birds had all built their nests, and sat upon their smooth round eggs till they had hatched them; and now they were busy flying here and there, and running along the ground, some picking up seeds, and some catching flies, and some seizing every worm which put his head above the damp ground; and all carrying them off as fast as possible to feed their young ones, as they were taught to do by the instinct which God Almighty had given them. It was a busy, happy scene. Cheerful too it was to the ear as well as to the eye; for sometimes they stopped from their labor to sing a song of praise to the good God who has made this happy world.

Amongst these birds there were two great black ones called Ravens. These flew to a town a long way off, and there they lighted by a great shop, where a man was busy selling bread and meat to the people who came to buy. The man threw them each a lump of bread and piece of meat for the sport of the people round; and the birds took them in their strong beaks, and flew straight away with them—and the people clapped their hands and shouted. But they were all surprised when just at night the same birds came again to the same place, and seemed to ask for more; and then flew away with what was given them, just as they had done in the morning. The next day they came again as soon as the shop was open, and when they had got what they wanted, away they flew with it, and were seen no more till night; and then again they only stayed till some bread and meat was given them; and then nobody saw more of them. Many persons tried to watch them; they must have, it was thought, some great nest near, and they took all this with them to feed their nestlings.

But perhaps these people were quite wrong; for God, who has taught birds in general to feed their young ones, has before now taught them a different lesson. So it was at that time of which we read in the Bible, when he taught Ravens to feed one of the Prophets. If any one could have flown with them and seen all their doings, it would have been a strange sight. How they got the meat we do not know; but we know that any one who could have flown with them, would have seen that as soon as they got it, they flew straight away with it to another country. Then they passed over a land where every thing was dry and burnt up for want of rain. It had not rained for a whole year, and all the brooks were dry. The little streams which had leapt from stone to stone were drunk in by the thirsty ground, and their murmuring voice was no more heard; the corn was parched up and would not grow; the grass was dried and withered; the cattle had eaten it quite close down to the dusty earth, and then had grown thinner and thinner till they had died. Men's faces had grown thin and sharp, and their eyes looked hungrily out of their sunk cheeks; and their tongues were dry, and swelled with thirst; and they walked about, here and there, looking for food, and for water, and they could not find any.

Child. There was a great famine in that land.

Father. Yes, there was a great famine. The people of the land had sinned against God, and he had bid "the clouds that they should rain no rain upon it." And if you could have flown with those Ravens, you would have heard a great voice of sadness and sighing, and sorrow, rising from all that land as they flew over it.

But where do you think the Ravens were flying to? They flew over all that land till they came to a cave in the side of a high sandy hill; and if you could have looked into that cave you would have seen not a nest of young Ravens, but one man sitting, or standing, or kneeling by the side of a little brook that rose high up in the cave, and sunk just below in the thirsty land, so that no one else knew of it.

Perhaps you might have seen this good man kneeling down and lifting up his hands towards the sky, and saying, O Lord God, who hast kept me hitherto, and ordered the wild ravens to feed me, take thou care of me this day, for Thou art my God, and I am Thy servant.

And then the mouth of the cave was darkened for a moment; it was by the wings of the great ravens, as they flew in and laid down the meat and the bread before the good man's feet; and he would rise and gather a few dry sticks to dress the meat at the cave's mouth, and drink some of the clear spring water, and then kneel down again to thank his God, who had taught the ravens to fly all over the starving country to bring it to him in this lonely cave.

F. Can you tell me where this story comes from?

C. Yes, we may read it in the xviii chapter of the 1st Book of Kings.

F. Who was it that was thus fed by ravens?

C. The prophet Elijah, by the brook Cherith.

F. Why did God thus take care of him?

C. Because he was his faithful servant.

F. Yes, my child, and so it shall always be. He will never leave nor forsake those who trust in him and serve him truly. He will feel and care for a child that prays to Him. "The young lions do lack and suffer hunger, but they who trust in the Lord shall want no manner of thing that is good."

BENEVOLENCE.

TRUE GENEROSITY.

We make the following extract from a very interesting story, called "Blind Alice." It is an account of a little girl, Alice Scott, who lost her eye sight, and the following extract will show you what her little friend Harriet was willing to do for her. It is her aunt Kitty who is speaking, and she begins just when Harriet is returning from a walk.

As Harriet came back with the servant, we could now and then catch a glimpse of her white dress through an opening of the wood, and while she was still too far off to distinguish the faces of persons sitting in the parlor, her grandfather moved away from the window, so that she might not see him till she was quite in the parlor. She came up the steps and through the porch and to the parlor door very quietly and rather slowly, as if she was almost sorry to come in; but the moment she saw her grandfather, she threw down the flowers she had been picking, and springing towards him, was in his lap before he could even rise from his chair to meet her, crying out, "Oh grandpapa! I'm so glad to see you—so very, very glad—more glad than I ever was in my life before." "Why, how is that?"

said he, smiling and kissing her, "I thought my little pet was always as glad to see old grandpapa as she could possibly be." "So I thought too, but now I'm more glad than ever, for I want some more money very, very much; and I know you'll give me some." Mr. Armand, for that was his name, looked all at once very grave, and said, "So—it's to get money you are glad—not to see me."

I saw he was not quite well pleased, for he turned aside his face as Harriet would have kissed him, and seemed about to put her out of his lap. But Harriet was too eager to notice all this; she kept her seat, and putting her arm around his neck, spoke very fast, "Oh yes, grandpapa! you know I'm always glad to see you; but now I do want some money for poor Alice." "For poor Alice," said Mr. Armand, "that alters the case," and drawing her close to him again, and looking much better satisfied with her, he added, "and who is Alice?—and what makes her poor?" "Alice! Why don't you remember Alice Scott, that I talked so much about when I was at your house? Don't you remember I told you I loved to play with her better than with any of the girls, because she was so good natured, and never was tired?" Ah! now I think I do remember something of her. And is it because she is so pleasant a playfellow, that you wish me to give you some money for her?" "Oh no, grandpapa—that would be funny," said Harriet, laughing,—but in a minute she was looking very serious again, and went on speaking more slowly—"Poor Alice's father is dead—he died while we were away—and her mother is very poor, and Alice has been ill, and oh, grandpapa! she's blind, quite blind, and Dr. Franks says he can't do her any good, but that there are some doctors, eye doctors, oculists, isn't it, Aunt Kitty, in B—, who might do something for her, and poor Mrs. Scott hasn't any money to carry her there. Now, grandpapa, won't you give me some for her?" "Have you given her some yourself, Harriet?" "Yes, grandpapa, I've given her all I had, but though it was a great deal for me, it isn't near enough for her, you know."

Mr. Armand was silent a minute, and then said, "I am very sorry, my dear child, to disappoint you, and still more sorry not to help your little friend, in whom I feel much interest;—but what can I do? I have just spent a great deal of money on a present for you, and I really have now none to give." "Spent a great deal of money on a present for me!" repeated Harriet, with a very wondering face. "Yes, my dear. I think eighty dollars a great deal of money to spend for a little girl, and I have just given all that for a present for you. Do you remember the little pony you saw at Mr. Lewis's house, and do you remember thinking Eliza Lewis must be a very happy little girl, because she had such a large wax doll to play with in the house, and such a little pony to ride when she went out?" "Oh, grandpapa! I know that was very foolish in me, but I remember it all—the beautiful pony and all." "Well, my dear, that beautiful pony is now yours, and will be here this evening with a new saddle and bridle—for all of which I gave, as I have just told you, eighty dollars." "Oh, Aunt Kitty!" cried Harriet, her eyes bright with joy, "only hear, that beautiful little pony, and he's so gentle I may ride him all by myself, may I not, grandpapa?" "Yes, I bought him on that account, for your aunt told me that she would like to have you ride, but feared to put you on one of her horses. This pony," he said, turning to me, "is as gentle as a lamb, and so well broken and obedient, that you scarcely need a bridle for him. I made them bring him very slowly, and rest him some hours on the road, that he might not be at all tired when he got here, for I thought Harriet would want a ride to-morrow morning." "Yes, yes, dear grandpapa, that will be so pleasant,

and I can ride him to Mrs. Scott's and let Alice see—oh grandpapa!" suddenly stopping herself and looking very sad, "she can't see him. I'd forgot all about it—and now you haven't any money for her, what will she do? Poor Alice!"

"I'm very sorry for her," said Mr. Armand, "for it must be a sad thing to be blind. Had I heard about her this morning, I don't know that you'd have got your pony, for a gentleman, at whose house I stopped, wanted him so much that he offered to buy him from me at any price. However, he's now yours, and I've no right to him or to the money he'd bring. I hope you'll enjoy riding him very much, and think of dear grandpapa whenever you ride." He kissed her again, and put her down from his lap. Harriet stood beside him, and smiled a little at first, but not so joyfully as she had done when she first heard of pony. After a little while her countenance grew more and more serious. Several minutes had passed and her grandfather and I were talking of something else, when Harriet said to him, "grandpapa, would that gentleman who wanted pony, give you the whole eighty dollars back again?" "Yes, my love." "And would you give it all to Alice, grandpapa?" "I should have no right to give any of it, Harriet. The pony is now yours, and should you choose me to sell him, the money would be yours, and I should honestly pay every cent of it to you, and you could give it to Alice, if you liked." Harriet was again silent for a minute or two, and seemed very thoughtful—then raising her head and putting her hand into her grandfather's, she said, "grandpapa, please take pony back, and send me the money." Her grandfather laid his hand affectionately on her head and said, "certainly, my child, if you wish it when I am going,—that will give you two nights and a day to think of it. You haven't seen pony's new saddle and bridle yet, and you may change your mind." "Oh, no, grandpapa, I shall not change my mind, for I'm sure it's right to do without pony myself, and let Alice have the money." She looked at me as she said this, and I replied, "I am pleased that you haven't forgotten what we talked of this morning."

Pony came, and beautiful he was, and very pretty was the new saddle and bridle—and Harriet rode him to Mrs. Scott's in the morning, and home again—and very much did she enjoy her ride; yet she did not change her mind, for when her grandfather asked on the morning he left us, "Well, Harriet, does pony go with me, or stay with you?" she answered directly, "Go with you, grandpapa"—and when he was brought to the door, all saddled and bridled for his journey, she went up to him and stroking his sleek sides, said smilingly, "Good bye, my pretty pony—good bye, I could love you very much, but not so much as I love Alice." So pony went on Saturday morning; and on Saturday evening (for the gentleman who bought him only lived about ten miles from us) came the eighty dollars, enclosed in a very affectionate note to Harriet, from her grandfather. She seemed never tired of reading the note, or of admiring the pretty new bills that were in it. When she gave me these bills for Mrs. Scott, she begged me not to say anything about her in giving them. As I always liked to know my little girl's reasons for what she did, I asked, "And why, my dear?" She looked confused, hesitated a good deal, and said, "Aunt Kitty, do you remember when that little baby's mother died last summer, and I begged you to let me make its clothes, and—and—oh you remember, Aunt Kitty." "Yes, Harriet, I remember that you sewed very industriously at first, and afterwards, getting tired of your work, the poor little baby wanted clothes sadly." "But, Aunt Kitty, that isn't all. Don't you remember what you told me was the reason I felt tired so soon." "I think I do; wasn't it that you had done it from a desire for praise, and that as soon as people were tired of praising you,

you were tired of working? But I don't see why you speak of that now; when you've given the money to Alice, you can't take it back, so you needn't be afraid of changing." "No, Aunt Kitty, not of changing—at least I couldn't take it back—but—but you know—" She stopped and hung her head. "If you did it for praise, you think you might get sorry for having done it, and wish you could take it back, when people were done praising you." "Yes, Aunt Kitty, that's it—and if people knew it, I couldn't be quite sure that I wasn't doing it to be praised, you know. I'm very happy now that dear Alice will have it, and I don't think I can ever want to take it back, or ever be sorry for giving it to her; but you told me the other day, that doing right was the only thing I could be certain of always being glad of—so I'd rather, if you please, you wouldn't say anything about me, and then I'll know that I've done it only because it's right, and that it will always make me just as happy as I am now." I was too much pleased with Harriet's reasons, to refuse her request—so no one but her grandfather, her grandmother, and myself, ever knew what she had done for Alice, till now that I have told it to you, which I would not have done, did I not feel sure that after what I have said of her wishes, you would not, if you should ever meet her, speak to her on the subject.

RELIGION.

FEED MY LAMBS.

There has been a little book published lately, called, "Feed my Lambs." It contains four sermons, preached by a very good minister, to children. They are so simple and interesting that we cannot help thinking that some of our little friends who take the Companion, would like to read them. We shall give you only a little at a time, in order that you may not get tired, and we hope you will read them carefully. The first sentence you see applies to the children of the particular school to which he was preaching.

My Dear Children,—You are now come to the end of another year of your schooling; and before we distribute the books which you are severally to have as rewards, I mean to talk to you about religion. But I shall speak, not only to the children of my own school, but to all other children before me; and as I mean to be as short as I can, I hope every child will attend to what I say. I shall try to speak in so plain a manner, that the youngest child here may understand me. But then you must all pray that God would bless what I say to you, and make you good; for I cannot do that; I can only speak, but I cannot change the heart of the least among you; only the Spirit of God can do that; and therefore every little child should pray for the grace of that blessed Spirit.

Now, children, I suppose there are none of you who have not seen a flock of sheep, with the little lambs frisking about, and the shepherd watching the sheep, and taking care of the lambs. Now this represents Christ and his church. Christ says to Peter in my text, *Feed my sheep; feed my lambs*; by which he means, *Teach sinners, instruct the young*.

There are three things to which I wish you now to attend:

I. *Jesus Christ is our shepherd.*

II. *All good children are the lambs of his flock.*

III. *Jesus Christ feeds the lambs of his flock.*

I. Let us then first think of the SHEPHERD.

Whenever you have seen a flock of sheep, you have observed a man with them who is called the shepherd, whose business it is to take care of the sheep, to give them food, to bring them into the fold, to fetch back any sheep that may wander, to lift any one up that may fall, and to help the weak and young lambs. Well, my dear children, there is a great and glorious Saviour, who is the shepherd of the Church, Jesus, the

eternal Son of God, who was born of the Virgin Mary, and who died for the sake of the sheep; that is, for the salvation of us sinners. Though he was the Lord of glory, he took our nature, and was born in so low a state of life, that his mother had no place to lay him in but a manger. And this shepherd did for us, what no shepherd ever did for his sheep, he died for his flock.

Children, did you ever think of this? Did you ever try to think, why it was that Jesus Christ came into the world? Why he suffered himself to be treated ill by men? Did you ever think why he let the Jews put a crown of thorns upon his head, and the soldier take a spear and thrust it into his side? Did you ever think that all this was because the sheep had wandered from the fold, and because God was angry, and because the sheep must all have been lost for ever, if the shepherd had not died for them? Jesus Christ poured out his blood to save the sheep, he made an atonement—an offering of himself to God for them, that they might repent and believe, and go to heaven.

Jesus Christ is frequently called the shepherd in the Bible. The Prophet Isaiah says of him, *He shall feed his flock like a shepherd, he shall gather the lambs in his arms, and carry them in his bosom, and shall gently lead those that are with young.* Isaiah xl. 11. And our Lord says of himself, *I am the good shepherd, the good shepherd giveth his life for the sheep.* John x. 11. This is the first thing I have to talk to you of; Jesus Christ is our shepherd.—*To be Continued.*

IS THIS PRAYER?

About twenty years ago a little boy was put to bed at dark by his sister. He kneeled down before a chair to say his prayers. A young lady, a visitor, was present, and she listened while he repeated them. He knew that she was observing him, and so he said them in a very careful and distinct manner, with his eyes raised to heaven and his hands clasped. "How sweetly he prays!" whispered the lady. This was all she said; but Tommy heard it, and his heart was filled with gratified pride. He had scarcely thought of God in his prayers; yet he went to bed glad and happy—not because he felt that he had pleased God;—but because he himself had been praised! Was this prayer? I will tell you what he did afterwards, and then you can judge.

One day he made a kite, but it would not fly, but turned round and round. After trying a while to make it rise in the air, he became angry, and dashed the kite to the ground, and stamped upon it with his feet. No one was near, and he cursed the kite—not aloud, but softly, lest somebody should hear him! He did this with the same tongue which the young lady said, had "prayed so sweetly!" He forgot God when he cursed as well as when he said his prayers! Had he prayed?

A few years passed away. He was now eight years old, and he often felt much troubled when he thought of his sins. There were no simple, instructive little books published at that time, to teach young children the way to be saved. Tommy knew that he ought to pray; but he did not rightly understand how the Lord Jesus Christ was a Saviour. It is true, that he had often heard the minister and his mother speak of Him, but no one had explained to him, in a manner that he could understand, that he should love and trust the Saviour just as he would confide in his father. To quiet his conscience when it was uneasy, he resolved to say three prayers secretly every day. This plan he followed for a time; he then grew careless, and forgot to pray, until something alarmed him, when he began again; and to make up for lost time, he counted up the days in which he had forgotten his devotions, and remained on his knees until he had repeated three prayers for each neglected day. But it was very tiresome to stay so long on his knees: and he therefore hastened over them as rapidly

as his tongue could move, little feeling that something more was needed than the mere repeating of words. Was this prayer?

Many more years passed away, and he became a man. His father and mother died, and many of his friends besides. There were very few left in the world to love him; and he wandered away to another city. He was sad and lonely; he felt that every thing worldly was vain and unsatisfying. He had no true happiness here, and he had no hope in looking to the life to come. He knew that God was not his friend; God could not be pleased with sinners, and he felt that he was a sinner. One Sabbath he went into a church, and there he heard of Christ in such a way as he had never before heard. Overcome with sorrow, he went to his bed-room, and in the agony of his soul, he threw himself on the floor, and asked the Lord to have mercy on him. He felt that he could not cast himself down low enough before his Maker. He repented that he had sinned so long and so much against the good and holy God; and resolved, by the help of the gracious Spirit, to do so no more. He became a Christian; and then experienced that one moment's enjoyment of the love and favor of the Lord was worth ten thousand worlds. Was this prayer?

My dear reader! judge which was a true prayer; and now, in the beginning of this new year, adopt the right one.—*The Youth's Friend.*

MORALITY.

STOP THIEF.

"Stop thief! stop thief!" cried half-a-dozen voices at once. "Stop thief! stop thief!" cried out as many more in addition; but the thief was not at all inclined to be stopped by them, for he ran on with all his might, never so much as once looking behind him, until he had left all his pursuers at a distance.

As the people returned, after their unsuccessful chase, I had the curiosity to inquire of them what it was that the thief had stolen, when they told me it was a cotton pocket handkerchief. Thus the silly, as well as sinful rogue had broken the laws of God and man, run the risk of being dragged to a jail, and set to work three months at the tread mill, and all for a sixpenny or an eightpenny pocket handkerchief. If rogues were not blind to their own interest, they would take heed to the words, "Let him that stole steal no more; but rather let him labor, working with his hands the thing which is good, that he may have to give to him that needeth."

As I walked away, the young man who had been robbed passed me, and I heard him tell a companion, with an oath, that he did not care for his handkerchief, but he was vexed that he could not have his revenge. This plainly proved to me, that he was a thoughtless, irreligious character; and I could not help reflecting on his folly, as before I had reflected on the folly of the thief.

What a hubbub had he made about being robbed of an article that cost but little, and for which he did not care, while, at the same time, he was daily and hourly robbing himself of what was of far greater value.

As a thoughtless character, he no doubt robbed himself of time, by foolish pursuits; that time, for an hour of which, many on their deathbeds would gladly give all they possessed. "Walk circumspectly, not as fools, but as wise, redeeming the time, because the days are evil." And as an irreligious man he robbed himself of comfort, and hope, and joy, by not attending to the things that belonged to his peace. An unread Bible, a neglected throne of grace, and a despised Saviour, gave him no uneasiness. Thus could he quietly be content in robbing himself of what was worth more than diamonds, while he put the whole neighborhood in a ferment, because he had been robbed of a cotton pocket

handkerchief. Reader! are you robbing yourself, or are you putting up such a prayer as the following?—

Almighty God, thy grace bestow,
That I thy laws may hold;
And rightly judge, while here below,
Of dross and glittering gold.
And teach me, Lord, to lightly prize
What foolish men adore;
And gently lead me to the skies,
To praise thee evermore.—*Ib.*

THE NURSERY.

LITTLE DICK AND THE GIANT.

Poor little Dick; what a gay fellow he was. He used to go singing and whistling about nearly all day; he was always merry, and scarcely any thing could make him sad.

One day, little Dick thought he would have a ramble in a large forest, at some distance from his home. He had often been to the sides of it before, but it looked so dark he was afraid to enter.

But Dick was more merry than usual on this day, for the sun shone so brightly, and the flowers looked so lovely, that he sang and whistled till he made the woods ring again. He delighted himself for some time among the trees and flowers; and, at last, seemed quite glad to have found out such a sweet spot.

There was a clear brook that ran through the wood; and the waters looked so clean, that Dicky, being very thirsty, stooped down to drink; but just at that moment, he was suddenly seized from behind, and found himself in the hands of a great, tall giant, a hundred times as big as himself; for Dick was not much bigger than the giant's thumb. The giant looked at him with delight; and made a noise which seemed to Dick quite terrible. He took and put him into a large bag, and carried him off.

The poor little captive tried all he could to get out of the bag, but to no purpose,—the giant held him fast; he screamed, he struggled, he tried to tear a passage—the giant laughed, and carried him quite away.

At last the giant came to his house—a gloomy looking place, with a high wall all round it, and no trees or flowers. When he got in he shut the door, and took Dick out of the bag.

Dick now thought his time was come. When he looked round he saw a large fire, and before it hung four victims like himself, roasting for the giant's supper.

The giant, however, did not kill Dick; he took him by the body, and gave him such a squeeze as put him to great pain; he then put him into a prison which he had prepared for him. It was quite dark, and iron bars were all round it, to prevent his getting out.

Dick beat his head against the iron bars; he dashed backwards and forwards in his dungeon, for he was almost driven mad. The giant gave him a piece of dry bread, and a cup of water, and left him.

The next day the giant came and looked, and found that Dick had eaten none of his bread; so he took him by the head, and crammed some of it down his throat, and seemed quite vexed to think he would not eat. Poor Dick was too much frightened to eat or drink.

He was left all alone in the dark another day, and a sad day it was; the poor creature thought of his own home, his companions, the sun-light, the trees, and the many nice things he used to get to eat; and then he screamed, and tried to get between the iron bars, and beat his poor head and limbs sore, in trying to get out.

The giant came again, and wanted Dick to sing, the same as he sung when he was at home, and to be happy and merry. "Sing, sing, sing!" said he; but poor Dick was much too sad to sing—a prison is no place to sing songs in.

The giant now seemed quite in a rage, and

took Dick out to make him sing, as he said. Dick gave a loud scream, a plunge, a struggle, and sank dead in the giant's hand. Ah! my young reader, poor Dick was a little bird, and that giant was a cruel boy.—*Ib.*

EDITORIAL.

LITTLE THINGS.

"Come Ellen," said Henry V. to his sister, "don't you want to work at the arbor? It's a pleasant afternoon."

"Yes," said Ellen. "if mother will let me; may I put up my work, mother?"

"Yes, my dear, you have been quite industrious; you may go to your arbor."

Away skipped Ellen, but little Waldo called after her.

"Ellen, sister Ellen, may I come too?"

"Yes darling," said Ellen, and she held out her hand for him.

"Oh no, Ellen, don't let him come," said Henry, "he will plague us. Waldo, you go and play with your blocks."

"I have been playing with them all the afternoon, and I'm tired," said the little boy, mournfully, "do let me come, Henry, I will be good."

"Oh dear!" said Henry impatiently; "he's always in the way."

"Oh don't say so, Henry, come Waldo, you may come dear. I'll contrive to amuse him, Henry."

Henry made no more objection, and the little boy went with them. Lucy showed him a place in the yard near them, where there was some sand.

"There Waldo," said she, "you dig a well in the sand, and then we'll put some water in it."

Waldo liked the plan very well; he took a piece of shingle and began to dig.

In the mean time the arbor went on very successfully, and Henry thought they should be able to finish it in two days more.

"Day after tomorrow it will be done," said he, "and we will ask father and mother to come and see it."

"You forget that tomorrow is Sunday," said Ellen.

"So it is, I declare; that's too bad," Henry exclaimed hastily, but checked himself when he heard Ellen's "Oh Harry!"

"I do not mean so; I mean it's a pity we shall have to wait another day."

At this moment the tea-bell rang and the children went in.

After tea their father, as usual, began to talk with them.

"What, Ellen," said he, as she climbed into his lap, "are you not almost too big for this?"

"No, papa, not yet," said Ellen, smiling and settling herself more securely in her place, while Waldo climbed up on the other knee.

"Here is a place for you, Harry, on my right side," said his father, "and now," he continued, patting him on the head, "What have you got to say for yourself? Have you made any body happy to-day?"

Harry thought a little while and said he believed not, he didn't know as he had had any chance.

"That is very odd," said his father, "a whole day and no opportunity of making any body happy."

"I suspect you have forgotten one opportunity you lost, Henry," said his mother.

"What, mother?"

"Do you remember Waldo's request when you were going to work at your arbor?"

"But that was such a little thing, mother!"

"No matter, my dear; little boys like you have not opportunity of doing good on a large scale, so that if you do not improve the little occasions, you will do nothing. In consequence of Ellen's good nature, your little brother was made happy all the afternoon; and I dare say Ellen does not regret the slight sacrifice she made."

Henry looked sad and disturbed. At last he said, "Ellen is a great deal better than I am, and that is the

reason every body loves her so; I will try to be like her."

L.

VARIETY.

Keep to the Turnpike.

A father once set out with his son on a visit to a neighboring village, that lay at a little distance from the place where they were; but instead of keeping the turnpike-road, the father purposely entered on a common, here and there spread over with brambles and thorn bushes, where he wandered backwards and forwards for some time. The son was very patient, but at last he cried out, "Father, it is not at all likely that we shall get to the village so long as we wander among the thorn and bramble bushes." "If you think so," said the father, "we will leave the common directly," so once more he got into the turnpike-road.

Not long after he took his son into a large garden, where abundance of fruit and flowers grew; this pleased the boy very much, but, after a time, he once more cried out to his father, "I do not see that we are much nearer the village than we were before, and we shall never get there, while we stop in this garden, that is certain."

"That being the case," said the father, "it will be very foolish to idle away our time here any longer," so getting again into the turnpike-road, he went straight forward to the village. On returning home again, the son began to question his father. "Father, what made you go into the garden, and among the brambles and thorn bushes?" said he, "when the only way to get to the village was to keep straight along the turnpike road?"

"To tell you the truth, my boy," said the father, "I did it to teach you a lesson, and to point out the folly of seeking for a thing in a place where it is not likely to be found. You have been quick enough to perceive this folly in my conduct, take care that you never let me see it in your conduct. As you proceed on your earthly pilgrimage, the roses of pleasure will bloom on the right hand, and on the left will grow the thorns and briars of discontent; linger not among either of them, but travel straight forward, along the turnpike road of duty, and you will find that happiness which otherwise you will look for in vain."—*Youth's Friend.*

Faith of an Indian Mother.

The following is an extract from the third volume of Mr. Bancroft's History.

"If a mother lost her babe, she would cover it with bark, and envelope it anxiously in the softest beaver skins. At the burial place she would put by its side its cradle, its beads, and its rattles; and, as a last service of maternal love, would draw milk from her bosom in a cup of bark, and burn it in the fire, that her infant might still find nourishment on its solitary journey to the land of shades. Yet the new born babe would be buried, not as usual on a scaffold, but by the way side, that so its spirit might secretly steal into the bosom of some passing matron, and be born again under happier auspices.

On burying her daughter, the Chippewa mother adds, not snow shoes, and beads, and moccasins only, but (sad emblem of woman's lot in the wilderness!) the carrying belt and the paddle. "I know my daughter will be restored to me," she once said, as she clipped a lock of hair as a memorial; "by this lock of hair I shall discover her, for I shall take it with me,"—alluding to the day when she too with her carrying-belt and paddle, and the little relic of her child should pass through the grave to the dwelling place of her ancestors."

Driven into the Sabbath School.

Mr. H. had long been inaccessible to the subject of religion. A friend, who knew his want of interest in serious things, visited him some time since, and found him with his Bible and Question Book! He immediately inquired, with much astonishment, "What is the meaning of this?"

Mr. H. replied, "I will tell you. Our congregation resolved themselves into the Sabbath School; and all but six or eight of us became members. We found ourselves left alone. During the intermission we used to stroll about, trying every means to divert ourselves. One after another of our number forsook us and joined the school, and at length I was driven into the school for company. And I have found the social study of the Bible a most delightful employment."

Mr. H. on entering the school, was brought in immediate contact with the truth which he had so long succeeded in excluding from his mind. That truth the Spirit soon made the power of God unto salvation. This man, and most of his family, and many other members of that school, are now the professed disciples of the Lord Jesus Christ. And Mr. H. says he owes his salvation, under God, to the fact that he was driven into the Sabbath School for company.—*S. S. Visiter.*

Advantage of Committing the Bible in Childhood.

The Rev. Mr. S. saw a man in Maine who was 94 years old, and was deaf. He made a profession of religion when he was 19. He said he used to love the Bible when young, read it much, and committed long portions of it to memory. "Now," said he, "I can sit down and think over those portions which I learnt when young; and in this way I feed and refresh my hungry soul."

A few years since an aged woman died in H—, N. H. For many years she had been blind, and unable to read a word. And yet, she used to say, *she could sit and read the Bible all day long.* She had stored her memory with the word of God, in the days of her youth.

An aged man in New Hampshire, who is blind, having diligently studied the Scriptures while young, is now able to take his turn with the other members of the family, in reading the word of God at family worship.

What a comfort it must have been to these aged persons, to be able to feast their minds and spirits on that bread of life which they had laid up in store in the spring and summer of their days! And, youthful readers, it will be your wisdom, now while young, to imitate them in making like provision for sickness and old age.—*Ib.*

I will Give him the Rotten Part.

Two little boys, whom we shall call Samuel and John were one day busily employed in weeding a piece of ground in their father's garden, which had been given them for their good behaviour. They called it *their* garden, and were very anxious to show their kind father, in what nice order they could keep it. While they were at work, their father who had observed them, gave each an apple to eat, as he thought it would refresh them; and after expressing his pleasure at witnessing their industry left them.

Samuel cut his apple in two, and put the best half on one side. John also cut his in two, but eat the best part himself.

"O! John," says Samuel, "you are eating the best part of your apple yourself." "Why, to be sure. Why should I not?" "I have reserved mine," continued Samuel, "for little sister Clara; and there is brother George, you know, I am sure he would like a piece." "O! I will give him the rotten part," he replied.

Which of these boys acted the better part do you think? I know you will say at once Samuel. Samuel acted as a kind and affectionate brother, while John showed a greedy and selfish disposition.—*Gleaner.*

A Little Girl.

A Christian minister mentioned in his sermon, one Sabbath morning, that he had heard of a little girl, who just before her death said, there were so many good people going to heaven, she was afraid there would not be room enough for her, but she could stand in a corner and sing *Hallelujah.*

Dancing.

Swift called dancing "voluntary madness." The Chinese seem to think it useless fatigue; for when Commodore Anson was at Canton, the officers of the Centurion had a ball upon some court holiday. While they were dancing, a Chinese who surveyed the operation, said softly to one of the party, "Why don't you let your servants do this for you?"

POETRY.

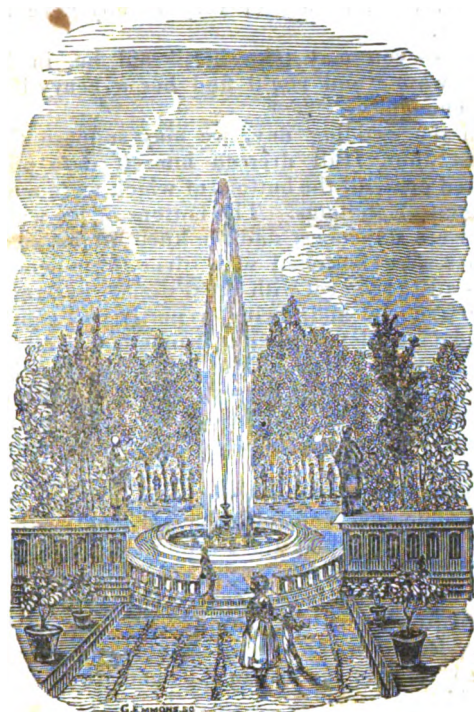
FLOWER UPON THE GREEN HILL SIDE.

"Flower upon the green hill side,
Thou, to shun the threatening blast,
In the grass thy head dost hide,
By the tempest overpast.
Then to greet the azure skies,
And to feel the soothing sun,
Brighter, sweeter thou dost rise;
Tell me, flower, how this is done?"

"I will tell thee as thy friend,
Artless, timid, whispering low;
To the blast 'tis good to bend;
He who made me taught me so!
While his teaching I obey,
I but fall to rise and stand,
Brighter for the stormy day,
Leaning on his viewless hand.

"When to Him I've lowly bow'd,
He with freshness fills my cup
From the angry, scowling cloud;
Then he gently lifts me up.
So I fall; and so I rise;
In the dark or sunny hour
Minding Him who rules the skies!
He's my God, and I'm his flower!"

[Village Reader.]



THE FOUNTAIN.

The weather was fine, on a warm summer day, When James and his mother were tempted to stray To a garden, where flowers of all kinds could be seen, Near the alleys so smooth, and on grass-plats of green. But though in this garden blooms myrtle and rose, Most loved they the spot where the cool fountain flows, Rising up with a jet, almost reaching the sky, And falls in cool showers, which delight the charmed eye. "Dear mother," said James, "how came this fount here? Showering round in such beauty, its drops cool and clear."

"Far off in the mountain," his mother replied, "Gushing forth from the rock, without tumult or pride, The source of this fountain the wanderer sees, Almost hidden from view, by the shrubs and the trees. But by means of a pipe, and some portion of skill, This stream, under ground, is brought down from the hill. Now 'tis one of these things, which happens, of course, That a water stream rises as high as its source; So when to this garden the pipe had been brought, And a place for the basin with taste had been sought, And all things around had been finished with care, The water, released, spouted up in the air. And while we survey it with joy and delight, It throws itself up to its own native height."

So, at times, may seem hidden the wise and the pure; But they never are lost, and their hope is secure. When they reach the right spot, they will rise to the day, And their beauty and splendor forever display.

[Annette.]

NARRATIVE.

From Wilberforce's Sunday Stories.

THE CHILDREN AND THE LION.

There was once a father who had two children whom he loved exceedingly. They were a little girl and boy, and they were good and obedient children. For many years, ever since they were born, they had lived in the middle of a great town, and had never seen the open fields and the beautiful flowers, and birds, and woods, except sometimes when their father took them out in a carriage with him for an hour or two; and those were happy times. One day when the little girl was seven, and the boy nine years old, their father called them to him, and said to them, My dear children, I am going to take you away from this house in which you have been used to live, and to take you into another house where you will have a beautiful garden, in which

you can play about amongst the flowers, and hear the birds sing all day long, and see the bright butterflies which you have seen, when I have taken you out in the carriage.

Child. How pleased the little boy and girl must have been to go to such a beautiful house, from the midst of the dark town where they had lived before.

F. Yes, they were greatly pleased, and when the next day they came to this new house, and looked out of its windows, and saw the green grass looking fresh and bright, and gay butterflies flying over it up and down, and the painted feathers of all sorts of birds which flew in and out of the bushes, or stayed to warble in the thickets; they longed to run straight out of doors and sing too, they were so happy; and thought that they should never tire of gathering the flowers, and playing with the bright yellow gourds which they could see growing here and there in the beds, and watching the birds and butterflies. But just as they were running out, their father called them to him with a very grave face, so grave as to be almost sad, and said to them, "My dearest children, before you go into that beautiful garden, listen well to what I am going to tell you. In that garden there is a fierce and hungry lion, who is always walking up and down it, to find some one to devour. There are reasons which you cannot understand, why I cannot turn this lion out; and why, much as I love you, I have yet brought you to live in this garden, near such a savage beast; but if you will remember my words, he can never hurt you. What you must do is this: keep in mind that he is ever near you; that he is waiting to spring on you, and when the sun is the brightest, and the birds the gayest, and all is most beautiful around you, and you are the happiest yourselves, then think that he is near you, and watch carefully, lest he should spring on you unseen; for if, when you see him, you call on me to help you, you will find me always near you, and he will fly away from you. Do not stay to think how I can hear you when you do not see me, but call at once on me, and I shall be always by your side, and you will be safe. But if in your play you cease to watch for the lion, and so are not ready to call on me, he will creep close to you when you least expect it, and spring on you and devour you."

The children looked very grave and thoughtful; each took the other's hand, and they walked quite sadly down into the garden; trembling and afraid, as though thinking at every turn the great lion would spring out upon them. But they saw nothing of him; and as the birds hopped round them, and the gay butterflies floated up and down in the air, and the sun sparkled in the stream that ran amongst the flowers, they began to forget that there was such a thing as a lion in the world; and soon they were playing and laughing as merrily and loud as if they had never heard that he was near them. But just when they were the gayest, they heard their father's voice, saying, sadly and seriously, "Remember!" They started and looked round, but they could not see him; the voice seemed to come from the air; but the little girl thought directly of the lion; and as she looked into the bushes, which were quite white with their bright blossoms, she saw something creeping softly towards her; and in a moment her eye was fixed on the fierce fiery eyes of the savage lion. She had hardly breath left to call upon her father, but at the first call he stood by her side; and she could see the lion

turn from her, and spring away and hide himself in the thicket. Her father took her in his arms, and told her not to fear, for that she was quite safe in his keeping; and he bid her remember, that if she had not watched, and seen the lion, and called on His name, the evil beast would have sprung upon her, and she would have been his prey.

Day after day passed away, and the children became more and more watchful, and even in their sport and play, they were sober and mindful of the lion; and when he was stealing near to them, they called always on their father, and he ever stood beside them, and saved them from his fangs.

Now do you remember any thing like this in the Bible?

Yes, I remember the text which says, "Be sober, be vigilant, because your adversary the devil goeth about as a roaring lion, seeking whom he may devour." I suppose that he is the lion.

F. Yes, my dear children, he is; and who is the kind father who is ever near to hear when they call?

C. Is not that God whom we are taught to call our heavenly Father?

F. Yes, it is God, and Jesus Christ our Saviour, who is ever near those who trust in them, and who will hear as soon as ever they call, and who will help and deliver you from the devil and his snares.

So that you see, my dear children, how you must watch; if you would be kept safe from this great enemy. You must "watch and pray;" watch that you may pray, and pray that you may be safe.

RELIGION.

FEED MY LAMBS.

[Continued from page 147.]

Let us now go on to consider.

II. Who are the LAMBS of Christ's flock?

My dears, all good children are the lambs of Christ's flock. By a good child, I mean a child who is turned away from sin; a child whose heart is changed by the Holy Spirit, who is sorry for his sins, and weeps over them, and tries to believe in Jesus Christ, and tries to love God and do his duty. Every little boy or girl who does this is a lamb of Christ's flock. He was before like other children, wandering from Christ's fold; but now he is brought back to it. Remember, children, that you and I were by nature separated from God, like lambs going away from the shepherd. The Bible says, *All we, like sheep, have gone astray; we have turned every one to his own way.* Isaiah liii. 6. Remember, too, that all wicked children are not as yet Christ's lambs, but are like sheep still going astray from the fold.

Now wicked children like these, are marked by three things.

First, a wicked child is one *who tells lies*. Children who are not truly become lambs of Christ, are too apt to do this. I do not mean merely telling direct untruths, which you know will be found out, but concealing what you have done amiss, not always telling the whole truth.

Secondly, The second thing that marks wicked children is, *their disobedience to their parents*. Every child that is not truly turned to Christ does this. Such children do what they are desired not to do; and when their parents find fault with them, then they are sulky and disobedient. Now I fear that almost all the children here, if

they put their hands on their hearts, must own that they have disobeyed their parents. Such must know that unless they are converted, they cannot be the lambs of Christ.

Thirdly, the third thing that marks wicked children is, that they are *quarrelsome*. A little boy, who is not a lamb of Christ's flock, quarrels with his brothers, or sisters, or playmates; he always take the largest share of anything that is given between them; he is cross and selfish; and if he is a big child, he beats the younger ones. Now I am afraid that almost every child here, if he asks his own heart, must own that he has done these three things.

But there is another thing that wicked children do, but it is so bad that I hardly like to mention it; and yet I must mention it, lest any little child here should be guilty of it. What I mean is, *speaking bad words*, swearing, and taking God's and Christ's names in vain. This is a very, very wicked thing; but I am afraid many little children, who would not be allowed to do it in school, do it when nobody hears them. I have been very much shocked, as I walked along the public streets, to hear very bad words from little boys not above eight or nine years old; so early do they learn to sin.

But when the grace of God begins to soften the heart of a little boy or girl, and the child feels what a sinner he has been, and thinks within himself, I must die and be laid in the churchyard, and the worms must feed on my body, and if I have not loved Jesus Christ, I must go to hell; when a little child feels his sins at the bottom of his heart, and begins to pray, it is the first sign of one who is becoming a lamb of Christ's flock. I hope there is not a child here who does not say his prayers; but, my dear children, there is a great difference between *saying your prayers* and *praying*. But when a little child begins to turn to God and to feel his sins, then he begins really to pray to God from his heart, and to beg of God to pardon his sins for Christ's sake, and he tries to leave off every thing naughty, and to love God and obey his commandments, and govern his tempers, and he seeks God's grace to do this—such a child is a lamb of Christ's flock, a lamb belonging to the great and good shepherd Jesus Christ. Such a little child was once perhaps too much like a lion, or a bear, as your hymn tells you:

"Let dogs delight to bark and bite,
For God hath made them so;
Let bears and lions growl and fight,
For 'tis their nature to."

So you see that all children with bad tempers, who quarrel and fight, are like these fierce animals; but this little child whom I have described is now grown like a lamb, because God's grace has changed his heart.

Now, you know that of all animals, lambs are the gentlest, they are the picture of innocence; it is impossible to look at a flock of sheep and not be struck with the mildness and innocence of the little lambs, sporting and frisking about in the fields beside their mothers. Such, my dear children, would you be, if you began to be good, if you tried to love God, and to pray, and to beg forgiveness for your sins, and to think why it was that Christ died, and how you ought to love him and obey him. Oh! think what a delight it would be to your parents to have such children, to have children who begin to serve God, and whom they hope Jesus Christ loves as he loves the lambs of his own flock.

But perhaps this child who is seeking God may be very weak, and he may feel how weak he is, and tremble, lest after all, he should not be really a lamb of Christ's flock. But remember, a lamb is of course young and tender; it is not grown up; and however weak it may be, Christ will take care of it, for he says to his servants, *Feed my lambs*, as well as *Feed my sheep*.

Therefore if I knew who was the weakest child in this church; if I could read the heart of

any little boy or girl that was desiring to serve God, and yet felt his weakness, and was like a young lamb shivering in the cold, I would say to that particular child, that Jesus Christ died for his lambs, and that, weak as he is, he shall be strong in the grace and power of his shepherd, the eternal Son of God.

This is now the second thing I had to show you that every good child is a lamb of Christ's fold.

BENEVOLENCE.

Written for the Youth's Companion.

A WALK OF CHARITY.

One afternoon at the commencement of the winter season, as I was sitting in the house with my friends by the side of a warm fire, and blest with all the comforts and necessities of life, my attention was suddenly drawn to the window by a female who was passing by at that time. The weather was quite cold, and her slender form thinly clad for the season of the year. My attention was more drawn to her, as I saw her now and then raise her handkerchief to wipe away the tears which stole down her grief-worn face. Feelings of sympathy were readily excited within my breast, and I resolved to ascertain, if possible, the cause of her grief, that I might, if it was in my power, render her some relief. Accordingly I prepared myself, and pursued her, in the meantime thinking in what manner I should introduce the object of my little mission.

I soon overtook her, and commenced a conversation directly to the point. I first enquired the cause of her apparent grief. After a moment's pause, she gave me a short history of her life. It was in part as follows. I was born in the town of B—, Conn. where I lived happy with my parents until I was nineteen years of age. They both died about that time. They were poor, but respectable. I was their only child, and as a consequence was very much attached to them. My other relatives were all poor and I was obliged to take care of myself. For some time I hardly knew what to do with myself, realizing the loss of my parents very sensibly. Not long after, I became acquainted with George —, wiping her face as she spoke; in about a year we were married and removed to this place. We lived happy together, although sometimes we were rather pressed, his occupation affording but a small income. We were blessed with two children, Susan and William, and I thought we were happier than many who were circumstanced much better in life." She told me her husband had died about five months since, and left her and her little ones with but very little for their support. With frugality she had supported herself and family until the present time with her needle, but this resource had failed her as she could not obtain work. She had just been to find employment, but wherever she made application she was refused, and was now returing home with her breast heaving with un wonted grief, while her dear children were suffering for the want of the necessities of life, and herself almost worn out. By this time we had come to her humble dwelling. Here our conversation ended. I gave her a few pieces of money which I happened to have with me, and directed her where she could obtain good employment. I promised to call and see her on the following day, and returned home, conscious of duty done.

ADELAIDE.

MORALITY.

THE VALUE OF A BRIDE.

[Extract from "Grandfather's Chair."]

When the mint-master had grown very rich, a young man, Samuel Sewell by name, came a courting to his only daughter. His daughter—whose name I do not know; but we will call her

Betsey—was a fine hearty damsel, by no means so slender as some young ladies of our own days. On the contrary, having always fed heartily on pumpkin pies, dough nuts, Indian puddings, and other Puritan dainties, she was as round and plump as a pudding herself. With this round, rosy Miss Betsey, did Samuel Sewell fall in love. As he was a young man of good character, industrious in his business, and a member of the church, the mint-master very readily gave his consent.

"Yes—you may take her," said he, in his rough way; "and you'll find her a heavy burden enough!"

On the wedding day, we may suppose that honest John Hull dressed himself in a plum colored coat, all the buttons of which were made of pine-tree shillings. The buttons of his waistcoat were sixpences; and the knees of his small clothes were buttoned with silver three-pences. Thus attired, he sat with great dignity in Grandfather's chair; and, being a portly old gentleman, he completely filled it from elbow to elbow. On the opposite side of the room, between her bride-maids, sat Miss Betsey. She was blushing with all her might, and looked like a full blown pæony, a great red apple, or any other round and scarlet object.

There, too, was the bridegroom, dressed in a fine purple coat, and gold lace waistcoat, with as much other finery as the Puritan laws and customs would allow him to put on. His hair was cropt close to his head, because Governor Endicott had forbidden any man to wear it below the ears. But he was a very personable young man; and so thought the bride-maids and Miss Betsey herself.

The mint-master also was pleased with his new son-in-law; especially as he had courted Miss Betsey out of pure love, and had said nothing at all about her portion. So, when the marriage ceremony was over, Captain Hull whispered a word to two of his men-servants, who immediately went out, and soon returned, lugging in a large pair of scales. They were such a pair as wholesale merchants use, for weighing bulky commodities; and quite a bulky commodity was now to be weighed in them.

"Daughter Betsey," said the mint-master, "get into one side of these scales."

Miss Betsey—or Mrs. Sewell, as we must now call her—did as she was bid, like a dutiful child, without any question of the why and wherefore. But what her father could mean, unless to make her husband pay for her by the pound, (in which case she would have been a dear bargain,) she had not the least idea.

"And now," said honest John Hull to the servants, "bring that box hither."

The box, to which the mint-master pointed, was a huge, square, iron bound, oaken chest; it was big enough, my children, for all four of you to play at hide-and-seek in. The servants tugged with might and main, but could not lift this enormous receptacle, and were finally obliged to drag it across the floor. Captain Hull then took a key from his girdle, unlocked the chest, and lifted its ponderous lid. Behold! it was full to the brim of bright pine-tree shillings, fresh from the mint; and Samuel Sewell began to think that his father-in-law had got possession of all the money in the Massachusetts treasury. But it was only the mint-master's honest share of the coinage.

Then the servants, at Captain Hull's command, heaped double handfuls of shillings into one side of the scales, while Betsey remained in the other. Jingle, jingle, went the shillings, as handful after handful was thrown in, till plump and ponderous as she was, they fairly weighed the young lady from the floor.

"There, son Sewell!" cried the honest mint-master, resuming his seat in Grandfather's chair, "Take these shillings for my daughter's portion. Use her kindly, and thank Heaven for her. It

is not every wife that's worth her weight in silver!"

DIALOGUE BETWEEN ANDREW AND GEORGE.

Andrew. (Shaking hands.) How do you do George, I want you to come with me, and spend the evening in some kind of amusement, for I hardly know what to do with myself, to pass away the time.

George. If you will go with me to the Temperance meeting, we may spend the evening there, and I would not miss it on any account. I never find time to hang heavy on my hands, and I like to blend amusement with profit.

A. That's always the way with you, George, whenever I want to have a little fun, you are everlastingly preaching to me *ding dong* about that "*Cold Water Society*," which they have formed in the Sabbath School.

G. Well Andrew, the reason is, I love the Temperance cause; and you may nickname it the "*Cold Water Society*," but I had rather you would call me a member of that, than of the "*rum-drinking society*."

A. Well, if you mean the drunkards, George, I agree with you, for I believe it is a great sin and disgrace to get *drunk*.

G. But what do you call getting drunk Andrew, for I want to understand your terms.

A. Why I don't mean drinking a glass of beer, or wine, or brandy *now and then*, for that is not getting drunk. I mean this everlasting *drum-drum-drum-drinking* until a man lies down on the floor, and holds fast to keep from falling upward, that's what I call getting drunk.

G. So then, while a man can find his way home, though he may stagger all the way, curse his children, and whip his wife, still he is not drunk.

A. That would all be very wrong, George, but I mean that it's no harm to drink a little *now and then*.

G. I will tell you an anecdote, I had from my Sunday School Teacher, which will show what *now and then* means. A farmer hired a Dutchman to work on his place, and agreed that he would give the Dutchman a mug of cider and a pipe of tobacco *now and then*. On the first day he repented his bargain, for the Dutchman got dead drunk on cider, before night. The next morning when he came to work, the farmer said, Hans, how's this, you agreed only to take a mug of cider, now and then, but instead of that you first light your pipe, and then take a mug of cider, and every few minutes you come back for another mug of cider, so that you are drinking not *now and then* as you agreed, but *all the while*. The Dutchman replied, "*Dat ish vat I meansh, a pipe of tobacco now and a mug of cider den,—a pipe of tobacco now and a mug of cider den,—dat ish all de while, and dat ish vat I meansh.*" So it is with your *now and then* drinkers, they take a glass before breakfast and after breakfast; before dinner, and after dinner; before supper and after supper, and yet they talk of only drinking *now and then*.

A. Indeed George, I must confess that there is too much truth in what you say, but still I think it would be better for a drinking man to quit *little by little*, and not all at once, as your temperance pledge requires.

G. So then you would have a man quit doing wrong little by little, what hope would there be of his reformation? Believe me, Andrew, to drink a little, is to sin a little, and no man ever quit sinning little by little.

A. But people say that if a man quits drinking rum suddenly, it might kill him.

G. Why does it not kill the hundreds who are sent to the State Prison. They all quit suddenly, and yet they are well and hearty, more so than ever. It is true rum-drinkers and rum-sellers tell this story, but you and I should not be deceived by them.

A. There you go, like all the cold water folks, you class rum-sellers with rum-drinkers as equally bad.

G. Indeed I think them worse, for if it be a sin to get drunk, it is a greater sin for me to *make people drunk*, and still worse if I do so for the sake of the money I can make by it.

A. Yes, but you will agree that because a man gets his living by selling rum, it is no proof that he loves drunkenness.

G. He may not love the unrighteousness, but he loves the wages of it. He does not love drunkenness, but he loves the money he makes by it so well, that he persists in the accursed traffic, notwithstanding he sees its effects.

A. I remember now, that during the Cholera, a rum-seller lost so many of his customers, that he quit the business for conscience sake, because he said, that he thought that the road to hell was so short from his shop door, that he could see the way there. So that there is some truth in what you say.

G. Well, then, is it not right for me to resolve and promise before God and man, that I never will sell or drink rum.

A. I should be very sorry to say that you were wrong in doing so, but then why make so much fuss about it. Why, you make as much noise about it as if the city was on fire.

G. The city is on fire while there are a great number of licensed rum-sellers in our midst, dealing out what Mr. Wesley called *liquid fire*. And as to the noise made about it, I think sometimes, that if I could get hold of the rope which would pull the largest bell on the earth, I would ring an alarm which would affright the universe. And be assured that nothing but cold water will put out the fire, or save the city, the nation, and the world.

A. Well, really George, I don't think we need go to the Temperance meeting to-night, for we have been holding one here, and you have made a very good speech I must confess.

G. If you will go with me, Andrew, and only hear the great champions of the cause, speak on Temperance, you will say the half has never been told you, for they throw their whole souls into the subject, and their appeals are enough to wake the dead.

A. I think I have had enough for once my dear George, and I move we adjourn the meeting.

G. Stop, if you please, for if you will have it that this is a Temperance Meeting, your motion for adjournment is out of order. We never close a Temperance Meeting, without offering the pledge. So here it is, for I am always ready for action, and if you will sign it, we will put the question and adjourn.

A. Let me see it, (*reads the pledge aloud*), well George, I do not see any "church and state," in that, and if it will do you any good, I have no objection to sign it, for I am convinced by our conversation that you are on the right side for once. (*He signs it.*)

G. Now Andrew, I welcome you to the Temperance Society, and I hope you will prove by experience that drinking cold water, makes a man healthy, happy and wise.

THE NURSERY.

CONVERSATION BETWEEN MARY AND HER MOTHER.

"Oh! mother," said Mary, "I am weary of my lessons; I wish I were a little bird to go where I please, and be always free. I would fly to some distant land where sweet flowers bloom all the year,—and the trees and plants are always green. I would skip from tree to tree, feast on all kinds of delicious fruit, and hear no voice say, Mary, bring your book and say your lessons."

"My dear child," said her mother, "would

you be willing to part with all the gifts you possess; all the kind friends you have; and become a little senseless bird, to be free from labor? Only think of the faculties you possess, that raise you far above birds and beasts, and which you are now old enough to think about. The chief of these is *reason*. This enables you to judge between right and wrong in conduct and opinion; reveals the motives of actions; teaches and makes clear to your mind the being of God, and the certainty of a future life; showing from the works of nature that there must be a divine, unseen Being. Then you have *memory*, by the aid of which you recollect what passed years since, and retain what you learn day by day. You possess *perception*, too, a most necessary gift, by which you perceive objects, and derive pleasure or pain from the contemplation. This is both an external and internal faculty; and in connection with *judgment*, assists you to see clearly good and evil, and is the chief source of all our knowledge; it also makes you conscious of what you have obtained, and thus stimulates to the attainment of more. And *imagination*, which brings objects before the mind that have no real existence, but by the aid of the other faculties in their proper order, you may form agreeable pictures, interesting and pleasing to yourself and others. I will mention two works, much admired, and justly too, in which imagination is beautifully and strikingly exhibited. *Telemachus* by Fenelon, and *Rasselas* by Dr. Johnson; though there are fine moral lessons besides, taught throughout.

But there are reasons which self-interest require, why you should not wish to be an irrational animal. The bird is constantly exposed to the fowler's gun; and in hourly danger of being devoured by birds of prey; and though we cannot limit the kindness and watchfulness of our heavenly Father, for we are told, "Not a sparrow falls to the ground without his knowledge;" yet the Bible does not say, God takes the same care of the birds of the air, that he does of men. You are better than they; you are his constant care; his child. He has given you a mind and soul, to know and understand his will; and has connected that soul with his nature, by its immortality. Besides, he has made most excellent laws to preserve your life from being taken at the will and caprice of others; while he has given permission to take the lives of irrational animals. Now, tell me, if you would be willing to give up what you possess above the bird, though it should cost you much labor to improve it, for the poor pleasure of roaming idly about, among green trees and pretty flowers? Would it not be more noble and worthy an intelligent child, to learn something new every day, and make yourself useful to others by kind and generous actions? Do you not remember the good Roman Emperor we read of, who, recollecting at the close of a day that he had done no kind act, exclaimed, "I have lost a day." This you must bear in mind, (if you wish to be good and happy,) that the improvement of your faculties must all be with the fixed purpose of doing good to others; of ministering to their happiness in every possible way. And this will be seen in the most trifling actions of daily occurrence, as well as those noble charities that benefit communities. When you are a Christian you will see this yourself; you will perceive in the volume of life, that actions which pass unregarded by the world, are of great price in the sight of God; kindness and good feeling to others, being rewarded by our Judge for the intention that prompted them. If in your future course through life, you should recollect our conversation of to-day, and should dissent from what I have said, after trying to improve your heart and mind; I shall patiently listen to your objections, and weigh them so carefully, as to acknowledge I was wrong, and you shall always have had liberty to go where you please, do what you please, and live as you please.

But if, on the contrary, you find it pleasant and proper to improve the powers of intellect and affection you now possess, let me know the result of your labors, and it will be doubly gratifying to hear it from yourself."

"Oh, mother! I see already I was wrong in uttering so silly a wish; and will endeavor to value more the gifts I possess, and be more diligent in improving them.—*Southern Chris. Adv.*

EDITORIAL.

THE SISTERS.

There were two little sisters named Anna and Mary. Their affection for each other was so great, that every body remarked it with pleasure. Mary never fully enjoyed any pleasure in which Anna did not participate; and Anna never received any thing which she did not divide with her sister, if it were capable of division.

New Year's day was coming, and Anna began to think what she could give her sister for a New Year's present. They were not in the habit of having much money, but occasionally received little sums from their grandfather or aunt Nancy, and in this way each of them had a small sum at her disposal at this time. It was just after the ever-pointed pencils had come into use, and Anna was very desirous to possess one. She knew too that Mary had the same desire. She had a faint hope that her money would be enough to buy them each one; but on inquiring the price found she was mistaken. What was to be done? If she bought a pencil for herself—and she did want one very, very much—she would have enough left to buy Mary a pair of compasses, which she knew her sister wanted. "But then I know she would like the pencil a great deal the best," was Anna's concluding thought, and she determined to give it up for herself.

On the morning of New Year's day, when Anna awoke, she was surprised to find that Mary was before her, and had gone down stairs. As she turned her head she was still more surprised to see on a little table by the side of the bed a beautiful silver pencil-case. In the confusion of her first thought she imagined it was the one she had bought for Mary. "Why how came it here? I thought I put it in Mary's desk," was her involuntary exclamation. Her second thought told her that she certainly *had* put it in the desk, and she reached out her hand to take this unaccountable pencil. A slip of paper was attached to it, on which was written, "For my dear sister Anna."

It was from Mary then! How kind! How delightful! And how strange that they should have thought of the same thing. And how glad Anna was that she had bought a pencil for her sister instead of herself. She could not dress herself fast enough, so impatient was she to run and find Mary and thank her. When she did find her, it appeared that Mary had not opened her desk that morning, so that the surprise still awaited her. When the discovery was made, her wonder and pleasure were as great as her sister's.

"How kind it was in you, when you wanted one so much yourself?"

"How kind it was in you, for I am sure you wanted one as much as I did."

"Let us go and show them to mother," was the next exclamation of each; and their mother sympathized in their pleasure.

"I hope you will always find more happiness in contributing to each other's pleasure than in pleasing yourselves," said she as she kissed them; "and here are my presents for you," she added, taking out two green morocco portfolios exactly alike, and each with a lock and key.

"Oh how pretty! and dear mother how I thank you," and various other exclamations followed. "But here comes your father, run and wish him a happy new year," said their mother; and very happy were they as they surrounded the breakfast table on that first day of January.

L

VARIETY.

The Sailor.

As the Rev. Mr. M'Owen was on board a steam packet between Leith and Stirling, he felt obliged to reprove a passenger for profane swearing. On going from the vessel, he was accosted by a sailor who desired to speak to him. He stated his unhappy feelings, produced by an apprehension of his being an unpardoned sinner. He gave him suitable advice, and inquired the occasion of his becoming uneasy on account of sin. The sailor informed him, that while idling away his precious time on one Lord's day, two gentlemen invited him on board the Floating Chapel, to attend public worship there—offering to take him on board, and carry him on shore again free of expense. He refused, and spent the remainder of the day on shore, pursuing his wonted sinful course. But when he retired for the night, and the hour of reflection came, he was uneasy—he wondered at the motives of those gentlemen, and could see no other purpose than a good one. He began still more to wonder that strangers should take an interest in him and feel anxious to promote his welfare. Stung by reflections like these, he left his bed, fell on his knees, and prayed for the forgiveness of his sins, and that God would help him to do better in future.

How it must have rejoiced the hearts of those gentlemen, who invited the sailor to the Bethel flag, had they seen his deep contrition, and heard his agonizing prayers! Who will not care if the sailor perish? Who will not point him to the port of peace, and the haven of endless rest? Who will not labor and pray that the abundance of the seas may be converted to God? Q.

[Youth's Monitor.]

The Irish Boy.

A little sweep was carried into a school in Dublin for the purpose of instructing him, when he was asked if he knew his letters? "O yes," said he. Do you spell? "O yes." Do you know how to read? "Yes." What book did you learn from? "O sir, I never had a book." Who was your school master? "I was never taught at school, sir." But how could this little Irish boy spell and read without ever going to school or ever possessing a book? I will tell you. Another sweep, a little older than himself, taught him his letters by shewing him the sign boards over the shop doors which they passed in going through the city. What child then will say that he can do no good? This truly was an humble way, but it taught an ignorant boy to read, and prepared him to enter a school, where he could receive much instruction.—*Id.*

An Aged Teacher.

A poor man bought a Bible for his little son, who was four years old. Soon after, the child's mother was asked if she had heard any part of the Bible read?

"O, yes," she replied, "the same evening that I got it, a neighbor came to read it for us."

"But would you not like to be able to read it yourself?"

The woman was surprised at this question—thinking it impossible for her to learn to read—she being upwards of forty years of age. She was persuaded to try—and an old lady a neighbor of hers, who was more than seventy, taught her to read.

It is better to learn when we are old, than to die in ignorance. None should neglect to teach on this account, nor think themselves too aged to take hold of the task of instructing others.—*Id.*

Hottentot Girls.

A little Hottentot girl, nine years old, was asked how she and her younger sister spent their time. She replied, "We often pray to our Saviour to own us as his children, and to keep us from growing up as children of the devil. Then we sing verses together, which we learn at school. Sometimes we help old mother Lydia to work, and she gives us a piece of bread for our labor, for our parents are a great way off; and when they are at home, we have to dig for roots in the fields to satisfy our hunger, for they are very poor, and have very little to give us."

A Boy in Madagascar.

As I stood one day by Mr. Jeffreys, says Mrs. Jeffreys, the widow of a missionary at Madagascar, in her journal, catechising the children, I asked them which of the commandments was the most difficult to observe. One, after a long pause, mentioned one, and another a different precept; till, at last a boy, about twelve years old, said, "The last is the hardest." Mr. Jeffreys asked, "Why is it so, my boy?" He replied, "Because for one who is poor, to see another possessing a great deal of money, a great deal of clothes, and much cattle and rice, without wishing for some of them, is very hard; I think no person can keep this commandment."

This little boy proved by his remarks, that he had

thought about this important commandment; but he does not appear then to have known, that whenever we fervently pray to God for his grace, he helps us to keep his requirements, however hard they may be.

Sun, Moon, and Stars.

A mother was describing to her little son the idols which heathen nations worship as gods. "I suppose, mamma," said the boy, "that these heathens do not look up to the same sun, and moon, and stars which we do." "Yes, my dear, they do." "Why, then, I wonder that they do not think that there must be a better God than these idols."

Thoughts in the Night.

S— was a pleasing and amiable little boy; being asked if he ever prayed at any other time than when he said his prayers before his parents; he replied, "Yes, sometimes I can't help praying." "Indeed! then I suppose you think yourself to be a sinner." "O yes, a very great one." "Do you always feel yourself to be such?" "No, not always; sometimes I feel so, then it will go away again." "When do you feel these impressions more particularly?" "Often when I am alone, in the night."

An Orphan Girl.

An orphan girl of Edgar county, Illinois, was an example of persevering industry. When twelve years old, she knew not how to read. In a few weeks she learned; and during the summer repeated a considerable part of one of the gospels. The energy and activity with which she despatched her daily labor was remarkable. This energy and this activity she carried into the study of the Bible. While spinning, she fixed the open Bible upon the side of the log cabin, in front of her, and thus learned to repeat one verse after another, without stopping her wheel. Many scholars who are behindhand with their lessons, will do well to learn from this little girl; and, like her, to be diligent in business, while they are also attentive to the study of the Bible.

Three Sunday Scholars.

A Sunday School teacher, remarking on the passage in the Proverbs of Solomon, in which he advises us to "buy the truth, and sell it not," observed that he who buys the truth makes a good bargain; and inquired if any scholar recollected any instance in Scripture of a bad bargain. "I do," replied a boy; "Esau made a bad bargain when he sold his birthright for a mess of pottage." A second said, "Judas made a bad bargain when he sold his Lord for thirty pieces of silver. A third observed, "Our Lord tells us, that he makes a bad bargain, who, to gain the whole world, loses his own soul."

POETRY.

LITTLE MARY'S DEATH.

"Come hither dear George, take a seat by the fire," said Jane—and her brother sat instantly by her; "I must tell you, my love, a most sorrowful tale;" Then she burst into tears, and her brother look'd pale. But recover'ing she cried, "Cousin Mary is dead,—I saw her this morning stretched out on her bed; Her mouth and her dear little eyelids were shut, She was cold as a stone from the head to the foot. "On Saturday last, she was visiting us; Going home she caught cold, and grew afterwards worse: As her fever was burning, and aching her head, "My Jesus will hasten and fetch me," she said. "The minister en'tring, said 'Mary my dear! I am sorry to see you lie suffering here;—' 'Do not weep, sir,' she said, 'for my Jesus is good, He has cleansed me from sin in his own precious blood.' " 'You love the Lord Jesus, then, Mary,' said he, Tears came—she smiled, and said, 'He first loved me; I shall praise and behold his bright countenance soon, In the place where there needs not the sun or the moon.' "He prayed, while we all of us knelt round the bed, And, rising, we thought little Mary was dead; But she opened her eye, filled with heavenly peace, And calling her mother, she gave her a kiss. " 'Farewell, dearest mother!' we all heard her say, And thank you for telling me Christ is the way; Farewell, my dear Jane!—tell Georgy for me, That in glory I pray we may each of us be." "Then she bade all farewell; when turn'd on her side, 'My Jesus!' she said, and immediately, died! Oh George! let us pray, nor defer it too late; You are turned of six, and I am going of eight." On this little George could no longer refrain, The tears gushed out—then, turning to Jane, "The Saviour I'll seek, that he mercy may show; But you, my dear sister, must pray for me too."



TEMPTATION.

Perhaps some of my young readers, when looking upon this cut, will ask what it is. You see in the reeds and around the trunk of a tree a large snake with his mouth open; and just before him an innocent little bird. This is a rattle-snake charming a robin. It is said that this snake will fix its eyes intently on a bird or squirrel, and the poor little animals, thus charmed, have no power to move away, but keep drawing nearer and nearer the serpent, and at last enter into his mouth, which has all the time been open to receive them, and are instantly devoured. You would say then, if you should see a little bird in this situation, that it was in danger, and you would try to save it.

Now, children, you are in danger, not of being bitten by a snake, but by sin. You have wicked hearts—you love to sin; and the Bible tells you about the “old serpent the devil,” which tries to have you sin that you may be destroyed. He would make wicked children more wicked. He tempts you to sin. This is the reason the Saviour tells us to pray that we may be delivered from temptation. He has many ways to tempt you to sin. He fills the mind with wicked thoughts, the heart with sinful feelings. He tempts to lie, to steal, to swear and to kill. Perhaps you are playing with other children, and one boy swears; you hear it, and do the same; then you are tempted and overcome. You are walking along in the road and you come to a neighbor's apple tree; the boy with you takes an apple and gives you one; and then you are tempted. If you take it and eat it, you have yielded to temptation, and the serpent has charmed you, and caught you. He is pleased that he can overcome you.

I know a good lad who was sent to Sabbath School, and as he was walking along in the road, another boy, dirty and ragged, came up with him, and asked him where he was going. “I am going to the Sabbath School,” said John. “Oh, I wouldn't,” said the Sabbath breaker, “come, go with me.” He then began to tell him where he was going, and what a good time he should have. In this way he tried to charm him. But John continued to move on towards the school-room, holding fast the testament under his arm. When they came up opposite the house, the boy stopped whilst John turned to the door. “Come,” said he, “won't you go?” “No,” said John with firmness as he stepped into the door. John went into his school and was safe; and away ran the other boy to his wicked sports, and to join his companions in sin. When John said *No* to the temptation, he resisted, and had no more trouble. The Bible says “resist the devil and he will flee from you.” Ever since John said “no,” he has not been troubled with such temptations as he was before, and he has found it

easy to resist them when they have come. He means to keep out of the serpent's mouth. I see him every Sabbath in his school. I think he means to seek the kingdom of heaven.

Now reader, as you look upon that serpent and see his mouth open to destroy, will you remember you are in danger, and can never be safe until you become “Christians and enter Christ's kingdom.” Then you can say “no,” to every sinful thought, feeling, word, companion and way which leads down to hell. When I see the disobedient child, the Sabbath breaker, the profane swearer, I am afraid they will be charmed by sin until they are destroyed. This is the reason why your pious parents and teachers feel so deeply for you. They point you to the Sabbath Schools, to the place of worship, to the Saviour, and to heaven. If you would do all you could to save the little robin from the poison bite of the rattlesnake, these friends will do much more to deliver you from the destroyer of souls. For you are of more value than many sparrows. Never stop to listen to the voice of the tempter. Say “no,” to every sin.—*S. S. Treasury.*

NARRATIVE.

FRUITS OF PERSEVERANCE.

“Mother!” said William, a little boy of between five and six years of age, “it is in vain for me to try any more, I never can make the figure three.”

So saying, he threw his slate down on his mother's lap, and looked up in her face, with an expression of countenance, in which mortification and impatience of temper were plainly to be seen, mixed with hopeless sorrow.

His mother gently but firmly insisted, that he should take his slate and attempt still longer to copy the figures which she had set him. “Remember my dear boy,” she said, “you had to try a long time yesterday, before you could make the figure two, but you did at last succeed. Now if you do not in like manner overcome your present difficulty, you must give up all hope of learning to cipher, and must remain an ignorant child.”

“Mother,” replied the little boy, “I have tried as hard as I can, but see, my slate is full of bad, ugly figures, that all look the wrong way. I don't believe any body else ever was so stupid. I am sure you had not such a plague in learning to cipher. Your pencil seems to slip along so nicely and never goes the wrong way. If you will only make my three for me, I'll try to do the rest of my figures, for as to making this one, it is useless for me to strive any more.”

“And do you expect to cipher in this manner all your life? By and by you will go to school, and when you grow older, if I live, I hope to send you to college. Now do you wish or expect me, to go along with you always, to make your figure three for you?”

“Oh no, mother!” said William, smiling through the tears which his troublesome task had forced into his eyes, “that would be very silly indeed, and all my masters would laugh at me.”

“Well then, my dear, the difficulty must be overcome, you know, sooner or later—take your slate again and earnestly set yourself to the task for ten minutes longer—a half hour will then be completed, and if by that time you have not succeeded, you may wait until school time to-morrow. I do not recollect having had as much

trouble in forming my figures as you have found, but it is not at all unlikely that I had to toil a great while with them also, for many years have passed since I was thus employed, and the recollection of these early sorrows has faded away under those of later years.”

The little boy was encouraged, and once more busily occupied himself with his slate and pencil, but when his half hour was over he had only succeeded in making a crooked and ill shapen three.

Next day however, he resumed his task with better success, for he actually made so very decent, respectable figures of 1, 2, 3, 4, and 6. His little countenance looked very bright and he felt very happy when his mother smiled upon him and kissed him.

“You have, my son,” she said, “learned a lesson which I hope you may never forget, namely, that “perseverance conquers difficulties,” not only in human learning, but also in overcoming sinful tempers. Was there not, my dear, a good deal of naughty feeling in your heart during part of the half hour you spent in school the other morning in your unpleasant task.”

“Yes, mamma, indeed there was,” said the little boy, who though naturally possessing a very quick temper, was ever ready to own his faults and ask forgiveness for them. “I had some very naughty thoughts come into my heart that morning. I was ashamed and angry at myself for being so dull, and I felt almost sorry to see that my little cousin could learn to make in a few minutes, what I could not in half an hour.”

“You then found my son, that you had an evil and corrupt nature, for pride and envy are very sinful, and if not overcome by the grace of God, will lead to most grievous sins. But as you said your prayers the next day, I heard you beg God to help you to resist naughty tempers when you went into the school room, and teach you to be more attentive and diligent. Do you think you were helped?”

“Yes, mother,” said the little boy with much earnestness. “I think I was, for before I thought I should make my troublesome three, I felt more willing to go on trying, and did not mind near as much the girls smiling at my ugly humpbacked figures. Do you not think, mother, that God will help us in our studies as well as in other things, if we ask him to do so.”

“Certainly, my dear,” replied his mother, “if our motives in doing so, are pure. If we pray that he will help us to learn, because we wish to be admired for our quickness—or merely for the love of learning—or because it may be useful to us in this world, I think we have no right to expect him to hear our prayer. But if we wish to be made useful to our fellow creatures for Christ's sake, I think we have great reason to hope he will listen to our petitions and grant them. I hope, my dear child, that you will ever feel that all the strength we can obtain either for working with our minds, souls or bodies, is entirely derived from that great Being who created us, and gave us all the talents we possess.”

William found many more difficulties as he went on in his studies. After he had learned to make all his figures, his mother set him simple sums in addition, and it was many days before he could count up even a short line. He did not however, give up his task because there were trials to be endured. When he became somewhat out of heart, his kind mother would gently remind him, where he was to look for strength,

and she would by way of encouragement, bid him "*remember the figure three.*"

When a year had passed, this little boy could cipher so nicely in addition, that he was advanced to subtraction, and afterwards to multiplication. In all his troubles he tried to follow his dear mother's advice, unless his sinful temper gained the victory over him, but when leaning on his own strength he was generally made sooner or later to feel, that it was perfect weakness.

One day after he had studied a new portion of his multiplication table very hard, and found himself still imperfect in his knowledge of it, he became very much depressed, and the tears would, in spite of his efforts to check them, roll down his cheek. At length he said to his mother, who was sitting by, and watching his struggles with great interest, "Dear mother, do you think I shall ever be able to learn algebra, and to draw those squares and circles that my cousin Richard does at College, if I am so dull in getting this table? Do other little boys, find it as difficult as I do?"

"All young persons, my son," replied his mother, "have found it very trying to their patience, I believe. Your cousin labored hard with it, and I well remember my joy when my own dear mother after many trials, at last found I had mastered it. It by no means follows, because you are not remarkably quick in acquiring knowledge, that you must give up the hope of becoming a good mathematical scholar at some future day. I have read of a gentleman who became so eminent a mathematician as to be made professor of that science in one of the great English Universities, and was called the best scholar of his time, who when a little boy of your age, was so dull and indolent in his studies, that his good father was accustomed to mourn over him in bitterness of heart, and was more than once heard to say, that if God saw fit to remove one of his children he trusted it might be Isaac, which was the name of this boy, since he feared he would never be of much use or comfort to any one."

"What are mathematics, mother?" enquired William.

"Algebra and geometry are mathematical studies, my dear, and so is arithmetic the introduction to the science. Those studies which you have seen your cousin engaged in, are not more difficult for him to master, I imagine, than is the multiplication table to you who are a little boy. You have by many efforts learned to make the figure 3—the same perseverance will enable you, I hope, some day to comprehend problems and theorems in geometry."

"Oh! mother I hope I shall, for I do want to be a learned man when I grow up," exclaimed William, eagerly.

"I should certainly like to see you, my son," said his mother, "becoming a useful and well informed man; but there is something which I am far, far more anxious for you to possess than such knowledge, excellent as that is."

"I know what you mean, mamma. You would rather I should be a Christian, than rich, or learned either," replied William. "And so would I if I could only have one of these things. I have thought so, mother, ever since you talked to me about 'the one thing needful,' which you said I must seek to gain, even if I lost every thing else."

His mother then told him she must leave him, to attend to something which needed her presence. Before doing so, she urged him to make a fresh effort to learn his accustomed task, and William, encouraged by his mother's assurance that she thought him not dull or stupid, but merely wanting in quickness—and remembering that the little boy whom his father thought dull, became eminent as a scholar, set himself industriously to work, and when called to recite, was able to repeat his lesson very perfectly.

RELIGION.

FEED MY LAMBS.

[Continued from page 149.]

III. What is the food that Christ provides for his lambs?

For you know the lambs in a flock must be fed every day, or they will die. So Christ's lambs must be fed every day; and Jesus said to Peter, *Feed my lambs.* Now what is meant by the food with which Christ's lambs are to be fed?

The food Jesus speaks of is, *the instruction which is to be given to children*, to carry on what is good in their hearts. It is not food for the body, like that food which the earthly shepherd provides for his flock, in green pastures and by still waters; but it is food for the soul. And what is this?

It is, in the first place, the *Bible*. Children must read God's word, and in that book there is a great deal of food for the lambs. There the child learns how God made the heavens and the earth; how Satan tempted Eve to eat the forbidden fruit, by which Adam and Eve fell from God and lost his holy image, and how God turned them out of the delightful garden of Eden, where he had put them to live; and then what a wicked son Adam and Eve had, named Cain, who killed his brother Abel. Now this is food for the lambs. This is what they can understand, and what will do them good.

It is true there is much in the Bible which they cannot understand (for there are many things which grown up persons cannot understand;) but there is also much that a very little child may understand. He can understand about Noah, about the world being so wicked that God drowned every person in it, except Noah and his family, whom he saved in the ark; he can understand about Abraham being commanded by God to offer up his only son Isaac as a sacrifice to God; he can understand about Joseph being hated and sold by his brethren; he can understand about Moses being put into a cradle of bulrushes and exposed on the waters, and being found by the daughter of Pharaoh, the king of Egypt, and taken care of and brought up by her; and then when Moses is grown to be a man, he refuses to be called the son of Pharaoh's daughter, because he esteemed the reproach of Christ greater riches than the treasures of Egypt. Oh! will the child say, that I might be like Moses, and leave the world and try to love Jesus Christ better than any thing that the world can offer me! And then the child goes on to read about Job, who was the most patient man, and how he lay upon a dunghill; and about David being taken from the care of a flock of sheep and made a great king; and about Solomon and Isaiah and Jeremiah, and all the prophets. And then the little boy or girl reads of Jesus Christ being born of a virgin, and how the babe was laid in a manger, and how wicked Herod wanted to kill him, and murdered all the children of two years old in hopes to kill Christ; and then, at last, the child comes to hear what the Saviour suffered, and that he was nailed to a cross, and died to save his sheep and lambs. I have seen a child of not more than four years old, sitting upon its parent's knee, and listening to the stories out of the Bible, till its eyes streamed with tears; so affecting and wonderful is the word of God.

THE NURSERY.

Written for the Youth's Companion.

CONVERSATION WITH JAMES.

"I have some pleasant news for you, my son. This morning a letter was received from your aunt Mary, in which she informs me, that in consequence of her not going to Boston as she had determined, previous to her leaving us last autumn, she expects to return here in a few days to pass some weeks. You know how anxious dear aunt Mary is to be always doing something

which may prove a benefit to those around her. One method she now proposes is, to have a blank book in which she designs to write the most interesting occurrences in our family in the form of a journal—particularly those circumstances connected with the every day behaviour of my children. Your employments, your conversation and treatment of each other—the temper and disposition which you daily manifest—all will be faithfully noted down. Her object is to make while here, a kind of every day history of each one of you, that when you are older, it may be referred to, and perhaps afford important subjects for reflection."

"Then mother, I will begin as soon as aunt Mary comes, and be very careful about what I say—how I spend my time, and not get angry with any body. Do you suppose she can love us when she means to be so very exact?"

"Your aunt I trust is a Christian. And now, as both of her little daughters are dead, she is desirous of being employed a part of her time for the improvement of her brother's children. You must not doubt her affection for a moment. It is because she does love you most tenderly which prompts her to adopt this course. I think, my child, your good resolution to be very careful is quite commendable, but why not *begin today to be 'very careful!'*" Though you are now in health, you may die even before sister Mary arrives. The Bible says, in such an hour as ye think not, the Son of Man cometh."

"I know I am glad aunt Mary was not here last week."

"Why, my son, would she have heard or seen any thing wrong?"

"She might have seen brother Henry and me, when we both wanted to look *first* at the book of pictures which father sent home. You did not see us. Besides, I said I hated him."

"Perhaps it may surprise you, James, to know that what your aunt Mary contemplates doing, is the same thing which your mother has done ever since you first entered the Sabbath School last May. No day has passed without my writing something you have said or done."

"I should like to see your book, mother, if you are willing, and yet I had rather not see it. It would make me feel so bad to find some words written down which I have spoken to Henry, and to grandmother. I wish you would burn your book. I cannot bear to think of it."

"If my book should be burnt, *there is another book*, my child, the Book of God. This book contains that, which neither I, nor any of your friends could ever write. I mean *your very thoughts*. It contains also all the words and actions of your past life. And *this record, which your heavenly Father keeps, will determine your condition after death.*" "For God shall bring every work into judgment with every secret thing, whether it be good or whether it be evil." I wish you to read the twelfth verse in the twentieth chapter of Revelations. Think, Oh think, my dear son, of the Book of God! Perhaps sometime I shall converse with you about your saying you hated your brother." N. B.

PARENTAL.

PRAYING MOTHERS.

Samuel, who became a Prophet and a Judge in Israel, was only brought to the Sanctuary, and dedicated to the special service of God by a praying Mother.

Timothy, who was an eminent minister of the New Testament, and exceedingly dear to Paul, and who from a child had known the Holy Scriptures, was blest with both a Praying Mother and a Praying Grandmother.

John the Baptist, who was filled with the Holy Ghost even from his very birth, a greater than whom had never been born of woman, was the son of a Praying Mother.

The pious and excellent *Doddridge* had long

before he could read, been taught the truths of religion by means of Scripture prints on the tiles in the chimney, which were pointed out and explained to him by a Praying Mother.

The Rev. John Newton, who, besides all the other good he accomplished, was instrumental in the conversion of those eminent and useful men, the Rev. Claudius Buchanan, and the Rev. Thomas Scott, was himself brought to Christ by means of truth, which had been taught him in early life by a Praying Mother.

I recently read of a whole family of children in America, who were all in a remarkable manner brought under the influence of the Gospel and of the Holy Spirit. But these children had received the caresses, and been brought up under the care and instruction of a Praying Mother.

A few years ago, the students of a Theological Seminary felt interested in the inquiry, what proportion of their numbers have been favored with godly parents. And it was ascertained, that out of 120 students who were preparing for the sacred ministry, more than 100 were the offspring of Praying Mothers.

And—to mention but one instance more—St. Augustine, that sublime genius, that illustrious father and great luminary of the Church, whose fame filled the whole Christian world in the latter part of the fourth and beginning of the fifth century, was till his 28th year only “a bitterness to her that bore him.” From his own subsequent confession, he was deaf to the voice of conscience, broke away from his moral restraints, and spent his youth amidst the scenes of baseness and corruption. But in all his wanderings, that depraved young man was followed by a Weeping, Praying Mother. Her tears on his account watered the earth, and her prayers went up as incense before God. “It is not possible,” said a certain Bishop in reply to her importunity that he would endeavor to reclaim her son; “good woman, it is not possible that a child of such tears should perish.”

And at length the son himself carried to his praying mother the news of his conversion, and she received “the oil of joy for mourning,” and “the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness.” Not long after, as they were journeying together, she said, “My son, what have I to do here any longer? The only object for which I wished to live was your conversion, and this the Lord has now granted me in an abundant manner.” Five days after, she was seized with a fever, and on the ninth her tears were forever wiped away. And whatever the name and writings of Augustine, the gifted Bishop of Hippo, have been known, there also has been “told for a memorial of her,” the story of the Praying Mother.—*Mother's Magazine.*

NATURAL HISTORY.

MEN OF RARATONGA FRIGHTENED BY PUSS.

The Rev. Mr. Williams, formerly a missionary in the South Sea Islands, states the following circumstance, which strikingly illustrates the former ignorance and superstition of the inhabitants of Raratonga.

A favorite cat had been taken on shore by one of the teacher's wives on our first visit; and not liking his new companions, Tom fled to the mountains. The house of the priest Tiaki, who had just destroyed his idol and turned Christian, was situated at a distance from the settlement; and, at midnight, while he was lying asleep on his mat, his wife, who was sitting by his side, musing upon the strange events of the day, beheld, with consternation, two fires glistening in the door way, and heard with surprise a mysterious voice. Almost petrified with fear, she awoke her husband, and began to upbraid him with his folly for burning his god, who, she declared, was now come to be avenged of them. “Get up and pray, get up and pray,” she cried.

The husband arose, and on opening his eyes, beheld the same glaring lights, and heard the same ominous sound. Impelled by the extreme urgency of the case, he commenced with all possible vehemence, vociferating the alphabet, as a prayer to God to deliver them from the vengeance of satan. On hearing this the cat, as much alarmed as the priest and his wife, of whose nocturnal peace he had been the unconscious disturber, ran away, leaving the poor people congratulating themselves on the efficacy of their prayer.

On a subsequent occasion, puss, in his perambulations, went to the district of the Satanees; and as the marae stood in a retired spot, and was shaded by the rich foliage of trees of ancient growth, Tom, pleased with the situation, and wishing to be found in good company, took up his abode with the gods; and not meeting with any opposition from those within the house, he little expected any from those without.

Some few days after, however, the priest came, accompanied by a number of worshippers, to present some offering to the god, and on opening the door, Tom very respectfully greeted him with a mew. Unaccustomed to such salutations, instead of returning it, he rushed back with terror, shouting to his companions, “Here's a monster from the deep! here's a monster from the deep!” Upon this the whole party hastened home, collected several hundreds of their companions, put on their war caps, brought their spears, clubs, and slings, blackened themselves with charcoal, and thus equipped, came shouting to attack “poor puss.” Affrighted at this formidable array of war, Tom immediately sprang towards the opened door, and darting through the terror stricken warriors, they fled with the greatest precipitation in all directions.

In the evening these brave conspirators against the life of a cat were entertaining themselves and a numerous company of spectators with a dance, when Tom, wishing to see the sport, and bearing no malice, came to take a peep. No sooner did he present himself, than the terrified company fled in consternation; and the heroic warriors of the district again armed themselves, and gave chase to this unfortunate cat. But the “monster of the deep,” being too nimble for them, again escaped their vengeance. Some hours after, when all was quiet, Tom, being disturbed in his residence with the gods, determined unwisely to renew his acquaintance with men; and in the dead of the night, returned to the house, and crept beneath a coverlet, under which a whole family was lying, and there fell asleep. Unfortunately his purring awoke the man under whose cloth he had crawled, and who, supposing that some other “monster” had come to disturb them, closed the door-way, awoke the people of the house, and procured lights to search for the intruder. Poor Tom, fatigued with the two previous engagements of the day, lay quietly asleep, when the warriors, with their clubs and spears, attacked him most valiantly, and thought themselves singularly brave in putting an end to this formidable “monster.”

OBITUARY.

Written for the Youth's Companion.

ELECTA J. VAIL.

Died, at Brainard, Tennessee, August 26th, 1840, Miss Electa J. Vail, aged 19 years; the ninth and last child of Mr. John and Julia Vail, who have labored for more than nineteen years as assistant missionaries among the Cherokees. She was a subject of a revival in the neighborhood during the summer of 1839, conducted by the Baptist and Methodist brethren; she united with the Baptist church, where she adorned her profession and appeared like one ripening for a better world. At the organization of the Presbyterian church at Chattanooga, in the spring of the present year, she presented herself as desirous

of becoming a member and was received. At the time she professed a change of heart, her evidences of piety were clear and satisfactory. For several days previous, she was under deep conviction for sin. But when the Saviour was pleased to manifest himself to her, as the only Saviour of sinners, and speak her pardon, then instantly light broke in upon her soul and a new song was put into her mouth, even praise unto her God. So devoted was she, and so weaned from the world, that some of her friends often remarked, “she was not long for earth.”

From the time of her conversion to that of her last sickness, none, I believe, had aught to speak against her. Her disease was of a bilious character, which terminated her life on the eleventh day. No particular anxiety was manifested by her, as to the issue of her sickness, till about two or three days before she died; from this time to her death she chose “to go and be with Christ.” Her spirit, like a caged bird, longed to take its flight to purer realms above. To her father she observed, “you don't know how much I have thought about dying for some time past—I have lain night after night for weeks, while you were asleep and looked out at my window and gazed at those beautiful stars, and thought it would not be long before I should be beyond them, in that bright world above.” Her father asked her if she thought she should not live. “No father, soon I shall be walking the golden streets, and shall have palms in my hands, and join in singing the song of Moses and the Lamb and see the blessed Jesus.” At times she lay quite insensible to appearance, to things which transpired in her room; arousing a little, she observed, “I see brother.” At another time, she said, “there are my brothers and sisters walking in the room,” and wished her friends to see them—that her soul dwelt on high was evident, and how much the sainted spirits of her dear brothers and sisters were permitted to hover around her sick bed to administer to her comfort, is not known to us. She often observed to those by her side, she saw most beautiful things, and wished others to see them too. When she thought she might not live but a short time, she said, “come father and pray with me, it may be the last time.” She requested prayer and singing; among the hymns of her selection were:

“On Jordan's stormy banks I stand,
And cast a wishful eye,
To Canaan's fair and happy land,
Where my possessions lie.”

At another time—

“When I can read my title clear
To mansions in the skies.”

The day before she died, she requested her father to send for her young friends, that she might see them once more, and warn them to prepare for death. As many as thirteen were present, all professors of religion except three. To one who was not she said: “N—, you were as unwilling to come to the anxious seat as I was, I hope you will look on me and take this for a warning—you must be brought to the same situation.”

She wished to leave her dying testimony with her young friends, that the religion which she professed, was her unspeakable consolation in the trying hour of death. She wished all to attend her funeral that they might be admonished of the uncertainty of life and prepare to meet their Judge. While her room was a room of weeping and anxious solicitude on the part of her friends, it was good to be there and witness the power of that religion, which, in the language of the poet,

“— can make a dying bed,
Feel soft as downy pillows are.”

The thought of her past sickness two years ago, came to her mind, and she exclaimed, “Oh! if I had died at that time—Oh! I shall never forget the night I professed religion. The thought of being made a child of God, an heir of glory,

so filled her raptured soul, that she seemed like flying beyond this vale of tears. Observing her mother weeping, she said, "O mother don't grieve for me, you will not have long to stay, I know it is hard to part with your last child;" and embracing her mother, she said: "Dear mother, it is the last time until the resurrection morning." Turning to her father, she said: "Yes, father, you will bury your last child to-morrow." To her friends, she said, "I know you feel for me, but yours are not the feelings of parents. You cannot feel as they do." At a time when she lay apparently stupid, her father observing, found her repeating, "heaven, heaven, heaven; come Lord Jesus, come quickly." She was sensible when death had commenced his work, and remarked "the cold chill of death has come; I can feel it in my limbs, it is creeping upon me." Being asked if Jesus was precious, she said, "yes, precious, Jesus is precious to my soul." These were nearly the last words she spoke; and when her speech had failed, with a signal, she repeated that her Saviour was precious to her soul.

On the following day her remains were carried to the old Missionary church, where a large collection of youthful friends and neighbors had assembled, and a sermon preached by her Pastor, the Rev. Wm. M. Cunningham, from the 23d psalm, 4th verse, "Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil; for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me."

At the close of the sermon the following hymn was sung, having been selected by her friends. The remains were then carried to the grave yard, and deposited to remain until the morn of the resurrection, when the archangel's voice will be heard, "Awake ye dead and come to Judgment."

Sister, thou wast mild and lovely,
Gentle as the summer breeze,
Pleasant as the air of evening
When it floats among the trees.
Peaceful be thy silent slumber,
Peaceful in the grave so low;
Thou no more wilt join our number,
Thou no more our songs will know.
Dearest sister, thou hast left us,
Here thy loss we deeply feel,
But 'tis God that hath bereft us,
He can all our sorrows heal.
Yet again we hope to meet thee,
When the day of life is fled,
Then in heaven, with joy to greet thee,
Where no farewell tear is shed.

VARIETY.

Youth's Companion better than a Sled.

A little boy in Boston lately had a present of a silver dollar given him to buy a sled—but he was so anxious to obtain the Youth's Companion, that he requested his mother to take it and pay for the little paper for him, that he might have the benefit of reading it every week in the year. A very wise boy that. May he grow wise and good as he grows older.

Children in Africa.

A good missionary, writing about the children where he lived, says, "I have often seen the little black children, with their Bible or Testament, sitting upon a stone at the door of the cottage, and reading the word of life to five or six poor old black people, who have listened with attention to these young ministers of the truth." Little blacks value the Bible; they take it home and read it to their parents, and do much good in this way; we hope our young friends do the same; or, if not, that they will begin to do it immediately.

A Ceylonese Youth.

Many of the children taught in the missionary schools, in Ceylon, are very seriously impressed with divine subjects, and read the Scriptures to their parents in the evenings. In some instances the missionaries have heard the voice of prayer ascending from native huts, as the family within were surrounding the family altar; and in one case, in particular, the service was conducted by

a little boy. The becoming manner in which he was reading a chapter of the New Testament, with an audible voice, collected a number of people round the door of the hut, who, as the missionary was passing, were listening attentively to the little worshipper within; the circumstance seemed to surprise them very much. The missionary says he has, several times, in walking out in the evening, heard the same boy singing his evening hymn. From the mouth of babes and sucklings God will perfect praise.

A Minister's Daughter.

A few days before the death of a pious little girl, her father had been preaching from that beautiful passage in Psalm lxi. 2. "Lead me to the rock that is higher than I." Upon rejoining his afflicted family, the text was mentioned, and an outline of the sermon given, with which she appeared powerfully impressed. Upon the remark being made, that Christ is constantly spoken of both in the Old and New Testaments as a rock, especially in the Psalms, and how delightful it was to the believer, that when placed upon this rock, the storms of life or of death could not remove him, for there he was safe, she seemed to derive much strength and comfort from what had been brought to her notice; and in all the subsequent readings of the Psalms, whenever the rock was spoken of, she stopped her mother, saying, "Here, mamma, is the rock again."

Wilberforce Richmond.

Wilberforce, the son of the late Rev. Legh Richmond, two hours and a half before his death, went to bed and laid his head upon the pillow. His father said, "So he giveth his beloved rest." Wilberforce replied, "Yes, and sweet indeed is the rest which Christ gives." He never awoke from this sleep.

A Little Girl.

The Rev. T. Wills, in his "Spiritual Register," relates, that a friend of his had an only daughter, who was very young, but remarkable for tenderness of spirit, and knowledge of the Scriptures. She was seized with illness, and appeared as though she had expired. While her mother was weeping over her loss, and indulging a fear lest her child should not have entered a world of happiness, the nurse entered the room to which she had retired, saying that the child was not dead. The mother returned, and after awhile the little girl requested to be raised in her bed. This being done, she looked very earnestly at her mother, and said, "Mamma, do you love God?" The mother replied, "Yes, my dear, I trust I do." She then turned to a female Christian friend, who was with her mother, and asked, "Do you love God?" She also replied in the affirmative. The child then turned to the nurse, and proposed the same question; and having done this, said, "I love God! I do love God! Hallelujah! Hallelujah!" and lay down, and instantly died.

A Brother and Sister.

A gentleman had two children, the one a daughter, who was considered plain in her person, the other a son, who was reckoned handsome. One day, as they were playing together, they saw their faces in a looking-glass. The boy was charmed with his beauty, and spoke of it to his sister, who considered his remarks as so many reflections on her want of it. She told her father of the affair, complaining of her brother's rudeness to her. The father, instead of appearing angry, took them both on his knees, and with much affection gave them the following advice:—"I would have you look in the glass every day; you, my son, that you may be reminded never to dishonor the beauty of your face by the deformity of your actions; and you, my daughter, that you may take care to hide the defect of beauty in your person by the superior lustre of your virtuous and amiable conduct."

A Deaf and Dumb Boy.

A man, of a very profligate and immoral character, in the town of Yverdon, in Switzerland, died a few years ago, after a very short illness. A deaf and dumb boy, a pupil in the benevolent establishment of that place for the relief of such afflicted persons, asked the master whether he thought this man had gone to heaven or hell. He answered, that it was impossible for him to say; no man could judge his brother; the decision belonged to the Creator and Master of us all; that although he had been a vicious and irreligious man all his life before, yet, possibly, he might, during his illness, have been awakened at the approach of eternity, to a sense of his sins, and might have repented and turned to God, even at the eleventh hour; that, perhaps, thus he might have at last believed to the saving of his soul, being forgiven of God for Christ's sake, who justifies without works, that no man may boast. "Ah," said the pupil, "I do not

like these *perhapses*; I will have no perhaps in a matter of such moment; I will not leave my salvation to a *perhaps*." Well will it be for him who delays not repentance, but flees in time to the refuge set before him in the gospel. Let us learn wisdom from this deaf and dumb child, who had been but recently taught the existence and nature of a future world.

REMARK.—Whithersoever thou turnest thyself, thou wilt see God meeting thee.—Seneca.

POETRY.

THE BUBBLE.

Little Jack sat astride on the wall, full of pleasure,
As great, and as proud as a king on his throne;
His little heart beat with delight above measure
As though the wide world had indeed been his own.
He thought not of danger, he dreamt not of troubles,
But held his tobacco pipe lightly with care;
With water and soap he was blowing his bubbles,
And oh how delightful they looked in the air!
They floated along, by the wind set in motion,
And then rose another and followed the rest;
They sail'd along just like the ships on the ocean—
At last came the biggest, the brightest, and best.
It rapidly rose, as though proud of its lightness,
And high as the top of the chimney was seen;
It threw back the beams of the sun with its brightness,
And glitter'd with crimson, and purple, and green.
It floated along with a beauty surprising,
And Jack, as he gaz'd, was half wild with delight;
He watch'd it with rapture, now falling, now rising,
And loudly he laughed at the wonderful sight.
But, presently, Jack felt a feeling of trouble;
His face and his heart were o'ershadow'd with gloom,
For, while his stretch'd eye-balls were bent on the bubble,
It enter'd the churchyard and burst o'er a tomb.
"O Jack!" cried his father, who near had been musing,
While lightly the bubbles were sailing around,
"This world is a place of much picking and choosing,
Where pleasure, and trifles, and bubbles abound.
Whate'er be the tale that temptation may tell thee;
Whate'er the desires that thy heart may engage,
Let the little event that has just now befall thee
Be fix'd on thy mind, in thy youth and thy age.
"When young, my heart beat with enjoyment and pleasure
Ay! just like the heart in thy bosom, my son;
And I lov'd to indulge in my moments of leisure,
And blew my air-bubbles as thou hast now done.
My life, as my spirit grew bolder and bolder,
Was tranquil and fair as a bright summer's day,
But it could not last always, and when I got older,
I threw the light playthings of childhood away.
"And then came a thousand temptations to win me,
And promis'd their flow'rets to strew in my road;
How vain were the bright expectations within me!
The things which they promis'd they never bestow'd.
Again I believ'd what they said, and they griev'd me
With fresh disappointment, and humbled my pride;
I trusted once more, and once more they deceived me.
Alas! they were bubbles! I cast them aside.
"The cares of the world, as they went on increasing,
Compell'd me to seek for a guide and a stay,
For the folly and sin of my heart, without ceasing,
Pursued me to lure and to lead me astray.
I wanted a something to cheer and to guide me,
In danger, temptation, and trouble, and gloom,
That would neither deceive, nor desert, nor deride me,
Nor burst, like a bubble, when near to the tomb.
"I found in the Bible, by mercy directed,
A treasure far greater than silver and gold:
A guide and a guard, that my life have protected,
When troubles and sorrows around me have roll'd,
I read, and I felt 'mid my sins and my sadness
A hope and a joy in my bosom arise!
My troubles and sorrows were turn'd into gladness,
And now I look up for a home in the skies.
"Let this book be thy guide in word, deed, and behaviour,
In light and in darkness, whate'er may befall,
O hasten to Christ, thy God and thy Saviour,
And cling to his cross for thy life and thy all.
Do this in thy youth, and thy breast shall be lighter,
In joy and in sorrow, in glare and in gloom!
Thy hope and thy faith in the future be brighter,
And stronger, the nearer they draw to the tomb."
He gaz'd upon Jack at his dangerous station,
And fearful, while looking around he might fall,
He suddenly finished his serious oration,
And smilingly beckon'd him down from the wall.
Little Jack, his tobacco-pipe left, at the token,
Descended with care, and gave over his game;
He ponder'd the words that his father had spoken;
O reader, be wise let thy heart do the same.

YOUTH'S COMPANION.

Published Weekly, by NATHANIEL WILLIS, at the Office of the Boston Recorder, No. 11, Cornhill.—Price, \$1.00 a year in advance; or \$1.25 if not paid in advance.

NO. 40.

BOSTON, FEBRUARY 12, 1841.

VOL. XIV.



INDUSTRY.

"There," exclaimed William, as he walked among the flowers in his father's garden, "I wish these bees were all dead; I don't know what they are made for, unless it is to frighten me. They are always buzzing about all the prettiest roses." These words were uttered in a passionate tone, as William walked idly about the garden, plucking and destroying the fairest flowers. He had learned the little verses, and often repeated them to his mother, which begin with these words:—

"How doth the little busy bee,
Improve each shining hour;
And gather honey all the day,
From every opening flower."

But he did not think of them at this time; nor did he consider that these bees were busy at their work, or very industrious while he was wasting his time. A few months after this, my little readers might have seen William with a large piece of honey comb in his hand. As he swallowed this delicious food, and cast his eye towards the large quantity taken from the hive, he cried out, "Why, father, where did you get so much?" "The little bees made it, my son," replied his father. "What, all of it?" "Yes." "Do you see all these little cells made of wax, and that each one is filled with pure honey? These little creatures are not useless or idle, as you think. They have not been playing about on the flowers all summer. They have been very busy each day, beginning early and working late, going and returning to the hive with their little loads of honey. In this way by doing a little each hour, they have laid up all this food for the long winter, when there are no flowers, and when they cannot fly about." William paid more attention to his good eating than to his father's remark. He was like many children, who see their barns filled with hay and grain, and their house stored with provisions, but never think how much labor has been bestowed to gain these good things.

At another time William was walking in the pasture with his father, when he came upon a large heap where he saw a multitude of little ants. "What are these creatures doing, father?" said he. "You see," said his father, "every one of them is very industriously employed in building their house. You see how slow they move that little straw, yet they have made a large heap of these small pieces. I wish my son was as industrious as the ant, and would be as busy with his book, or school, or work, and he turned away, saying, "I don't see how they can make such great heaps."

Perhaps my young readers have seen the same that William did. But in this cut they will see

some curious piles different from any in this country. They are the houses of the white ants which live in Africa and South America. They form large communities, build their houses ten or twelve feet high, and divide them into many little rooms. They cement their walls and make them so strong that they will bear the weight of four men standing upon them. You see how much larger and stronger these are than the little "ant heaps," which you could brush away with your foot. Do you ask, like William, how these creatures can do this great work? They do it by their industry. They do one thing at a time. They do a little every hour in every day. They all work together, and what one cannot do alone, the others help him do. In this way they make their great house and lay up their food in the summer. How many idle parents and children, this cold month, have no good house to shelter them, and no food to eat. If any of my readers are like William, and are more pleased to look at this picture than to read the story or get their lesson, I wish they would learn these words, from the 6th chapter of Proverbs:—"Go to the ant, thou sluggard; consider her ways, and be wise; which having no guide, overseer, or ruler, provideth her meat in the summer and gathereth her food in the harvest." Here is an example for you. If you would do great things, you must begin by doing many little things. If you want to get a great deal of knowledge, you must be industrious and get a little each day. Perhaps you have a lesson of seven verses to get for next Sabbath; if you put it off till Saturday, you will say "I can't learn it." But if you will do like the ant, you will begin, and get one verse each day. How easy! If you would learn from the ant, you will help your little sister get her verse. If I should ask you to read the Bible through next year, you might say you cannot, as it is a large book. But you can do it as the ant does things. Begin the first day of January and read five chapters every Sabbath, and three every other day in the week, and it will be done on the last day of the year. It is a great work, but easily done by industry. You could not read the Treasury once. You began and learned A, then B, &c. now you can read well. This you have done by industry. The bee brings into the hive but a very little mite of honey at a time, yet by laying up a little every week, it makes a large quantity. The little boy who earns only one cent a week, will lay up enough in a year to pay for the Treasury.

Children, you have a great many good things to do while you live. You must begin now. You ought to love and serve God every day. The Saviour says, "Lay up for yourselves treasures in Heaven." Think

"The little ants, for one poor grain,
Labor, and tug, and strive;
Yet we who have a Heaven to obtain,
How negligent we live." [S. S. Treasury.]

NARRATIVE.

OLD HUMPHREY ON SPIDERS.

Though old age be not heralded by a flourish of trumpets, and an audible proclamation, yet is there not wanted a goodly troop of signs and symbols to announce its approach. A stiffness in the limbs, a sluggishness in the gait, an unwonted love of quietness and repose, are all silent monitors of approaching years. Then, again, the mote in the eye, the cramp in the leg, the twinge in the back, the twitch at the pit of

the stomach, a disposition to sit when once seated, and an indisposition to pick up any thing from the ground; all these things tell a tale to those whom it most concerns.

I suppose it is the case with most old men, that the heat of summer is pleasant to them; the warm current of the heart does not circulate through the veins so rapidly as it used to do. Sometimes I walk in the full blaze of the mid-day sun, without feeling overcome by it. It was not so a few years ago, for then the sun soon brought the briny dew upon my brow. I shrank from the shine, and sought the shade, taking off my hat, and loosening my neckcloth. Yes, yes; I am getting older; I am getting older!

Oftentimes have I alluded to my love of natural scenery. There is enjoyment, and much of it too, in the crowded city, that a man of a quiet and reflective spirit may lawfully indulge in; but give me the mountain and the moor, the woods and the waterfalls, the fields and the foliage, fanned by the free air of heaven. Give me natural scenery, when my object is merely enjoyment.

How pleasant it is to ramble on a summer's day, taking in at a view the extended prospect; and then to concentrate our attention on the minuter objects around us! I love to observe the movements of the insect world; to watch the bee, as he buries himself in the cup of a flower; to follow with my eye the labors of the accumulating ant, and to speculate on the pursuit of the "shorred beetle," as, with the sunshine glittering on his dark and glossy coat of mail, he hurries across my path.

But still more do I love to bend over a spider's web, while the industrious insect weaves his filmy lines. The more I gaze, the more am I puzzled by the ease, the rapidity, the untiring perseverance, and the absence of hesitation exhibited by the spider in all his movements. What a piece of work does man make about building himself a dwelling; while the poor spider is his own architect, builder, mason, and carpenter! He has no neighbor to consult, no plan laid down for him, no assistance rendered him; yet, all alone as he is, he sets to work like one that has an object in view, and knows how to attain it.

Spiders are very numerous; ten thousand times ten thousand must be actively employed to form the countless webs, that in a misty morning are made visible to the eye. But while the weaving spider is at work, to procure himself food, other spiders are pursuing the same object in a different way. The leaping spider is springing on his prey; the lurking spider is ensconced beneath the sere leaf and the rugged stone, on the watch for his opportunity to satisfy his hunger; the water spider skims along the surface of the quiet pond; the hunting spider tires down the insect he pursues; and the diving spider seeks the bottom of the shallow brook that he may break his fast.

The other day, after indulging for some time my favorite recreation among the insect tribe, my lip curled with a smile of surprise and conscious superiority, as I looked on a tub, placed at the corner of an outbuilding, beneath a wooden spout, to collect rain-water for domestic uses; for a silly spider had woven its web across the mouth of the tub, exactly underneath the spout. The water pouring from the spout when the first shower of rain came, would in a moment sweep away the insect's workmanship. Why, my smile of surprise was a compliment to the whole race

of spiders, for it implied that a silly spider was a thing not frequently seen.

Are the wisest plans and best executed projects among men more secure than those of the spider? Even before the spider's web is washed away from the water tub, we may be swept away from the world. How was it that I felt surprise at the little insect's lack of wisdom? Has a world that finds room for so many foolish men, no space in it for a foolish spider? I will uphold it, that where you find one error among the insect world, you will find two among mankind.

This thought, in some degree, corrected me; I ceased to smile at the ignorance shown by the spider in his choice of a dwelling place, and gazed curiously on his fragile web, which resembled the rigging of a distant ship. "Ay, ay," thought I, "our ancient ship builders were indebted not a little to the spider."

"What! compare a spider's web with the rigging of a man of war!" you will say; but no, believe me, I meant not to do the spider such injustice. Man's proudest workmanship will not bear such a comparison.

The rope spinner has only to twist together a few lines of hemp to make the cord he requires, while the thread of a spider is composed of at least a thousand lines. Man has implements of all kinds to assist him in his operations; but the spider has only the claws of his feet. The spider stretches his filmy lines without the knowledge of science; yet, strong and elastic, they are arranged without ugly knots and awkward splittings. A spider's web is a piece of perfection that man would fail to emulate.

The sailor goes aloft amid the roaring tempest, in perilous situations, holding on by a rope, where the head of the landsman would grow dizzy, and his slackened hand give up the hold that kept him from destruction; but we cannot compare the dexterity of the sailor to that of the spider. See the adventurous insect floating on his thread in the air, passing from tree to tree, and safely descending from a thousand times his own height to the ground.

The patient perseverance of the spider is wonderful. Let accident or design sweep away every vestige of his dwelling place, he is not discouraged. In some new situation will soon be seen, damp with the morning dew, or glittering in the sunbeam, his newly erected habitation. Solomon directed the attention of the slothful to the industry of the ant; and the desponding may learn a lesson from the spider.

You may remember, it is said of King Robert Bruce, that in his adversity he was so encouraged by the perseverance of a spider, as to take heart, and make a successful stand against his enemies, overcoming those, who before had conquered him. If Bruce gathered instruction from the spider, why may not we?

But enough of spiders. The animal and the insect world are known by their habits, let us be known by ours. The fox is proverbial for his cunning, the hyena for his ferocity, the ant for her industry, and the spider for his skill and perseverance. Let Christians be as well known, then, among mankind for every good word and work, for thoughts of kindness and for deeds of love.

RELIGION.

FEED MY LAMBS.

[Continued from page 154.]

But, secondly, there is other food for the lambs, besides this which is the principal food. There is the instruction of your parents and school-masters and mistresses, and of the ladies and gentlemen who teach in different schools. Now, what is all this, but Christ feeding his lambs. These teachers take the word of God and break it into small portions, that the child may understand it and remember it, just as the shepherd leads the

lambs to the best places of the pastures, because they are tender and heedless and cannot find food for themselves.

Then, thirdly, there is the *public prayers and preaching of God's word on a Sunday*. Every day the lambs are to be fed, but Sunday is more particularly the day for feeding them. On Sunday the good child will look out the lessons before he comes to church, and will try to follow the minister as he reads them, and will try to understand the prayers of the church. And when the sermon is preached, he will try to remember the text and some particulars of the sermon.

And, last of all, when these lambs are grown up, they are brought to the *table of the Lord*; at this sacrament there is the body and blood of Christ prepared for Christ's flock to feed them and nourish them to everlasting life.

Thus I have shown you three things. First, who is the shepherd of the flock; Secondly, who are the lambs of the flock; and Thirdly, what food is prepared for them.

Now, I think, there are three sorts of children in this church to-day; and I would say a word to each of them, in applying what I have already been talking about.

First, I would speak to those *who are already Christ's lambs*; and to them I would say, obey and love your shepherd Jesus Christ, pray to him to give you more and more of his grace in your hearts, that you may daily know him more and serve him better. Avoid the company of wicked children. If there is a boy or girl in the school who is wicked, who tells lies, who is quarrelsome, and uses bad words, *avoid him, pass not by him, avoid him, and turn away*. All who would be lambs of Christ's flock, must keep away from children who neglect Christ and their souls. You must expect too, if you are a lamb of Christ's flock, that naughty children will sometimes laugh at you; if there is a very good boy in a school he will be sure almost to be laughed at and called by some names of reproach; this may seem strange, but I speak from my own knowledge and information that this is often the case. Now, though the laughter and jeer of a child would be nothing to a man, it is very hard for a child to bear; and therefore I would tell good children to be prepared for this, that they may fly, like lambs, to the shepherd to protect them and to teach them to bear it, that they may not be ashamed of Christ, and be led away from him.

But, secondly, there may be some here, who, though they have not hitherto been the lambs of Christ's flock, yet *are desiring to become so*. To these I would speak a word. Is there any little child before me who has this thought in his heart? Oh! that I was one of the lambs of Christ's flock; I should like to be good and belong to Jesus Christ; I know I must die, and unless I am a lamb of Christ before I die, I must go to hell—but I have tried to be good, and I find I cannot be so—I find such a dislike in my heart to being so good. Now, my dear child, this is just what I told you before, that you have by nature a hard, wicked, naughty heart, which must be softened and changed by the Spirit of God; but every child who desires to be a lamb of Christ's flock, and prays to Christ, to every such child Christ will give a new heart. Therefore, if any little child desires to be a true follower of Christ, let him go home from church to-day and fall on his knees, and pray that Jesus Christ will give him another heart, and will teach him how to be good, and will make him a real Christian, and teach him how to do his duty; and then let him use the means of grace, and God will bless him.

WHEN WILL YOU LOVE GOD.

One Sabbath morning I had been talking to a class at the Sunday School, about the love of God in giving up his only Son to die for us.

The children were very attentive; at length I said, "Since God has shown so much love for us, ought we not to love him in return?" I waited for an answer, but no one replied. I then turned to one little girl, and said, "what do you think about it, Fanny?"

"I cannot love God *now*," was her reply.

"Cannot love him, my dear!" I said; "why cannot you? God gave Jesus to die for you; and besides this, it is he that gives you your friends, your food, clothing, and every other blessing you receive; and, if I am not very much mistaken, you love your mother in return for her kindness to you, and why cannot you love God in return for his kindness?"

"I cannot love him *now*, teacher," the little girl replied.

"And why not *now*?" I asked. "If you cannot *now*, when will you love him?"

"I will love him when I get to heaven, teacher," said Fanny.

"But nay, dear child, if you do not love him *now*, do you think God will take you to heaven! O no! you must love him *now*, and thus when you get to heaven, you will love him much more."

"And when, my dear, will *you* love God?" said I, turning to another little girl.

"Oh! teacher," said the little girl, and the tears started into her eyes, "I do love him a little *now*, but I want to love him more."

"And what must you do if you want to love him more?"

"I must pray to God to help me, ma'am."

"Yes," I replied, "and he will help you; he delights in the prayers even of a child, and he will hear your prayers, if you pray in sincerity."

I then turned to another and said, "when will you love God, Emma?"

"I love him *now*, teacher; and thus when I die, I shall go to heaven; and shall see little William; for mother says that he is gone to heaven."

I had no time to reply, for the signal was now given to close the school; but as I was collecting the books, Fanny said, "I will love God *now*, teacher, and pray to him to help me."

"Do pray to him," I replied, "and he will help you."

And now, my young readers, I will put the same question to you—"When will *you* love God?" Do not put it off, and think you cannot love him *now*, for you have great cause to love him. If you had committed a crime for which you were to be severely punished, and one came forward and begged to take the punishment which was due to you upon himself, would you not love him in return? would you not fear to offend him? How much more then ought you to love God, seeing that he has given up his only Son to die to save you from the punishment which was due to you for your sins! O, for such love to guilty sinners, can you do less than to love him in return? Give him your heart; seek to please him *now*; and when you die you will go to heaven, and love him forever.

[London Child's Companion.]

MORALITY.

FILIAL AFFECTON.

Gustavus III. King of Sweden, passing one morning on horseback through a village in the neighborhood of his capital, observed a young peasant girl of interesting appearance drawing water at a fountain by the way side. He went up to her, and asked her for a draught. Without delay, she lifted her pitcher, and with artless simplicity put it to the lips of the monarch. Having satisfied his thirst and courteously thanked his benefactress, he said;

"My girl if you would accompany me to Stockholm, I would endeavor to fix you in a more agreeable situation."

"Ah Sir," replied she, "I cannot accept your

proposal. I am not anxious to rise above the state of life in which the providence of God has placed me; but even if I were, I could not for an instant hesitate."

"And why," rejoined the king, somewhat surprised.

"Because," answered the girl coloring, "my mother is poor and sickly, and has no one but me to assist or comfort her under her many afflictions; and no earthly bribe could induce me to leave her, or to neglect to discharge the duties affection requires of me."

"Where is your mother?" enquired the monarch.

"In that little cabin," replied the girl, pointing to a wretched hovel, beside her.

The king whose feelings were interested in favor of his companion, went in, and beheld stretched on a bedstead, whose only covering was a little straw, an aged female weighed down with years, and sinking under infirmities. Moved at the sight the monarch addressed her—"I am sorry, my poor woman, to find you in so destitute and afflicted a condition."

"Alas, Sir," answered the venerable sufferer, "I should need to be pitied, had I not that kind and attentive girl, who labors to support me, and omits nothing she thinks can afford me relief. May a gracious God remember it to her for good," she added, wiping away her tears.

Never, perhaps, was Gustavus more sensible, than at that moment, of the pleasure of possessing an exalted station. The gratification arising from the consciousness of having it in his power to assist a suffering fellow creature, almost overpowered him; and putting a purse into the hand of the young villager, he could only say, continue to take care of your mother; I shall soon enable you to do so more effectually. Good-bye, my amiable girl, you may depend on the promise of your king."

On his return to Stockholm, Gustavus settled a pension for life on the mother, with the reversion to the daughter on her death.

[London Weekly Visitor.]

THE NURSERY.

Written for the Youth's Companion.

CONVERSATION WITH EDWARD.

"I find, my son, by the mark you keep in your Bible, that you have just finished reading about the character of Hezekiah, as it is recorded in the book of Chronicles. It was my wish, you know, when you commenced reading this blessed book in course, that you should not only acquire a *knowledge* of it as a true history of events, but an *understanding* of those parts which relate to the *moral* character of the various distinguished persons of whom you might read. It would be very pleasant to me, and I trust profitable to yourself, if you should write from memory every Sabbath what you can recollect of some character. This method would impress the subject more deeply upon your mind than any remarks which your parents or others could make. Besides this, if you were to be taken early in life from this world, it would be a sweet memorial to surviving friends to know you had pondered these subjects, and perhaps resolved to imitate the good traits of character you had thus contemplated. I do not expect you will write much, but only about what appears to you the most excellent, and then compare it with your own character. Now just let me hear what you can remember about Hezekiah."

"Oh, mother, I cannot recollect much about what I read in the Bible. It is so full of the names of people, of cities, of wars and everything, I am glad when I get through my chapters. But as you promised me a present if I would read three chapters every week day, and five upon the Sabbath, I mean to do it, and read it all before the year is out. Sometimes I read twenty chapters upon the Sabbath, and

then I need not read any again for five days."

"Is this manner of reading the Bible complying with my conditions? Oh Edward, how plainly your expressions show, that you do not believe the Bible to be the word of the Almighty God! Did you believe this, you could not thus hurry over so many chapters merely as a task to be performed, or from the expectation of receiving a present from me."

"Yes, mother, I do believe it is the word of God—you have often said it was. But I cannot realize it."

"In regard, my dear child, to your not realizing it, I am afraid it is because you have in you 'an evil heart of unbelief.' Nay, that you do not wish it to be all true. We will now converse a little about Hezekiah, and see how much you can remember concerning him which was praiseworthy."

"I know he was a king, and the people were obliged to obey him. I think he was a good man, because he destroyed idols, and prayed."

"True, Hezekiah was a king, and therefore it belonged to him to rule. His subjects had great cause for thankfulness that a ruler was placed over them who restored to them so many privileges pertaining to religious duty. But he was more than a king—he was a servant of God! Whilst he loved God he delighted in doing those things which he knew to be right. Many proofs of his goodness are found in this account—his destroying the idols which wicked men had set up—his cleansing the house of God and fitting it for public worship—and his love of prayer. During the whole period of his being a king, we find much to excite our admiration and respect. When you come to the book of Isaiah, you will meet a further description of him which I will then endeavor to explain. You have said he prayed. I think there is no trait in his character so conspicuous, as his great confidence in God. In this feeling was his strength. He realized that 'power belongeth unto God'—and that all help cometh only from Him. In every trial—and he had many trials—we behold Hezekiah in deep humility going to the Throne of Mercy." N. B.

BENEVOLENCE.

JUVENILE BENEVOLENCE.

How frequently do we hear little boys and girls, possessed of affectionate hearts, exclaiming "when I get older, I will do such and such things for my mother or father, or other dear friends." These little ones are not aware how much they can do already, to cheer the hearts of those who fondly love them. Yes, my dear young friends, I have known a tender hearted prattler of two or three years give continual solace to a mother and another dear female friend, when in distress. He would come up to them and fix his full, hazel eye on theirs, as if to read what made them so sad, and then while one plump little arm gently twined the neck, with the other he would softly stroke the cheek of her he loved, whispering at the same time in soft tones of affection, "dear mother, how I love you."

But my young reader perhaps cannot be satisfied with these proofs of kindness, and wishes to be able to do something more effectually to serve his friends. Listen to me then, and I will tell you of a dear child whom I knew and fondly loved, and who learned when a little boy to be useful to a beloved mother, and charitable to the poor and afflicted, and I can assure you, that in the instances which I am going to relate, he acted under his own impulses, and was not directed by others.

At the time of which I speak, he was residing at a large seaport town in New England, his father being connected as an officer with the naval station of the government, at that place. One

day while walking with his father, the latter proposed playfully, that the little boy should become the owner of a fine little pig, on condition that he should feed it and attend to it himself; he was also told, that if the animal improved and fattened properly, it should be appraised at its fair value in the autumn and the money paid to the child. The proposal was joyfully acceded to, and so faithfully did the young proprietor fulfil his stipulation, that when slaughtered the hog proved to be worth five dollars.

I was on a visit in the family at the time, and watched with some anxiety the issue of the business, fearing somewhat lest my young favorite might be getting a little avaricious, so anxious had he appeared to know the price of pork on that occasion. Judge then of my gratification and still more of the pleasure of his fond mother, when a day or two after, he presented her with an article of furniture, the counterpart of which had been broken a short time before, by a careless servant, and the loss of which had been much regretted by her mistress, as essential to the comfort of the family. The purchase had nearly drained the little boy's purse, but he seemed to feel no concern on that account, and only rejoiced at having been able to buy the article for his dear parent.

There was at the same period, a poor Irish woman, whose case had much engaged the sympathetic feelings of my friends. Her husband had been a sailor in the navy yard of the town, and had gone off unceremoniously, leaving his wife and poor babe utterly penniless. My friend and her husband exerted themselves warmly for the poor woman, and were the means of securing for her a room, and the washing of several gentlemen. But the poor little babe like many of its age, was fretful and troublesome, and engaged a good deal of its poor mother's time, which was her most precious treasure. But this peevish little one was the means of bringing out some beautiful traits in my young friend's character, which were for a long time unknown even to his family. The child attended school, at a considerable distance from his father's house, so far indeed, as to preclude his return home between schools, and on that account he took his dinner daily with him. Hearing that the widow's store was often low, he would not unfrequently present her with a portion of his dinner; and finding how her cross babe interfered with her labors, he actually made a habit of constantly going at his leisure hours to tend the crying, dirty babe, whose appearance indicated its mother's poverty, and this piece of self-denial was not the only one practised towards the poor Irish widow.

The river which passed by the town, carried down in its rapid autumnal and spring currents, much broken timber; this the noble hearted boy eagerly collected, and in his own barrow carried it to the humble cottage, and in such abundance, as to save the occupant the expense of buying fuel.

I must not forget to state that this child had by nature, an exceeding sensitiveness to ridicule, and he had some schoolmates who would be not sparing of it, when hearing of these little incidents. But he was enabled to get the victory over this weakness, and to go on, in his truly charitable work.

Years have passed by since that time and that dear boy, has grown into manhood, and he has been the stay and comfort of his own beloved mother under the sorrows of widowhood and literally her crown of rejoicing. Go and do likewise my young reader, and thus become to your family and friends, a blessing.—*Episcopal Obs.*

Two Cousins.

Two little girls, who were cousins, being at play, began to quarrel; but presently one of them, who was in general a very good child, said to her cousin, "Do we not know that Jesus Christ died for us; why then should we fall out?"

EDITORIAL.

THE WALLET.

Fanny Carlton came into the room where were her brothers George and Charles, holding her hands behind her and saying,

"Who's lost, I've found
Silver money on the ground,
'Tisn't black, tisn't blue,
'Tisn't worth an old shoe."

"What is it, let me see," cried both the boys running to her at once.

"I hope it's my wallet, that I lost so long ago," said George.

Fanny held up to view an old leather wallet, tied with a red string, and looking as if it must own its value, if it had any, to its contents.

"My wallet, I declare!" said George; where can it have been all this time? where did you find it, Fanny?"

"Your wallet?" said Charles, "mine, you mean; I had it yesterday."

"Well, if you did have it yesterday, it isn't yours," replied George; "for any body can see that it's the one cousin John gave me long ago, and I have not seen it this fortnight."

"Well, it's mine now, at any rate," persisted Charles; "for I found it in the yard."

"Now Fanny, did you ever hear any thing like that?" said George. "Just as if his finding it made it his!"

Fanny saw that there was danger of a quarrel, and with her usual ingenuity and good humor interfered to prevent it.

"Come," said she laughing; "I see how it will be; I shall have to settle the dispute as the monkey did in the fable."

"How was that?" asked both the boys.

"Why, you see there were two cats who had found a piece of cheese, and not being able to agree about the division of it, they concluded to refer the matter to a monkey in the neighborhood. The monkey very gravely divided the cheese into two parts, and then pronounced one to be a little the largest. To make them equal, he said he would eat a piece from the largest, and after doing so he found it to be the smallest, so that the other required a similar operation. Thus he went on eating first from one piece and then from the other, till they were both gone, and the cats had to do without!"

George laughed at this story, but Charles looked as if his sense of justice was not satisfied.

After a moment's silence, he said, "But you could not eat up a wallet, Fanny."

"No, but I could keep it," said Fanny with a roguish look.

"Well, come let her be the judge, George; I will do just as she says."

"Very well," said George, "I know what she will say. Come Fanny."

"You both promise to abide by my decision, and to be pleasant about it?"

"Yes," said both of them.

"Well, then I think it belongs to George, undoubtedly. Your finding it, Charles, did not make it yours, for you knew whose it was, and you ought to have given it to him."

Charles looked a little disconcerted, but remembering his promise he said,

"Well, give it to him then; I'm willing."

Fanny did so; and George was much pleased at the recovery of his property. Charles speedily recovered his good humor, and they resumed their play. L.

VARIETY.

Little Henry.

Little Henry, when six years of age, was one Sunday reading a little book, the leaves of which became all loose. "O dear," said little Henry, "what must I do? my book has come to pieces!" "Would it be right, do you think," said his mother, "for me to get a needle and thread and stitch it again to-day?" "O no," said Hen-

ry. "Might you not pin it together till to-morrow?" said his father. The little boy looked as if he hardly thought it was quite right even to pin his book on the holy Sabbath. "Why," continued his father, "your mother pins her gown on a Sunday; where then is the wrong of pinning your book?" "I don't know," said little Henry; "but you know she can't do without pinning her gown on a Sunday, but I could do without pinning my book till Monday."

Illustration for Children.

I once saw a preacher trying to teach the children that *the soul would live after they were all dead*. They listened, but evidently did not understand it. He was too abstract. Snatching his watch from his pocket he says, "James, what is this I hold in my hand?"

"A watch, sir," "a little clock," says another.

"Do you all see it?"

"Yes, sir."

"How do you know it is a watch?"

"It ticks, sir."

"Very well, can any of you hear it tick? All listen now." After a pause—"Yes, sir, we hear it." He then took off the case, and held the case in one hand, and the watch in the other.

"Now, children, which is the watch?—you see there are two which look like watches?"

"The little one—in your right hand, sir."

"Very well, again; now I will lay the case aside, put it away down there in my hat. Now let us see if you can hear the watch tick?"

"Yes sir, we hear it," exclaimed several voices.

"Well, the watch can tick, and go, and keep time, you see, when the case is taken off and put in my hat. The watch goes just as well. So it is with you children. Your body is nothing but the case; the soul is inside. The case—the body may be taken off and buried up in the ground, and the soul will live and think, just as well as this watch will go, as you see, when the case is off."

The Generous Neighbor.

A fire having broken out in a village of Denmark, one of the inhabitants, a poor man, was very active in affording assistance; but every endeavor to extinguish the flames was in vain. At length he was told that his own house was in danger, and that if he wished to save his furniture not a moment was to be lost. "There is something more precious," replied he, "that I must first save. My poor sick neighbor is not able to save himself; he will be lost if I do not assist him; I am sure he relies on me." He flew to his neighbor's house, rushed at once at the hazard of his life through the flames and conveyed the sick man in his arms to a place of safety. A society at Copenhagen showed their approbation of his conduct by presenting him with a silver cup filled with Danish crowns.

A Talkative Young Lady.

The late Rev. John Berridge was once visited by a very talkative young lady, who engrossed all the conversation in speaking of mere trifles. When she rose to retire, he said, "Madam, I have one piece of advice to offer you; when you go into company again, after you have talked half an hour without intermission, stop awhile, and see if any one of the company has anything to say."

Two School Fellows.

At a boarding school, in the vicinity of London, a Miss —, one of the scholars, was remarkable for repeating her lessons well; a school-fellow, rather idly inclined, said to her one day, "How is it that you always say your lessons so perfectly?" She replied, "I always pray that I may say my lessons well." "Do you?" said the other; "well, then, I will pray too;" but, alas! the next morning she could not even repeat a word of her usual task. Very much confounded she ran to her friend, and reproached her as having been deceitful; "I prayed," says she, "but I could not say a single word of my lesson." "Perhaps," rejoined the other, "you took no pains to learn it!" "Learn it! learn it!" answered the first, "I did not learn it at all. I thought I had no occasion to learn it, when I prayed that I might say it." Let the young reader remember that prayer and diligence should be combined in all their studies.

A Patient Sufferer.

There was a little boy who was so crippled that he could not open his Bible, which he had always before him. A gentleman asked him why he was so fond of reading it. "I like to read the Bible," said he, "because it tells me of Jesus Christ." "Do you think you have believed on Jesus Christ?" "Yes, I do." "What makes you think so?" "Because he enables me to suffer my afflictions patiently."

THE SOLITARY ROBIN IN WINTER.

"See that beautiful robin on the snow," said little Mary, as she looked out of the window one cold day in December. "I wish I knew what had become of its mate."

Mary lived in Pennsylvania. Her father was a kind man. He loved all human beings, and he taught Mary not to despise any on account of their poverty, or their ignorance, or for any other cause.

"God has taken care of the robin all summer," said the kind man. "Can you repeat the beautiful text which describes his care of all his great family of living creatures?"

Mary. O yes, papa, "Thou openest thine hand and satisfiest the desire of every living thing."—Ps. cxiv. 16.

Father. That is a lovely picture of God's benevolence. He has fed the robin with seeds and insects; but now they are all covered up, and the robin has been sent to us.

Mary. Who sent it?

Father. God gave it an instinct which prompts it to seek food where it may be found, and as the fields are now so barren to her, hunger has overcome her fear of man, and she has ventured near our door. If she could tell us her story, perhaps it would be more interesting than many of the sentimental novels which are sought so eagerly.

Mary. I wish she could tell it.

Father. As that is impossible, perhaps we cannot use our imagination better this morning than in trying to tell it for her. But I will write it down, and while I am doing so, you may imitate God's benevolence, by feeding the robin.

Mary. Yes, father, I will open my hand and satisfy her desire.

"Is this story true?" many young readers will anxiously inquire. It is true that a robin came near the house of a kind man, one cold winter morning, and was fed by his little daughter, till she became so bold that she would fly into the open widow.

I have written the above conversation, in hopes to win all my little readers to the same benevolence, that they may enjoy the happiness of this kind little girl. It is a pleasing thought that they will thus share the infinite joy of our merciful Father in heaven.

POETRY.

From the Watchman.

LITTLE GEORGE.

George was a lovely boy,
His mother loved him well,
And often took him on her knee,
To teach him how to spell.

George was a pretty boy—
He could most sweetly talk—
His mother dress'd him in a cap,
And took him out to walk.

George loved a pleasant day,
The bright and pleasant sun,
And after boy or butterfly,
He would most briskly run.

George loved a little stick
To flourish in his hand,
To walk, like a big gentleman,
Or like a major stand.

And when undressed for bed,
In frolic mood so gay,
He still would kneel at mother's side,
His little prayer to say.

George was a lovely boy,
His mother loved him well,
And often took him on her knee,
Of absent 'pa to tell.

The rose was on his cheek,
The light was in his eye,
And little thought his mother dear,
He was about to die.

But like a lovely flower
That's snapp'd from off its stem,
His father and his mother wept,
That he was torn from them.

God loves a little child,
The pious ones he's given,
And often bids them "Come away!"
For him to love in heaven.

CHILDREN'S EVENING HYMN.

Great God! we thank thee for this day,
And all its mercies given;
O may the blessings we've received,
Direct our souls to heaven.
O Lord! watch o'er us through this night,
Be thou our Guardian near,
And keep us safe till morning light,
Without a thought of fear.
Through all life's dark and stormy way,
Our kind protector be,
And when we die, may we ascend
To dwell in heaven with thee.



THE LIGHT.

Those of my young readers who live on the sea coast, or those who have sailed on the dark blue ocean, have seen along on the shore, or upon some island as they have entered a harbor, a light-house. They are built high above the sea, and on their tops are very large glass lanterns, in which lamps are kept burning all night, so that the sailors can see them when many miles out at sea. They are sometimes built on large rocks, some miles from the main land, which are almost covered by the water, and often entirely covered, so that sailors cannot see them. These lights are erected to warn vessels of those dangerous places, where they would be dashed to pieces, and to guide them in the safe channel when coming into the harbor. In this cut such a light is represented. It is built upon the dangerous rocks where many lives have been lost. You see how the angry waves dash upon it, and leap up its sides high above its top. Many poor sailors are absent from their homes for years. Oh, how glad they are to see this light, when they are sailing towards their homes, where they may see their little children and friends. This tells them that there is danger, and they must keep away from it. It is the star to guide them when all other stars are covered by the dark clouds, and when the angry storm threatens to destroy them. How many would find a grave in the cold waters this winter month, did not some bright light shine above the troubled waters.

Dear reader, you are on a voyage like the sailor. You are on your way to another world. You are in a dark world. There are many dangers before you, and all around you, and there is only one straight, narrow way in which you can be safe, or ever reach a better world. Many storms will overtake you, beat upon you, and drive you toward the rocks of death. But have you no light to point out all the dangers, and to guide you in the right way? Yes, it has been before you ever since you started. Your parents and Sabbath School teachers have pointed you to it every week since you have been old

enough to see it. Do you ask what it is? It is the Bible. Your heavenly Father placed it here, as "a lamp to your feet, and a light to your path." Wherever there is any danger, this exhibits a bright light. It shows sinful children more dangers than all the light houses on the globe. There is not a dangerous spot where you may not see a light. Some have shut their eyes and would not see it, and have been lost forever; they have lost their souls. I might call one of these rocks, deception and lying. You have heard of two destroyed here, Ananias and Sapphira. Here is a light set up to warn you. Noah and his family rode in safety upon the mighty waters, while a world sunk in death because they would not, like Noah, look at the light, or listen to God's words. So sunk and perished Sodom, while Lot took warning and was saved.

Here is a beacon to warn the children of a city and of a world. Every dram-shop in the land is like a rock of death. How many poor children have been obliged to stand and see their father or mother die here in the most awful manner. There is a light set up near by each of them. Have you seen it, reader? No drunkard can inherit the kingdom of heaven. Suppose you are walking in the street, and just before you are four or five wicked, profane boys. As you come near, you hear their awful oaths. This road should alarm you, like the roar of the angry water on the concealed rocks. Escape, you are in danger. There is a light over that spot: "Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain." Perhaps it is the Sabbath when they stand there—approach no nearer to them, there is a light to warn you: "Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy," &c. Children, look well to your ways, lest you lose your soul. Be glad when you see the lights, let them guide you to heaven and eternal rest. Begin this year by being more watchful than you have ever been. Be thankful that your parents, ministers, and teachers are all sailing with you, and be careful to fix your eye on every light which they point out to you.

"How precious is the book divine,
By inspiration given!
Bright as a lamp its doctrines shine,
To guide our souls to Heaven.
This lamp, through all the tedious night
Of life, shall guide our way."—S. S. Treasury.

NARRATIVE.

TESTIMONY.

Rollo found Jonas one morning standing by a chopping-block, in one corner of the yard, and splitting up a short piece of board into small sticks with an axe.

"What are you making, Jonas?" said Rollo.

"A parcel of little stakes," said Jonas.

"What are they for?" asked Rollo, as he came up to where Jonas was standing.

Jonas had finished splitting up the board by this time, and he gathered the pieces all together, and laid them in a pile, upon one side of the chopping-block. Then he began to take them up one by one, and sharpen the ends a little.

"They are to measure land with," said Jonas.

"Measure land with these little stakes?" said Rollo, taking up one of them, and looking at it.

"How do you do it?"

"O, you'll see, if you go with us," said Jonas.

"Us?" repeated Rollo; "who is going with you to measure the land?"

"Your father," said Jonas.

Rollo wanted Jonas to let him sharpen some of the sticks with his hatchet; and, as Jonas said he might, he ran off to get his hatchet from the place where he kept it, which was upon a certain low shelf in the shed. But his hatchet was not there.

"Now, where's my hatchet?" said Rollo, in a complaining tone. "I suppose Nathan has carried it away. I wish I had a place to keep it, where he could not reach."

He ran off after Nathan, being in great haste to get his hatchet before Jonas should have finished sharpening the stakes.

"Nathan," said he, "what have you done with my hatchet?"

"I—I—put it down," said Nathan. He was a little alarmed and confused at being accosted by Rollo in a tone of reproof and displeasure; and he hardly knew what he was saying.

"Where did you put it?" said Rollo.

"I put it,—I,—I believe I gave it to you,—when I had it."

"No, you didn't give it to me. You put it down somewhere, I suppose. Come, you must go with me, and show me where you put it."

Now, Nathan had sometimes taken up Rollo's hatchet a few minutes, when Rollo had it out in the yard; but he had no particular recollection, at this time, of having had it recently. But, being so suddenly and positively charged, by Rollo, with the responsibility of finding it, and not knowing exactly what to say in self-defence, he walked along towards the shed, Rollo following him, questioning him closely all the way. He, of course, could not give very satisfactory answers; and, after leading Rollo about at random for several minutes, he stood still, and looked down upon the ground, and said timidly, that he *guessed* the hatchet was lost.

Rollo perceived that there was no hope of getting any information out of Nathan, and he went back to find Jonas at the chopping-block. By this time the little stakes were all finished, and Jonas had gathered them up, and was preparing to go away. At the same moment, Rollo saw his father coming out of the house with the compass and chain. Rollo knew that the instruments were a compass and chain; for he had often seen him use them. He asked his father if he might go with them, and his father said that he should be very glad to have his company. So they all three went along together.

They passed across the road, and went through a gate into a field; and here they went to work to measure the length of the field. Rollo's father took the compass, and fixed it upon a three legged stand, which he brought with him. Then he asked Jonas to go down the field with his great stake. Rollo looked and saw that Jonas had a tall stake in his hands, as well as a number of little ones. Jonas laid down his small stakes, and then walked along down the field until he came to the margin of a wood which terminated the field in that direction. Here he stopped, and turned round, and held his stake upright, with the point upon the ground, while Rollo's father looked through the compass sights, to see if he was in the right place.

"I don't believe you can see such a big boy through such little sights," said Rollo. His father did not answer.

"And I don't believe he can hear you tell him which way to move the stake," he added, "if it is not right."

His father did not answer, but seemed to be

attending solely to Jonas and to his compass. In a moment, he stood up, for he had had to stoop a little to look through the compass sights, and waved his hand towards the right. Jonas, who was watching him, saw this gesticulation, and moved the stake towards the right. Mr. Holiday then looked through the sights again, and waved his hand again towards the right; and so Jonas moved his stake still farther along. Then Mr. Holiday, after looking once more, waved his hand towards the left, and Jonas moved his stake back a little way, which made it come exactly right; and Rollo's father then made a gesture downwards with his hand, to indicate that it was in the right spot, and must be driven down. So Jonas drove the stake down, with the axe which he had carried in his hand, and then came back across the field.

"There," said Rollo's father, "we must measure directly towards that stake."

He then counted out ten of Jonas's little stakes, and told Rollo that he might hold them. He then took hold of one end of the chain, and Jonas, when he came up, took the other. Jonas held his end of the chain close to the fence, and Mr. Holiday walked on towards the stake, with his end of the chain, until it was drawn straight upon the ground. Then Rollo gave him one of the little stakes, and he stuck it down in the ground exactly where the end of the chain came. Then he walked along, dragging the chain with him, and Jonas following, until Jonas came to the place where the little stake was; and Jonas applied his end of the chain to the little stake exactly. Then Mr. Holiday took another stake, and drove it down, and Jonas took up the first one; and so they went on until all the ten stakes were used, and had passed into Jonas's hands. For Mr. Holiday put them all down successively at the forward end of the chain, and Jonas took them up, one by one, as fast as his end of the chain came to the places where they were set. And as all the ten had passed into Jonas's hands, it proved that they had measured just ten chains; so that the little stakes saved them the trouble of keeping count.

When all the stakes had passed into Jonas's hands, Rollo took them all again, and carried them back to his father; and so they began upon another ten. Sometimes, where the ground was hard, it was rather difficult for Mr. Holiday to crowd the stakes down; and Rollo wished very much that he had his hatchet, so that he might drive them down. However, he did not fret and complain about it, for he knew that it would be wrong to interrupt his father and Jonas with his troubles, at such a time. After they had got through their work, Mr. Holiday made a memorandum of the result in his pocket book, and then told Jonas and Rollo, that they might take the tools and the instruments, and carry them carefully home, for that he himself was going to remain there a little while. So Rollo took the chain and the little stakes, and Jonas took the axe, and they began slowly to return across the field towards the place where the compass had been set. [To be continued.]

RELIGION.

FEED MY LAMBS.

[Continued from page 158.]

Thirdly, but there is a third sort of children to whom I must speak; and that is *those who have never thought at all about Christ*. A little boy or girl may come to church every Sunday in a year, and yet never think about religion; a child may have very good parents, and have been very well taught by them and yet may never have had one serious thought about Christ. Like all children by nature, he may be only fond of play and not fond of his Bible, never thinking about his soul, or of that dreadful hell into which all wicked people will fall when they die. Alas! I know too well what children are. I have seen

something of them, and know in my case, that the Bible says truly, *We go astray from the womb and speak lies*. I will tell you a story which I read many years ago. A flock of sheep were going over a narrow bridge, on each side of which there was only a very low wall to keep persons from falling into the water. A foolish sheep jumped upon the top of this wall, and the top being slippery, it fell over into the water, and was carried down the stream; and then all the rest of the sheep, as soon as they got upon the bridge, jumped up upon the low wall, after the example of those who went before, and not knowing what had become of them; and thus one after another they fell in, and the whole flock would have been drowned, had not the shepherd come up and stopped them. Now, this is the way of sinners; they follow one after another in a course of sin and folly, without hearing the voice of conscience, or thinking of what is become of those who went before them; and thus they are carried away, and perish. My dear children, I entreat you not to be like these silly sheep. Remember that a wicked child will grow up to be a wicked man, and a wicked man will make a hardened man, and a hardened man, if he does not repent, will go to hell when he dies. Begin then to-day to remember that you have souls as well as others, and now, while it is called to-day harden not your hearts. Remember, that a time is coming when our glorious shepherd shall appear sitting upon his throne of judgment; then all nations shall be gathered before him, and he shall separate them, as a shepherd divideth the sheep from the goats; and he shall put the sheep on his right hand, and the goats on his left. Remember, children, that if you would be placed on Christ's right hand then, you begin to seek him now. If you would be a sheep then, you must be a lamb now. Oh! that all children who hear me (particularly those who usually attend this chapel) might be of the number of those who shall stand at the right hand of Christ on that day!

And now I have done. I hope every child will try to recollect what I have said; but remember, you must not only recollect what you hear, but *must feel it in your hearts*, if it is to do any good. To remember the sermon is a good thing, to be able to give some account of the sermon is a good thing, but you must pray to God, that you may not only carry away the sermon in your heads, but *feel it in your hearts* by his grace, and thus you may all become indeed the lambs of Christ, the great shepherd, here, and be numbered with his sheep hereafter.

PIETY IN A WIFE.

"That's it, that's it; that's first rate. If I am wild myself, I intend having a pious wife. That's the very first qualification." So spake a wild and thoughtless, though talented and amiable young man. A few of us having met by chance with a friend, on new year's eve, agreed to amuse ourselves for a short time (doubtless we might have been better employed,) with the "Book of Fate," as it is called. Various characters, dispositions, qualities, &c. being written down and numbered, each person chooses a number, when the quality attached to it is read out to him. The number which this young man had chosen for the quality of his partner, was piety, which called forth the remark above stated. It struck me as something very strange; and as an opinion, either not generally entertained, or not generally known. This induced me to mention his remark in the presence of another young gentleman, equally regardless of personal religion. He replied that he was not aware that it was avowed openly, but he believed it to be generally entertained by all honorable young men.

And is this the case? and do young ladies know it? Are they aware that when they are exerting all their ingenuity in preparing to shine

as the most brilliant stars at the fashionable ball or masquerade, that their more lowly minded friend, who perhaps at that moment is, with a broken heart, before the mercy seat pleading for the salvation of some poor helpless sinner—that she who has received the "blessing of those who were ready to perish," holds a more exalted seat, in the affections even of those who are utterly regardless of religion as it respects themselves?

There is something indescribably lovely in a devotedly pious young lady; something that reminds the soul at once of those bright angelic spirits which surround the throne of God. That calm serenity and composure—those eyes which beam with looks of holy tenderness and compassion for immortal souls; even the men of the world too well know their true interest to disregard these things. And the remark which another votary of the world made, speaking of the daughters of pleasure, "ah, those girls will do well enough for amusement, but give me a pious wife," is full of truth; and conveys a sentiment which should, as it is no less exalted than true, be engraven as with the point of a diamond, upon every female heart. If there is any difference who should be pious, it should certainly be females; they who hold the destinies of the earth, in its most emphatic sense, should be guided with "wisdom from on high." Ardent piety gives an accomplishment to the most faultless form, which can be furnished from no other source.

It makes a kinder and more affectionate sister; a more devoted and sincere friend; and is every thing for a wife. And whilst the brilliant enamelling of the coquette may dazzle the beholder for a moment, piety alone can bear the troubles and disappointments of "*real life*."

[Presbyterian.]

LEARNING.

A PRACTICAL SCHOOLMASTER.

The Boston correspondent of the New York Journal of Commerce tells the following capital story of a New York schoolmaster, whose perseverance and fertility of resources, must have fitted him for operations on an extended scale!

I heard one of your committees interfering with a vengeance, and turning out a school-master for committing enormities in the way of illustrating his lessons. It appears that he had enlisted the feelings of his pupils in natural philosophy, and tried to get some apparatus, but was told to do the regular teaching and "leave the nonsense." But, nothing daunted, he got some apparatus himself, and told the boys if they would bring him a mouse or two the next day, he would show them the effects of hydrogen gas upon them. The next day came in great wrath, the committee, to reprove him, because, forsooth, the boys in their eagerness to learn, had been up all night trying to catch mice for their master, and disturbing their houses! He promised to do better, but when he came to astronomy, he committed a more atrocious crime,—for being deficient of an orrery, he took the biggest boy in school, and placing him in the middle for the sun, told him how to turn round and round slowly upon his axis, as the sun did; then he placed a little fellow for Mercury, next to him a girl for Venus; then a representation of the Earth; then a fiery little fellow for Mars, and so on, till he got all the planetary system arranged, and explained to each one how fast he was to go, and how many times to turn on his heels as he went round in his orbit.

Then giving the signal, the sun commenced revolving, and away went the whole team of planets around him, each boy keeping his proper distance from the centre, trotting with the proper velocity in his orbit, and whirling around in due proportion as he performed his revolution.

It must have been a rare sight, and a lesson which the boys long retained; for do you think, my dear sir, that John, who represented Mercury, would ever forget that he was nearest the sun, and that he had an easy time walking round the stationary lubber in the centre, while Will, who represented Herschel, must have been out of breath in scampering round his orbit!

But if the boys did not forget the lesson, neither did the master; they danced, but he paid the piper; for, horrified, the committee dismissed him at once—he had been teaching, for aught they knew, the dance of the Turkish dervishes.

THE NURSERY.

LESSONS FROM FLOWERS.

"Come, my child, and do not spurn
From an humble flower to learn."

I heard a little boy speak very unkindly on New Year's day. He did not *mean* to speak unkindly, and I suppose did not even think he was doing so; but his brother did something which vexed him, and he spoke, as little children say, very cross. He was my own little son; and no one but a mother knows how badly a mother feels, to see her children unkind to each other. I called him to me, and said; "T—, you are my own little boy, and I love you. If I had a little garden, in which were sweet flowers, how delightful it would be! how much time I should spend to make these flowers grow and blossom beautifully! But if I had a few plants, from which I expected beautiful flowers, and there should be only ugly flowers, of an unpleasant color, and a disagreeable smell, what should I do? I should be unhappy, and should throw away those plants, as good for nothing. I have no flower-garden; but you and your little brothers and sister, are my choice plants; and when you speak and look unkindly to each other, it is as if the sweet white lily, instead of putting out its delicate white and fragrant blossoms, should have ugly dark-colored flowers of a disgusting smell."

T— understood my meaning, as I hope each little reader will, and smilingly said, "You had four plants, and one is gone." "Yes," I said to him, "your little sister, who died long since, is transplanted. You know that the gardener sometimes takes up a plant, and sets it out again in another garden, and this is called transplanting. God took your sister from the garden here, and placed her, as I hope, in heaven, where she is more beautiful and lovely than she would ever have been with us. Will you not try to be like her? Remembering that one of your own number is blooming in Heaven, will you not try from day to day, that, through the love of Jesus, you may be prepared for such a place?"

"Then, if our days must fly,
We'll keep their end in sight,
We'll spend them all in wisdom's ways
And let them speed their flight."

DO YOU PRAY?

Julia is a quiet and thoughtful little girl. She has a kind mother; but her father is a very cross man. Her mother, I have no doubt, is a Christian, for she told me a few days ago that she loves the Lord Jesus Christ, and takes so much delight in praying that she could not live without it. Her father loves the tavern; and this must be the reason why he does not love his kind wife and obedient children. But I am told that he has become a better man lately; and the only reason that I can discover for the change is, that his little Julia asked him a question.

"Father," said she, at the breakfast table, "I wish to ask you something; but I am afraid."

He told her to tell him what it was. She did not say any thing, till he spoke to her two or three times. She then said,

"Father, do you ever pray?"

He was astonished at the question, and did not know how to answer. At last he replied,

"No—yes—sometimes." Then his voice became quite kind, and he said, "Father is a bad man, Julia; but he does not want his little children to be so."

He took down a book after breakfast—I think it was the Bible—and read to his family that day. He has been a better man since, as I said before; but he still goes to the tavern. Julia must pray for her father. The Holy Spirit can change his heart; and God grants his Spirit in answer to prayer.

Julia knows that prayer is a good thing. Her mother prays with the heart; and she sees that her mother is good, and kind, and gentle; and she believes that she is so because she prays. If her father loved to pray, he would be a good man; and so she asked him that question, for she did not see how he could pray and be so cross and wicked.

My little reader! do you pray?—*Youth's Friend.*

SABBATH SCHOOL.

SUNDAY SCHOOL ANNIVERSARIES.

Many of our schools have their anniversaries at this season of the year, and the scholars are sometimes presented with pretty and interesting books. Thinking that it would be interesting to the youthful readers of our paper to give them some account of such anniversaries, we have taken one from Mr. Williams' work called *Missionary Enterprises*. The scene described took place at Raiatea, one of the Society Islands about 100 miles from Tahiti, and when our readers remember that the gospel has been preached there but a few years, we are sure they will be much pleased with its great success.

But we must give the account of the examination of the scholars under the charge of the Missionary:

Upwards of six hundred children were present. A feast was prepared for them, and they walked through the settlement in procession, most of them dressed in European garments, with little hats and bonnets made by those very parents who would have destroyed them, had not Christianity come to their rescue. The children added much to the interest of the day, by preparing flags with such mottos as the following: "What a blessing the Gospel is!" "The Christians of England sent us the Gospel." "Had it not been for the Gospel, we should have been destroyed as soon as we were born." On some, texts of Scripture were inscribed: "Behold the Lamb of God which taketh away the sins of the world." "Suffer little children to come unto me," and other similar passages. Insensible indeed must he have been, who could have witnessed such a scene without the liveliest feelings of delight. After proceeding through the settlement, they were conducted to the spacious church, and opened service by singing the Jubilee hymn in the native language. The venerable old king then took the chair. He had been worshipped as a God, and had led fierce warriors to the "battle and the fight," but he evidently felt that he had never occupied a station so delightful or honorable as that of presiding at the examination of the children of his people. These were placed in the centre of the church, and the parents occupied the outer seats. Each class was then called up and examined; and after this, individuals from the different classes were selected, and questioned by the Missionary. While this was proceeding, the appearance of the parents was most affecting. The eyes of some were gleaming with delight, as the father said to the mother, or the mother to the father, "What a mercy it is that we spared our dear girl!" Others, with saddened countenances, and faltering voices, lamented in bitterness that they had not saved theirs; and the si-

lent tear, as it stole down the cheeks of many, told the painful tale that *all* their children were destroyed. In the midst of our proceedings, a venerable chieftain, gray with age, arose, and with impassioned look and manner, exclaimed, "Let me speak; I must speak;" On obtaining permission, he thus proceeded: "Oh that I had known that the Gospel was coming! oh that I had known that these blessings were in store for us, then I should have saved my children, and they would have been among this happy group, repeating these precious truths; but, alas! I destroyed them all, I have not *one* left." This chief was an arioi of the highest rank, and the laws of his class required the destruction of all his children. Turning to the chairman, who was also a relative, he stretched out his arm and exclaimed, "You, my brother, saw me kill child after child, but you never seized this murderous hand, and said, 'Stay, brother, God is about to bless us; the gospel of salvation is coming to our shores.'" Then he cursed the gods which they formerly worshipped, and added, "It was you that infused this savage disposition into us, and now I shall die childless, although I have been the father of *nineteen* children." After this he sat down, and in a flood of tears, gave vent to his agonizing feelings.

Now, my dear reader, are not you thankful that Missionaries have gone to Raiatea. O pray that they may be sent every where.

NATURAL HISTORY.

PERILOUS EXPLOIT.

A Child carried off by an Eagle.

An infant, in the care of Charley Stewart, a boy ten years old, had been carried off by an eagle, to his nest in the mountains. The distracted mother, with the boy and a feeble old man, followed it. Having reached the summit of the crag by a circuitous path, they could now descry the two eagles to which the nest belonged, soaring aloft at a great distance. They looked over the cliffs as far as they could stretch with safety; but although old Peter was so well acquainted with the place where the nest was built, as at once to fix on the very spot whence the descent ought to be made, the verge of the rock there projected itself so far over the ledge where the nest rested, as to render it quite invisible from above.—They could only perceive the thick sea of pine foliage that rose up the slope below, and clustered closely against the base of the precipice. A few small stunted fir trees grew scattered upon the otherwise bare summit where they stood. Old Peter sat himself down behind one of these, and placed a leg on each side of it, so as to secure himself from all chance of being pulled over the precipice by any sudden jerk, whilst Charley's little fingers were actively employed in undoing the great bundle of hair line, and in tying one end of it round his body and under his arm-pits. The unhappy mother was now busily assisting the boy, and now moving restlessly about, in doubtful hesitation whether she should yet allow him to go down. When all was ready, Charley Stewart slipped the skain dhu into his hoe, and went boldly, but cautiously over the edge of the cliff. He was no sooner fairly swung in air than the hair rope stretched to a degree so alarming, that Bessy Mac Dermot stood upon the giddy verge, gnawing her very fingers, from the horrible dread that possessed her, that she was to see it give way and divide. Peter sat astride against the root of the tree, carefully eyeing every inch of the line ere he allowed it to pass through his hands, and every now and then pausing, hesitating, shaking his head most ominously, as certain portions of it, here and there, appeared to him of doubtful strength. Meanwhile, Charley felt himself gradually descending and turning round at the end of the rope, by his own

weight, his brave little heart beating, and his brain whirling, from the novelty and danger of his daring attempt—the screams of the young eagles sounding harshly in his ears, and growing louder and louder as he slowly neared them. He reached the slanting surface of the ledge, and found the child between two eagles. Being at once satisfied that it would be worse than hazardous to trust the hair-line with the weight of the child, in addition to his own, he undid it from his body. Approaching the nest, he gently lifted the crying infant from between its two screeching and somewhat pugnacious companions. The moment he had done so, the little innocent became quiet, and instantly recognizing him, she held out her hands, and smiled and chuckled to him, at once oblivious of all her miseries. Charley kissed his little favorite over and over again, and then he proceeded to tie the rope carefully around and across her, so as to guard against all possibility of its slipping. Having accomplished this, he shouted to Peter to pull away—kissed the little Rosa once more, and then committed her to the vacant air. Nothing could equal the anxiety he endured whilst he beheld her slowly rising upwards. And when he beheld the mother's hands appear over the edge of the rock, and snatch her from his sight, nothing could match the shout of delight which he gave. The maternal screams of joy which followed, and which came faintly down to his ears, were to him a full reward for all the terrors of his desperate enterprise. For that instant he forgot the perilous situation in which he then stood, and the risk that he had yet to run ere he could hope to be extricated from it.

[Sir Thomas Dick Lander's Tales of the Highlands.]

EDITORIAL.

A TALK ABOUT HUMILITY.

Laura had been reading aloud to her mother a beautiful essay on humility. The writer spoke of it as the loveliest and most attractive of all the virtues, and compared it to a beautiful and delicate white flower, which does not dazzle the eye by its gaudy colors, but whose unobtrusive loveliness wins our hearts. For some moments after she had finished reading, Laura sat silent. At last she said,

"Mother, I do wish I was humble." Her mother did not reply at once, and Laura thought it very strange. "Does not mother like to have me wish so?" thought she.

At last her mother said, "Suppose you should see a very humble person, Laura, do you think you should recognize the virtue at once, and love its possessor?"

"Oh yes, mother, I am sure of it."

"Well, I can name a person to you, who is remarkable for humility: above any person I know, and that is aunt Nancy."

Aunt Nancy was a female in rather humble life, universally beloved for her piety and active benevolence.

"Why mother!" said Laura, with a disappointed look and in an accent of great surprise; "do you think so? She is very good to be sure, but"—

"Well, let us test the matter. It is a proof of humility to be willing that others should undervalue and overlook us—is it not?"

"Yes, mother, I suppose so," said Laura with some hesitation.

"And did you ever see aunt Nancy anxious for admiration, wondering what people thought of her, wishing that this or that kind act should be known; in short, doing or saying anything to attract the notice and applause of others?"

"No mother, I never did. She never seems to think about herself at all."

"True, and that is the very essence of humility. Another proof of humility is found in bearing contradiction and opposition patiently, and submitting meekly to hear our opinions misrepresented and condemned; and for this, aunt Nancy is equally remarkable. No insult or provocation disturbs her tranquillity."

"Yes, mother, I know it is so; and there are a great many other things in her, which I suppose are signs of humility, but somehow or other it does not seem as if she was like the description in this book, and certainly I was not thinking of her at all when I said that I wished I was humble."

"Very true, my dear, and it was exactly for this reason that I spoke of her. The fact is, that it is very easy to give a general description of any virtue which shall make it seem very lovely, and lead us to fancy that we desire it, when all the time it is not the thing itself, but a sort of romantic notion of it, which we have in our minds. While you thought of humility as a very sweet and attractive disposition which would recommend you to the love and esteem of others, you desired it. But such a desire is very different from a willingness to possess and to practice the every day, homely virtues of patience under contradiction, submission to little trials, shunning observation, and seeking only the approbation of God; yet these are the necessary elements of humility."

Laura made no reply, but looked very thoughtful. Her mother went on.

"Suppose we take the virtue of benevolence, as another example. Nothing is more beautiful or more easy in description, and there is no good quality which one would be more likely to wish for. But when it comes to practising daily and hourly acts of self-denial, relinquishing this or that indulgence, going into dirty and comfortless houses to find out what are the wants of their inhabitants, and doing all this *without any desire of making it known*,—the matter becomes more difficult.

Now my dear Laura, try to find out which kind of humility you want—the humility of the Bible, or the humility of romance."

L.

VARIETY.

An Indian's Views of the Way of Salvation.

A North American Indian, and a white man, being at worship together, were both impressed so deeply under the same sermon as to commence seeking their salvation. The Indian soon rejoiced in the hope of divine forgiveness. The white man remained in deep distress of mind, until, after sinking almost in despair, he also, at length, found peace in believing. Some time afterwards, meeting his red brother he thus addressed him: "How is it that I should be so long under conviction, when you found comfort so soon?" "O, brother," replied the Indian, "me tell you; there come along a rich prince, he propose to give you a new coat; you look at your coat, and say, 'I don't know, my coat pretty good; I believe it will do a little longer.' He then offer me new coat; I look on my old blanket; I say, this good for nothing; I fling it right away, and accept the new coat. Just so, brother, you try to make your old righteousness do for some time, you loath to give it up; but I poor Indian had none; therefore I glad at once to receive the righteousness of the Lord Jesus Christ."

[Burder's Missionary Anecdotes.]

An Honest Scholar.

Mr. Rogers, of the Presbyterian Mission in India, says: "A fact in relation to one of our pupils, who went to Cabul with Sir A. Burnes, is worthy of notice. He was entrusted with a number of bags of money, said to contain a certain sum. When he had expended the sum with which he was charged, he found there were still 1000 Rs. remaining in the bags."

"He consulted his friends as to what he should do. They told him to keep it, and say nothing about it. He replied, 'No, I cannot do that, for it would be dishonest.' He reported the fact to the proper officer. The books were examined, and no account could be found of the surplus sum. But upon referring the matter to Bombay, it was found that there was a deficiency there to the amount on hand. Mr. Burnes was so much pleased with this instance of his fidelity, that he instantly advanced his pay from 60 to 250 Rs. per month. This circumstance was related to me by an American gentleman, who was in Cabul at the time it happened. The young man alluded to is Abdul Karim, the son of the king's Qazi; he was one of our best scholars."

Encounter with a Bear in France.

"A few days ago two foresters named Cap and Constant, whilst they were passing in the environs of St. Cergues in the Vaud, accompanied by a boy, had their

attention attracted to an old cave by the barking of their dog. Having cleared away the snow which lay before the entrance, they found it obstructed by a quantity of stones, which had been carefully placed there. These also they removed, and Constant, after having taken off his jacket and waistcoat, in order to enable him to pass through the hole with greater facility entered the cave. When once in he could stand upright, but could see nothing. He then called to Cap for a light, and the latter having lighted a rosin candle, which he had about him, entered the cave with it. As soon as the light came, Constant saw that he had an enormous bear standing bolt upright before him. He instantly discharged his carbine, and wounded the bear in the head. The light was put out by the explosion, and the howlings of the bear were terrific. Cap, supposing the bear would attempt to escape, sat himself up against the side of the cave near the entrance. Bruin, as was expected, crept to the entrance, and putting his paws upon the shoulder of Cap, carried away jacket, waistcoat, shirt and skin, at the same time. He then put out his head, and was about to escape, when the boy, who remained outside, gave him a blow with a hatchet, which put an end to his existence. The hardy foresters had great difficulty in dragging him through the hole, as he was of an enormous size, and weighed 283 lbs.—*Galvani*.

A Wicked Boy.

Passing through the good city of Salem the other day, we observed an arch, roguish looking boy running after a peaceful little fellow, and crying out, "Boy! boy! you have dropped your handkerchief!" The quiet little boy, unsuspecting of any trick, turned round, and the other laughed in his face. He looked mortified, but said nothing, and passed quietly on towards his home.

"Noble little fellow!" thought I, "how much more admirable is your behaviour than is that of yon noisy roysterer." The mocking boy told a fearful lie for fun! Just to make the other look angry or foolish. But he did neither. His meekness looked noble, what that of his thoughtless mocker looked detestable and wicked. Learn, young reader, from this, that suffering virtue is more lovely than triumphant vice.

The Praying Scholar.

A Sabbath School scholar, aged about seven years, was known for some time, after getting up in the morning, to go into a garret at the top of the house. His mother (who was a widow) called him one day to come down to breakfast; her son not answering, she went softly up stairs, and when she got near the door of the garret, she heard her child fervently praying that God would pardon his sins, bless the Sabbath School, &c. When he came down, his mother asked him whether he had a book; he burst into tears, and said—"No mother, but I go up and pray every morning."

REMARK.—The world is like a watch-dog, which fawns upon you, or tears you to pieces.

POETRY.

Written for the Youth's Companion.

THE DYING TREE.

BY CATHARINE W. BARKER.

Where is thy emerald crown of leaves,
Which rustled and danced in the balmy breeze?
Where are thy buds, and thy bright young flowers,
Which clustered so sweet in the summer hours?
Where are thy visitors—bird and bee?
They are not 'mid thy branches, thou dry old tree.

The garden flowers are now bright and fair,
Undimmed by a breath of the frosty air,
The river is winding like silver away,
And sweet comes the laughter of children at play;
Insects sport round you on gay, silken wing,
But no beauty to lure us forth, do ye bring.

Thou once wert a robe of the loveliest green,
And songsters in summer, would often convene,
To sing their sweet notes in thy high waving top,
And teach their young birdlings to flutter and hop,
But now thou art withered, and dying, and sear,
Thou' brightly smiles round thee, the spring of the year.

Ah! now I perceive there's decay at thy root,
No sap current visits thy head or thy foot,
Old Age has now found thee, and marked thee to die,
No longer thou'lt wave thy green boughs to the sky;
A fit type I deem thee, of wasting decay,
Which marks on all objects, "We're passing away."

A little while longer, thy fate will be mine,
No beauty this now youthful brow will entwine,
'Twill be faded and pale, and this form will be bowed,
Fit tenant for nought save the white winding shroud;
But grant, oh! my Saviour there's greenness at heart,
And sweetly I'll smile on the world and depart.

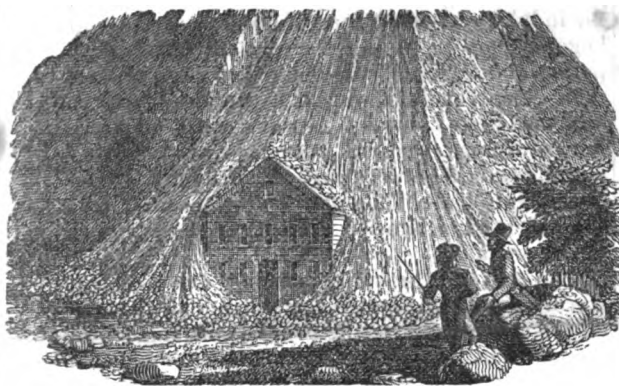
YOUTH'S COMPANION.

Published Weekly, by NATHANIEL WILLIS, at the Office of the Boston Recorder, No. 11, Cornhill.—Price, \$1.00 a year in advance; or \$1.25 if not paid in advance.

NO. 42.

BOSTON, FEBRUARY 26, 1841.

VOL. XIV.



WHEN ARE WE SAFE.

Who of my little readers can answer this question? Perhaps you will say you are out of danger while you are sitting in your comfortable homes, by the side of your parents. But can they always protect you? When you are quietly in bed, your house may take fire, and you be consumed. When you walk out, you may fall and break your limbs, or be run over and crushed. Do you live near some great river? God can send the rain many days, and swell it till it shall rise high above its banks, and sweep away the bridges, barns, cattle, houses, and yours with the rest. Do you know that it comes sometimes so suddenly that you could not escape? But you say there is no river or mountain stream near you,—so you are safe. Stop child. Have you not heard of an earthquake, which has swallowed up whole villages and towns? The earth has opened and taken in hundreds of parents and their dear children, in a moment when they have all been sitting in their houses or while about their business. They have all been buried alive in one grave. Oh, how painful the thought. Well, I hear you say, we don't have any earthquakes about here. We need not fear them. Yet God can send one here as well as in other places. But you think you are safe, and away you run to play on the ice. You venture too far—the ice breaks, and in a moment you are struggling in the water, and crying for some one to come to your help. A friend comes and rescues you from a watery grave. You thought you were safe, but you now see that there was danger, and you mean to keep away from it in future. You are glad you were not drowned, and, when you get to your home, you think there can be no more danger. Perhaps there is a very high sand hill near your house; it is a pleasant day, and you, taking your little shovel, go out and begin to dig at the base of the high bank. Oh, how happy and safe you feel. But the sand suddenly gives way, and rolls down many loads upon you. You are buried alive. But a friend near by runs to your help, removes the sand, and, as he draws you out almost dead, he might ask, when are you safe? Such a case is not merely a supposed one; but you know many have been destroyed in this way. In the cut you see the sand rolling down the high hill, and overwhelming a house out of which two men have just made their escape. You see the house is almost covered. In some countries the wind has driven the dry sand, till in some instances, it has overwhelmed houses, forests, fields, and villages. In Egypt, cities have been buried under the drifting sands that swell like mountains. You can then walk over whole villages which have been thus overwhelmed. But let me ask again, children, when are you safe? Can you be, unless when God shall take care of

you? The wind, the waters, the lightning, the tempest, the earth and all in it, are in his hands. He can give life or take it. When you love and obey him, he will take special care of you, as he did of Daniel in the lion's den,—the three within the hot furnace, and Noah and his family, while all others were destroyed. Nothing can harm those whom God protects. You see how liable you are to die by accident; you know not how you may die. But you know the Saviour says to you, be ready—looking for me—waiting, for I shall come for you when you do not expect it, like a thief in the night. Have you repented of sin? Are you in the right way, for this is the only safe way; in this you are always safe. Out of it, you are in the greatest danger every moment.—*S. S. Treasury.*

NARRATIVE.

TESTIMONY.

[Concluded from page 162.]

"I wish you would find my hatchet for me," said Rollo.

"Where did you have it last?" asked Jonas.

"I don't know; but I know I put it upon the shelf, at any rate."

"When was it?" said Jonas.

"I don't know exactly when," answered Rollo.

Jonas knew by this that Rollo could not remember distinctly that he had put his hatchet upon the shelf; for if he had had any distinct recollection of the fact, he would undoubtedly have remembered something about the time.

"If you could remember where you had it last," said Jonas, "we could look there, and perhaps we might find it."

"But I tell you," said Rollo, positively, "that I put it on my shelf. Can't you believe what I say?"

"No," said Jonas, coolly.

Rollo was astonished.

"Sometimes I believe you, and sometimes I don't; it depends upon which of your faculties it is that I have to trust to."

"My faculties?" said Rollo.

"Yes, it depends upon whether it is your memory, or your judgment, or your imagination."

"What do you mean by that?" said Rollo.

"Why, I heard a lawyer say in court once," replied Jonas, "that it was the most difficult thing in the world to know how far to believe men of veracity,—and the difficulty was, to determine whether their assertions were based on their memory, or their judgment, or their imagination."

"I don't understand it very well," said Rollo.

"Well, I will explain it to you then," answered Jonas. "Suppose a boy of veracity—that is, a boy that would not on any account tell a wilful lie—tells me he saw a man leading a bear along the street by a chain, the day before, I should believe him; for that is a simple matter of fact preserved by his memory, and I believe him. I trust to his memory,—his memory of a simple fact."

"Well," said Rollo.

"Well," repeated Jonas. "But now, if the same boy should tell me that he saw a bear in the woods some day, and that, as soon as he saw him, he ran off as fast as he could, I might not believe him; for his imagination might lead him to suppose that he saw a bear, when, in fact, it was a black stump, or a dog, or a black sheep. I believe him so far as his memory goes,

that is, to the fact of his having seen something black in the woods; but as to its being a bear or not, that may be a matter of imagination."

"And now his judgment?" said Rollo.

"Why, suppose he should tell me that he had been down to the pond on some day, and that the ice was strong enough to bear a cart and oxen. Suppose he should be very positive that it was strong enough, and say that he had tried it by cutting it through with a hatchet, and that it was full six inches thick;—perhaps I should not believe him; for if I believed him, you see. I should not be trusting to his memory, simply, but to his judgment."

"I wish I could find my hatchet," said Rollo.

"So you see," continued Jonas, "that when men of veracity are testifying, it is very difficult to know how far to believe them, unless we know which of their faculties it is that we are trusting to."

"Well," said Rollo, "it is my memory; I remember very well that I put my hatchet upon the shelf."

"If I only knew," said Jonas, "that you did really remember putting it there, when you had it last, I should believe you. But people often think they remember a thing, when they don't really remember it. You have, perhaps, some vague idea in your mind of having put it upon the shelf, at some time or other, and with a little help from the imagination, you convince yourself that it was the last time you used it; and so you say you remember, when, in fact, you only imagine."

By this time they came to where the compass had been set, and Jonas took the instrument off from the stand, and gave the stand to Rollo to carry. He took the instrument himself. As they were passing across the road, Rollo said,

"I remember now, Jonas, that I had the hatchet down by the brook, when I was clearing land with Lucy; but I am sure I brought it up again."

"When was it?" said Jonas.

"About a fortnight ago," said Rollo.

"We had better go down there, and look," said Jonas.

"Well," said Rollo; "but I am sure we shall not find it there."

"Rollo," said Jonas, "do you remember my driving the stake, down there by the woods?"

"Yes," said Rollo.

"Have you a perfectly clear and distinct recollection of it?" said he.

"Why yes," said Rollo, "certainly."

"Well, now, have you a recollection, distinct and clear like that, of having brought up your hatchet that day, and put it upon your shelf?"

"Why, no," said Rollo. "It was longer ago."

The boys put away the instruments and tools, and then went down to the brook, and crossed over to the place where Rollo had made his clearing. On their way down, Jonas asked Rollo which way he had come back, and he said he came directly home by the regular path. He was sure he did not go anywhere else with his hatchet. So they looked along very carefully by the way. Jonas stopped to look around the gates and bars, and by the sides of the logs and stumps, and at other places, where Rollo would be likely to stop; but no hatchet was to be found. They looked all around the clearing; but it was not to be found. Then they retraced their steps, looking carefully all the way.

"Are you positive that you came straight home?" said Jonas.

"Yes," said Rollo, "I am sure."

"Let me see," said Jonas; "was not that the day that you caught your bird?"

"My bird?" said Rollo, stopping suddenly in the midst of the path. "There,—we did go to the spring.—I know where my hatchet is now," he added; and he turned round and ran off as fast as he could go across a little piece of open ground towards the spring. Jonas hastened after him, and came up with him, just in time to see him clamber up to the foot of the oak tree, which had had the bird's nest on it; and take up his hatchet from among the grass and herbage. It was covered with dampness and rust.

Jonas did not say, "There, I told you so," when they found the hatchet. It is very common for a boy to triumph over his playmate when he finds him in the wrong; but Jonas did not do so. Rollo felt ashamed at finding himself mistaken when he had been so positive. He walked along in silence.

"At length he said,

"It seems I was mistaken, Jonas, after all."

"Yes," said Jonas, "you thought you remembered, when, in fact, you only imagined."

"Imagined that I remembered?" said Rollo.

"No, that is not what I mean exactly," said Jonas; "you imagined that you came back, and put the hatchet on the shelf. That is, you formed a picture of it in your mind. An imagination and a recollection are very much alike; and we are very apt to mistake one for the other."

Rollo did not understand this metaphysical explanation of his mistake very well; and so he walked along looking at his hatchet.

"At any rate," said he, "I don't see how I am going to get this rust off my hatchet."

"Wear it off," said Jonas.

"How?" asked Rollo.

"O, cut a great deal of wood," said Jonas, "and the rust will gradually disappear; or you can work it off with a polisher."

"What sort of a polisher?" asked Rollo.

"Why, you must take a pretty large stick, and shave one end down, round and smooth, for a handle. Then cut off the other end in a slanting direction, and the polisher will be done."

"I don't see how I could polish with such a stick as that," said Rollo.

"Why, you must lay your hatchet down upon the platform by the pump, and put some sand and water on it, and then rub it with the slanting surface of your polisher; or you might take any little block of wood, and rub the sand and water on the hatchet with that."

By this time they reached the yard again, and Jonas went to his work. Rollo walked along towards the house, his mind being occupied with two resolutions. The first was, that he would be careful not to mistake imaginings for recollections in future; and the other was, to make a polisher that afternoon, and polish up his hatchet.

[Jonas a Judge.]

THE NURSERY.

EARLY RISING.

"Boys! boys! it is time to get up," called Mr. Franklin, as he knocked at the bed-room door, where his sons, William and Charles, were sound asleep; "the sun is shining in the sky, and the haymakers are abroad in the fields. Come, remember the promise."

Mr. Franklin next went up stairs, to awaken his daughters, Elizabeth and Sarah. "Girls! girls! remember the promise; I shall be waiting for you in the garden."

Mr. Franklin had made a promise to his children, that if they would rise earlier than usual on the fine mornings of summer, they should accompany him in his walks before breakfast.

Mr. Franklin employed himself in the garden, in watering the currant and gooseberry bushes, placing some sticks to support the tender stem of a favorite rose, and fastening against the wall

the branches of a peach tree, until he was joined by his children, who came running down the walk, striving who should be first to bid their father, "Good-morning."

The next morning, shortly after the clock had struck half-past five, there was a fine clatter among the young people. William, for the first time for more than a week, had arisen from his bed without being called three times. Charles was heard brushing his clothes, and calling to his sisters to hasten; while Elizabeth had not only dressed herself, but was busy, assisting Sarah in putting on her frock. But now, for about ten minutes all was quiet; the girls had retired to the foot of the bed in their own room, and the boys were kneeling down against the chairs in their chamber, offering their morning prayers. When they had finished their devotions, they stood waiting at the door leading into the garden, where their father soon joined them.

"O father," they all cried, directly he came down the stairs, "we are up before you this morning!"

"I am glad of it," said Mr. Franklin; "but early as you are, I find others were up before you. Old Giles has set his mill to work, I see: look, how the sails catch the morning breeze, and how quickly they fly around! Giles is an industrious man; whether the wind comes from east or west, north or south, 'tis all the same to him; he turns the front of his mill to the proper point, and to work it goes. There, too, is his wife, as busy as her husband, milking the cows in the adjoining meadow."

Charles. And see, Elizabeth, there goes Thomas Jenkins along the green lanes, with his scythe and hay-fork over his shoulder; and by his side is trudging his grandson, Bob, with a basket slung at his back containing food for the day for them both.

William. Yes, and there are others abroad before us, too. Look at this bee, gathering the honey out of the full-blown roses!

Mr. F. Listen; do you not hear the chirping of the grasshopper? on the look-out, I dare say, for an early breakfast this morning.

Elizabeth. How fresh and pleasant the morning air blows! It will, however, by-and-bye, be so hot, that we shall be glad to get into the shade.

Mr. F. Come along, let us make the best of our way; we can enjoy the beauties of the prospect as we journey over the fields.

Mr. Franklin, as they walked along, told them many things about early rising, and the folly of wasting the lovely mornings of summer in bed, when every thing invited them to arise, and walk abroad. "I have met with a remark of a learned and observing man," said Mr. Franklin, "that 'he never knew any person come to eminence, who lay in bed in the morning.'"

Sarah. That is something like what the lines say:—

"Early to bed, and early to rise,
Makes a man healthy, wealthy, and wise."

Mr. F. It is certainly important that the young should form the habit of early rising. On fine mornings a walk before breakfast will promote health, will cheer and refresh the body, and help to give a relish to our food; and it is equally useful for the improvement of the mind. The best time for study and to learn your lessons, is in the stillness of the morning, after the body has been refreshed by sleep.

W. I am always vexed with myself for lying a-bed; but I am sometimes so drowsy, that I cannot get up.

Mr. F. These feelings have been experienced by others, and various means have been employed to overcome the bad habit of over-sleeping. A celebrated writer on natural history, Count Buffon, rose with the sun; he often used to tell by what means he brought himself to rise early. "In my youth," said he, "I was very fond of sleep; it robbed me of a great deal of my time;

but my old servant, Joseph, was of great service in enabling me to overcome my lazy habit of late rising. I promised to give Joseph a crown every time he could make me get up at six. Next morning he did not fail to awake me, and torment me; but he only received abuse. The following day he tried again, but with no better success. The third morning, disregarding my threats, he began to use force. I then begged for indulgence; but it was of no use. I bid him begone; but in vain. I stormed; but Joseph persisted. At last I was obliged to comply, and then rewarded him with the promised crown, and my hearty thanks. It thus went on for a few mornings longer; poor Joseph receiving abuse, but still persevering, till, at length, I conquered my bad habit; and I now consider myself indebted to him for a dozen of the volumes of my works."

The sun of the next morning arose after a stormy night. Although the storm had disturbed the sleep of the young people, yet long before the clock had struck six, they had assembled in the parlor; and from its windows they looked out with feelings of disappointment, that they had lost their morning's walk. In a few minutes, however, they heard their father coming along the passage, singing,

"He sends his showers of blessings down,
To cheer the plains below;
He makes the grass the mountains crown,
And corn in valleys grow."

"Good morning, father," said Charles; "what a sad night we have had! and we cannot walk out!"

"Much as I love a morning walk," replied Mr. Franklin, "it is prudent to tarry at home after such a drenching shower; for walking in the wet grass has been the cause of many a serious illness. Let us, however, be thankful for this rain; it will do great good to the parched ground; and as we are deprived of our ramble, we must be content to sit in the summer-house."

William and Charles, with their sisters, quickly put on their hats and bonnets, and soon ran across the gravelled path, and seated themselves within the arbor, over which the jessamine and honeysuckle twined their boughs and blossoms.

Mr. Franklin, as he passed down the walk, plucked by the way a few flowers, half broken from the stem by the late heavy rain, and entered the summer-house, holding in his hand two or three roses, with a few pinks, carnations, and other productions of his garden.

"How natural is the love of flowers!" said he, as he gently shook the wet from those he held in his hand; "they please the eye of the infant, they are the delight of children, and even old age welcomes a nosegay."

E. Which do you like most, Sarah? I think a rose is the most beautiful flower of the garden.

S. My choice is a carnation.

C. What can be more lovely than the flower of the sweet-pea! It looks like a purple butterfly resting on a green stem.

Mr. F. The sweet and varied flowers that grow in our gardens may well awaken delight; though I do not know what Elizabeth would say, were she permitted to walk in a Persian garden, and see her favorite rose growing in all its beauty and perfection. Rising to the height of fourteen feet, its stems laden with thousands of delicious flowers, which shed forth the sweetest perfume, and scent the air for a great distance around; whilst beneath its shade numerous nightingales make their nests, and sing their songs.

C. O! how delightful!

Mr. F. But though flowers may come to greater perfection in one country than another, they are scattered over the whole earth; and wherever we travel, in the valley or on the mountain, in the field or the forest, we shall find them at our feet.

E. O! how many different colors are now to be seen about the garden! Yonder, there are

crimson, yellow, and purple; and on this bed are orange and lilac, white, and sky-blue, and all kinds of tints!

S. And I can see some with spots, and some with stripes, and others, with little golden spikes growing out of their cups; how lovely they all are!

Mr. F. Observe, also, in what a variety of forms they appear before us; no two are exactly alike. How different the rose with its leaves folded over each other, to the open cup of the lily! what a contrast between the modest heart's ease and the full blown sunflower!

W. What a difference, too, in their scent!

Mr. F. Nor must you fail to admire the goodness of God in the succession of flowers. They do not all spring up in one month, and then take their departure together; but one follows another, from the crocus and primrose of March, downward to nearly the close of the year. In all this we see the hand of our benevolent Creator. But when we look on these interesting productions, we should do well to call to mind the reference that is made to them in the Bible. Do you remember any texts?

W. "As for man, his days are as grass; as a flower of the field so he flourisheth. For the wind passeth over it, and it is gone; and the place thereof shall know it no more." Ps. ciii. 15, 16.

E. "Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow; they toil not, neither do they spin; and yet I say unto you, That even Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these." Matt. vi. 28, 29.

Mr. F. I should like to have a Scripture from Sarah; perhaps she can give one that refers to the Saviour.

S. "I am the Rose of Sharon, and the Lily of the valleys." Sol. Song. ii. 1.—*Youth's Friend*.

BENEVOLENCE.

WALKS OF USEFULNESS.

The River Thames—The Pensioner—Various Characters in the Streets of London—Man enclosing a Garden.

Standing by the side of the river Thames this morning, I could not help admiring the immense body of water that was moving past me, and asked myself how long this river had continued to run. At least, thought I, from the days of Noah, which is upwards of three thousand years ago. How vain would it be for any one to wait in the hope that all the water should run past, and consequently be able to walk across. Then I thought of the river of life that proceeds from the throne of God and the Lamb, the streams whereof comfort the city of God in every age.

While thus musing, a man asked me if I wished to cross the river. I told him I had no desire to cross this river Thames, but that I should be glad to cross the river Jordan, in order to reach Immanuel's happy shore. "What do you mean?" said the boatman. "Mean, why in plain English, I mean, that I should like better to be in heaven than in London, but I know I must first cross the Jordan of death before I can reach it; and I dare not cross that river without a passport from the King of kings." The boatman went off, wishing me a happy voyage; for he said, he had no inclination yet to sail along with me.

Going along one of the wharves, I found a man who seemed unemployed. I inquired how he could support himself without working. Said he, "I am a pensioner." "So am I," said I, "let us therefore sit down and have a little conversation." Accordingly, when we had taken our seat, I inquired whose pensioner he was. He said "his Majesty's, in Greenwich Hospital." "You had behaved well surely in his Majesty's service, before you could obtain such a pension." "Yes," said he, "I have served his Majesty more than thirty years, and was in many hard-fought actions you may believe." "But

pray," said he, "If I may ask, whose pensioner are you?" I replied, that I was one of God's pensioners, and had been so from my birth, and though I have often rebelled against him still he does not strike me off the pension list. "How much" (said he in a jocular tone of voice) "does he give you?" "He gives me a sufficiency of food and raiment from day to day; he gives me air to breathe, a house to dwell in, a bed to sleep on, and many other blessings." "I have all these things too," said the old sailor, "but I never consider myself obliged to God for them." "What!" said I, "did not God create all things, and does not he regulate all things, and is it not by his providence that any comforts fall to our share? My friend, believe me; it was God who disposed the founders of Greenwich Hospital to commence such an institution; it was he who caused it to succeed; he knew from the beginning all who should partake of its bounty; and he inclined the hearts of the governors to grant your petition, when you applied for the pension; and the institution itself would soon be annihilated, if God only willed it. Therefore, you may see that God provides for you as well as for me."

This appeared strange doctrine to the old pensioner, but he could not deny the truth of it. After a little pause, he broke silence by saying, "It is very true, we are all dependent on the Almighty; he has a large family of us to provide for. Indeed I have often wondered when I saw a fleet taking in stores, whence such a vast quantity of different articles came from." "Yes," said I, and your wonder would be increased if you saw piled up in one heap, all the provisions consumed by man and beast in London only in one day. Perhaps it would make a mass not much smaller than St. Paul's Cathedral. But could you see all the provisions consumed by the whole world in a day, heaped up together, perhaps they would make a body not smaller than the Isle of Wight; and all these things were created by God for the support of man. What a blessing also is it, that all things absolutely necessary for the support of human life, are created near the spot where each man dwells. What a misery would it be, if nothing grew for the support of human life, except in the wilds of Africa, or the plains of India! The population of the world would thereby be impeded, and the means of support to distant climes often interrupted. But there is a happy and general distribution of the bounties of Jehovah, for the accommodation and comfort of man. Yet, alas! men, who are the objects of his goodness, receive his blessings without gratitude, or even acknowledging the kindness of him that feeds them; but the patience of God with ungodly men will not continue always, for, like a bear bereaved of her whelps, he will come out of his place, to take signal vengeance on his enemies. Wherefore be you, my friend, reconciled unto God; look to him for mercy through his Son, for he waits to be gracious. Only acknowledge your past iniquity, for he asks no more atonement for sin than what he has already received from his beloved Son, in the room of sinners. Look for forgiveness from God as a favor done you only for the sake of his Son Jesus Christ."

Leaving the side of the river, I went into one of the streets which was crowded with passengers. I employed myself a little in observing the different countenances of those who passed. One appeared in deep thought, as if concerting some important scheme for acquiring wealth; another indicated great uneasiness, as if he knew not where he should obtain his next meal; a third came whistling and singing, as if he had just learned that a fortune had been left him; a fourth was void of expression altogether, as if a total stranger to grief, joy or love, anger, or any other passion. The next seemed so swelled with pride and vanity that I could not behold him without pity. Another came sneaking along, attentively viewing every door, window, cart, and

carriage as if only in search of plunder; and the last I shall mention, appeared to be taking a last farewell of his native city, ready to embark for some foreign land.

Leaving London, and seeing a man putting up a fence round a garden, I asked him if that was his ordinary employment? "Yes," said he, "I am always securing the gardens of others." "But friend," said I, "how do you keep the garden of your own heart? do you permit thieves to break in there? do you allow briars and thorns and poisonous plants to grow there?" "Are you a Methodist?" said he, "or what are you?" "What is a Methodist?" "Why," said he, "a Methodist is a man that makes too much ado about religion." "What is religion? tell me that, and then we shall see whether we can make too much ado about it." The man after a little pause confessed he was not very well versed in these matters, and begged I would answer the question myself. I told him that religion consisted in believing, fearing, loving and serving God, the God that made us, who supports us, and who will soon judge us, and assign to us our everlasting state. How then can a man make too much ado about religion? I fear few of us are sufficiently concerned about it. He said, he understood that religious people were the most unhappy creatures in the world. No doubt when they disobey their God they are very unhappy; but when they walk in his fear, they enjoy the comforts of the Holy Ghost, which makes them happier than any irreligious man ever was, or can be, while he lives in rebellion against the God that made him.

"Are you happy?" said I to the man. "How can I be while toiling like a slave at this kind of work every day, and I see no end to it?" "What do you think would make you happy?" "Two hundred a year would make me as happy as a prince!" "Do you imagine that every person is happy that has two hundred a year?" "No indeed I do not; nay, I have heard of people who have had their thousands at command, who were more miserable than myself." "How, then, are you certain that you should be happy if you had the income you mention?" "I do not know, I only suppose I should." "Depend upon it," said I, "without the friendship of God through Jesus Christ, you cannot be happy in this world or in the world to come; wherefore your wishes and efforts are vain, if you are only seeking happiness below the sun. The Son of God is the fountain of all felicity; wherefore with all thy getting, get acquainted with him, whom to know is eternal life. Adieu; I will not hinder your work any longer.—*Phila. Repository*.

MORALITY.

LITTLE SWEARER.

There was once a little boy who used to swear very badly. One day while he was using profane language, a man said to him—"Don't swear so, little boy, or you will never be a good man if you swear so." At the time the boy thought but little of what the man said to him—but afterwards, when he thought of never becoming a good man, he left off the wicked practice, and became a child of prayer. During some conversation with a gentleman about reading, he said, "I have heard good people say that it was not good to read novels, but I never knew how bad it was till lately. I had been reading a Scotch book, and when I went to pray afterwards, some of the words I had read came first into my mind, and I could not get them out, and they plagued me a great many days. But when I go to pray now, I love to read that chapter where Christ says, Him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out—and then that comes first to my mind."

At another time, he was observed with a book in his hand. "Well, what are you reading now?" was the inquiry of him.

"I love my Bible yet; but I am reading now, 'A Glimpse of Glory,' and I like often to read, 'The Saint's Everlasting Rest,'" was the reply.

"And do you think that you love Jesus?"

"How can I help but love him, for does he not keep me out of hell? and I am sinning against him every minute."

"But, do you see anything in him that is lovely, or desirable?"

"Yes, I love to go to meeting to hear about Jesus; and when the minister is telling about him, I love him so, that I think I want to go and be with him."

Thus by a gentle reproof, was a little boy saved from the commission of the sin of profane swearing, and brought to revere that name, which once he had taken so thoughtlessly on his lips. Never, never neglect to give a timely reproof—it may save a soul from death and hide a multitude of sins. Nothing is lost by speaking kindly to those who greatly err—but oftentimes much is gained. Think of this, and always be ready to rebuke sin, and warn the offender of the bad consequences, if he should persist in his wicked course.—*Youth's Monitor.*

EDITORIAL.

THE BEAM IN THE EYE.

Little Mary Moreton was sitting by her mother's side, hemming a pocket handkerchief. "How I do hate proud people!" suddenly exclaimed she, pulling through her needle with such violence as to break her thread.

Her mother looked up and said, smiling, "*Hate* is a strong word, Mary."

"Well, mother, I can't help it; there's Julia Fearing—I cannot bear her. Because her father is rich, and she can dress a little better than the rest of the girls, she is so proud that she will hardly speak to us. She comes into school tossing her head and looking as if we were not fit to wipe her shoes."

"Do you remember a text in the Bible, Mary, about having a beam in the eye?"

"Yes, mother?"

"What does it mean?"

"It means that we must not find fault with other people, when we do the same things ourselves. But mother, I do not walk so and look so proud, I am sure."

"You do not show your pride in the same way, and perhaps it is because you have not fine clothes to be vain of. If your father were rich, I should not be surprised to see you exhibiting the same airs."

"Oh mother! I am sure I should not."

"And do you know, my dear child, that in saying this you are giving as strong a proof of pride as you would do by acting like Julia? One of the forms of pride is self-confidence, and by saying you are sure of not yielding to temptation, you exhibit a great degree of self-confidence. Consider too, whether you are not very often guilty of the same fault. Are you not very obstinate in your own opinions, and very unwilling to admit that you are ever in the wrong?"

The answer which rose to Mary's tongue was,

"If I was wrong, I should be willing to acknowledge it, but I never am in the wrong."

Happening to recollect, however, that such a speech would be no remarkable evidence of humility, she suppressed it, and began to consider whether she really was more self-confident than other people. But not being much accustomed to self-examination, she did not arrive at any conclusion, and soon grew weary of thinking about it."

"All the rest of the girls think that Julia Fearing is proud," she resumed.

"Very likely, my dear; I do not dispute the fact; I only say that pride may exist in a very great degree, without showing itself by a haughty look or a toss of the head."

"How does it show itself then, mother?"

"Why, one of the ways is that I have just mentioned,

an unwillingness to give up our own way or our own opinion, and to confess that we have done wrong."

"Well, I do hate to do that, mother, I must allow, but somehow or other it does not seem as if that was pride."

"It is, my dear, I assure you. Moreover I must tell you that the feeling which you are now indulging towards Julia Fearing, is made up of pride and other bad passions."

"Why mother!"

Just consider now, how a humble person would have thought and felt in your place. She would have said to herself, "I am sorry that Julia seems to feel so, but perhaps she has had nobody to teach her better as I have. At any rate, I dare say I should have done just the same if I had been exposed to her temptations. I mean to try to love her, and see if I cannot do her some good."

Mary did not reply, but she could not help thinking her mother's way was much the best. Besides, now that she was not in Julia's presence, it seemed very easy to do as her mother recommended, and she thought there would be something pleasant in it.

"I mean to tell the girls what you say, mother," said she, "and we will see if we cannot do her some good. She seems like a good-natured girl, after all, and I dare say she has never had any body to teach her better." L.

VARIETY.

The Boy and the Moon.

A little boy, whose parents indulged him in all his wishes, and gave him everything he desired, saw, one evening the moon shining brightly in the sky, and thought it so beautiful, that he wished to have it to play with.

He accordingly, asked his mother to reach it, and give it to him. "My dear," said his indulgent parent, "the moon is too high for me to reach. It is many, many miles off. You should have it if I could get it; but I cannot. Ask for something more reasonable."

But the spoiled child, accustomed to have all his wishes gratified, could not bear to be deprived of this pretty plaything, the moon, and began to cry bitterly, and complain of his mother. She could not pacify him, and now began to see the folly of having indulged him so much.

I dare say that all my readers think the little child I have been speaking of very foolish and very unreasonable; but let them take care that they, too, do not tease their parents for things they cannot have, or they will make themselves and every body around them unhappy.

Little Thomas.

One of the Sunday School children, in Jamaica, a little boy, called upon the missionary, and stated that he had lately been very ill; and in his sickness often wished his minister had been present to pray with him. "But, Thomas," said the missionary, "I hope you prayed." "O yes, sir." "Did you repeat the collect I taught you?" "I prayed." "Well, but how did you pray?" "Why, sir, I begged."

An American Girl.

A little girl was in prayer one evening, after she had retired to rest, when her mother heard her pray that "the poor might have a stove in their parlor, and a stove in their kitchen, and wood enough to burn in them all winter." At another time she prayed that "somebody might be sent to mend all the broken squares of glass, in every poor person's house in town, that they might be kept from the cold."

A Little Boy.

A dear little boy, under four years old, who was in the habit of being regularly taken by his parents, on the Lord's day, to the house of God, was one morning left at home on account of the state of the weather. When his father returned, he said to him, "Father, it has been Sabbath day for you, but not for me, or my mother, for we have not been at chapel to-day." O that many other children would think as this dear child did.

A Sunday Scholar.

A Sunday School teacher passing through Aldersgate Street, one Sunday, observed two children in conversation; one of them said to the other, "Will you have a bit of an apple, which I bought as I came along?" The other declined it, saying, "My teacher told me it was wicked to buy things on a Sunday, and I always go to the market for my fruit on a Saturday night."

Little Rachel.

A child, called Rachel, at a missionary station in North America, thinking herself alone and unobserved, uttered the following short prayer:—"Dear Saviour, take me home unto thyself; I am weary of this life; my heart desires to be with thee; and thou knowest it would be much better for me to be in thy presence."

A Dying Child.

A child, who had been trained in the ways of religion, by a parent who was kind, but judiciously firm, as she sunk to rest in peaceful reliance on her Saviour's love, affectionately thanked her beloved mother for all her tender care and kindness; but added, "I thank you most of all, for having subdued my self-will."

A Bereaved Youth.

An amiable youth was lamenting the death of a most affectionate parent; his companions endeavored to console him, by the reflection, that he had always behaved to the deceased with duty, tenderness, and respect. "So I thought," replied the youth, whilst my parent was living; but now I recollect, with pain and sorrow, many instances of disobedience and neglect, for which, alas! it is too late to make any atonement."

A Polish Prince.

A Polish prince was accustomed to carry the picture of his father always in his bosom; and on any particular occasion he would take it out, and view it, and say, "Let me do nothing unbecoming so excellent a father."

Kindness.

To be kind and obliging in our disposition, is essential to our happiness and usefulness in life. Kindness is a trait of character, which is not only prized by man, but secures to its possessor the love and esteem of those with whom he is acquainted. What child will not strive to be always kind?

Thirty Thousand Collectors.

We see it stated, that at a missionary meeting lately held at Newport, England, a gentleman on being requested to become a collector, replied that he had already thirty thousand collectors under him. The statement struck the applicant with astonishment, but a satisfactory explanation was afforded in the fact, that the gentleman devoted the produce of some bee-hives to missionary objects.

How many Gods are there?

A little boy, upon asking his mother how many gods there were, was instantly answered, by his younger brother, "Why, one, to be sure!" "But how do you know that?" inquired the other. "Because," he replied, "God fills every place, so that there is no room for any more."

POETRY.

SELF-DEDICATION.

"My son, give me thine heart."—Prov. xxiii. 26.

My God! it is thy call,
And can I silent be?
Can I resist the voice that pleads,
So earnestly with me?
Shall I refuse to give
My heart's best love to thee?
When ev'ry blessing I enjoy,
Thou hast bestowed on me?
Oh! take me to thy arms,
And make me ever thine;
And grant that to thy sacred will,
My heart may still incline.
Save me from ev'ry sin—
Wash me from every stain—
And from my Shepherd's safe embrace,
May I ne'er stray again.

LINES.

(Suggested on seeing children at Prayer.)

O, is it not sublime to see,
When evening gathers there,
The little infant bend its knee,
And lip the simple prayer.
Up to Jehovah's throne it flies,
Borne on a seraph's wing—
Loud ring with praise, the vaulted skies,
And smiles the glorious king.
Archangels from their lofty thrones,
Come down and hover there,
And Christ the Saviour smiles and owns,
The little infant's prayer.

YOUTH'S COMPANION.

Published Weekly, by NATHANIEL WILLIS, at the Office of the Boston Recorder, No. 11, Cornhill.—Price, \$1.00 a year in advance; or \$1.25 if not paid in advance.

NO. 43.

BOSTON, MARCH 5, 1841.

VOL. XIV.



THE PET LAMB.

Come, pretty Lamb, do stay with me;
You look so very mild,
I'll love you very much—now see!
He's scampered off quite wild.
And do you think I'd hurt you, dear,
You run away so quick?
I only want to feed you here,
And nurse you when you're sick.
I must not fret that you will go,
And run away from me;
I love my own mamma, I know,
And you love yours, I see.
Then keep in sight, do, pretty Lamb,
And crop the meadows gay,
Or gambol near your sober dam,
That I may see you play.

[Book of Rhymes, Published by Wm. Crosby & Co.]

NARRATIVE.

THE RIDE TO MILL.

Jonas and Rollo were going to mill together in the wagon, and Rollo asked Jonas what he meant when he said that possession was nine points of the law.

"Why it means," said Jonas, "that it is very strong evidence. If a person has possession of any thing, and especially if he has had possession of it a long time, it is most probable that it is his; and nobody ought to come and take it away from him, unless they have positive proof that it is not his. Don't you think that this is reasonable?"

"Why, yes," said Rollo; "I suppose it is."

"There are a great many things, or at least some things, in which possession is all the proof there is that they are a man's property."

"What things?" said Rollo.

"Money, for example," replied Jonas.

"How?" said Rollo.

"Why, if I had some money in my pocket, and should take out a cent, and any body should ask me if that was mine, I should say, Yes. Then, if they should ask me how I knew it was mine, I could only say that it was in my pocket, and so I presumed it was mine."

"Perhaps you would remember where you got it," said Rollo.

"Yes," said Jonas, "I might, perhaps, remember; but probably I should not. Very few people remember exactly how they come by the pieces of money they have in their pockets. Their possession of them is all the evidence of property they have."

"O Jonas," said Rollo, suddenly interrupting the conversation, and pointing down into a narrow glen by the side of the road. "What are they doing to those sheep?"

"Washing them, I suppose," said Jonas.

He drove his horse up to the side of the road a little, so that Rollo could see better. There was a deep descent from the road, down to the bottom of a ravine, but there was a strong railing at the top, so that there was no danger of falling over. At the bottom of the ravine, there was a large stream running along a rocky bed, and here some men and boys were washing the sheep.

There were three men in the water, and each one had a sheep, which he was washing. One of them began to lead his sheep out, just as Rollo and Jonas began to look at them. He led him along to the shore, and let him go. Then he took hold of another one from a little pen which had been made near the water. The pen had a considerable number of sheep in it, which were all crowded together into one corner. The man took hold of one of the sheep, and tried to pull him down towards the water; but he was afraid to go, and so he held back with all his strength.

"Go along, silly sheep; they are only going to wash you," said Rollo.

But the sheep paid no attention to what Rollo said; in fact it is not probable that he could hear him, for it was pretty far from where he sat in the wagon down to the place where they were washing.

Presently the man, finding that the sheep would not come, grasped him by his fleece with both hands, and lifted him up from the ground, and carried him along over the water, till he got to where it was deep, and then plunged him in.

"What a strong man!" said Rollo.

"Not very strong," said Jonas.

"Why, yes, he must be pretty strong to lift such a great thing as a sheep."

"Why, you see," said Jonas, "a large part of his bulk is the fleece, which is light. After the sheep is sheared, he will look a great deal slender and smaller. The fleece looks large, but does not weigh a great deal."

"How much does it weigh?" said Rollo.

"O, I don't know, exactly; perhaps not more than two or three pounds."

"I wish I had a lamb," said Rollo.

"I wish I had a flock of sheep," said Jonas.

"O Jonas," said Rollo, "so do I. I wonder if father won't let me have some sheep."

"Perhaps he would let you have one or two," replied Jonas, as he began to drive on.

"I wish he would," said Rollo, "if it was only one single lamb."

"It would not be much trouble," he continued, after a pause, "would it, Jonas?—only one single little lamb."

"I don't know," said Jonas; "what should we give him to eat?"

"O, he could eat grass," replied Rollo.

"There is plenty of grass."

"And how should you keep him in the winter?" said Jonas.

"Why, I don't know," said Rollo; "would he eat hay?"

"Yes," said Jonas; "but you could not remember to go and feed him every morning."

"O yes, I could," said Rollo; "and then I could cut off his wool, and sell it, and so get some money. I mean to ask my father to let me have one as soon as I get home."

"It will do no harm to ask him," said Jonas.

"How much do you think I should have to give for one?" said Rollo.

"I don't know," replied Jonas; "not a great deal."

"I really believe my father will let me buy one," added Rollo. "Should not you like a lamb?"

"No," said Jonas, "I should not care much about a single lamb; but when I am a man, I mean to have a flock of sheep. I mean to be a farmer."

"I should think you'd be a lawyer, Jonas," replied Rollo. "I think you'd make an excellent lawyer."

"No," replied Jonas, "I mean to be a farmer."

"A farmer?" said Rollo; "then you will have a great deal of hard work to do."

"No," said Jonas; "good farmers work steadily, but not very hard."

"I thought they had to work very hard," said Rollo. "At any rate, you will have to work all day."

"I like working all day," said Jonas.

"And you won't have any thing very good to eat," said Rollo.

"O yes," said Jonas, "I shall have plenty of turkeys and chickens in my yard."

"And you'll have to wear poor clothes."

"No," said Jonas; "the farmers wear the best of clothes."

"O Jonas!" said Rollo.

"Certainly," said Jonas. "There are his boots, for instance; he can work in them all day in a swamp, digging drains, and burning brush, and they'll keep his feet dry; but a lawyer's will hardly stand crossing the street in a shower."

"Well," said Rollo, "you may be what you please; I mean to be a lawyer."

"Very likely," said Jonas.

"Or a doctor," added Rollo.

"Very likely," said Jonas.

Here Rollo paused a moment, appearing to be lost in thought, and presently added,

"But, Jonas, if you are a farmer, you cannot have many books to read."

"I know it," said Jonas; "that's a great difficulty. Farmers don't have many books, nor much time to read them."

"I don't think you'll like that very well."

"No," said Jonas; "that's bad. But then, perhaps, it is because farmers generally do not like to read, that they do not have more books."

"There is one reason why I should like to be a farmer," said Rollo.

"What is that?" asked Jonas.

"Why, I could have a pair of steers."

"Yes," said Jonas, "it would be fine to have a pair of steers, and a poultry yard."

"Yes," said Rollo.

"You cannot have a pair of steers now, I suppose," said Jonas; "but you might have a poultry-yard, perhaps."

"How?" said Rollo.

"Why, you have got some money of your own, haven't you?"

"Yes," said Rollo, "though father keeps it for me."

"And you can spend it for whatever you please?"

"Yes," said Rollo, "that is, if father approves of it."

"Well," said Jonas, "I think it likely he would let you spend it in a poultry-yard."

"How should we do it?" said Rollo.

"Why, we must look about, and find some good place for a poultry yard, and then you must get a carpenter to tell you how much it would cost to make a high fence all around it; and also how much to buy a stock of hens, and

something for them to eat. Then, if your money would be enough, you might ask your father to let you spend it in that way; and thus you would have a poultry-yard, and you could sell the eggs and spare chickens to your father, and so, perhaps, get back your money again, and more too."

"Well," said Rollo, his eye brightening up at this plan, "I should like that very much indeed."

"And after you had got a stock of hens," said Jonas, "you might get ducks and turkeys very easily."

"How?" said Rollo.

"Why, only get some ducks' and turkeys' eggs, and let your hens hatch them."

"So I can," said Rollo. "It will be capital play. I shall get ever so much money with my eggs."

"That will depend upon the management," said Jonas. "If you manage well, you will."

"Well, at any rate, I shall get some money."

"No," said Jonas, "it is not certain that you can get any, unless you manage well; for you will have to pay for the cost of keeping your hens all the time, and this will be a considerable part of the value of the eggs, and fat chickens; so that, if you waste the grain which you buy for them, or if you don't take good care of them, you will not get enough to pay the expenses. That is the way with all kinds of business."

"Then I will take good care of them; and I mean to go now and ask my father to let me have a poultry-yard."—*Jonas a Judge.*

OBITUARY.

SUDDEN DEATH OF A BELOVED SON.

It was the privilege of the Editor of the Youth's Companion to pass a few weeks, last summer, in a most affectionate and exemplary family, in Brighton. Two lovely boys were occasionally at home, who were students in the Academy at Framingham. Their behaviour to each other and to their parents—their strict observance of the Sabbath—their singing of hymns in the interval of public worship—their interest in the Sabbath School and the Temperance cause, and many other endearing attributes of character—at once gained our affections, though we had been previously strangers to each other. The thought often occurred, *this is training up children in the way they should go*, when we saw the assiduity of the parents, in inculcating correct principles and conduct. Great was our grief when we heard that one of these dear boys was suddenly called into eternity. A letter from his father to the Editor, giving the particulars of this sad event, we hope will be useful to others, if we make an extract from it in our columns. The name of the deceased is JAMES B. F. WARREN, aged 13, son of Mr. James L. F. Warren of Brighton:—

"I had been returned from the city but a short time on Saturday last, when a friend from Framingham, brought in the sad news that our son had fallen through the ice while skating that afternoon on Concord river, which runs through F. near their boarding house. He was in company with several boys, but having with one other boy, (James Cunningham, a son of N. F. Cunningham of Boston) taken the lead, they came to an air hole, which during the past cold night had slightly frozen over. They both fell in. Cunningham could swim, my son could not. Cunningham gained the edge of the ice, and then bravely taking my son by the collar tried to save him also; but the treacherous ice gave way, and they both went under again. C. then gained the edge of the ice again, and stretching out his arm, he reached hold of my son once more, but only seized his cap, as he was sinking. His cap came off, and he sunk. C. was very cold, and the ice continually breaking under him; he looked once more around for his friend, but he had sunk to rise no more, but as a corpse.

His little friend acted bravely and nobly, but

his efforts were vain. My son John was in the rear, and when he came up and saw his brother in danger, he made what exertion he could—he went to the bank of the river, and tried to break off some strong sticks; but, *fright and grief and feeble strength* could accomplish but little. He then ran for help—and though every effort that kindness, Christian sympathy and forgetfulness of personal suffering in that bitter cold afternoon were made, his body was not found till 1-2 past 8. He fell in about 1-2 past 3. Cunningham skated nearly half a mile to reach home.

When I reached Framingham, my son's body had been found about an hour. When the news reached us we were doubly afflicted, fearing that we should not be able to find the body. But God granted us this blessing, to break the sharpness of our grief—he permitted us the consolation of paying the last sad duties which can be paid to those whom God sees fit to take from us.

Shall I attempt to describe to you my feelings at that hour, when I first met the cold and lifeless body of the beloved child, who in times past had always met me with a smile and a kiss. No—no—my brother—this I cannot do. Suffice it for me to say, that in this bitter hour, I was surrounded by many warm and feeling hearts. All that Christian sympathy and consolation and heartfelt prayer could accomplish, were rendered to me and for me. Never before had I felt the full value of that religion which I profess. Oh how do I bless God for this gift. It has sustained me—it has sustained his mother—it has sustained us all—when all others would have failed.

After the services on Sabbath at 2 o'clock, his body was carried into Rev. Mr. Brigham's church. The members of the Academy and of the other schools were arranged, and notices had been given at the other churches. The assembly was large—very large. Mr. Brigham having been absent, (exchanging with Rev. Mr. Ballard,) Mr. Ballard read a hymn which was sung by the choir; after which he addressed the children in a very solemn and impressive manner for 30 minutes, and the services were closed by prayer. From this prayer, as well as all that was done upon this solemn occasion, I have derived strength to carry me through this trial.

This is the second instance of death by drowning in Framingham within about 6 months, and in nearly the same place. The other was a son of Dr. Whitney of F.

I returned with the remains of my child on Sabbath evening, in company with the family where he resided, and his Preceptor. He was buried on Monday from our house, attended by his many connections and friends, and by the members of the Sabbath School in this place. An address was made by Rev. Mr. Jones, the Unitarian clergyman of Brighton, to the youth; it was a very feeling and faithful address; it warned them to be ready; and faithfully showed them that *youth is the best time to begin* to serve the Lord. Rev. Mr. Lamson also addressed them most earnestly and faithfully, and closed with prayer. Then was the body of our beloved child carried to its last resting place, and we trust, and have a hope that his spirit is now at peace with God. We have placed his body under the quiet shades of Mount Auburn, there to remain till the heavens shall be rolled together as a scroll, and the earth melt with fervent heat, then we shall all arise and come to judgment. Oh, may it prove in that great day, that each of our families may meet—*parents and children*, not one missing, and receive that blessed invitation, "Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world."

Brighton, Feb. 17, 1841.

[The above letter was not written for publication; but as we believe it calculated to be useful to the young, especially those with whom the deceased was acquainted, we have ventured to place an extract on our pages. It is a warning to all to prepare for sudden death.]

BENEVOLENCE.

LAURA BRIDGMAN.

The readers of the Companion will probably recollect an account which we published March 30, 1838, of Laura Bridgman, the little deaf, dumb and blind girl. In the annual report of the Institution for the Blind at South Boston recently published, we find the following account of a visit paid her by her mother.

Six months after she had left home, her mother came to visit her, and the scene of their meeting was an interesting one.

The mother stood some time, gazing with overflowing eyes upon her unfortunate child, who, all unconscious of her presence, was playing about the room. Presently Laura ran against her, and at once began feeling of her hands, examining her dress, and trying to find out if she knew her; but not succeeding here, she turned away as from a stranger, and the poor woman could not conceal the pang she felt that her beloved child did not know her.

She then gave Laura a string of beads which she used to wear at home, which were recognized by the child at once, who, with much joy, put them around her neck, and sought me eagerly, to say she understood the string was from her home.

The mother now tried to caress her; but poor Laura repelled her, preferring to be with her acquaintances.

Another article from home was now given her, and she began to look much interested; she examined the stranger much closer, and gave me to understand that she knew she came from Hanover; she even endured her caresses, but would leave her with indifference at the slightest signal. The distress of the mother was now painful to behold; for, although she had feared that she should not be recognized, the painful reality of being treated with cold indifference by a darling child, was too much for woman's nature to bear.

After a while, on the mother taking hold of her again, a vague idea seemed to flit across Laura's mind, that this could not be a stranger; she therefore felt of her hands very eagerly, while her countenance assumed an expression of intense interest—she became very pale, and then suddenly red—hope seemed struggling with doubt and anxiety, and never were contending emotions more strongly painted upon the human face. At this moment of painful uncertainty, the mother drew her close to her side, and kissed her fondly, when at once the truth flashed upon the child, and all mistrust and anxiety disappeared from her flushed face, as, with an expression of exceeding joy, she eagerly nestled in the bosom of her parent, and yielded herself to her fond embraces.

After this, the beads were all unheeded; the playthings which were offered to her were utterly disregarded; her playmates, for whom but a moment before she gladly left the stranger, now vainly strove to pull her from her mother; and though she yielded her usual instantaneous obedience to my signal to follow me, it was evidently with painful reluctance. She clung close to me, as if bewildered and fearful; and when, after a moment, I took her to her mother, she sprang to her arms, and clung to her with eager joy.

I had watched the whole scene with intense interest, being desirous of learning from it all I could of the workings of her mind; but I now left them to indulge unobserved those delicious feelings, which those who have known a mother's love may conceive, but which cannot be expressed.

The subsequent parting between Laura and her mother, showed alike the affection, the intelligence, and the resolution of the child; and was thus noticed at the time:—

"Laura accompanied her mother to the door,

clinging close to her all the way, until they arrived at the threshold, where she paused and felt around, to ascertain who was near her. Perceiving the matron, of whom she is very fond, she grasped her with one hand, holding on convulsively to her mother with the other, and thus she stood for a moment,—then she dropped her mother's hand,—put her handkerchief to her eyes, and turning round clung sobbing to the matron, while her mother departed, with emotions as deep as those of her child."

PARENTAL.

From the S. S. Treasury.

A VISIT.

Mr. Editor,—Feeling assured that your readers are all interested in everything relating to children, I will give you a brief account of a visit to an interesting family. The eldest child, a little girl about ten years old, was sent by her mother to a store in the neighborhood, to purchase some little article. Her pleasant countenance, sweet voice, and lady-like manners, soon attracted the attention of a gentleman in the store. On conversing with her, he became much interested; and, being desirous to know something of her family and situation, he requested me to call.

As I entered the humble dwelling, I was struck with the neatness of the room, and the interesting appearance of the mother. She welcomed me with much politeness, and when I mentioned the circumstance which induced me to call, she seemed quite affected. "Though I am poor," said she, "I have seen better days, and I endeavor to instil right principles into the minds of my children. I believe they are good children. I feel that it is important in my situation to keep them as much as possible at home with me, when out of school,—away from the influence of bad examples." She said she often needed the services of her eldest girl, but she had never kept her from school, knowing that a good education was the only legacy she could leave her children. She related many interesting facts to illustrate her manner of governing and instructing her children, which I could not but wish might be imitated by those in the higher walks of life.

"When my little boy," said she, "was about four years old, I took him to market with me; when I had got nearly home, I observed he held a peach in his hand." "My son," said I, "did any one give you that peach?" At first he nodded assent, but correcting himself directly, said, "No, mother, I took it out of a basket." I told him he had broken one of God's commands; and though it was late and I was in a hurry, I returned to the market, and found the man. Richard returned the peach to him. The man laughed and said he might have it. "No," said I, "my child has done very wrong, he cannot have it." "Since that time I have watched him narrowly, but have never known him to do anything of the kind." O, thought I, would all parents be thus watchful and judicious in correcting the first appearance of sin, how much misery and crime might be prevented. She had taught her little ones, too, that street-begging was disgraceful. Though poor, she had that independent spirit which would not ask for charity while she could work. "A kind lady opposite," said she, "gave my little girl a frock; but Ann knows, that as soon as she is able she has got to do something for her in return." I became quite anxious to see these children, and before I left they returned from school. I found it was not a mother's partiality which had represented her children to be something more than common. They entered the room like children who had been well instructed,—came and shook hands with me—and at their mother's request, sung me some sweet hymns. There was no hanging the head, and pouting the lips, which is too often seen among children, but as soon as the mother spoke, she

was obeyed. I shall not soon forget my visit, nor these interesting children. They will always find friends while they are so kind and obedient. May the judicious training of that good mother, followed by faithful Sabbath School instruction, bring the truths of God's word home to the hearts of these children, so that they may not only be useful and respected here, but find a better home in that blessed world, where the distinctions of rich and poor will not be known. A. A.

RELIGION.

From the Christian Intelligencer.

"I WAS NOT LISTENING."

A few afternoons since, I had detained some seven or eight of my pupils after the close of school, with the intention of drilling them in one of the more difficult rules of arithmetic. Having collected them around the black-board, I called upon one of the larger boys to perform a calculation which had been a part of their morning's work, wishing to discover whether each individual understood what he had been doing. It was long and intricate, but he went through it correctly, and explained it promptly and clearly to the other boys. I then desired him to rub it entirely out, and directed a second boy to perform the same calculation in exactly the same manner—in other words, to do precisely what the first had done. I kept my eye on his work, as he proceeded, and soon perceived it was wrong. I said to him, "Jones, you are not doing that in the way that I want you to. Rub it out and begin again." He did so, a second and a third time. He evidently knew nothing about it. Presently he turned round, looking much distressed, although I had made no observation whatever. Said he, "I can't do it, sir! I don't understand it." "Was it not clearly explained to you?" "I don't know, sir." "Why don't you know?" "I was not listening, sir!" I was pleased with the frankness of the boy's manner, yet his reply pained me exceedingly. I simply said, however—"I shall expect you to be prepared with this on Monday." Another boy and another was called up, each with the same result, till it appeared that out of seven boys, three only understood the desired process, the other four having been "not listening."

Those few simple words, *I was not listening, sir!* how often my mind recurred to them during that afternoon and evening! Even on my bed that night the recollection saddened me. To many, there might be nothing striking in them, yet they affected me peculiarly. I could not forbear applying them to a spiritual use, and asking myself seriously, whether *I* was in the habit of listening attentively to the voice of conscience and of God. I endeavored, from this little incident, to extract a valuable lesson for myself. I even thought I perceived a probable reason why Christians in general are not more edified, and sinners more numerous converted, by the faithful preaching of the Gospel. It is, it must be that they do not listen to it. How much of the strength, and knowledge, and consolation, which the preached word is so eminently calculated to impart, is utterly lost to many sincere Christians, by their negligent mode of listening to it. Whatever it may be that engrosses the Christian's thoughts, and prevents his hearing the Gospel with attention—whether he is despondent, and occupies himself with his sins, his fears, and his temptations; or bereaved and suffers his thoughts to wander after his lost darlings; or worldly, (alas!) and allows Satan to distract his attention, the effect is still the same, as it regards the Gospel message delivered in his presence; he has not been listening, he has not understood its import. Need he wonder that he is not established, or comforted, or sanctified? Need the sick wonder that he is not healed,

while he has not applied the remedy, even though he may have seen the physician?

Again. I reflected upon the heaven-daring position of those who constantly hear the Gospel, yet never can be said to listen to its admonitions; whose thoughts are permitted to wander away in some vain dream or idle speculation, as little disturbed by the preacher's voice, as they would be by the warbling of birds or the murmur of a stream; or who listen to a message from heaven, with the same degree of respect they would pay to a political harangue, a literary essay, or any other merely intellectual performance. Alas! I exclaimed, if those who never heard of a Saviour be not saved, what shall become of these!

My thoughts were carried forward to the last great day, when every soul that has lived shall be brought to account for every means of grace he has enjoyed on earth. I imagined the Saviour arrayed in awful majesty, demanding of one and another if they had accepted the salvation he had provided for them? Many of those who were constantly found in the house of God below, were compelled to answer this solemn appeal in the negative. Then the Judge inquired if they had never heard of his offer? If the plan of salvation through his righteousness had never been fully explained to them? If they had never been personally invited to come to Him? To each of these questions they were obliged with shame and remorse to assent—confessing that all this had been done for them, not once only, but many times, and year after year. They had enjoyed years of Sabbaths! "Then why are ye not saved?" "Alas! Lord, we did not listen to thy messages; we were occupied with other things, and time slipped away and eternity overtook us, just at a moment when we had almost forgotten the existence of a future state of being." Then the Judge commanded them to depart, saying, "Out of your own mouths are ye condemned, ye wicked and slothful servants!"

On the other hand, I pictured to myself that immense throng of ransomed ones, from every kindred and tongue, and people and nation, to whom Christ will say, "Come ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world. Ye have listened to my voice, ye have accepted my salvation, ye have confessed my name before men; I will confess your names before my Father and before his angels. Well done, good and faithful servants, enter into the joy of your Lord."

Blessed, blessed spirits, how fully must ye realize your complete indebtedness for salvation to the blood of Christ, which has rendered your feeble faith available, your imperfect obedience acceptable, and has purified your souls forever from every stain of guilt.

In concluding this simple meditation, I could not but breathe a petition, that the Gospel trumpet might never more sound in my hearing, without penetrating my ear, my understanding, my conscience, and my heart. It is also my earnest desire that every individual, both young and old, who meets with this little paper, may be induced with sincerity to offer the same petition.

MORALITY.

THE DELIGHTFUL DISCOVERY.

In all the restless ardor of youth, a son, at the time when his father was in the high noon of life, left his home, and went to seek in foreign climes, the happiness which his heated imagination had fondly anticipated. Tossed from one country to another, he was detained far beyond the period he expected. As one of the unforeseen revolutions of this changing world, the father was also driven into foreign parts; and, by an unseen hand, the course of both was so directed, that the parent and son met together, in an obscure village in Italy. They knew not each other. The young man had lost the bloom

of youth with which he quitted his father's house, and having ripened into full manhood, discovered the stronger lines of expression, which had been heightened by the influence of the weather, and the vicissitudes of his condition. The father having in the decline of life, met with unexpected reverses, soon began to wear the deep furrows and the hoary hairs of old age. Thus mutually altered, and separated for many years, which had been crowded with various scenes, there remained but little that could show their relation to each other. Yet when the aged man entered the son's house, he involuntarily arose, and showed more than ordinary respect to a person in whom he saw so much to venerate; whilst the father felt a new and peculiar pleasure in receiving the attention of so agreeable a stranger. They spoke, and as readily replied, for the sake of hearing again the sound of each other's voice. The father's heart yearned, the son's heart beat, and their lips could not keep silence. "Are you a native of Italy?" said the father. "No sir," the son replied, "I perceive you are also a foreigner." This led on to further questions, and these produced more interesting information, till at length, hearing his own name mentioned, the son, cried out, "My Father!" "My son, my son!" exclaimed the parent, and fell on his neck and embraced him. What a tender and affecting scene was this! Who that had been present could have refrained from tears.

But, while we are affected with such a relation as this, let us not forget Him, who, after all our transgression and wanderings, still recognize us as his children, is ready to forgive our follies, and receive us into his arms of love. May his compassion bind our hearts yet closer to himself, that we may no more wander from him.

[London Teacher's Offering.]

EDITORIAL.

THE MISCHIEVOUS BOY.

"There now, Charles, you naughty boy, see what you have done!" exclaimed Mary Stanwood to her little brother, as the inkstand rolled on the floor and the black streams flowed over the carpet. "Run quick, Jane," she continued, speaking to her sister, "and tell Rebecca to bring a cloth and pail of water, to wash out these stains."

Charles stood quite still, meanwhile, contemplating the injury he had done, while his round, rosy face, wore an expression of soberness quite foreign to its usual one.

"What were you doing, Charles?" continued his sister, "you are always in mischief."

As Charles heard this twenty times a day, from every member of the family, he was in no danger of forgetting it. To be sure he did seem to be always in mischief. He was one of those active, inquisitive children who are always in motion, examining everything, meddling with every thing, and doing harm to every thing; not intentionally however; he was always sorry when he had overturned the flower-stand, or spilt water on the table cloth, or let fall a valuable book, or hurt the baby; but somehow or other, it was not a minute before he was guilty of some similar offence. "I do wish you would learn to let things alone," was constantly said to him, but the remonstrance being so general, produced little effect. In reply to his sister's question at the present time, he said,

"I did not mean to, Mary; I was just going to take my Peter Parley off the table to look at the pictures, and the inkstand was on it, and it got knocked off."

"Got knocked off—yes I guess it did; next time remember to ask me, and don't touch any book that has the inkstand on it."

Charles promised and went off to play. A few days after this, his aunt sent for him to spend the day with her, as she often did, having no children of her own. He was very glad to go, and for the first hour or two amused himself in the garden. By and by however his

aunt called him in, and gave him a seed-cake for luncheon.

"Now," said she, "you must sit still while you eat this, so that the crumbs may fall into your apron and not get upon the carpet."

"Yes, I will," said Charles, and he did not forget more than four times, and jump up to run after something which he saw. Each time he dropped some crumbs, and each time his aunt made him pick up the larger ones, while she swept the others into a shovel, and threw them out the window.

At last he finished his cake, and got up in a great hurry to catch the cat, who was lying in the sun, the other side of the room. But as he did so he brushed against his aunt's work-box, which stood in a chair by her side, and knocked it down; whereupon all the needles, balls of cotton, winders, scissors and thimbles rolled about the floor. Charles looked round at his aunt with a timid and disturbed air. But she only said, "Pick these all up, Charles," and his face brightened again.

"I thought you would call me a mischievous boy," said he; pronouncing the word with difficulty.

His aunt smiled. "What does mischievous mean, Charles?"

"I suppose it means naughty."

"Not exactly—but should you like not to be called mischievous any more?"

"Yes, aunt."

"Well then you must stop and think before you are going to do any thing, whether it can possibly do any harm to any body. If the thing you want to touch belongs to another person, you must not touch it without leave. Every morning you should think, now I will see how little trouble I can make to-day. If you keep on doing so, they will soon leave off calling you mischievous."

Charles said he would try, but I am afraid he did not remember it long—for he was in too great a hurry to get off to play to pay much attention to his aunt's advice.

L.

VARIETY.

The Famished Lamb.

Walking through my field one winter's morning, I met with a lamb, as I thought, dead; but taking it up I found it just alive; the cruel mother had almost starved it to death. I put it into my bosom, and brought it to my house; there I rubbed its starved limbs, and warmed it by the fireside, and fed it with warm milk from the cow. Soon after the lamb revived; first it feared me; but afterwards it thoroughly loved me. As I almost always fed it with my own hand, so it followed me wherever I went, bleating after me, whenever it saw me, and was always happy when it could frisk around me, but never was so pleased as when I would carry it in my arms. But you, dear children, have had more from your parents and friends than ever my lamb received from me; what ungrateful hearts must yours be, if you do not love your parents and friends ten times better than ever my lamb loved me. And let me now remind you of a still better story. Jesus is a shepherd, the shepherd of souls: and of him it is said, 'he carries his lambs in his bosom, and gently leads those that are with young.' If you desire to love Jesus, I dare say your parents will let you read that blessed book, the Bible, though good children alone wish for such a favor. There you will hear such things of the love of Christ to poor ruined sinners, as I hope will melt your eyes to tears and your hearts to love."

[Rowland Hill.]

The Lamb Taken.

An irreligious couple residing at W—, near S—, as I was told by an old man in my congregation, upon the death of their only child, were deeply afflicted, and, being destitute of Christian hope, they loudly expressed their discontent at the providence of God, and entreated their faithful minister to tell them why He, who is the Lord of all, and whose very name the Bible says is Love, should have removed from them their only, their darling child. The man of God—and this name is rightly applied to their good pastor, who has since entered the joy of his Lord—endeavored to answer these questions in the sermon which he preached after the death of the child, and concluded his address with the following words:—

"Do you desire to understand why God has seen fit to

call your child to himself? I answer, It is His will that one of your family should be in heaven. If the hearts of the parents were not set on heavenly things, neither would the child have been directed thither, had its life been spared. Listen to a parable. There was a good shepherd, who had prepared a rich pasture for his flock; the gate was set open, but none of the sheep chose to enter; as often as he called them to it, they would flee from him; till he took a lamb in his arms, and carried it into the enclosure, then, behold, all the sheep hastened to follow. This good shepherd is Christ—the rich pasture is heaven—the lamb, your child; and if you have a parent's heart, seek to be admitted also. The Lord has removed your lamb to himself, that the parents may follow. Amen."—German paper.

Caution.

A small boy, named John L. Baker, was almost instantly killed, lately in Wenham, in attempting to jump upon a loaded sled, being caught under one of the runners.

Industry.

At the door of the working man's house, hunger looks in but dares not enter; nor will the sheriff enter; for industry pays debts, but despair increases them.

✂ The Communication of "A." respecting Laura Bridgman came to hand after the account we publish this week was in type.

POETRY.

Mr. WILLIS.—The following lines were written for, and spoken by a little boy six years old, at the close of one of our primary schools, last summer. If you deem them worthy a place in your little paper, they are at your service.

When tired of study, oft we fling
The spelling book away,
And long to leave our tiresome seat,
Until some other day;
Thinking, "O dear—'tis very queer,
That you should keep us mewed up here."

We list the wild bird, warbling nigh,
And long with him to sing—
We see him sporting in the air,
And wish we had his wing.
Quick through the window would we fly,
Singing loud songs, and soaring high.

But though sometimes of school we're tired,
It is not always so;

A good night's rest—a few hours' play,
And off again we go,
With willing heart, and lively feet,
To take again the well known seat.

We know it is our friend's desire,
That we should read and spell,
We know it is our teacher's joy,
That we do all things well,
We know that God, from heaven looks down,
On good and bad, with smile and frown.

And happy we when toil is o'er,
To hear our Teacher say,
"You have been good—no fault I find,
This is a well spent day"
How sweet instead of chastening rod,
The praise of men, the smile of God!

But now our school, must have an end;
Vacation comes—we leave

These seats, our books, our teacher kind;
What wonder that we grieve?

Good bye, kind friends, we'll meet you here,
If God permit another year.

Lexington, Mass. Feb. 15, 1831.

A CHILD TO A ROBIN.

I'm so glad to see you, my dear little robin,
You put me in mind of warm weather,
I'll open the window, in hopes you will hop in,
And then we can both be together.

I love you, dear robin—because you're so airy,
And because you live high on the tree;
Because you can ride on the breeze, like a fairy,
And make as sweet music for me.

But where did you hide through the winter so dreary,
When the clouds hid the face of the sun?
I thought, in the storm, of your bright eye so cheery,
And wondered where you could have flown.

Was it God, little bird, that kept you securely,
While he poured out the storm all around?
Then in darkness and death He will keep my soul surely,
And raise me, anew, from the ground.

[New London Ad.,

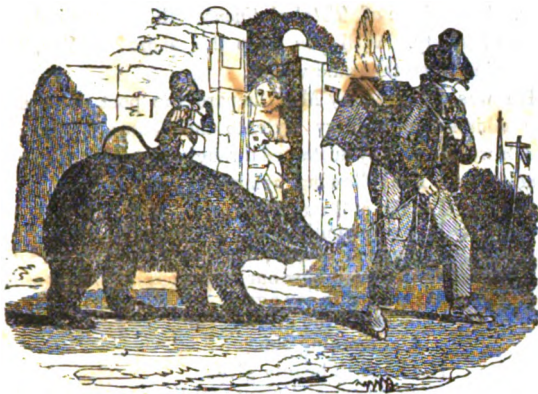
YOUTH'S COMPANION.

Published Weekly, by NATHANIEL WILLIS, at the Office of the Boston Recorder, No. 11, Cornhill.—Price, \$1.00 a year in advance; or \$1.25 if not paid in advance.

NO. 44.

BOSTON, MARCH 12, 1841.

VOL. XIV.



THE BEAR AND THE MONKEY.

Dear mamma, do come and see
What that ugly beast can be
The man is leading with a string;
And look, and see that funny thing,
Perched on high upon his back,
With his cakes and nuts to crack!
I wonder if that is a Bear,
He lets it sit so quiet there.

I thought that Bears were very wild;
But that poor fellow looks so mild!
I should like to have a Bear,
If so tame they always are.

That's a Monkey, now I know,
For he grins and chatters so;
See! he takes the smallest crumb;
I should like to give him some.
Hark! what was that frightful noise,
Enough to startle little boys?
Chatter! chatter! scratch and bite!
Now your looks are full of spite.
So, Mr. Pug, I tell you true,
I will not make a pet of you;
And, Mr. Bear, though tame you look,
You eat your meat without a cook;
And so, perhaps, for want of meat,
You may think I am good to eat.
So, farewell, funny Pug and Bear,
Tame and curious as you are;
Content I am with toys to play,
And so enjoy another day.

[Book of Rhymes, Published by Wm. Crosby & Co.]

NARRATIVE.

THE DISOBEDIENT LITTLE GIRL.

Or, the path of duty, the path of safety.

I was once acquainted with a little girl, who resided in the city of Boston. She was blessed with pious parents, who early taught her to love and fear God. She loved them dearly, and would try very hard to please them; and whenever she did anything that she thought offended them, it would grieve her exceedingly; and she would pray to God to forgive her. She used to try to be good in the same way that many little boys and girls do now-a-days, who try to make themselves good, instead of asking the Saviour, and trusting in Him for grace to assist them; consequently she was led to the commission of those faults which caused her to shed many tears of sorrow.

One day she obtained permission of her mother to visit her aunt and cousins. After spending some time with them, her aunt, observing that she did not seem disposed to engage in the sports of the other children, and knowing her fondness for employment, gave her a little sewing to do for her, which she cheerfully engaged in executing. Although she could sew very neatly, she had never yet been entrusted with the superintendence of a piece of work; and she was not

a little surprised at her aunt's imposing upon her such a task, or imagining her capable of performing it; but, delighted with the idea, she immediately set about it with feelings of mingled fear and joy. Every faculty was enlisted in this arduous undertaking, and so deeply interested was she, that she refused to leave it even to eat her supper.

The afternoon had nearly elapsed; every foot-step she imagined to be some one with a summons for her return home. At length her fears were realized; her mother had sent for her by an elder sister. She endeavored to persuade her to wait a few moments, as the work was nearly finished; but in vain. Her sister would not wait. And now what a contest ensued between conscience and inclination! At first, she was horror struck at the idea of disobeying her mother; but the thought of the disappointment, and the hope of doing something to palliate her crime, induced her to conclude that, for once, she must refuse obedience to her mother's commands.

I suppose some of my young readers can better imagine this little girl's feelings, after her sister had left, than I can describe them. With a throbbing heart, she resumed the task, which her little trembling fingers almost refused to perform. But, encouraged with the hope of finishing her task in a few moments, and of presenting it completed to her aunt, she persevered until it was accomplished.

The pleasure she had anticipated in witnessing her performance, she did not feel, and the many praises which her aunt bestowed upon it, grated harshly upon her ear. She thought of nothing but the frowns of her parents, and the disapprobation of God.

The sun had sunk beneath the western horizon, and the shades of evening were gathering over the pathway that led to her house. Not being accustomed to be out so late, every object she met, terrified her; and the cold wind, which blew hoarsely, caused her to almost despair of ever reaching home. She thought, and rightly, too, that all this sorrow was in consequence of her disobedience. She would have given worlds, had she possessed them, for those feelings with which she left her mother that afternoon. Alas! a guilty conscience who can bear?

The difficulties of the way were at length overcome, and she arrived home, nearly exhausted with fright and fatigue. With faltering steps she ascended to her mother's apartment. Approaching the door, she drew from her bag a little dainty, given her by her aunt, which she had carefully preserved for her mother. Although this was her usual custom, she foolishly hoped that it would, to some extent, atone for her fault; but how great was her chagrin, when her mother refused to accept a present from the hand of her disobedient child. This added another stroke to her almost insupportable weight of sorrow.

After acknowledging her fault, and receiving correction from her mother, and praying to God to forgive her, she retired to her bed somewhat relieved. But she never forgot the pain which that one act of disobedience caused her.

Now, my dear children, I hope you will learn, from her example, a lesson that you will never forget. However much you may have to deny yourselves, and sacrifice your own pleasure to obey your parents, *always do it*, remembering that the path of duty is alone the path of safety.

A. W. G.

THE PEACH AND THE POCKET PIECE.

Or, True and False Repentance.

It was a pleasant Sunday morning, and the number of Sabbath School scholars assembled in the vestry was rather larger than usual. After the prayer had been made and the hymn sung, the Superintendent told the scholars that he hoped they would be very attentive, while a gentleman from a neighboring school addressed them.

The gentleman then rose, and, after making a few remarks showing the difference between *true and false repentance*, told the following story, in order to illustrate the difference he had pointed out. I will try to repeat it, as nearly as I can, in his own words.

Some time ago, I paid a visit to a friend in the country, whom I had not seen for several years. I arrived at his house late in the evening, and was cordially welcomed by my friend and his family. He had two sons, both intelligent looking boys, but it was so late that I had little opportunity to converse with them, or to notice particularly their characters.

The next morning, I rose very early, and being unwilling to disturb the family, I walked out into the garden. It was a delightful morning, and I could not look upon the scene before me, without feeling forcibly the presence and the goodness of God. As I was thus meditating, I heard some one approaching very cautiously, and, looking around, I saw Charles, the older of my friend's two sons. The path in which he was walking, was separated from the one in which I was, by a few trees and shrubs, so that he did not observe me. He looked around him at every step, and started at every noise, and was so evidently about some mischief, that I stopped to notice him. He paused under a peach tree, upon which were hanging two very fine peaches. Here he again looked around him, to see if any body was near, and then, with a guilty look and a trembling hand, he picked one of the peaches and devoured it as quickly as possible. He then turned to go away, but after once tasting the fruit, the other peach looked too tempting to be relinquished, and he returned and took that also, and then hurried away.

At breakfast, I noticed him particularly, but I saw no signs of guilt or repentance upon his face. He seemed to eat with his usual appetite, and talk with his usual spirits; and I could only conclude that so long as he escaped detection, he was not sorry for the fault.

The next morning, I was again in the garden at an early hour, and in passing through the same path in which I had walked the previous morning, I saw my friend at the peach tree. I was just going to join him, when he stooped and took from the ground a little silver pocket-piece. He examined it carefully, and then read aloud the name *Charles*, which I suppose was cut upon it. I shall never forget his look when he found that his own son was the author of the loss he had been lamenting. I turned away, for I would not intrude upon him at that moment.

At breakfast, my friend said to his wife with his usual tone and manner, "I have been to look at my peach tree this morning."—I looked at Charles, but could see no change in his manner, excepting that he was eating very fast,—his father continued, "and I find that my two peaches have been stolen."

"What a pity!" exclaimed James, but Charles said nothing.

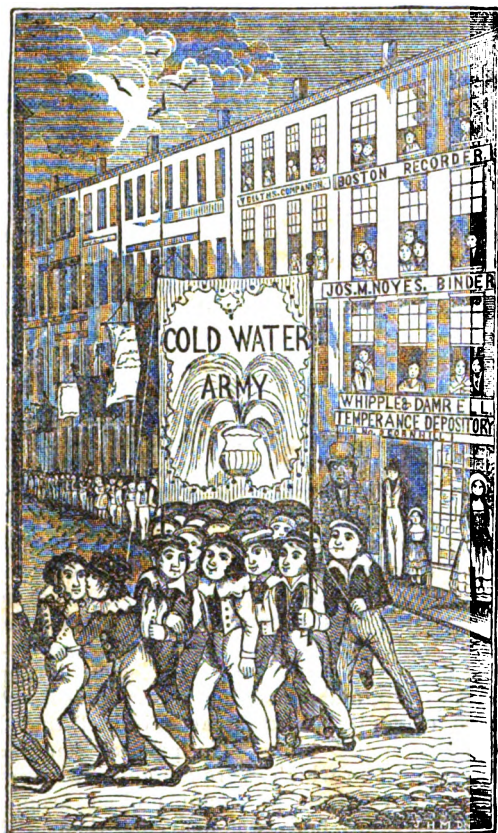
"I found this piece of silver at the foot of the

tree," said my friend, taking it from his pocket, "Charles, I believe it belongs to you."

Charles now saw that he was discovered, and he burst into tears, and with many expressions of repentance and promises of amendment, begged his father not to punish him. His sorrow was evidently occasioned, not by the fault, but by the detection.

A few days after, we all noticed that James, the younger son, looked very uneasy—he ate little, and did not engage in his sports with his usual interest. At length he came to his father, and said, "Father, I have done something wrong; I am very sorry for it, and I want to tell you what it was." This, thought I, is *true repentance*.

MORALITY.



COLD WATER ARMY.

There was a general muster of the "Cold Water Army," in Boston, on Wednesday afternoon, Feb. 24. It was more than four thousand strong. The several companies assembled in different parts of the city, and marched in order to the Marlboro' Chapel, which was filled to overflowing with these young *soldiers* and their *file leaders*. There were bright faces and happy faces, and plenty of glee; and *roses* which bloom only beneath the clear crystal fountain.

After a voluntary, by Lowell Mason, Esq., prayer was offered by Rev. Mr. Hague. Then, the following hymn was sung to the air of "Watchman tell us of the night."

GIRLS.

Welcome, brothers, welcome here!
Cheerful are our hearts to-day,
Tell us, we would gladly hear,
How our cause speeds on its way.

BOYS.

Sisters, we are glad to know
That your zeal doth not grow cold,
We no truce have given the foe,
Yet his step is firm and bold.

GIRLS.

Brothers, have you then a doubt
How the contest is to end?
Though the Law has let him out
Still on God we may depend;
He will hear the sufferer's cry,
He will speed our cause along;
He will rescue those that die,
He will stay the drunkard's throng.

BOYS.

Sisters, then the foe shall fall
When we take our father's seats,

Here we pledge us one and all
We will drive him from our streets;
'Tis on us the work depends,
On the young and rising race;
And we'll try to make amends
For our country's deep disgrace.

ALL IN CHORUS.

Here we pledge ourselves anew,
Not to touch the drunkard's drink;
Proving faithful, proving true,
We will make the demon shrink.

This piece was well performed by the whole company, the boys and girls answering as in the hymn. Then followed a piece entitled, "The Carpenter; or the danger of evil company," spoken by a boy. After which the following hymn was sung to the tune "Away to school," with such beauty and good will as to show the determination of these young heroes to put away the intoxicating bowl for ever.

Our youthful hearts with Temperance burn,
Away, away the bowl,
From dram shops all, our steps we turn,
Away, away the bowl,
Farewell to rum and all its harms,
Farewell the winecup's boasted charms,
Away the bowl, away the bowl, away, away the bowl.
See how that staggering drunkard reels!
Away, away the bowl;
Alas, the misery he reveals,
Away, away the bowl;
His children grieve, his wife's in tears!
How sad his once bright home appears!
Away the bowl, away the bowl, away, away the bowl.

(Boys.) We drink no more, nor buy nor sell,
Away, away the bowl:
(Girls.) The drunkard's offers we repel,
Away, away the bowl.
(All.) United in a temperance band,
We're joined in heart we're joined in hand,
Away the bowl, away the bowl, away, away the bowl.
Then followed a charming ode to cold water, beginning with

"O water for me, bright water for me;" admirably spoken by a boy. The following hymn was sung, with great effect, by the united assembly, to the tune of "Auld Lang Syne:"

"'Tis but a drop," the father said,
And gave it to his son;
But little did he think a work
Of death was then begun.
The "drop" that lured him when the babe
Scarce lisped his father's name,
Planted a fatal appetite
Deep in his infant frame.

"'Tis but a drop," the comrades cried,
In truant school-boy tone;
"It did not hurt us in our robes,
It will not now we're grown."
And so they drank the mixture up,
That reeling, youthful band;
For each had learned to love the taste
From his own father's hand.

"'Tis but a drop—I need it now,"
The staggering drunkard said;
"It was my food in infancy—
My meat, and drink, and bread.
A drop—a drop—oh, let me have,
'Twill so refresh my soul!"
He took it—trembled—drank and died,
Grasping the fatal bowl.

An excellent address to youth was then spoken by a boy; after which, Dr. Jewett addressed the children. He said there were two ways to take a city. One was, to fire cannons, and throw bomb shells, to batter and burn it down. The other was, to surround it, and cut off all supplies, so as to starve it out. This was what the cold water army were doing with King Alcohol.

He showed, also, by another illustration, the advantages of beginning at the right place to cure intemperance. He said if we should see a stream of water gliding smoothly along, suddenly it poured over a precipice; and people amusing themselves in the placid stream above, while one and another were continually carried over the falls, what should we do? It would be of no use to cry out to those that were going over the falls—we might call till our breath was spent; and all to no purpose. No; we should go up the stream; and there, not in a mild whisper, but at the top of the voice,

cry out, "Come ashore! Come ashore, or you'll be drowned!" But there was the drunkard's cataract; and the smooth stream above was *moderate drinking*. And, after enlarging a little upon this idea, he inquired, "Will you remember?" "Yes!" responded a thousand voices. But, he said, there were several islands half way ashore, called Beer, Cider, and Wine; and many thought they might stop there; but they were sure to be drawn again into the current, and carried over the precipice. The shore of *Total abstinence*—this is the only place of safety. Will you keep this shore? "Yes," responded three thousand voices.

He was followed by Mr. Shepard, the poet, with a fine address, in military style, to the *Young Soldiers*; which was admirably sustained throughout, with a poetic conclusion. The following hymn was then sung:—

Let the still air rejoice,
Be every youthful voice
Blended in one;
While we renew our strain,
To Him with joy again,
Who sends the evening rain,
And morning sun.

His hand in beauty gives
Each flower and plant that lives,
Each sunny rill.
Springs! which our footsteps meet—
Fountains! our lips to greet—
Waters! whose taste is sweet,
On rock and hill.

So let each thoughtful child
Drink of this fountain mild,
From early youth;
Then shall the song we raise,
Be heard in future days,
Ours be the pleasant ways
Of peace and truth.

Now let each heart and hand
Of all this youthful band,
United, move!
Till on the mountain's brow,
And in the vale below,
Our land may ever glow
With peace and love.

After which, "'Tis but a drop," was repeated. As the crowd dispersed, each *soldier* was furnished with a copy of Mr. Hunt's "Cold Water Army," or Dr. Jewett's "Youth's Temperance Lecturer."

BENEVOLENCE.

LOVE YOUR ENEMIES.

While two boys were at play, a short time since, they fell into a disputation. Their difference of views led to a difference of feelings; angry words, mingled with dreadful profanity, succeeded to angry tempers, until, as is usual in such cases, the altercation ended in blows. After they had spent some moments in this way, a stranger to both of them, who, from a short distance, had seen and heard all that had passed; and cherished a hope that they would adjust these little differences without any interference, finding that he was likely to be disappointed, passed over to the boys, separated them, and began to reason with them about the folly and sin of such contentions. After the strength of their anger appeared somewhat abated, the peace-making stranger adverted to the origin of the contention, and endeavored to show them how *great* a matter a *little* fire had kindled. "But," exclaimed one, "he called me a ———." "And what did he mean when he called you so?" "I don't know sir." "And what did you mean J——, when you applied that word to B——." "I don't know, sir." "So then you both have been fighting—really fighting, like brute beasts, because one applied to the other a word which neither of you understand! and, what is more yet, a word which really has no meaning!" The difference *appeared* to be healed; but since that time, it has broken out in new and greater animosity; and these same little boys are now living in the exercise of so bitter a hostility, that they have never spoken to each other but once since the rupture above described, and then, they

came to blows before they separated.

How different the temper and conduct of these little boys from those of a slave, of whom I have somewhere read. He had never enjoyed the privileges of Christian parentage and Sabbath School instruction; having been born in Africa, and taken to the West Indies, in a slave ship. He had naturally a very implacable temper. After he had lived in the West Indies a short time, he began to feel a great regard for a little daughter of his master's. This little girl was about 15 years old and very pious. She saw that Tom was made more wretched by his dreadful temper, than he would otherwise be, and longed to see him happy. So she always treated him with marked kindness; she taught him to read, and explained the word of God to him; and he ultimately became an humble, kind and devoted Christian. On account of his integrity and good conduct, his master raised him to a situation of some consequence in the management of his estate. At a particular time Tom's master wished to purchase twenty additional slaves, and he employed Tom to select them—telling him to choose such as were strong and vigorous. Tom went to the slave market and began to examine those offered for sale—for very many wicked men, still sell and buy men, as we do cattle. Tom soon fixed his eyes on an old and decrepit slave, and told his master that he must be one! The master appeared greatly surprised—and refused to sanction Tom's selection. The poor fellow begged to be indulged, and his master still refused—when the dealer told the master that if he bought twenty, he would give him the old man. The purchase was made and the slaves taken to their new home. Tom bestowed constant care upon the poor old man. He took him to the good hut which his master had built for himself, laid him upon his own bed, fed him at his own table, and gave him drink out of his own cup. When he was cold, Tom carried him into the sunshine, and when he was warm, Tom placed him under the shade of the cocoa-nut trees. His master was surprised at Tom's treatment of the old man, and, one day, he said to him—"Tom, you could not take so intense an interest in that old man but for special reasons; he is a relation of yours—perhaps he is your father?" "No massa, he no my fader." "Then he is your elder brother, Tom." "No massa, he no my brudder." "He must be your uncle or some other relation." "No massa," persisted Tom, "he no my kin—he no my friend!" "Then," asked the master, "why do you treat him so kindly?" "Why massa," said Tom, the tears rolling down his cheek, showing how deep his sense of the injury he was narrating, "dis man sell me to slave dealer; and my Bible tell me, when my enemy hunger, feed him; and when he thirst, give him drink. Dat why I love him so."

RELIGION.

HUME, THE INFIDEL.

Hume, the celebrated infidel philosopher, and author of a History of England, was dining at the house of an intimate friend. After dinner, the ladies withdrew, and in the course of conversation, Hume made some assertion which caused a gentleman present to observe to him,

"If you can advance such sentiments as those, you are certainly what the world gives you credit for being, an infidel."

A little girl, whom the philosopher had often noticed, and with whom he had become a favorite, by bringing her little toys and sweetmeats, happened to be playing about the room unnoticed; she, however, listened to the conversation, and on hearing the above expression, left the room, went to her mother, and asked her,

"Mamma, what is an infidel?"

"An infidel! my dear," replied her mother, "why should you ask such a question? An in-

fidel is so awful a character that I scarcely know how to answer you."

"O do tell me, mamma," returned the child, "I must know what an infidel is."

Struck with her eagerness, her mother replied, "An infidel is one who believes that there is no God, no heaven, no hell, no hereafter."

Some days afterwards, Hume again visited the house of his friend. On being introduced to the parlor, he found no one there but his favorite little girl. He went to her and attempted to take her up in his arms to kiss her, as he had been used to do; but the child shrunk with horror from his touch.

"My dear," said he, "what is the matter? Do I hurt you?"

"No," she replied, "you do not hurt me; but I cannot kiss you, I cannot play with you."

"Why not, my dear?"

"Because you are an infidel."

"What is that?"

"One who believes that there is no God, no heaven, no hell, no hereafter."

"And are you not sorry for me, my dear?" asked the astonished philosopher.

"Yes, indeed, I am sorry!" returned the child, with solemnity; "and I pray to God for you."

"Do you indeed? and what do you say?"

"I say, O God, teach this man that thou art."

What a striking illustration of the words of sacred writ, "Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings thou hast ordained strength, because of thine enemies, that thou mightest still the avenger." Ps. viii. 2.

The infidel confessed himself so much struck with the seriousness and simplicity of the child, that it caused him some sleepless nights, and days of sharp mental conflict; however, it is to be lamented that he stifled his conviction, and went to the very borders of eternity, vainly flattering himself that he should prove "like the beasts that perish."

LOVE OF A NAME.

In one of Mr. Legh Richmond's letters to his son Wilberforce, the following passage occurs:

"As I was journeying near York last Saturday, where should I suddenly find myself but in a little village called *Wilberforce*, as my driver and the way-post informed me. "Dear me," said I to my fellow traveller, "how a certain little lad of my acquaintance would be surprised and pleased had he been in the chaise this moment!" So I got out and walked up and down in Wilberforce, thinking and talking about that said little lad. It is a pretty little place. As I loved the name, both for your sake, and for the sake of Henrietta's god-father, I amused myself with asking different people the name of the place, and every body's answer was the same. I asked an old man, "What is this village called?" "*Wilberforce*, an' please your reverence," said he, and so said all the rest; and I pleased myself with making a great many people speak your name, till one of them said, "I canna think wots the matter wi' the mon; he made us aw say the same thing. Mayhap the mon's a foo." Now all that was the matter with me was, that I loved you, and it quite pleased me to hear your name when I so little expected it."

Any one who is accustomed to study the writings of St. Paul must have been often struck with the clear exhibition of a similar feeling, on his part, towards *that* name which as he himself declares, "*is above every name*;" and which is so evidently "the chiefest among ten thousand" in his sight, that he frequently repeats it, apparently, as Mr. Richmond did that of his son, partly from the delight it gives him to hear the sound of that name which is "*as ointment poured forth*." The opening verses of almost all his Epistles show this, especially the first ten verses of the first to the Corinthians.

Mr. Newton has beautifully expressed this feeling in his well-known beginning,—

"How sweet the name of Jesus sounds
In a believer's ear!
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
And drives away his fear.
"It makes the wounded spirit whole,
It calms the troubled breast;
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary, rest."

Such is the natural feeling of one who feels that he has been "*bought with a price*," and who can say, "*We love him because he first loved us*."
[Christian Guardian.]

THE NURSERY.

Written for the Youth's Companion.

LETTER TO JAMES F.

The expression, my dear child; which you acknowledged you used to your brother Henry—that you *hated him*, has made me feel very anxious to represent this sin to you in such a manner as will lead you to abhor, and sincerely repent of it. I have concluded therefore that by giving you my sentiments in the form of a letter, they would perhaps make the most permanent impression on your heart.

How painful the thought, that you who have always had the Bible to read, and good instruction from those about you, should thus yield to violent, sinful anger!

The Scriptures declare, that he that hateth his brother is a murderer. Now if you do not hate your brother, surely you have spoken falsely. In either case your guilt is great. But whatever the feelings were which prompted this expression, they must have seemed "bitter words" to him. And how much more so, because you *were his brother—his only brother!* Perhaps it was such "bitter words" which Solomon meant, when he said, "there is that speaketh like the piercings of a sword." To have an enemy make such a declaration would not surprise us—we expect nothing better from him. But that which causeth the arrow to "stick fast," is the *hand* which directs it.

A great many evils apart from the sin, will probably be the consequence of this circumstance—for however willing Henry may be to forgive you, yet a *sad* impression must remain upon his mind; and the dread often prevails to disturb his tender heart, lest you may yet again speak the same hard words. Another bad effect may result from it. Henry I fear will be encouraged to do wrong from the example of an elder brother—and especially if such words should be repeated to him.

The indulgence of such unkind feelings must also be a source of great unhappiness to yourself. It was said by the excellent Mrs. H. More, if she wanted to punish an enemy, it should be by fastening on him the trouble of hating somebody. This is certainly very strong language, but not too much so to express the magnitude of the evil.

But that which I wish you to think of more than of every thing else in connection with what you have said, is, that it was *highly offensive to God*. As the degree of love we have toward God, and toward our neighbor, is made the test of Christian character—so feelings of hatred, give the strongest proof of our being the enemies of God, and in reality enemies to ourselves.

It is our *words* which give a stamp generally to our character among our fellow-men. And the Bible teaches, that our *words* are the index of our heart—for, "by thy words thou shalt be justified, and by thy words thou shalt be condemned."

And now, my dear son, with all the tenderness of a mother's heart, I would entreat you humbly to confess this sin to your Maker, and sincerely supplicate His pardon. If you are truly sorry, and humble for it, you will be chiefly anxious to obtain the forgiveness of God. In His favor you will see light—but never, without it. "Let the wicked forsake his way." Yours, N. B.

THE PURSUIT.

Little Maurice was all life and spirits. Why should he not be? for he has youth sparkling in his eye, and no care weighing on his heart; and beside this, he had been taught that the "Lord is good to all; and that His tender mercies are over all His works."—*Ps. cxlv. 9.*

Little Maurice went with his mother to the seaside to spend some time in the autumn. It was on the sea-coast, and people go there to bathe in the sea. O how busy was Maurice all the time he was there! He ran about on the downs, and picked up pebbles, and shells, and sea weed on the beach. Like a little butterfly, he roved from one place to another, and was half wild with joy.

One day Maurice had walked out, and was just returning home, when he thought that he saw his mamma, nearly half a mile before him. Now he sadly wanted to surprise her by overtaking her, or by getting home first.

Just at the moment that he came up to the little mile stone, within sight of the finger-post, and the cottage on the hill by the road side, he heard the rattling of wheels behind him; and turning round, he saw a post chaise or carriage coming along at a rapid rate.

At first he thought he would get up behind it; but then he remembered that his mamma had made him promise never to do so, she having heard of a terrible accident that once occurred to a lad whose jacket caught in the wheel. Maurice was not a boy to break his promise, or to do what he knew would grieve his kind mother; so instead of getting up behind, off he set, trying to keep up with the carriage. O how he did scamper!

One of the horses was a gray one, but that on which the rider sat was dark colored. There were two ladies in the carriage, and a servant on the box. The ladies looked out of the carriage window at Maurice, seemingly to encourage him in running, and this gave him fresh spirits.

But poor Maurice could not run far without stopping for breath; and then he was taken also, with what boys call a stitch in the side; so the carriage went on and left him far behind. His mamma, as he took her to be, turned round, but he could not, owing to the distance, discern her features; waving his hand, he again set off as hard as he could drive, till the stitch in his side compelled him to move at a more moderate pace. At one time he thought that he should overtake his mamma directly; at another, he was almost out of heart. Now and then he lost sight of her in the sharp turnings, and once as he entered a long narrow road, he saw her disappear at the other end of it.

Maurice had been taught to practise perseverance; so he kept up with the chaise till, bathed with perspiration, he overtook the lady he had pursued; but alas! she was not his mamma. However, she spoke to him kindly, for his disappointment was visible in his looks. "Come, come," said she, "you have had a good run, and it shall not be for nothing. Here is a nice little book for you, and now remember what I say; 'In passing through life, if you always run after a good object, you will never be altogether disappointed in the end.'"

With a good book in his hand, and a good lesson in his heart, little Maurice was soon at home with his mamma.—*London Child's Companion.*

EDITORIAL.

CRUELTY.

"Now you are a cruel boy," said Henry Maynard to his little brother Charly, "you're a cruel boy, and I shall tell mother of you."

Charly did not know what cruel meant, but he gathered from his brother's tone and look that it was something wrong, and as he was very sensitive to reproof, he

began to cry. His mother heard him, and came in from the next room to see what was the matter. She found the two little boys kneeling on a bench by the window. The sun was shining in brightly, and hosts of flies were buzzing about on the panes of glass.

"What is the matter?" was their mother's inquiry.

"Charly has killed a fly," said Henry, in a tone which announced that he considered it a very grievous sin.

"And is that all he is crying for, what have you said to him?"

"I told him that he was cruel, and so he is, for papa told me it was very cruel to kill flies."

"I will talk to you presently," said his mother, and then going to Charly, who was still sobbing violently, she began to soothe him.

"What, is the poor fly dead?" said she; "Charly did not mean to hurt the fly, did he?"

"No," sobbed the child.

"No, Charly did not mean to hurt the poor little fly, so its no matter; see how many more there are, and how happy they seem to be, buzzing about."

After Charly had become pacified by a little more talk of this kind, his mother called Henry to her.

"My son," said she, "have you done right?"

Henry hung his head, but soon replied, "Papa told me I was cruel, when I killed a fly."

"In the first place, Henry, your father has a right to reprove you, and you have no right, as I have often told you, to reprove your brother. And in the second place, you are two years older than he, and knew that it was wrong to make animals suffer; while he does not know that they do suffer. If you had told him kindly that it hurt them, don't you suppose he would have stopped?"

"I don't know, mother."

"Well, I have no doubt of it, because Charley is kind, and does not love to give pain. But there is another thing which I want to say to you, my dear boy. Do you know that you were practising cruelty yourself, at the very moment you were reproofing it in him?"

"No, mother, how?" said Henry, looking surprised.

"There are other ways of being cruel besides pulling off the legs and wings of flies. We can be cruel to the mind as well as the body. Stop a minute and let me think if I can make you understand this. Do you remember what you were crying for when you came home from school yesterday?"

"Yes, mother, it was because that Tom Brown had been teasing me. He is the ugliest boy in school, and I wish Miss Lucy would turn him out."

"What had he done to make you feel badly? He did not strike you or pinch you, did he?"

"No, mother; but he said I was a little minny, and made all the boys laugh at me;" and Henry's resentment rekindled at the remembrance.

"You think he was cruel, I suppose, don't you?"

"Yes mother, I'm sure I do—he is."

"Well no matter what he is, let him go; I only want you to observe that a person may treat another cruelly without doing any thing to injure his body. This boy probably gave you as much pain, as if he had struck you, and so I dare say you did to little Charly just now. That is what I meant when I said you were cruel."

Henry seemed to have a new thought, and did not reply.

His mother continued; "I should not have said so much to you, if this had been a single offence, but you know how often I have occasion to reprove you for teasing Charly. Now I want you to remember that teasing is cruelty. If it gives him pain to repeat his words over after him, or to call him 'Charly, Darly, Farly,' or to point your finger at him, or to do any other little silly thing of the sort, it is cruel in you to do it."

Henry's mother then went away, and left him to think of what she had said.

Returning Good for Evil.

A man returned a broken wheel-barrow to a Quaker, with, "Here, I've broken your rotten wheel-barrow usin' on't. I wish you would get it mended right off, 'cause I want to borrow it again this afternoon." The Quaker replied, "Friend, it shall be done."

VARIETY.

Grateful Jack.

A lad was introduced at an anniversary meeting of the British Seamen's Friend Society, who had made a piece of mechanism, called Grateful Jack, representing a sailor on deck, with a flag in one hand, and the other resting on an anchor with his hat in it. When a piece of money was dropped into the hat, the sailor would make a low bow. It was stated that more than £11, had been collected in this way to aid the cause of seamen. The chairman expressed his thanks to the lad, and hoped that God would prosper him and give him a heart that would continue to feel for the poor and needy, that he might form many projects of usefulness during his life. The lad bowed, and was cheered by the meeting, while he stationed his Grateful Jack in a situation to receive contributions from the assembly.

Where Shall I Go Last of All.

A Hindoo, of a thoughtful, reflecting turn of mind, but devoted to idolatry, lay on his death bed. As he saw himself about to plunge into that boundless unknown, he cried out, "What will become of me?" "O," said a Brahmin, who stood by, "you will inhabit another body." "And where," said he, "shall I go then?" "Into another." "And where then?" "Into another, and so on, through thousands of millions." Darting across this whole period as though it were but an instant, he cried, "where shall I go then?" Paganism could not answer, and he died agonizing under the inquiry, "where shall I go last of all?"—*Missions, Christian Anecdotes, p. 11.*

Temperance Anecdote.

A man was taken before a magistrate for having, while drunk, knocked down in the street a minister of religion. The prisoner was fully convicted of the offence, but, at the urgent intercession of the reverend gentleman whom he had much injured, was liberated on signing the tee-total pledge for a month. At the expiration of the month he called at the house of the divine, and, being introduced, expressed his gratitude for the effects of the pledge he had submitted to, and concluded with expressing the utmost sorrow at not having met and knocked down his reverence thirty years before.

A Little Boy.

A little boy seeing two nestling birds, pecking at each other, inquired of his elder brother what they were doing. "They are quarrelling," was the answer. "No," replied the child, "that cannot be, they are brothers."

PHILIP HENRY used to say that, as tradesmen take it ill when those who are in their books go to another store, so God takes it ill, if his people, who have received so much from him, and are indebted so much to him, do apply unto any creature for relief more than to him.

POETRY.

Written for the Youth's Companion.

RHYMES OF ADVICE.

My little girls be always kind
And cultivate a willing mind;
Be ready by a word or smile,
The sad or weary to beguile,
And by your acts of love to give,
Pleasure to all with whom you live.
Be kind, then you will be polite,
Your manners simple, graceful, right.
My little girl, be soft and mild,
O be a gentle, docile child!
Raise not your voice to friend or foe,
But let your tones be sweet and low.
Be truthful, open and sincere,
Be independent, without fear.
And if you know that you are right,
Shrink not from ridicule or slight.
Be simple in your taste for dress,
But clothe your soul in loveliness.
Be meek—O it is so sweet to be
Apparelled in humility.
The faults of others do not seek,
And of them do not often speak;
But daily search for all your own,
And strive to banish every one.
There's an example, sacred, bright—
That ever should be in your sight;
A character all holiness,
That you should worship, love and bless.
Study this picture every day,
And to be like it, always pray;
For Jesus came that we might be,
Like unto him in purity.

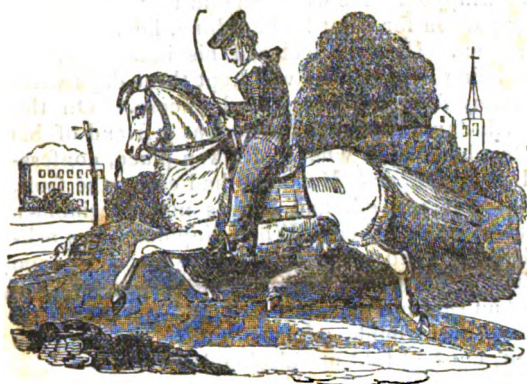
YOUTH'S COMPANION.

Published Weekly, by NATHANIEL WILLIS, at the Office of the Boston Recorder, No. 11, Cornhill.—Price, \$1.00 a year in advance; or \$1.25 if not paid in advance.

NO. 45.

BOSTON, MARCH 19, 1841.

VOL. XIV.



THE PONY.

A Pony there was, and a good Pony too,
Who carried a little boy bigger than you;
Well, away very early one morning they went,
Little Boy and his Pony, with perfect content.
They trotted away till they came to the road
Which led to a town, his good Uncle's abode;
There lived Grandpapa, Grandmamma, Aunts, and Cousins
And friends of all parties by dozens and dozens.
When Pony and little Boy came to the door
Where lived his good Uncle, as I said before,
The little Boy jumped from his Pony, and said,
"Now go to the stable that you may be fed
With some hay and some oats, while I go and say,
I am come to inquire how you all do to-day;
But I cannot stay long, as Mamma is alone,
For Papa is abroad; so we soon must be gone.
As I promised that I would not long be away,
Lest Mamma should be wanting me through the long day.
And when Mamma bids, and has been promised too,
You know what a little child always should do."

[Book of Rhymes, Published by Wm. Crosby & Co.]

NARRATIVE.

THE BEREAVEMENT.

Little Edward, who had been playing with Carlo upon the floor, now came and laid his head in the lap of his mother. She took him in her arms, caressing him gently; for she observed his flesh seemed quite hot.

Mary brought a sponge and bowl of water, and Mrs. C. bathed his little limbs; and he soon fell asleep.

The scarlet fever had begun to prevail in the village, and had been very mortal in the neighboring towns. Many a mother had been called to lay her cherished one in the cold chamber of death; and Mrs. C. could not but feel anxious at the appearance of illness in one so beloved. She watched the restless slumbers of Edward with moistened eye; and when he awoke, she presented the cooling draught with a mother's tenderness. The little boy looked earnestly at her sober face, presented his hot lips for a kiss, and sank again to a disturbed sleep.

On the return of Mr. Cleveland at night, the symptoms had advanced so rapidly, that George was sent for the physician.

There could be no mistake; the scarlet fever had exhibited itself in its most alarming form. George and Mary forgot everything in their attendance upon the little sufferer. The choicest blossoms were taken from the most beautiful plants, and presented to his notice. Edward, true, even in sickness, to the elegant taste that had become a part of his little being—would hold them in his fevered fingers, and look upon them, as if they sent an emotion and happiness through his whole frame.

Nothing could exceed the gentleness and pa-

tience of the dear sufferer. The most nauseous medicines were taken, only to be rewarded with a sweet kiss from mother—and that, too, without a word of complaint. No deception was practised. He was not told the bitter drug was "goody" in order to induce him to swallow it; for in the family of our story, the truth was never tampered with.

When tossing with the restlessness of fever, he would turn his sweet, patient smile upon his mother, and hsp, "Sing, mamma, sing;"—and the soft tremulous tones of her gentle voice broke with sad melody the silence of the sick room.

On the fifth day of his attack, he appeared quite free from pain, returned the caresses of poor Carlo, who whined incessantly by him, and reached his little hands out for a blossom of the rose tree. Mr. C. took him in his arms, and carried him about the room. Every familiar object claimed a share of his notice.

George and Mary could scarcely restrain their happiness. Mary brought her choicest treasures and gave him to play with; for now surely, she thought, he will get well—and he seemed ten times dearer from the danger he appeared to have escaped. She was surprised and incredulous when the doctor told her he was no better.

Edward smiled languidly, as all gathered around him; and put up his lips to kiss each one. He then reached his arms to his mother, folded them about her neck, and again kissed her pale face. Soon after, he sank into a quiet sleep. The anxious mother almost withheld her breathing, that *nothing* might disturb him. But the shrinking features, the heaving chest, told plainly that death was there!

Mr. Cleveland took him from his mother's bosom, and laid him gently upon the pillow. His breath grew more and more faint, till it ceased altogether; and the little family stood in silent tears, over the lifeless form of one so lovely, and so beloved.

Many had been the bereavements of Mrs. Cleveland, but she was now called to feel the far more bitter grief of a mother's sorrow. Mothers alone can tell how her heart yearned to meet once more the dove-like beaming of those eyes, now closed in death; to feel the little arms about her neck, and the soft lips pressed to hers in gentle caressing. An unnatural stillness rested upon the dwelling; for the cheerful prattle of little Edward, and the sound of his busy feet upon the floor, were hushed forever.

Mrs. Cleveland had felt the full depths of maternal tenderness; but she had drunk too of the fountain of living waters—and she now found it a well of life, pouring out the fulness of hope and consolation; and she laid her hand upon the brow of her dead child, and uttered calmly—"The cup which my heavenly Father hath given me, shall I not drink it?"

She severed a curl from his fair brow, and laid it away, to behold in after years with a chastened sorrow. With her own hands she arranged the small white robe, and brushed for the last time the glossy hair, every fibre of which was dear to her heart. Choicest flowers were spread upon his breast, meet emblems of his purity and early decay.

When the snows of winter disappeared, and the meek flowers of spring smiled upon the earth, George and Mary twined blossoms for the grave of Edward; for sorrow had for the first time, entered deeply into their young hearts. The memory of Edward was henceforth to be

associated with all that was pure and beautiful; and for them, a softened shadow was to rest forever on all the bright things of earth.

As the season advanced, and the honey-suckles and pansies began to unfold their blossoms, a bud of immortality bloomed in the dwelling of the Clevelands.

"You will call him Edward, I suppose," said the nurse, as she sat with the babe in her arms.

"Oh no," replied Mary earnestly; "that belongs to our brother in heaven. Call him Charles, mother—Charley is so pretty, I shall love him as well again, with such a pretty name."

Phebe now put the child into the bed, and left the room. When the door closed, Mary burst into tears.

"O mother," she said, "how happy we should be, if Edward were only here."

Mrs. Cleveland pressed the child to her bosom, and kissed the cheek of Mary.

"We have another kind of riches, now, that Edward has left us. Can you tell me what it is, Mary?"

"Is it tears, mother—sorrow that will make our hearts better?"

"I meant, my dear, a treasure in heaven. Grateful hearts and holy affections, are a part of our treasures there; but dear little Edward has been taken from earth to heaven, to constitute a part of our heavenly treasures also. His death has brought the riches of the unseen world more palpably before us; and now that he has entered, it brings heaven nearer to us. I feel as though a veil alone were suspended between us, waiting only the hand of death to brush it aside. We shall think of Edward, and think oftener of heaven now."

"And yet mother, I wish he hadn't died; he was always so happy and so good."

"He was the more fit for heaven, my dear. Oh, not for worlds would I have him return to this place of sin and suffering. It is good to be afflicted, for sorrow leads us to the only true source of comfort."

"O, dear mother, this world is hardly worth living in, if we must part so often with those we love best."

"It is a very beautiful world my dear—full of lovely objects, and those calculated to develop our best affections. But it is not our home—that is in heaven; and the sufferings we endure here, are to purify us, and make us long for that better home."

"I almost wish I could go now, mother; for the world begins to look dark and dreary since little Edward died."

"If you had a bouquet of choice flowers, Mary, couldn't you give some of the choicest to a friend you loved much?"

"Yes, I should select the most beautiful for the dearest friend."

"Then cannot you give up one dear object to God, who is kinder than any earthly friend? You grieved that the snows and blasts of winter would scatter the leaves of the violets upon the ground; and yet when our heavenly Father would take our dear little Edward to his bosom, and shield him from the storms of suffering and sorrow, and place him in one of his own beautiful mansions, to await there our coming, like an ungrateful child, who, because he has lost one blossom, throws the whole aside—you say, the world is not worth living in. We must live by faith, Mary, in the hope of a better world. The hopes of heaven are the highest riches—the only enduring riches."

Mary dried her tears. "How much we have to learn mother! oh, how thankful I am that I can think."

MORALITY.

EARS AND NO EARS.

"Well, my boys, have you had a pleasant visit?" said Mr. Benwell to his two sons, as they returned home, after spending the evening at a friend's house.

George. O yes, papa, a very pleasant visit, indeed.

Frederick. Pleasant, do you call it? I thought it very stupid, and was very glad, I know, when it was time to come home.

Mr. B. How is this? What can be the reason of your bringing home such different accounts of your evening?

F. Why, it might well be dull, for there were no children of our own age; nothing but grown-up people and conversation; no games—nothing at all to amuse us!

Mr. B. Could you not listen to the conversation?

F. O, I did not think of attending to that, because I was sure I should not be entertained by it; and when I did by chance catch a word or two, it sounded full of hard names, and I could make nothing of it.

Mr. B. Perhaps that might be because you listened only to a few words, and therefore were not likely to understand what they referred to. But now, George, let us have your account; what made you think the evening so pleasant?

G. Why, papa, there was a gentleman there who had been a great deal in South America, and he related a number of curious anecdotes about the animals and plants in that country; and somebody asked him if he had ever seen a tree, mentioned by Humboldt, and called a cow tree. Mr. Fenwick (that was the name of my kind neighbor) said he had seen it, and told us that it is called the cow tree, because, if you make a hole in the trunk, it yields abundance of a fine nourishing milk; and the Indians use it just as we use the milk of our cows, drinking it with their bread, and feeding their children with it, and even making it into cheese. Is not this a curious tree, papa?

Mr. B. It is, indeed. I had forgotten that Humboldt mentioned it; but both of you, I dare say, have heard of the bread-fruit tree, which grows in some of the South Sea islands? It seems a pity that these two trees should not grow together.

G. That was just what Mrs. Brightwell said to-night; and another lady said, that she had read, in some travels in Africa, of a tree called the butter tree; so that, with these three trees, one might live very comfortably. Mr. Fenwick told us too, of another tree, which grows in the sandy deserts of Africa. It is called the pitcher-tree, or sometimes the jug-tree; and has obtained this name because it bears a flower which is in the form of a cup, and is always filled with water which is secreted from the plant itself, and which is most refreshing to persons travelling in those hot sandy deserts, where there are often no springs to be found. How remarkable it is, that these trees should be met with just where they are so much wanted!

Mr. B. This is one among the many proofs we have of the care our benevolent Creator has taken to provide for all our wants in the most wonderful manner. Well, what else did you hear, my boy?

G. Why, after these trees had been mentioned, the conversation was about eels which can give shocks just like an electrical machine,—like that shock which you once gave us, papa. Do not you remember it, Frederick?

F. Yes, indeed I do; for I did not like it at all. But I heard nothing about it to-night.

G. Did you not? But surely you heard Mr.

Fenwick describing the manner in which the Indians catch these eels?

F. No, I heard nothing about them. How do they manage?

G. Why, you see, they are terribly afraid of getting a shock from the fish, for they know pretty well what it is, having often received them when they have been bathing; and I suppose they like them as little as you do. So they will not try to catch them themselves, but they employ horses for this purpose. They collect together a great number of the horses which run about wild on the plains in that part of South America, and then they drive them into a pool which is known to contain these electrical eels. The noise made by the horses' feet makes the fish come out of the mud, and they look like great serpents swimming on the top of the water; they crowd under the bellies of the horses, and a contest between them begins. The Indians, by their wild cries, and with long reeds which they hold in their hands, prevent the horses from running away. The fish defend themselves by means of this power which they have of giving shocks. Sometimes the horses are so stunned by the shocks, that they fall into the water, and are drowned. After the battle, the eels are so tired and exhausted, that they are easily taken, and for a while seem to have lost the power of giving these terrible shocks.

Mr. B. This is a very amusing account, indeed. But, Frederick, did you hear nothing of these eels?

F. No, papa, I did not, indeed. I do remember hearing something about electricity mentioned; but I thought it would be nothing that would amuse me; so I did not listen to it, but tried to entertain myself with counting how many people there were in the room. And then I looked all round the room to see if I could find any thing to play with; but I could not; and George was quite at a distance from me, so I could not talk to him.

Mr. B. It was very well for George that he was not near you, or you would have prevented his attending to the conversation from which he has gained so much amusement and instruction. You see, Frederick, how much amusement and information you have lost to-day, by not making as good use of your ears as George has done. Recollect then, for the future, that there is always something to be learned by *hearing* as well as *seeing*; and that there may be Ears and no Ears, as well as Eyes and no Eyes.

[Youth's Friend.]

TALE-BEARING.

"Thou shalt not go up and down as a tale-bearer among thy people," says the law in Leviticus. "The words of a tale-bearer," says Solomon twice in his book of Proverbs, "are as wounds." And again he says, "Where there is no wood, the fire goeth out; where there is no tale-bearer the strife ceaseth."

The kind of tale-bearing here meant is that which proceeds from a mischievous disposition and a love to see others in trouble. And by this rule we may judge whether it is right or wrong for us to make known the faults of others. Sometimes it is absolutely necessary to do this, in order to keep the innocent from receiving the punishment which we know belongs to another. Sometimes it may be kindness to tell of improper conduct, so that the habit of doing wrong may be corrected in time. But, as a general rule, the disposition to tell tales, as it is called, is a proof of a heart that is unkind and mischievous.

You have heard of the Emperor Napoleon Bonaparte, and know that even twenty years after his death in an island near Africa, his body was taken up, by direction of the French government, and brought to Paris to be buried with the greatest honours that could be shown. Let me relate an anecdote of his character in youth,

which is more to his credit for the spirit of kindness it shows, than all the bloody victories he gained in his whole life:

It is said that when he was eleven years of age, a basket of fruit which had been sent as a present to his father's house, was found emptied; and when the children were asked about it, his sister Marianne said that Napoleon had eaten the fruit. He denied it; but, not being believed, was whipped. He was then told that if he would beg pardon for what he had done, he should be forgiven. He still declared his innocence, but not being believed, he was kept three days without any food but bread and cheese. On the fourth day a little girl who was a friend of his sister, hearing of what had taken place, confessed that she and Marianne had eaten the fruit. This was proved, and it was now Marianne's turn to be punished. When Napoleon was asked why he had not told that his sister had done what he had been charged with, he replied that he had said nothing, lest it should get her little friend into trouble, who had indeed eaten of the fruit, but had told no falsehood about it.

You see that Napoleon scorned to be a tell-tale, even at the expense of suffering himself. I do not say it would have been wrong in him to have told the matter just as it truly happened; but I produce his conduct as a contrast to the disposition of those children who, without any other motive than a wish to see others punished, will tell of their faults. Such tell-tales are generally guilty of as much misconduct as are any of those whom they try to bring into trouble. And as to those who go so far as to tell *false* tales of others, either to hide their own faults, (as Marianne Bonaparte did,) or to bring undeserved suffering on them, I can only say they are the open violators of the Divine command; "Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor."—*Id.*

THE NURSERY.

ELLINOR.

"Mother finds fault with my temper," said Ellinor, bitterly; "I am sure nobody takes more pains to govern her temper than I do; and come what will, I never refuse to do what I am asked." As she uttered these words in a loud whisper, she reached her own room, where, closing the door after her, she gave way to a burst of indignant pride, at the remembrance of her mother's reproof.

Ellinor was almost right in saying that she governed her temper as well as her neighbors; that is, when put upon her guard, by the presence of any one to whose raillery or perverseness she was specially susceptible; and she was quite right in saying that she never refused to do, when desired, favors for those around her. But was she no way wrong?

Dinner was removed, her father was gone to his counting room, her mother was with the little ones up stairs, and Ellinor opened her book, promising herself a quiet afternoon for reading. She had thus occupied as it appeared to her, but a short time, when little Jane came down. "Sister Ellinor, mother wants to know if you will wind that silk before dark; for the mantua-maker will use it the first thing to-morrow." "Just as I get busy, *always!* Yes, child, go back, and tell her I'll come;" and with a displeased, sullen expression, she sauntered up to her mother's room. She did what she was desired.

The lamps burned upon the table, which was spread for the evening meal, waiting only for the mother to come down; and during the little interval, Ellinor, as usual, was pushing on, a few sentences more, in her book. A "wee thing" came toddling up to her; "please, sister, tie my apron." "You always come when I am reading," she returned sharply, laying down her book, and tying the apron. We might almost

wonder what she could have been reading, which did not teach her that gentleness was graceful in a female.

After tea one evening, she was leaving the parlor, to bring her portfolio. "Ellinor," said her father, "I want to get you to copy a letter for me; are you in a hurry?" "No, sir," she answered, in a cold, sullen, disagreeable tone. "I must have the letter copied before I go out, and I can't do that, and prepare to go in fifteen minutes; if you will do it, I shall be very glad." Ellinor took the pen, and with a hand trembling with vexation, copied the letter. She did not refuse her father's request.

"Ellinor," said her mother, the next morning, as the clock struck half past eight, "will you see if Jane knows her lesson?" The elder sister impatiently drew the book from the child's hand, and put out the words so rapidly, and in so unpleasant a tone, that the poor little speller was frightened, confused, and hardly knew whether or not the words proposed, were the same that she had been studying. But Ellinor did not refuse to hear the lesson.

Of these scraps of every day life, enough have been gleaned very clearly to display the fault aimed at. Ellinor was, in good school-room phrase, a pretty, good tempered girl, and she prided herself upon doing everything which she was desired, but she had overlooked, in studying the great law of love, that little clause, which would have taught her to "do all things without murmurings."

SABBATH SCHOOL.

Written for the Youth's Companion.

TO CHILDREN IN THE SABBATH SCHOOL AT S.

My Dear Young Friends,—I propose to tell you something about a short journey, which I have just taken.

I took the stage for Hartford, last Tuesday, and arrived there early in the evening. I was anxious to see a man on whom, in some measure, it depended, whether I should pursue my journey further, or return home. I called at his store, and was told that he had "gone to meeting." I called to see another man, and his partner who is not a pious man, spoke of his being occupied about something that concerned the "church."

I had occasion to make a trifling purchase, and on entering a store for the purpose, I found the person whose business it was to wait on customers, engaged in talking about "the meetings." She said to her friend, "If am not growing better, I suppose I am growing worse."

I called on an old acquaintance, to do a little business, and found his mind very much occupied about "the meetings."

While in Hartford, I saw Dr. Hawes. I learned that very many persons in that city are anxious to know what they must do to be saved, and many are rejoicing in the hope that they have become the disciples of the Saviour.

Dr. Hawes wrote a book, a year or two since, entitled "Memoir of Normand Smith, Jun. or, the Christian serving God in his business." The book has done great good, and is soon to be published by the Tract Society. I hope many of you will read it, and become such Christians as he was. He was a man who "prayed and gave thanks before his God," as often as the man did who was shut up in a den of wild beasts, because he would not omit to pray. Do you know who that man was, and how often he prayed?

I was lately told of a little girl, who wanted her sister to "say her prayer" for her one night, because she was tired. The prayer was one which I suppose all of you have heard, and perhaps some of you use it. It begins, "Now I lay me down to sleep."

Have you learned from your Catechism, what prayer is? Would it be *praying* to say, "How doth the little busy bee?" Can a child say,

"Now I lay me down to sleep," and not *pray*? Can we say, "Our Father who art in Heaven," and not *pray*?

Many of you can repeat the verse,
"When my father comes home in the evening from work,
Then I will sit upon his knee,
And tell him how many nice lessons I learn,
And show him how good I can be."

Do you suppose that good people will neglect to go to their *Heavenly Father* at night, and "tell Him" what they have been doing?

After I left Hartford, and had rode about 15 miles, the stage was turned over. My Heavenly Father preserved me from receiving any serious injury, but one of my fellow-passengers received a wound in the head, and we knew not how bad it might prove to be. He was led into the nearest house. We were told that "*the men folks had all gone to meeting.*" We were rather more than a mile from Suffield meeting house. I walked on to the village, to find a physician. I learned that "*the Doctor had gone to meeting.*" He was called out, and the wound was properly attended to, and appeared not to be a dangerous one.

Can you think of any reason why so many more people are found attending religious meetings at Hartford and Suffield, than at S? Some of you will say, "It is because there are revivals of religion in those places."

It is even so. And if you desire to see such a state of things among ourselves, you must pray to our Heavenly Father to send his Holy Spirit, to move your own hearts, and the hearts of others. If each of you will do this, and persevere in asking with earnestness for such a blessing, I have no doubt your prayers will be answered. With affectionate regard, I remain your friend,
M.
Feb. 26, 1841.

RELIGION.

NOT YET.

A tradesman actively engaged in the pursuits of this world, had met with great success in his various undertakings. His business flourished, and he was enabled to support a large family in comfort. This thriving man was, on one occasion, led to hear a faithful minister of the gospel, and under his sermon he was greatly alarmed. He felt that the gospel was true; his conscience told him that he was unprepared for death; the preacher affectionately reminded his hearers of the danger of delay, and pointed them to Jesus Christ as the only and Almighty Saviour. This man was in a state of great anxiety; death and judgment, heaven and hell, time and eternity, were all before his mind. What do you suppose was his language? Strange to say, it was, "Not yet." He wished a little more time for sin and the world. On leaving God's house, he could not forget the sermon; it tingled in his ears. He met his family, and endeavored to check his fears, and forget the admonition he had received. The next morning he arose from his bed, and was soon busy in the world, but he could not forget the sermon; it seemed to say, "Now is the accepted time;" but his wicked heart said, "Not yet."

A day or two after the Sabbath, the preacher called on his hearer; his very presence revived the impressions of the sermon. The man looked at his business, and it said, "Not yet;" he looked at his family, and they said, "Not yet;" he looked at his friends, and they said, "Not yet." This poor, convinced, but unchanged man, still went on in the course that he knew to be wrong.

Reader, has this little tale led you to look at yourself? Has it reminded you of the manner in which you have trifled with God's truth, with your own soul, and with eternity?

Are you young? you have heard the kind invitation, "My son, give me thy heart." What

was your reply? I am young, but will think of eternal things hereafter. "Not yet," was your language. Perhaps it has pleased God to knock again and again at your heart, by your sickness, the death of a parent, the loss of a sister or a brother; and when your heart appeared to be softened, the merciful Saviour said to you, "My son, wilt thou not from this time cry unto me, My father, thou art the guide of my youth? What has been your reply? "Not yet." Take care lest you should utter these words once too often, and find out, when it is too late, that your eternal state is fixed for ever in wo. Your language will not then be, "Not yet," but, "How have I hated instruction, and my heart despised reproof." Prov. v. 12.

THE FORTUNE TELLER AND THE TWO WISHES.

Never but once was I troubled with the importunities of a fortune-teller; and I think it may contribute to the improvement, as well as to the amusement of my young readers, if I relate what took place on that occasion.

I think it is now nearly eighteen years ago; but the circumstance is still fresh in my recollection. I was then nearly eighteen years of age, and was slowly recovering from a long and severe illness, which disabled me from any other employment than keeping my father's shop. A woman came in, whom I knew from her appearance to be a gipsy, and asked to look at a pair of bellows. Having selected and paid for a pair, on condition that I should exchange them if her husband desired it, she then wanted to tell my fortune. I told her, I thought I knew quite as much about that as she could tell me. She pressed me very much, saying, if I would only cross her hand with a piece of silver, she could inform me of something greatly to my advantage. I strove hard to get rid of her, saying, I did not believe any mortal had power to foretell future events; and I positively refused to give her a single penny for such a purpose. She then said, she would tell me my fortune for nothing; and, without waiting for my consent, she began muttering some strange gibberish, followed by some predictions of what was to happen to me in my future life. I suffered her to proceed for a few minutes without interruption, because I thought I should presently be able to demonstrate, to her own confusion, the folly of her impious pretensions.

Thinking, probably, she had now gained my attention, she asked me to wish two wishes, and she would tell me what they were about. I complied; and the two things which formed the subjects of those wishes, were so important that I have never seen any reason to alter them, or to displace them by others. They were these:—
1. That I might get safe to heaven at last; and
2. That I might do as much good as possible on my way thither, and be the means of bringing many others to the same heavenly inheritance. On signifying to her that I had thought of the two things that I desired above all things else, trying to look very grave and knowing, she proceeded to say to me:

"Your first wish was respecting something between you and woman kind; and your second wish was, that you might become rich."

My young readers may guess how confounded the artful woman looked, when she found from my reply, how entirely mistaken she was; and she seemed to think it was time for her to go. She was about to leave the shop with the bellows she had purchased, reminding me of my agreement, to exchange them, if her husband desired it, when I said to her,

"Do you not know whether your husband will like the bellows?"

"No," she said, "my husband is such a particular man, that he may find fault with them."

"Well," said I, "you have been pretending to tell me my fortune; and you do not know the fortune of this pair of bellows; you have professed

to be able to tell me, whom you never spoke to before, what is to happen to me for years to come; and yet you do not know your own husband's mind, or what he will think about this article to-night!"

The fortune-teller made me no answer; but all her assumed gravity forsook her, and her knowing looks were turned to confusion of face, as she turned her head, and hastily made her way out of the shop.

I have never seen her since. Her predictions have been proved false; and, for the most part, have been reversed, in the events of the years that I have since lived. The two wishes which I had then formed, I was enabled to turn into earnest prayers to Him who alone has power to fulfil them; and I advise all my readers to do the same. In early life, may they choose that good part which shall not be taken away from them; and never will they have reason to repent that happy choice. Solomon was commended for making a similar choice, and so was Mary, the sister of Martha; see 1 Kings iii. 5—14; Luke x. 38—42; and both found, as all who make the same choice will find, the Saviour's words verified in their subsequent history; "Seek ye first the kingdom of God, and his righteousness; and all these things," that is, temporal blessings, "shall be added unto you." Mat. vi. 33.

[London Child's Companion.]

EDITORIAL.

ARTHUR AND FRANK.

I went one day to the house where two little boys lived, whose names were Arthur and Frank. Their father and mother had gone away on a journey, and they were left under the care of their aunt Sarah. They were playing very busily when I got there, and I was glad to see that they appeared to be pleasant. Frank had heaped his little cart full of all manner of playthings, and was going about the room making believe to sell them to different people. He would go up to a chair and knock at it as if it were the door of a house, and then say,

"Please ma'am, do you want to buy any tin cups?"

Then he would pretend to speak in another voice, and say,

"Yes, how much do you ask?" and thus he carried on a conversation for a long time.

At last, however, the two little boys began to dispute. Arthur was saying, "Give it to me, Frank, you have had it long enough." And Frank said, "No, you can't have it, Arthur; I want it."

When their aunt heard this, she told them that if they could not play pleasantly she should separate them. So they stopped for a little while, but presently began again worse than before.

"Let it alone, I say, Frank."

"Give it to me, Arthur."

When their aunt heard this, she got up and made a partition of chairs across the room, dividing it into two parts. She could not send them into another room, because it was cold, and there was no fire in the next room. So she put Arthur in one part of the room, and Frank in the other, and told them they must stay there till they would promise to play without quarrelling. At first they liked the plan very well, for they felt cross at each other and did not want to be together. But in less than half an hour they were quite tired of being alone, and begged their aunt Sarah to let them play together. "We will not quarrel any more if you will let us out, aunt Sarah," said both of them.

The trial was made, and succeeded very well.

At noon a letter came from their father and mother, and aunt Sarah called them to hear it read. They stood very still and listened, though they did not understand it all. But at last aunt Sarah came to a part that was written to the children themselves, and then they were delighted. Arthur could read, so his father had printed two or three sentences very plain for him. Frank could

not read, and his aunt read his part to him.

When tea-time came the little boys were going to take their places at the table, and Frank had forgotten to have his apron tied on.

"What," said his aunt, "have you forgotten again? I shall have to call you old Mr. Forgetful, if you don't take care."

Frank had a great dread of this appellation, so he ran to get his apron. When tea was over, their aunt gave each of them a cake from the table, which she told them they must not eat till morning.

"You can put them on the table by your bed," said she, "and then you will have them when you wake up."

The little boys did so, and were soon asleep. They slept in a low bed in the same room with their aunt. Very early, before it was light, Frank woke up, and asked his aunt if it was morning yet.

His aunt had forgotten the cake, and she thought he meant to ask if it was time to get up. "No," she said, "lie still."

So Frank lay still a long time till it was quite light, and then asked again if it was morning.

"Yes," said his aunt, "it is morning now." "Oh then I may eat my cake," said he, and took it from the table.

You see how careful he was to obey exactly what he was told, and I hope you will be like him. L.

VARIETY.

A Little Boy's Prayer.

A little boy, about four years old, was taken by his aunt to the house of God. When they got home, he said to her, "What a pretty text it was to-day aunt; 'If ye shall ask any thing in my name, I will do it,' John xiv. 14." "Yes, my dear," said his aunt, "it was a very pretty text;" "What did you ask for, aunt?" continued the little boy. "Tell me first, my dear, what you asked for," said his aunt. "Indeed, aunt," he replied, "I did not know what to ask for, I wanted so many things; so I said, 'Thy will be done.'"

William Bilderdyck.

William Bilderdyck, admired as the first poet that modern Holland has produced, and not less distinguished by the other brilliant qualities of his mind, did not in his childhood seem to show any happy disposition for study. His father, who formed an unfavorable opinion of his talents, was much distressed, and frequently reproached him in severe terms for his inattention and idleness; which young Bilderdyck did not appear duly to regard. In 1779, his father, with a newspaper in his hand, came to stimulate him by showing the advertisement of a prize offered by the Society of Leyden, and decreed to the author of a piece of poetry signed with these words: "An author eighteen years old;" who was invited to make himself known. "You ought to blush, idler," said old Mr. Bilderdyck to his son; "here is a boy who is only of your age, and, though so young, is the pride and happiness of his parents; and you—" "It is myself," answered young William, throwing himself into his father's arms.

Sir Walter Scott.

When Sir Walter Scott was a school boy, between ten and eleven years of age, his mother one morning saw him standing still in the street and looking at the sky, in the midst of a tremendous thunder-storm. She called to him repeatedly, but he did not seem to hear; at length he returned into the house, and told his mother, that if she would give him a pencil, he would tell her why he looked at the sky. She acceded to his request, and in a few minutes he laid on her lap the following lines:—

Loud o'er my head what awful thunders roll,
What vivid lightnings flash from pole to pole;
It is thy voice, O God, that bids them fly,
Thy voice directs them through the vaulted sky;
Then let the good thy mighty power reverse,
Let harden'd sinners thy just judgments fear.

An African Youth.

Park, in his travels through Africa, relates that a party of armed Moors having made a predatory attack on the backs of a village at which he was stopping, a youth of the place was mortally wounded in the affray. The natives placed him on horseback, and conducted him home; while his mother preceded the mournful group, proclaiming all the excellent qualities of her boy, and, by her clasped hands and streaming eyes, manifesting the inward bitterness of her soul. The quality for which she chiefly

praised the boy, formed of itself an epitaph so noble, that even civilized life could not aspire to a higher. "He never," said she, with pathetic energy, "never, never told a lie!"

Excellent Reply.

At a village not many miles from London, a woman was endeavoring to sell some printed trash, which she said contained a prophecy that on the approaching Whit Monday the world would come to an end. On hearing this, a girl about seven years of age, standing at the door of her father's house, ran in somewhat alarmed, and telling her mother what the woman had been saying, asked her whether she believed it. A sister of the little girl, between nine and ten years of age, who had been educated in a Sabbath School, happening to be present, could not refrain from speaking. "Anne," said she, "you must not mind what the woman has been saying; she, I am sure, cannot know when the world is to be at an end; for don't you remember what the word of God says, 'Of that day and hour knoweth no man—no, not the angels of heaven, but my father only.'"

What God does is Proper.

It is very right that children should think well of what the great God does; and that they should endeavor to make others think rightly of him too. A pious lady in America lost a little child by death; she was soon after sitting with her little daughter, about three years of age, and talking with her about the death of her little brother. As she told her that God had taken him to heaven, she wept. The little girl, after thinking for a few moments, asked her mother, "Was it proper for God to take H. to heaven?" The mother replied, "Yes." "Well then," said the little girl, "if it was proper for God to take him away, what do you cry for, ma?"

A Little Girl.

A noble lady, while weeping on account of the death of one of her children, was thus addressed by a little daughter:—"Mamma, is God Almighty dead, that you cry so?" The mother blushing said, "No." "Mamma, lend me your glove." She gave it her; and, on requesting it again, the child said, "Now, you have taken the glove from me, shall I cry because you have taken your own glove? And shall you cry, because God has taken away my sister?"

ETERNITY is a depth which no Geometry can measure, no Arithmetic calculate, no Imagination conceive, no Rhetoric describe.—H. More.

POETRY.

MR. WILLIS.—On the recent death of Mrs. K., I promised to the little daughter of her dear friend, a beautiful Java Sparrow, but in a few nights after, the bird died; and on communicating the fact, I received the following lines.

Yours,
G. K.

THE DEAD SPARROW.

Where is the bird you promised me?

I long to have it come;

I want to set it on the tree,

Close by my little room.

I long its pretty song to hear,

To hear its mourning too—

For one who was to me so dear,

And who was all to you.

Methinks the little bird must weep,

As each bright morning comes;

But no kind hand to feed and keep,

From rain, and cold, and storms.

Then send it me, and I will try

To be as kind as she;

I'll guard it with a watchful eye,

And its protector be.

"O no! my child," my father said,

"You cannot have the bird,

For even now it's cold and dead,

Its songs no longer heard."

"But, father, did it die of grief,

For her who is no more?"

"O no, my child, birds cannot weep

Nor think their sorrows o'er."

"But, father, did not Jesus say,

He noticed every sparrow's fall?

And did not God take this away

With wisdom—though it was so small?

"I think the little sparrow's gone,

To be with her in heaven above,

And sing with her before the throne,

The wonders of the Saviour's love." ANNIE.

Randolph, Feb. 23, 1841.

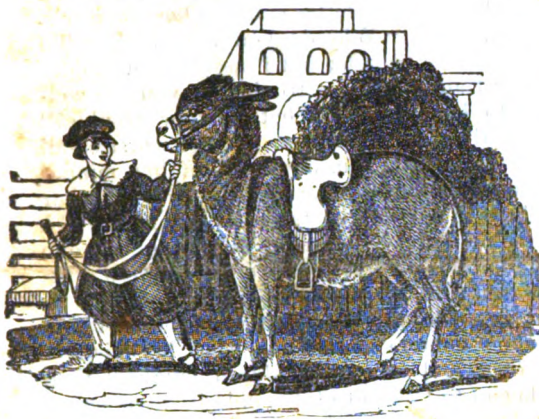
YOUTH'S COMPANION.

Published Weekly, by NATHANIEL WILLIS, at the Office of the Boston Recorder, No. 11, Cornhill.—Price, \$1.00 a year in advance; or \$1.25 if not paid in advance.

NO. 46.

BOSTON, MARCH 26, 1841.

VOL. XIV.



THE DONKEY.

Oh, oh, Mr. Donkey, you mean to stand still,
Nor move till you like, and then go where you will:
But, good Mr. Donkey, a word, by the bye;
I would not advise you such fancies to try;
Papa he has promised to go out to-day,
And make you behave very well all the way.
Now do not be stubborn and cross, I entreat;
'Twill make my heart ache if I see you are beat;
Come, amble, and walk it, and gallop, and trot;
If you do as you're bid, you'll not have a hard lot;
So trot along, Donkey; be gentle and kind;
And then we may both have a ride to our mind.
Then be a good Donkey, and go rather quick;
Give me a good ride, and I'll not use a stick;
And when we have had a nice ride every day,
In summer, at least, in the fields, you shall stray;
I'll love you, and pat you, and see you well fed,
And in cold winter nights you shall have a warm bed.

[Book of Rhymes, Published by Wm. Crosby & Co.]

NARRATIVE.

ROLLO SICK.

One day, when Rollo was about seven or eight years old, he was sick. He was not very sick; but he was so sick that he had to keep in his bed almost all the day. It was winter, and his mother had moved his little trundle-bed out before the fire, so that he might be comfortable.

Rollo got better in the course of the day; his father gave him some medicine in the morning, and in the afternoon he was much better. So his little brother Nathan came in to play with him. He brought his blocks, and spread them all out upon Rollo's bed. Rollo sat up in his bed, and played with them.

But he could not build very well; the bed was so soft and uneven.

"Mother," said Rollo, "may I get up?"

"I am afraid you are not quite well enough," said his mother.

"Yes, mother," said Rollo, "I feel a great deal better;—and we can't build upon the bed, for we have not got a good foundation. Nobody can build without a good foundation."

"O, I can get you a foundation said his mother. She had been sitting all this time at her work-table, by the side of the fire, sewing. She was very busy. She, however, put down her work, and went down stairs to get Rollo and Nathan a foundation.

Presently she came back with a square board in her hand.

"There," she said, as she brought the board to Rollo, and placed it down before him, evenly upon the bed. "There, now you can build."

She left Rollo and Nathan then, and went back to her work. They began to build a powder-house. Rollo said that they would play that it

was a powder house, full of powder, and that fire caught to the powder, and so the powder-house blew up. When he was ready for the explosion, he and Nathan were to knock down the powder-house and scatter the blocks about, and say, "Bang."

They played this for a little while, but Rollo was too feeble to enjoy such a play long. The board troubled him, for it would not lie steadily upon the bed. Nathan was rather restless, and sometimes, just as they had got a building half done, he would suddenly move his position, and tumble it all down. This worried Rollo; his head felt weak and giddy, and at length he laid it down upon his pillow, and shut up his eyes. Nathan placed the board again in an even position, and began to build by himself.

As he kept talking all the time, he disturbed Rollo, and Rollo said,

"Nathan, I wish you would move your blocks off my bed."

"No," said Nathan, "for then my house will tumble down."

So Nathan went on building his powder-house, talking to himself all the time.

"O dear me," said Rollo, "I wish he would go away."

But Nathan, intent on building his powder-house, did not think of the inconvenience he was occasioning to his sick brother. And Rollo's mother, being busy with her sewing, did not notice what the children said.

"Now my powder-house is going to be struck with lightning," said Nathan. "Look, Rollo, look; if you want to see the lightning blow up."

"No," said Rollo, moving his head a little farther off, upon his pillow, "no, I am tired; I don't want to see."

"Look, Rollo, look quick," said Nathan.

"O dear me," said Rollo, "what a noise!"

Just then the instant arrived for Nathan's explosion. With a sudden dash of his hand he knocked down his powder-house; the bricks flew around the bed, and one of them fell upon Rollo, and struck him upon the cheek. It hit him just upon the hard, bony place, a little below the eye.

"O Rollo!" said Nathan, "I did not mean to hurt you."

Rollo did not answer, but his face assumed an expression of pain, and the tears began to come into his eyes. Nathan put his little, soft hand over the place, and begged Rollo not to cry. Rollo, however, turned his face over, and moved away, and his cheek was hid under the bed-clothes. He did not cry aloud, but he sobbed a little, so that his mother heard him.

He was not hurt much, after all. If he had been well, he would not have regarded it a moment. But he was feeble and tender, and a very little suffering, under such circumstances, was more than he could bear.

His mother came and wiped away his tears; and she told Nathan that he had better put his blocks away. Nathan was unwilling. He said that he would not build any more powder-houses;—he was only going to build a steamboat.

"But the steamboat may blow up too," said his mother.

Nathan assured her positively that his steamboat should not blow up; he would take special care of it.

"No, I had rather you would not build any more, now," said his mother. "Besides, Dorothy is going to bake some rolls for supper, and if you would like it, you may go down and ask

her to give you a small piece of dough, and let you make a little cake."

Nathan liked this plan very much. So he put his blocks in their place, and away he went to make his cake with Dorothy.

Rollo's mother then placed her little patient comfortably in bed, and smoothed the bed-clothes around him. She spoke soothingly to him, and recommended to him to go to sleep; and then she returned to her work.

After a short time, Rollo asked again to get up. He was tired, he said, of lying in his trundle bed. His mother was somewhat in doubt about it, but on the whole concluded, that perhaps he would sleep better during the night if he should get up and have his bed made. She accordingly consented. She took him up gently, bathed his face and hands, combed his hair, dressed him, and put him in his little rocking-chair before the fire. Then she brought a little table, which Rollo had to play with, before him. It was just high enough for him to sit to it, in his little chair. Then she made up his bed, and trundled it away, under the great bed, out of sight.

"Now, Rollo," said she, "I am going to get you some supper."

So his mother went down stairs, and in about a quarter of an hour she returned with some toast, and a cup of "milk tea," as she called it. It was made with milk and hot water, and well sweetened with loaf sugar. Rollo liked milk tea very much.

After Rollo had eaten his toast and drank his tea, he wanted a pencil and paper to draw. His mother got them for him, and then she returned to her work. Rollo did not like drawing, very long. He tried a little while, but he did not seem to succeed very well; and at last he put his pencil down, and laid his head back against his chair, and sighed.

"What is the matter, Rollo?" asked his mother.

"I can't draw very well," said Rollo.

"Why not?" inquired his mother.

"I don't know," said Rollo; "I am too tired."

His mother looked at him, and saw that his cheek was flushed, and he looked restless and uncomfortable. She was afraid that he had been exerting himself too much. So she told him she thought he was not well enough to draw, and that he had better put his drawings away, and go to bed again.

Rollo did not answer, but immediately began to put up his paper and pencils. His mother was very glad to see him complying so readily with her suggestions, but on looking at him again, she saw the tears flowing fast from his eyes. They were, however, tears of disappointment and sorrow, not of vexation. She pitied him, and laying down her work, she determined to do something to soothe and comfort him. She went and helped him put his drawing implements away, and then she took him up in her lap and began to rock him.

"Now, Rollo, what can I do for you?" said she,

"I don't know, mother," said Rollo; "only I wish you would draw me some pictures;—or else tell me a story."

"Well, I will tell you a story. I will put you back again comfortably in bed, and then I will tell you a story."

Rollo assented to this; his trundle-bed was drawn out, and he was put into it. It was soft and smooth, and he was glad, on the whole, to get his cheek upon the pillow again.

His mother lighted a lamp,—for it was beginning to be dark,—and then returned to her work by the side of the fire, and began to tell Rollo a story about a boy who was learning to ride on horseback, and whose horse ran away with him into a river to drink. Rollo listened with great interest for a time, and then gradually fell asleep.

The next thing that he knew was, that he was waking up. The air felt cool upon his cheek. He raised his head and looked around. It was bright daylight. There was no fire in the fireplace, and his mother was no where to be seen. He knew it was morning, and supposed that his father and mother had gone down stairs.

His eye soon fell upon his little chair, which was placed close to his trundle-bed; and in it was a pile of books, with a letter upon the top of them,—so placed as to present the back of the letter, which contained the address, distinctly to his view. He saw the word ROLLO written very legibly upon it. He knew that it must be a letter to him. He thought his mother wrote it. He took it, and opened it, and read as follows:—

"At my Work-Table, Wednesday Evening.

"Dear Rollo,

"You have gone to sleep, and can no more hear my stories; so I have concluded to write you a little letter.

"Your father came home a few minutes ago. He came to your trundle-bed, and said he was glad to find that you were asleep. He felt of your pulse, and of your cheek, and said he thought you were a great deal better. He hoped you would have a good night, and be well in the morning.

"Nathan has just come in with his cake. He baked it on the kitchen hearth, covering it over with ashes. Dorothy told him to do it so. He thought the ashes would stick to it, but it did not much, and she brushed it clean for him, by shaking it in a cloth, when it was done. He is keeping a piece of it for you.

"There is one advantage in being sick, as you have been. We learn by experience how people feel when they are sick, and how they like very quiet and gentle treatment, and kind, soothing words. Thanny does not know, but I do, for I have been sick a great many times. I suppose that if your father, or myself, or Thanny should be sick now, you would know a great deal better how to take care of us, than you would have known if you had not been sick yourself.

"I cannot write any more now. I should like to have you answer my letter to-morrow, if you please. I am your affectionate mother,
"L. H."

Rollo was very much pleased with his letter. He read it again and again, and he thought it was very kind indeed in his mother to write it for him. He determined that when he got up he would write an answer to it.

He wanted to get up immediately, but as he had been sick the day before, he did not know whether his mother would be willing. He waited, accordingly, a few minutes, and presently his mother came in to ask him how he did. She found him so much better, that she let him get up and dress himself, and she said she thought that perhaps after breakfast he might go out a little while to play.—*Rollo's Correspondence.*

OBITUARY.

Written for the Youth's Companion.

A SOLEMN SCENE.

On Saturday afternoon towards sunset, it was said that one of the scholars belonging to our Academy was drowned. Which was it? The suspense we endured was dreadful. At length intelligence came that it was James W. He with another lad somewhat older, were amusing themselves by skating—and while going very rapidly they came to an opening in the river; thus being unable to check their progress, they

both fell into the water. The companion of J. who could swim, made repeated attempts to recover his friend, who had said, *save me*. But when it was found impossible—J. with great nobleness of mind, said, *save yourself!* The lad, then with much difficulty regained a standing on the ice, and proceeded to his boarding place about half a mile distant, his clothes being all frozen upon him, with the thrilling account of these circumstances. This was at 3 o'clock P. M. The body was not taken from the water until about eight o'clock in the evening. The next day the remains of J. W. were borne to the meeting-house, where an impressive address was made, chiefly directed to the youth of our village, who were many of them present. A solemn, fervent prayer was then offered, that the sad event might be rendered a *spiritual blessing—especially to the young.*

There were several circumstances connected with the death of this dear boy, which made the event peculiarly distressing. He was only thirteen years old. And one hour previous to the arrival of a messenger with the intelligence of this calamity, his parents received an affectionate letter requesting them to visit him.

My object at present is not so much to represent the amiable qualities of James, as to bring the event of his death before the minds of the young, and show them, "on what a slender thread, hang everlasting things!"

O! in this providence a voice is heard—

Deep, awful, solemn as Eternity!

"In such an hour (to us it may be soon)

As ye think not, the Son of Man will come."

True, dear children, it is but the morning of life with you, and the future is doubtless full of the most delightful anticipations. So it was with him whose death we lament.

Are you in perfect health—fearing no evil? James W. had no symptom of disease—no premonition of his fate.

That morning's sun—nay, its meridian beams,

Beheld him fair—in the full glow of health,

Blooming and lovely as the summer rose.

Have you pious, affectionate parents, whose delight it is to pray for you and to make you happy in every innocent gratification? Have you wealth to procure all the conveniences and elegancies of life—to soothe and bless the heart of the anxious suffering poor?

All these means of safety, of enjoyment, and of usefulness were possessed by James W.

Can you think of any circumstance, or of any earthly possession which will give you the least security, or shield you for a moment, against the approach of death?

It is a precious reflection, that he who was called so suddenly away from this world, had been favored with religious instruction, and had been for a number of years a regular attendant at the Sabbath School. Another source of consolation is afforded by the recollection, that during the time of divine service he was frequently observed by those who sat near him in the church, taking notes of the sermon—which imparts the cheering hope, that he realized the value of these privileges of the Christian Sabbath.

Permit me to enquire—do you love the Sabbath School? And when there, are you ever impressed with the thought, *it may be to you the last year of precious opportunities*; nay, even the last Sabbath of your life? Are you ever anxious to treasure up the important sentiments of the sermons you hear, by writing them down, that you may ponder over them, again, and again when you are alone?

Oh let me earnestly entreat you daily to seek with your "whole heart," in humble, fervent prayer, for that grace by which alone you can have safety in the hour of death—so that neither the suddenness of the event, nor any sufferings by which it may be attended, may surprise or distress your mind.

Framingham, February 16, 1841.

RELIGION.

A GIRL IN HER RIGHT MIND.

A correspondent in Devonshire wrote, in the year 1826, to the committee of the Religious Tract Society, as follows:—

While I was busy in ornamenting the house of a poor woman with the words of truth, I asked her if she had the letter called *Our Saviour's*. "O yes, sir." "Why do you keep it?" "To keep me from trouble; but I assure you it does not, for I am always in trouble, so you are welcome to have it." "What is your trouble?" "More than I can tell you; but the worst of all is, my poor little Susan is out of her mind." "How came that to take place?" "I sent her to school to a good mistress for a long time; I believe the good lady meant no harm; but one afternoon her mistress read to the children a little book about Adam and Eve; many of the children laughed, but Susan kept on crying. When she came home, she told me what her mistress had read, and how the children laughed; then she began to talk out of her mind; she is better now, but she is taken so every day. All our neighbors say she is out of her mind; she says she is a sinner, and a great one too; I have not told the mistress of it, for I know she will be sorry she has done it." "Where is your child? I wish to see her, and talk to her." "She is upstairs; shall I call her?" "By all means." "Susan." "Yes, mother." "Come down, a gentleman wants to see you." I then began to talk with her; the following conversation took place, from which you may judge how much she is out of her mind; I wrote the answers as she gave them:—"What is your name, my dear?" "Susan H—, sir." "How old are you?" "Eleven years." "Where do you go to school?" "At Mrs. —'s." "What was the little tract about which you heard your mistress read?" "About Adam and Eve eating the forbidden fruit." "What did you feel when you heard it read?" "I felt I was a great sinner." "Who will save sinners?" "Christ." "Will he save children?" "If they pray for it, sir." "Should you like to go to heaven?" "Yes, sir." "Why?" "Because I should be happy there." "Do you love to read your Bible?" "O yes, sir." "For what reason?" "Because it is a good book." "Do you ever pray?" She answered, with a modest blush, "Every day." "How came you to be such a sinner?" "By Adam eating the forbidden fruit." "Who died for sinners?" "Our Saviour." "Where was he crucified?" "Upon the cross." "Where is he now?" "In heaven." "What did he say of children when on earth?" "Suffer them to come unto me, for of such is the kingdom of heaven." "On whom do you call upon when you are in trouble?" "The Lord." "Why do you call on him?" "Because he can make us happy?" "Are you happy?" "No, sir." "Why?" "Because I find, when I would do good, evil thoughts come into my mind." "What does the Lord say to them that seek him?" "They shall find him." "Do you wish to find him?" "Yes, because he can make us happy." "Do you hate sin?" "Yes." "What makes you hate it?" "Because God hates it, sir." "Now, sir," her mother exclaimed, "don't you think she is out of her mind?" "By no means; I think she is now in her right mind." I gave the child all the instruction and encouragement I could. When speaking of Jesus and his love to sinners, her countenance was full of joy.

AN INDIAN GIRL'S QUESTION;

OR, DID JESUS SAY THAT?

The following interesting article is from a female Missionary in the far west, among the Indians.

A little Oneida girl, not two years old, heard her teacher in Sabbath School ask the children

who it was that said, "Suffer the little children to come unto me and forbid them not;" she did not understand what was replied, but went to the teacher after school, and asked her, who it was that said, "Suffer little children to come unto me?"

On being told who it was, her little tawny face brightened with a smile of animation, while she eagerly inquired, "Did Jesus say that? I like to learn it. I want to learn it all. I like to learn in the Bible; 'tis good that."

Now, little readers, you see how glad it made a poor little Indian girl, who has no father or mother to teach her, to hear only a few words that Jesus said. I think it should make you very thankful if you have good parents to teach you, and Sabbath Schools where you can learn a great deal that is good; while there are so many poor children who cannot read at all or hear any such good words.

I have seen a great many children, and men and women too, who do not even know that there is a Jesus; but I have seen others who do know and love him too. I will tell you of one more. A little blind Stockbridge girl, had learned many good words by hearing others talk. She was very fond of going to school, and she learned to spell so fast that she was almost always at the head of her class. She loved her teacher, and never seemed more pleased than when she could stay with her after school, and learn hymns and verses from the Bible. After she had been to school a few months, there was a protracted meeting, and many saw that they were sinners and began to seek the Lord. Little Elizabeth, (for that is her English name,) was among the number; for though she could not see to run away from home, and play in the woods and fields on the Sabbath, as some children do, she found she had a wicked heart, that had often sinned against God. One day in meeting, when many were coming to be prayed for, little Elizabeth was led by her weeping mother to the mourners' seats, where with others she resolved to forsake her sins, pray, and seek the Lord; and begin from that hour to live the life of a Christian.

And would it not be well for you, dear children, if you have never done it before, to imitate her example? Repent of your sins! seek and love that Saviour who suffered and died, that Indians as well as white children might come to him, might be good and happy, and live with him in heaven.—*S. S. Messenger.*

THE NURSERY.

Written for the Youth's Companion.

WILLY'S PICTURE.

Willy was very fond of his slate and pencil—not to cypher with, but to make pictures. He would try to make cats, dogs, horses, steam cars, and every thing he saw. But if he did not tell you which was the cat, and which was the dog, you would be sadly puzzled to know.

One day he had been trying to draw a little boy, but not being able to make what he called a nice one, he went to his mother and asked her if she would please to draw him the picture of a boy. He was afraid she would say, (as she had before,) that she was too busy, and had so much to do for her *real* boy that she could not spend time over little *make believe* ones. However, this time his mother said she would draw him a picture, if he would rock the cradle. Willy went to work, rocking with all his might, instead of jogging it gently, as his mother did, and so, instead of getting his little sister to sleep, he got her wide awake.

"Why mother," said he, "she don't go to sleep in the least!"

"Well, I don't wonder," exclaimed Eugenia, "she thinks her little house is coming down about her ears!"

"Here's your picture, Willy," said his moth-

er. Willy seized the slate with great eagerness, but had no sooner looked at it, than he exclaimed in a tone of disappointment, "Why, mother, this isn't a picture, it's only some writing!"

"Well," said his mother smiling, "I thought I would write a picture instead of drawing one."

"A written picture?" cried Eugenia, "O do let me see it." Willy couldn't read writing, so his sister said she would read it to him.

Picture of a good little boy.

"When he first wakes in the morning, he thanks his heavenly Father for watching over him through the night, and asks him to take care of him through the day, and especially to keep him from doing any thing wrong. When he comes down stairs he looks very pleasant and says, "Good morning, mother!" When he goes to the breakfast table if any body happens to get his seat, he doesn't look cross about it, but goes very quietly and takes another. He is careful to attend to all those little things at table which his mother has taught him; such as not to eat too fast, nor take large mouthfuls, nor spill any thing on the table cloth. During family prayers he is perfectly still, and listens to every word. When it is time to go to school he does not pout and say "O mother, let me stay at home to-day;" or, "O mother, let me play a little longer," but he puts on his hat and says, "good bye, mother," and off he goes as happy as a bird. All school time he is as still as a mouse, and does not whisper or play, but studies his lesson and tries to get up to the head. When his teacher gives him a hard lesson, or a hard sum, instead of saying, "I can't," he says, "I'll try!" When school is out, and he goes to play with the boys, he never quarrels, or says naughty words. He is always kind to his little brothers and sisters, obedient to his father and mother, and civil to every body. All this he does partly to please his parents, but still more to please his Father in heaven, whose eye he remembers is always on him."

"There Willy," exclaimed Eugenia, when she had finished, "isn't that a good picture? And though its about a little boy, I suppose it would do just as well for a little girl; now I'll tell you what I think, Willy. You know when mother makes a picture of a dog, or cow, or horse, or anything else on the slate, we always try to copy it; now I suppose she means to have us try to copy this picture—not on the slate—but in our lives."

S. J.

MORALITY.

Written for the Youth's Companion.

ENGLISH OUTRAGE IN CHINA.

Elizabeth. Father, I have heard you say a great deal about what wicked people are doing in China, and the big newspapers tell about it, but I do not find anything of it in the Youth's Companion. Won't you tell me so that I can understand?

Dr. C. You would not understand everything, if I should tell it to you, but I will tell you a part. The queen of England has sent large ships filled with men who have killed a great many of the Chinese, and perhaps will kill many more.

E. Why father, I thought that Queen Victoria was a very good woman. Her portrait on my thread box is very pretty, and I did not think her so wicked as to kill folks.

Dr. C. She does not kill them herself, and I believe that she is a kind woman, and would not send people to injure the Chinese if she were not advised to do so by wicked people.

E. But why do they kill the Chinese; have the Chinese ever injured them?

Dr. C. It is because the Chinese will not buy their opium. A great many people in China were accustomed to use opium in such quantities as to make them sick.

E. Does opium make people sick? Why I have seen it in a bottle in your medicine case,

and I thought that you kept medicines to make people well.

Dr. C. A little of it is sometimes good for the sick; but it is very injurious to those who are well, and the Chinese use so much of it as to destroy their health and their minds, and often to kill them, just as many here drink rum till it makes them sick and kills them. But the Chinese do not make opium themselves; men from England carry it there and sell it. Well, the king of China saw how much harm it was doing, and ordered the Englishmen to take it all away, and not bring any more there. But they would not obey, and so the king sent his soldiers, who took all the opium from their stores and destroyed it.

E. I think they did very right to destroy the opium, when it was doing so much mischief, and I think the men were very wicked for carrying it there.

Dr. C. So they were, but they were very sorry to lose it, and were very angry with the Chinese, and wrote letters to England to Queen Victoria to have her send some soldiers there, to punish the Chinese. And should you think she would hear them?

E. No, father, but I should think that she would send soldiers to punish the wicked men who sold the naughty opium.

Dr. C. So I should have supposed; but she sent a great many men in ships, with cannon, and guns and swords to make the Chinese pay for the opium which they had destroyed, and if they would not pay for it, to kill them, and burn down their houses, and destroy their cattle, and their gardens, and their fields of fruit and grain. And besides, they mean to compel them to let the men sell opium there again. They have already killed many of the Chinese and have taken away one of their cities.

E. The English won't come here, will they father, and kill us if we don't buy their opium and eat it? I am sure I shall not like Victoria very much again. They say she has a little girl. I wonder how she would like to have it eat opium and be killed by it. I have been thinking, father, that I should like to get you to write a letter to her, and ask her not to send her soldiers here, for if they should burn grandfather's house I don't know where he would live, and my mother is sick, and could not run away if she should see them coming, and I should not like to go off and leave her.

Dr. C. I do not think that the English will dare to come here to make us buy opium, and you need not feel uneasy about your mother. A.

SABBATH SCHOOL.

CONVERSATIONS OF UNCLE HENRY.

THE TEACHER REWARDED.

"Before you were so old and lame, Uncle Henry, you used to be a Sabbath School teacher, and I have heard you say, that you were connected with the school a great many years. Did you never get discouraged and wearied?"

"O yes! oftentimes, when my class would become listless, and seem to have lost their love for me, and even treat me unkindly, I have almost despaired, but then, there was always something transpiring to encourage me again;—some one of my scholars, just dying, would send for me, and all my toil, and tears, and prayers, would be amply compensated, as with full hearts they would thank me for my teachings, and pass peacefully into heaven, breathing my name and a blessing, the last from their dying lips. And then I have had many a scholar, after they have left my class and removed to distant portions of the country, write me most precious letters."

"I recollect you read me one the other day from James Town, whose drunken father used to beat him unmercifully, because he prayed, and forbid his attending Sabbath School. You

cannot think how it melted my heart, when he told about his father's coming up to his room, one night while he was praying, and, instead of swearing as usual, kneeling down beside his little boy, and begging him, weeping, to pray for his poor father."

"I often have such letters. Some of my scholars are now ministers of the gospel, and some are missionaries; and you cannot imagine, my little boy, how happy it makes me to think, that I have so many praying for me continually; for they never forget me."

"There was one incident happened to me while a teacher, that encouraged me very much. There was one boy in my class who gave me trouble and anxiety—I never saw the least evidence that my instructions benefited him. After a while he left the school and the city, and I had entirely forgotten him. A few years after, having to stop a night in New York, I alighted at a hotel, and inquired for a room. Every room in the house was occupied. I was just turning away, hardly knowing where to direct my steps, and exceedingly fatigued, when a young gentleman stepped up to me, and very kindly made the offer of his own room. I inquired to whom I was indebted for so unexpected a favor. "Do you not recollect me?" said he—"I am E—H—, one of your scholars some years ago, and I am laid under ten thousand obligations to you, both for this world and eternity. Had it not been for your instructions, which have followed me in all my wanderings, I should have been ruined for ever." It was the same boy, now a young man, who had given me so much trouble, and of whom I had entirely despaired."

EDITORIAL.

ONE SIN LEADS TO ANOTHER.

"Mother, may I go out in the yard and play?" asked little Oliver, one fine day in autumn.

"Yes," said his mother, "you may stay till five o'clock, and then you must come in."

Away went Oliver, and for a time he amused himself very well, digging little ponds and filling them with water, and trying to make stone fences round little patches of ground which he called his fields.

At last he got tired of these plays and went to the gate, looking up and down the street to see if there were any boys whom he knew. Then he began to swing on the gate, which was approaching as nearly as possible to the limits of disobedience, for as he was not allowed to leave the yard, or to play with any boys except such as his mother gave him leave to ask, he was putting himself in the way of temptation. At last, a boy came along named Ned Tyler, a bad boy, and one whom he knew his mother did not wish him to associate with. Oliver kept on swinging, till Ned came along and asked him if he did not want to play ball?

"I have not got any ball," said Oliver.

"Well, I will lend you one" said Ned, "come;" and he advanced two or three steps into the yard.

Oliver knew that he was doing wrong, but he yielded to the temptation, and began to play. He was not happy at all, for besides the consciousness of his fault, which was enough to destroy all his pleasure, he was constantly afraid that his mother would come out and discover his disobedience.

At last Ned threw the ball in such a way that it hit one of the windows of the house and broke a pane. Both the boys looked at each other a moment without speaking. Then Ned marched up to the broken window, and seeing that it opened only into a porch and that nobody was there, he went in and picked up his ball.

"What shall we do?" said Oliver timidly, and looking as if he wanted to cry.

"Do!" said Ned, "why you may do what you please; it is no affair of mine. If you have got any sense you will say you don't know any thing about it."

And so saying this wicked boy began to whistle, and walked off.

Poor Oliver felt sad enough. He went into the barn and cried till he heard the clock strike five, and then he wiped his eyes and went into the house. Nothing was said about the window, but presently the girl came into the parlor, and said,

"If you please ma'am, somebody has broken one of the windows in the porch."

"Indeed!" said Oliver's mother, "when was it done?"

"I don't know ma'am, but it was not broken at dinner-time, I'm sure of that."

"Very well, I will see that it is mended;" and then turning to Oliver, his mother asked if he knew how it had been done.

"No, mother," faltered Oliver.

His mother did not observe his confusion, and said no more.

But who shall describe Oliver's uneasiness that night. In vain he tried to forget his sorrows in sleep; he could not sleep; he tossed about from side to side, and wished, oh how he wished that he had not disobeyed his mother. He almost resolved that he would confess all to her the next morning, and somewhat quieted by this resolution, he fell asleep. The next morning, however, he felt as if he could not tell his mother. I shall have to confess that I told a lie too, thought he, and I cannot do that.

So he took his seat at the breakfast table with a heavy heart.

"Oliver," said his father, "I see there is a pane of glass broken in the porch window, do you know how it was done?"

Oliver was not prepared for this repeated question; he blushed, hesitated, stammered, and finally as he saw his mother looking at him with astonishment, he burst into tears and exclaimed, "Oh mother! oh father! I did it, I mean I know who did it, and it was my fault, and I told a lie about it. Oh mother, punish me as much as you please, but don't look so."

Oliver never forgot this lesson—it was his first and last falsehood. L.

VARIETY.

A Boy in India.

A missionary in India, passing one day through the school room, observed a little boy engaged in prayer, and overheard him saying, "O Lord Jesus, I thank thee for sending big ship into my country, and wicked men to steal me, and bring me here that I might hear about thee, and love thee; and now, Lord Jesus, I have one great favor to ask thee, please to send wicked men with another big ship, and let them catch my father and my mother, and bring them to this country, that they may hear the missionaries preach, and love thee." The missionary, in a few days after, saw him standing on the seashore, looking very intently as the ships came in. "What are you looking at, Tom?" "I am looking to see if Jesus Christ answer prayer." For two years he was to be seen, day after day, watching the arrival of every ship. One day, as the missionary was viewing him, he observed him capering about, and exhibiting the liveliest joy. "Well, Tom, what occasions so much joy?" "O, Jesus Christ answer prayer; father and mother come in that ship;" which was actually the case.

A Sunday Scholar.

A little girl, who had been instructed in a Sunday School in the country, was very fond of her Bible. There was a spring at a small distance from her cottage, from which they supplied themselves with water. Her father had noticed that she was sometimes longer than necessary in going to the spring. One day he followed her unperceived, and observed her set down the pitcher, and kneel to pray. He waited till she arose, and then coming forward, said, "Well, my dear, was the water sweet?" "Yes, father," said she, "and if you were but to taste one drop of the water I have been tasting, you would never drink the waters of this world any more." This little girl knew the value of prayer; may every youthful reader possess the same taste.

A Very Little Boy.

A little boy, not more than four years old, having been accustomed, from a very early age, to bow at the throne of grace while his parents engaged in domestic worship, felt so lively an interest in that holy duty, that whenever he was absent from the service, he wept, and discovered much concern. He was attached to the exercise from

his infancy. One morning, when he was but fifteen months old, his father, having some particular business pressing upon his attention, was preparing hastily to leave the house, without discharging his duty as the priest of his household. As soon as the child perceived this, he ran to a chair, and knelt down. His father still proceeding to go out, he rose up, ran after him, and took hold of his coat to conduct him from the door to the usual place at which he knelt while engaged in social worship. This affecting deportment of the child brought the father to tears, and compelled him to stay and perform the duty devolving upon him.

The Mouse Trap.—A FABLE.

Do not put your nose in that trap, said the old mouse to her young one; it will snap and bite you. But when the old mouse had gone out of sight, the young mouse thought he could get a small piece of the cheese, and there would be no harm. The smell of the cheese was so good, he crept up with a sly look, and put his nose into the hole. But scarce did his teeth touch the bait, when snap went the trap, and caught him by the neck. Just at that time, the old mouse came, but it was now too late. The poor thing gave one kick, and was dead. Now, my child, when some good man of more age than you, and much more wise, tells you not to do a thing, you must mind what he says, lest, like the mouse, you get caught in some snare, and meet with harm.

Little Jane.

A little girl, who had ever been considered remarkable for her obedience to her parents, refused one morning to go to school. Her mother expressed much surprise, and said, "My dear, why do you not wish to go? It is high time, the bell has rung; so put on your bonnet and get ready, or I fear you will be late; and you know if you are, it will displease Miss W. very much; for she, as well as other teachers, dislikes to have her scholars late." Her reply was, "I cannot go yet." "What is the matter, Jane? don't you feel well?" said the mother. "Yes, mamma; but I have this morning neglected to go by myself; I have not thanked my heavenly Father for the kind care he has taken of me the past night; neither have I asked him to keep me from sin during the day; I am sure I cannot think of going to school until I do." "Why, my child," replied the mother, "as it is getting late, perhaps you had better defer it until you come home; and when you are going along, you can raise your thoughts to God, and he will listen to you."

"No, mamma," said little Jane, "this will not do; for I once tried it, and nothing went right with me all the day." Her mother pressed her no longer, but bade her go and implore God's blessing to rest upon her. This dutiful child did so, and was happy and cheerful the remainder of the day.

Mary W.

Little Mary W. was once asked, "Mary, do you love to pray in the family or in secret best?" Her reply was, "I love to pray with others; but I can say to God, when I am alone, what I cannot say when I am with others."

POETRY.

Written for the Youth's Companion.

TO THE MEMORY OF JAMES B. F. WARREN.

By a Lad, 13 years of age.

He's dead! no more we see him here,
His seat is vacant and forlorn,
The hand of death has chill'd his limbs,
And James: dear James: alas! he's gone.

His lovely face, his sparkling eye,
No more on us he kindly turns,
His tongue no more to us will speak,
His heart no more with rapture burns.

He's dead! and we are yet alive;
Then thank God's goodness and his grace,
That he permits us to survive
A little longer in this place.

Who can describe his parents' woe,
When the sad news to them was borne;
Such news, 'twould bow the stoutest heart,
And cause a thrill before unknown.

His brother too! how did he feel;
His cup of grief was full, and more;
Dear James: companion of his youth,
Is snatched by death and from him torn.

But they resigned can humbly say,
Our God, although our day is night;
Although thou'st called our James away,
Yet we will say, Oh Lord! it's right.



A VISIT TO THE PIG-STY.

So grunt, grunt, grunt, old Piggy cries,
And squeak, squeak, squeak, the young replies,
Oh! Mistress Pig, pray how d'ye do?
And your little children too?
We're come to see you, great and small,
As you're sleeping in your stall.
Now, don't be cross; we'll do no harm;
We only want to see how warm
Each one snuggles side by side;
Some almost the others hide.
We will not rouse you from your sleep;
We only came to take a peep;
So farewell, Mistress Pig, to-day,
And don't disturb yourself, I pray.

[Book of Rhymes, Published by Wm. Crosby & Co.]

NARRATIVE.

Written for the Youth's Companion.

THE SISTER'S TRIAL.

BY FRANCES.

"How dear to us are our rights!" said Julia to her aunt, as she entered the parlor in which she was sitting.

"Very dear indeed!" she replied, scarcely raising her eyes from her sewing. Julia seated herself by the centre-table, and opened a book, in search of something to quiet her agitated mind. But her emotions were too deep, and the storm had been gathering too long, to be blown over by an isolated effort. She laid down her book, and a heavy sigh drew the attention of her aunt, who now looked up, and recollecting what she had said when she came in, asked, "Have you lost your rights, Julia?"

"Yes," she answered, "Caroline usurps all. You know I have a rich portable desk, which uncle Joseph brought me from Gloucester, and a quire of splendid gilt edged letter paper!"

"Yes," said her aunt.

"Well, I had my paper, ink, quills, knife, and every article of furniture for my desk, in complete order, and Caroline has been there, and deranged every thing. She has taken the paper from my portfolio—blotted four or five sheets, and left them all scattered about looking as if afraid of each other. She left the knife and inkstand on the outside of the desk; and cut half a dozen quills in pieces, then left them sticking in the carpet. You know, aunt, they cannot be swept off, but must be picked out one by one.

"Why," said her aunt, "do you not tell Caroline how hard it is to arrange them in order after her?"

"I have," answered Julia. "I said to her this morning, that I was sorry she had spoiled so much of my beautiful paper; and she said, 'Oh yes, your beautiful paper! I presume uncle meant I should have half.' Then I said, that I

wished she would not come there to write again if she could not leave things as she found them.

"Indeed!" she replied, "I have as much right to the desk as yourself; and all the things are as much mine, as yours!"

I only said I should see to it, and locked the desk; then when I began to sweep, and saw more than a hundred pieces of quills, with their points fast in the carpet, I called Caroline, and showing them to her, asked her if she would not pick them up. She turned round, and walked out with a very satisfied air, saying, "it is your turn to take care of the chamber this week;" and ran singing down stairs. Now, aunt, do you think this is as it should be?"

Her aunt either had no opinion, or it was too precious to give gratis, for she answered her question by asking her if she had been to her mother.

"Yes," Julia replied, "and she only regrets that Caroline has spoiled the paper I valued so highly; she said Caroline was very much hurried last evening, and I must forgive her."

"That is good counsel," said her aunt.

"Yes, I know it," said Julia. Our Saviour said, "forgive seventy times seven," but you remember, aunt, there is a condition; "if he repent." Caroline never has manifested for any delinquency the least possible sorrow; and her spirits always seem most buoyant, when my chagrin is deepest. A few days ago, I found my scissors with the rivet broken, and upon inquiry found Caroline had done it cutting pasteboard. Last evening she borrowed my thimble, and in less than five minutes it was in the fire. Every thing shares the same fate; and if I lament any loss she says as she did of the paper."

"You do not mean," said her aunt, "that every thing shares the fate of your thimble and scissors, for Caroline is sometimes careful."

"But never kind," answered Julia.

At this moment Caroline entered laughing, as usual, and said she, "when I do any thing wrong, Julia looks at me with such a reproving gaze, I dare not stop to apologize." Their aunt could not help smiling in view of the contrast, and as Caroline was her pet, Julia might not expect any thing else.

Caroline went out, and immediately returned, bringing a small flat box, wishing Julia to guess what was in it, and said, "it is a perfect emblem of two sisters like us." Julia did not appear to be guessing, so Caroline opened the box. Nothing could be seen, but a square piece of pelisse wadding, just fitting into the box; and her aunt somewhat curious to know the contents of the box, arose, and lifting a layer of the cotton, discovered two beautiful butterflies which Caroline had found on a window in the attic, and supposed they had frozen soon after leaving the chrysalis. "You have an uncommon idea of an emblem Caroline," said Julia; "however, they are very pretty, where did you find them?" Caroline informed her, and added, "Listen, will you accept these as a peace offering?" turning round that Julia might not see the irrepressible smile playing upon her lips. She had scarcely finished speaking, when the door bell rang.

"It is Edmund! wipe your eyes, Julia," said Caroline, hurrying out of the room. Julia's eyes were dry—but a tear glistened on her cheek, and she hastily wiped it off, as she rose to meet and welcome one whom she was wishing that morning might come—her cousin Edmund Lee. Julia was a beautiful girl, with a character which persons of education, refinement and piety, must

ever love. She held her passions in perfect subordination, and her heart had been early disciplined, and subjected to Him who had given her life. Caroline was just the reverse. She preferred the society of the low, illiterate and irreligious; and she inhaled the atmosphere poisoned by the infectious breath of her fellows. Her household duties, although very few, she considered extremely irksome; and notwithstanding the endless variety in all the departments of this science, Caroline complained of monotony. Julia did not enjoy her society, and she often said, as she vainly endeavored to correct and subdue her wayward spirit, "Why, Caroline, what will become of you?" but she only replied by saying she should not subject her character to Julia's moulding. Caroline was a severe trial to Julia away from home, as well as at home.

She loved her sister, and she wished her to feel her duties and capabilities. She wished to present some motive to Caroline's mind, to rouse its energies, and call them into active usefulness—to awake the long and profound slumber of reason, and bring under the control of its empire, her unchecked, ungovernable passions. Julia had remonstrated and reasoned to no purpose. She had selected many young ladies from her associates as models for Caroline's imitation, to no effect. She was nearly discouraged. For a long time, Julia had been wishing Edmund would come and assist her in devising some plan to win Caroline's confidence, and to influence and draw her imperceptibly before the mirror of truth, where she might see her character in all its relations to the world. Some invisible messenger conveyed to Edmund the secret wish of his cousin, and he came.

He proposed a walk. Julia was ready in an instant, and Edmund was soon acquainted with the circumstances of the day. He had heard many similar narrations, and seen Julia excited—but never so much as now. Her walk, however, removed her discomposure, and she came home with her own happy smile.

Edmund and Julia thought much how to overcome the unyielding spirit of Caroline. Every interview saw a new scheme formed, which was executed with care by Julia, but Caroline remained unchanged.—To be Continued.

LEARNING.

INDUSTRY;

Or, James and his sister Jane.

It was a fine moonlight night in autumn, one of those calm, pleasant evenings so dear to boys who love to be out of doors spending their evenings in play. On one of these evenings, James Scarlet was busily engaged in playing his favorite game of "hide and seek," with half a dozen of his noisy and thoughtless companions. His mother had strictly charged him to be at home at seven o'clock. But half an hour had passed since the old church clock had struck that fleet hour, and still he was playing. Conscience checked him once or twice, but he silenced its monitions by saying, as it whispered, "James you ought to go home," "Never mind, I'll go directly!"

Just then, the door of a house opened, and the fragile form of a young lady stood in the opening, covering a lamp with one hand, which she held in the other. After looking up and down the street, she discovered the boys, and in a shrill voice called "James!"

James heard, but played on. He knew it was his sister, but he loved play and wanted to stay longer. She called again, but still no answer. He pretended not to hear. So placing the lamp behind the door, the young lady threw her shawl over her head, and ran to her brother. Taking him kindly by the hand, she said,

"James, mother wishes you to come home directly and get your lessons."

The play-loving boy rudely snatched his hand away from his sister, and angrily replied, as he left his companions to go home,

"Bother the lessons, I wish they were all in the river or somewhere else!"

After this haughty expression of his feelings, he said no more, but walked sulkily into the house. Going into the parlor, he threw his cap into a corner of the room, and then sat down by the fire, looking as cross as fretfulness could make him.

"James, my son, what is the matter?" asked his mother, most affectionately.

"Nothing!" replied he, in a thick muttering voice.

His mother, who understood his feelings, remarked, "I am sorry to see you, my son, exhibiting so cross and wicked a disposition. This is adding offence to offence. You first disobeyed my wish to have you return at seven o'clock, and now you are peevish and cross, instead of busily studying your lessons for to-morrow. O my son, this is very wicked, and your heavenly Father will be angry with you."

The kindness of this remark, seemed to remove some of the boy's peevishness, and half-smiling, half crying, he replied, "Well, mother, you *know* I don't love these hard tasks, and I don't see what good it will do to learn grammar and geography at all."

"The use of your studies, my child," replied Mrs. Scarlet, "is to fit you for a proper performance of the various duties of life; they serve also to make your mind grow, and to prepare it to conceive thoughts of your duty and of the Deity, worthy of your nature. Much of your happiness, and all your influence in life, depend on the industry with which you attend to your studies now."

"Yes," said his sister Jane, who sat at the work table with her little brother, "I have lately read the life of that great philosopher and statesman, Benjamin Franklin, and I remember how hard he toiled to acquire knowledge, although he was only a printer's apprentice. He used to sit up at night to read, after working hard all day. Don't you remember, mother, about the papers he wrote, when he was only fifteen years old? How he put them under the door, and his brother printed them, and how they astonished the gentlemen who read them. But it was by hard and persevering study that Benjamin Franklin obtained knowledge, and his knowledge made him great."

"But I don't want to be a great man," said James, as he walked to the table and began playing with a book.

"Still, my son, it is your *duty* to cultivate your mind. God, your Creator, requires it of you. He has given you a mind of unlimited powers, and He *expects* that you will improve it. Your parents require it of you, and your happiness demands it. I am grieved, my son, that you do not love to study. But do try to-night and get your lessons, and see if you are not happier, than when you go to bed without having learned them."

James made no reply, but took up his book, with an evident intention to try. He was sad for having grieved his mother, and he felt desirous to atone in some measure for the grief he had occasioned. In a few moments he had both hands up to his head, his elbows on the table, and his book before him busily engaged in repeating. "Present. I love, you love, he loves," &c. his lesson being the conjugation of the verb

"to love." In a short time he was able to repeat it, and jumping up, he turned to his sister, and said,

"Now, Jane, I can say it all perfect. Won't you hear me?"

Jane heard his lesson. He only missed one word. His mother gave him a smile of approbation, and said, "I am sure you must feel happier than you have done for a number of evenings. The satisfaction arising from the performance of duty, is of a peculiar kind, and I think, my son, you feel it, if I may judge by your sparkling eyes."

James admitted that it was better to do duty than to neglect it, and now he turned to his mother and asked her forgiveness for the evening's offences; this she readily granted, and impressed a warm kiss upon his cheek.

Mrs. Scarlet next called her family around her, and read a portion of the Holy Scriptures in their hearing, and then kneeling down with them, committed them to the guardianship of their heavenly parent, praying, especially for her son James, that he might be made an industrious, studious boy, in future.

James profited by that evening's instruction. He afterwards became a more industrious boy, and a better scholar. His friends loved him better than ever, and it is hoped that he will become a useful man. If any idle *James Scarlet* reads this story, it is sincerely hoped, that he will profit by it, and learn to become studious, active, industrious and happy.—*S. S. Messenger*.

MORALITY.

I'LL PAY HIM FOR IT.

There are two ways in which a father might govern his children when not with them himself. He could give them power to punish each other in cases of disorder or where wrong had been done, or he might say, "if one strikes another or breaks his playthings on purpose, or injures his tools, let the injured one say nothing,—do nothing—I will take care of him when I come home, and punish him as I think best."

Now this last is the course God takes with us. He might have taken the other, and what confusion and wretchedness and misery there would have been in the world. But He tells that if others injure us, we must not injure them in return. He says, "Leave your injuries with me—Vengeance is mine, I will repay." Now, there is a controversy going on between God and his creatures on this very point, and every boy and girl takes sides in it. God says, "You must not return evil for evil,—if one is unkind or disobliging to you, you must not be unkind or disobliging in return,—if one strikes you in anger, you must not give a blow in return,—if one injures you in any way, you must not try to punish the injurer." But you resolve that you will not leave this matter with God. You choose to punish the offender yourself. If a playmate makes you suffer, at some rate or other, you will make that playmate suffer more.

"Ann, will you lend me your history? I have left mine at home."

Ann knew how much it would oblige Lucy. She did not wish to use her book herself; but her answer was—

"No. You would not lend me your pencil, and I won't lend you my history."

A group of boys were collected in the street. At the instant John was ready to start on a race with another boy, Henry knocked his hat from his head. John seized Henry and plunged him into a snow-bank, and then with blows, heavy as his strength would enable him to give, kept him there till he was sufficiently revenged. You might at first have thought it was only rough play. Such things may be, and often are done in sport—both boys in good humor; but in this case, Henry's tears and cries, and John's flush-

ed face and angry look, showed very plainly that it was not *play*.

"There," exclaimed John, in an exulting tone, as he gave the last blow, "knock my hat off again, if you dare."

Cases like these are continually occurring among children.

Ann and John both chose themselves to punish those who had been unkind to them. Ann in not lending her book, when Lucy needed it very much, and John in making Henry suffer pain and mortification. God never gave them permission to do this. They should quietly have left the offenders, so far as punishment was concerned, with them. God notices every action of every child. He never forgets the smallest thing, and he will punish us for every thing that we do here, that is wrong, unless we are penitent and ask his forgiveness.

Some boys think it manly and spirited to resent an injury and return evil for evil. They never rest satisfied with inflicting the same amount of suffering or inconvenience which has been given to them;—the blow in return must, if possible, give double pain, the rent in the clothes must be twice as large, the fellow-traveller of the slightly injured kite must be totally destroyed. O what a noble spirit is that, which, though it feels injuries, still allows little and great ones to pass without retaliation.

Let every boy and girl, when tempted to make those who have injured them suffer for it, or on that account to injure their property, remember, that God has never given them power to punish such offences. He reserves that right for himself alone, and every one will receive justice at his hands.

JULIA HARWOOD.

Last fall I spent a few days in one of the lovely villages which beautify the valley of the Connecticut. It was a chilly afternoon in October, when I entered the grave yard. The winds moaning on the leafless branches, seemed as if chanting a funeral dirge. I stood beside the grave of a little girl, named Julia Harwood. On her tombstone was this inscription, "Yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labors, and their works do follow them." The name awoke many painful recollections, for Henry Harwood had been the companion of my boyhood. We had mingled in our sports and studies and together graduated. Since that time, I had not seen him, and his letters had become less frequent, until I was ignorant of his situation altogether. I was wondering whether this little girl could be his daughter, when a voice said, "George, my old friend, is it you?" I turned and recognized Henry Harwood, the companion of my youth. His features bore the impress of grief.

"This little girl," said he, "was my daughter. When I abandoned myself to the intoxicating cup, it was she who would move among us like an angel of mercy, shedding a ray of happiness wherever she was. When her mother was sad, she would cheer her lonely hours with scenes of brighter days to come; and on my return, in tones of tenderness, beseech me to let the poison cup alone. If my heart had not been stone, it would have melted; but I cruelly repulsed her kindness, and bade her be silent. She obeyed me, but after that, her cheek was paler, and her step more feeble. And shall I say it? Yes. I plunged more deeply into the vortex of sin and folly. The day before her death, Julia called me to her bedside; and pressing my hand tenderly in hers, addressed me thus: "Soon, dear father, I shall die, and your daughter will depart from you. Must it be a final separation? Shall we never meet again but at the judgment day? Oh! beloved father, will you not grant me the last request I shall ever make? Night and day I have prayed that you might have grace to resist the temptation;

and thus light up with joy, hearts now pining with sorrow. Will you not, dear father! Oh! say yes. Promise now, at the bedside of your dying Julia, that you will never taste poison again—that which destroys your intellect, and will send you to the drunkard's dreadful home." I left her, even while in gentle accents she entreated me to smile on her forgiveness for pressing so importunately that which was so near to her heart. I left her to drown my feelings of remorse in intoxication. When I saw Julia again, she was a corpse; and her pale sad face, seemed reproaching me for my cruelty. Since that time, I have not touched, tasted, or handled, the accursed thing." My friend ceased, overcome with emotion; and I felt how true it is, that our "works do follow" us. If, my young friends, you are discouraged in well doing, think of Julia Harwood. Though she did not live to reap the fruit of her labor, God heard her prayer, and answered it in his own good time.

[*Youth's Cabinet.*]

RELIGION.

SAMUEL HICKS AND THE MISER.

Samuel had some odd notions and expressions relative to misers. Looking abroad at the fine feeling of benevolence that had gone forth, and not often associating with persons of a parsimonious disposition, he exclaimed to a friend one day, "The breed of misers is nearly run out, and not one of the few that are living dare get married, so that in a little time we shall see no more of them." On one occasion he obtained a remarkable conquest over one of these sons of earth. Samuel addressed him on behalf of Christian missions, but found every part of the fortress provided with arms against any regular and deliberate attack. Poverty was pleaded, objections to the cause were urged, and reasons given why help should not be sought at his quarters. On finding all special pleading ineffectual, and as though aware that a city which would be proof against a regular siege, might nevertheless be taken by surprise, he dropped upon his knees, and turning from the miser, directed his addresses to God. Every sentence was like inspiration, and penetrated the soul of the miser like the fire of heaven—withering him with fear. Impressed with a dread of the Being before whom he was immediately brought in prayer, he exclaimed with vehemence—"Sam, I'll give thee a guinea, if thou wilt give over." Samuel, unruffled in his feelings by the oddity of the circumstance, for in fact he had too many of his own to be moved by those of others, proceeded with earnestness in his addresses to his Maker, being encouraged by the symptom which appeared; and, with the quickness of thought, changing the subject, intimated how inadequate a guinea was to effect the conversion of the world. The miser was again met in an unexpected way, and roared out, "Sam, I tell thee to give over—I'll give thee two guineas, if thou wilt only give it up." On hearing this, Samuel started up, took the miser at his word, secured two notes, and bore them away in triumph to the missionary meeting, where he exhibited them on the platform, with the high wrought feelings of a man who had snatched a living child from the clutch of an eagle.

CONSCIENTIOUS SAILOR.

The terrible disaster which occurred some time since on board the steamboat Helen M'Gregor by the bursting of the boiler, is to the present day, fresh in the minds of not a few. It was on the morning of the 24th of February, 1830, at Memphis, on the Mississippi river, where the boat stopped for a short time to deliver freight, and to land passengers. A few minutes after she was drawn off to proceed on her trip, the explosion took place. There were between four and five hundred passengers. The scenes of

agony and distress were indescribable—nearly one hundred lives were lost.

I was on board that boat, said a sailor to me the other day, just before the sad catastrophe took place. It was wonderful how I was led to quit the boat, at almost the very crisis of the awful occurrence. I have thought of it a thousand times, with gratitude to my Maker. My captain ordered me to assist in handing freight on the Sabbath. This, I told him, I could not conscientiously do; that I had never done unnecessary work on the Lord's day. The captain replied, "We have no Sabbaths here at the West in our business." Very well, I told him; as for myself, wherever I was, I endeavored to keep the Sabbath. "Procure some one in your stead," he then ordered. I said, this I can't do; but pay me my wages, and I will leave the boat. The captain did so, and I left his employ. However, I was soon after urged to come back again, with a proffer of higher wages. I persisted in my refusal, and in a few days shipped at New Orleans for Europe. On my arrival, the first newspaper I took up contained an account of the dreadful destruction of life on board the Helen M'Gregor. I was truly thankful for my escape—it has taught me a lesson always to be prompt and decided in refusing to do wrong, whatever consequences may appear likely to follow.—*Bethel Magazine.*

NATURAL HISTORY.

MAGNANIMITY OF A LION.

Prince, a tame lion on board his Majesty's ship *Ariadne*, had a keeper to whom he was much attached; the keeper got drunk one day, and, as the captain never forgave the crime, the keeper was ordered to be flogged; the grating was rigged on the main deck, opposite Prince's den, a large barred up place, the pillars large and cased with iron. When the keeper began to strip, Prince rose gloomily from his couch; and got as near to his friend as possible; on beholding his bare back, he walked hastily round the den, and when he saw the boatswain inflict the first lash, his eyes sparkled with fire, and his sides resounded with the strong and quick beatings of his tail; at last when the blood began to flow from the unfortunate man's back, and the "clotted cats" jerked their gory knots close to the lion's den, his fury became tremendous, he roared with a voice of thunder, shook the strong bars of his prison, as if they had been osiers. And finding his efforts to break loose unavailing, he rolled and shrieked in a manner the most terrific that is possible to conceive. The captain fearing that he might break loose, ordered the marines to load and present at Prince; this threat redoubled his rage, and at last the captain desired the keeper to be cast off and go to his friend. It is impossible to describe the joy evinced by the lion; he licked with care the mangled and bleeding back of the cruelly treated seamen, caressed him with his paws, which he folded round the keeper as if to defy any one renewing a similar treatment, and it was only after several hours that Prince would allow the keeper to quit his protection and return among those who had so ill-used him.

THE LITTLE DOG AND LION IN A CAGE.

Have you seen the lion, said my aunt Jane, to Ann Bell, one day as they rode out? No, said Ann, I have not seen him. Well, said she, next week they will bring the lion here in a cage; and if you are a good girl, you shall see him. In the mean time, I will tell you what a vile boy once did to a dog. The man who kept the lion, would let no one see him, till he had paid a sixpence, or instead of that, would bring a small dog to throw into the cage for the lion to tear and eat. One day, when a bad boy came to see the lion, he could get no sixpence to give, he

stole a little dog in the street, and gave him to the man to throw to the lion. So the man took the poor little dog, and cast him into the cage. This made all the folks feel bad; but they stood still to see what the lion would do. The poor little dog was so full of fear, he threw himself flat on his back, as he fell in the cage, and put up both his little paws, as if he would beg the lion to spare his life. When the lion saw him so meek and full of fear, he stood still, and would not so much as bite him at all. With much care, he just put out one of his great paws, and drew up the dog close to his breast. So the lion did not hurt him, but was so kind, the dog lost all fear, and got up on his feet. Now it was not long before the dog would jump back and forth over the lion, and play with his long mane, and stroke it down with his little paw, and each day grew more and more fond of him. As for the lion, he was so proud of his little dog, that no one could get him out of the cage. Thus did they live in peace.—*S. S. Mon.*

EDITORIAL.

A WARNING TO BOYS.

On the evening of the 17th of March, *Samuel Marriott*, was sentenced by the Municipal Court in Boston, to seventeen years imprisonment in the state prison, fifteen days of which are to be in solitary confinement. The crimes for which he is sentenced are, for setting fire to, and burning a dwelling house and store on Washington street; breaking open the stores of James Beebe and Franklin Conant, and stealing goods; stealing from a building on fire; and stealing goods from the store of Clapp & Steel. This young man is only about twenty-two years old; and yet he has gone to such a length in crime, that he might have been sent to prison for seventy years, if the court had pleased; but they were merciful to him, though he has now a long time to serve.

Samuel's father and mother are members of the Society of Friends, and respectable people, living near Greenport, in the state of New York. They loved him very much; and though they are aged people, and have only a small farm to live upon, when his father heard that his son was likely to be sent to prison, he agreed to mortgage his little farm, to get four hundred dollars to give to the people from whom his son had stolen, in order to get him clear. But, the law had got hold of poor Samuel, and money could not buy his liberty. So now he will have to be shut up in a great stone house, with iron bars over the windows, and great locks and bolts on the doors and gates; and there he must stay seventeen long years, working hard all day, and at night locked up in a little cell all alone; and seventeen long days, he is to be locked into his little cell, and left there alone to think of his past life. And when he looks back to the days when he was happy at home, with his father and mother, O how he will weep, and wish those days might come again. But no; they will never come again. He must stay there seventeen years—almost as long as he has lived; and most likely, long before he gets out, his father and mother will have been buried up in the ground, and the green turf will cover them, and perhaps the young trees will grow upon their graves, before he will be out of his prison.

But, Samuel's bitterest reflections, in his lonely and solitary cell, will be, when he thinks of the thorns he has planted in the pillow of his aged father and mother. His mother has written several letters to persons in Boston and Providence, in which she speaks of "the days of affectionate and interesting childhood," when Samuel was at home, and compares them with what he is now; and showing that her heart is ready to break, for her son Samuel. O how many sad days and nights these aged people will have, as they sit by their fireside, and look at the place where Samuel used to sit, and think of the time when perhaps he was a good and dutiful boy—and then they will think of him, at his hard work in prison;

and when they lie down to rest, instead of going to sleep happily, as they used to do, with their children resting under their quiet roof, they will think of poor Samuel in his lonely cell, and weep, and wet their pillow with their tears. And, at last, their gray hairs will go down with sorrow to the grave.

Now, we ask the boys who read the Youth's Companion, to think of this. "But," says one, "what need I think of this? I shall never come to the state's prison." But, how do you know, what you will come to? If God should leave you to yourself, and you should follow the ways of wicked boys, you might very soon be in the state's prison. The only path of safety for you is, to obey the command, which says, "My son, give me thy heart." If you do this, God will keep you. But, if you follow your own evil dispositions; set up your own will, in opposition to that of your parents; and follow the example of wicked boys, be sure your course will end in ruin, if you do not get to the state's prison. The wicked men who go to prison, do not begin their evil course by committing great crimes. At first, perhaps, it is disobedience to their parents. Then, perhaps, they play truant from school, or break the Sabbath, and roam about in idleness; and,

"Satan always finds some mischief still,
For idle hands to do."

Thus they go on, from one evil thing to another, till at last, all their good feelings are gone, their consciences seared with a hot iron, and they are ripe for mischief and crime. It is against the beginnings of an evil course, that you must guard; for if you set the stone to rolling on the top of the hill, you cannot stop it, till it goes to the bottom. Remember the advice of Solomon, "My son, if sinners entice thee, consent thou not;" and, "Enter not into the path of the wicked, and go not in the way of evil men. Avoid it, pass not by it, turn from it, and pass away."

KINDNESS.

It does children good, sometimes, to be sick. They learn then the value of kindness and sympathy, and a ready attention to the wishes of others. I once knew a little boy whom I shall call Frederic. He was considered a good child by most people, especially those who did not see him at home. But he had one fault which was a very disagreeable one. He never performed any little service for others without objecting to it. If one of his older sisters asked him even to do so slight a thing as to go up stairs for her, he seldom complied immediately and cheerfully, but almost always manifested reluctance either by words or looks. At last they all agreed that it was much pleasanter to do a thing for themselves than to ask Frederic.

The only person in the house who never received such treatment from him was his father. His father he not only tenderly loved—for even this would not have been enough to prevent the out-breaking of his great fault, but stood very much in awe of him. Of his mother he was less afraid; and the consequence was, that she often suffered from his disobedient temper. It is true, that whenever she absolutely commanded a thing he was forced to comply; but often she merely requested the performance of some service, and left him to comply or not, as he chose. In such cases he often neglected the request altogether, and always gave his mother pain by his ill-humor.

One day he received a severe lesson which seemed likely to make a lasting impression on him. As I have said, he had the greatest desire to please his father, and would not for the world have had him acquainted with any of his bad behaviour. One day in summer, towards night, his mother called him, and asked him if he could not go out of an errand for her.

"Where?" asked Frederic, with no very pleasant look.

"To old Mrs. Jewett's; I have got something to send her."

"Oh dear! it's as much as a mile off—I'm sure I can't go there such a hot day—won't it do some other time?"

"Why it would be better that it should go to day, because she may want it," replied his mother; and then went into the house without saying more. About an hour after, Frederic entered the parlor, and found his father and mother there. Frederic's father was a minister, and had very poor health. On this day he had been sick all day up stairs, and Frederic, as well as the other children, was very glad to see him with them again. After a few moments he asked his wife if she had sent the money to Mrs. Jewett.

"No," replied she, "I had no one to send but Frederic, and he did not seem to be very willing to go, so I let it wait."

Frederic felt ashamed enough, and was beginning to stammer out his willingness to go; but how did he feel when his father, without looking at him, asked for the money, saying, "I will carry it myself." Frederic burst into tears, and besought his father to let him go; but his father was inflexible, and Frederic had the pain and mortification of seeing him set off upon this long walk, suffering from weakness, and a nervous headache, which every motion increased. For a long time this proved an effectual check to him, but by degrees it was forgotten. His own sickness, of which he had a severe attack, was more permanent in its effects. During this sickness his mother watched him with unwearied care and tenderness. After he began to get well, he found it very tiresome to lie in bed with nothing to do, and like most persons in such circumstances, he was full of wants. It was continually mother, mayn't I have this? mother, will you please to tell me a story?

One day when his mother was gone down stairs to prepare him some jelly-water, his father came into the room, and after speaking kindly to Frederic, and asking him how he felt, he began to speak of his mother. "Suppose," said he, "that during your sickness, your dear mother had complied as reluctantly with your wishes, as you do with hers, when you are well."

Frederic felt the force of this remark, and every time his mother did any thing for him, he resolved that he would repay her kindness when he got well. Whether he kept his resolution I do not know; but if he made it without any reliance upon God for aid, I should fear he did not.

VARIETY.

Archbishop Tillotson.

There are some children who are almost ashamed to own their parents, because they are poor, or in a low situation of life. We will, therefore, give an example of the contrary, as displayed by the Dean of Canterbury, afterwards Archbishop Tillotson. His father, who was a very plain Yorkshireman, perhaps something like those we now call "Friends," approached the house where his son resided, and inquired whether "John Tillotson was at home." The servant, indignant at what he thought his insolence, drove him from the door; but the dean, who was within, hearing the voice of his father, instead of embracing the opportunity afforded him, of going out and bringing in his father in a more private manner, came running out, exclaiming in the presence of his astonished servants, "It is my beloved father;" and, falling down on his knees, asked for his blessing. Obedience and love to our parents is a very distinct and important command of God, upon which he has promised his blessing, and his promises never fail.

A Little Girl.

A little girl was passing by a garden in which were some very pretty flowers. She wished much to have some of them; she could have put her hand between the rails, and have taken them, and perhaps nobody would have seen her. But she knew this would be very wicked; it would be stealing. So, after thinking a little while, she resolved what she would do. She went to the mistress of the garden, and asked her very prettily to give her some of those nice flowers. The mistress told her she had done right not to take them, and then showed her another garden, full of beautiful plants and flowers, and gathered for her a fine large nosegay.

Let this teach you a lesson. If this girl had taken the flowers without leave, she would have been very unhappy; and if she had been asked how she came by them, she would have most likely told a lie to hide her first fault. And how uncomfortable she would have felt

at night, when she lay down, and when she thought of the great God, and prayed to him who has said, "Thieves shall not inherit the kingdom of God." "Be sure your sin will find you out," if you break God's commands.

A Little Girl at Taunton.

The late Rev. Mr. Reader, of Taunton, having called one day, in the course of his pastoral visits, at the house of a friend, affectionately noticed a little girl in the room, about six years of age. Among other things, he asked her if she knew that she had a bad heart, and, opening the Bible, pointed her to the passage where the Lord promises to give a new heart. He instructed her to plead this promise in prayer, and she would find the Almighty faithful to his promise. About seventeen years after, a lady came to him, to propose herself for communion with the church of which he was pastor, and how inexpressible was his delight, when he found that she was the very person with whom, when a child, he had so freely conversed on subjects of religion, and that the conversation was blessed to her conversion. Taking her Bible, she had retired, as he advised, pleaded the promise, wept and prayed; and the Lord, in answer to her fervent petitions, gave her what she so earnestly desired, a new heart.

Mr. Pomfret.

Mr. Pomfret, who became an eminent Christian minister, was converted at the age of nineteen; yet the remembrance of so large a portion of life spent in impenitence ever after affected his heart, and he used often to repeat the words of Austin, "O Lord, too late I loved thee."

A Little Teacher.

A little girl, who taught her father to read, was asked by her teacher how she managed to do it. "Why, sir," she replied, "when I learnt A, B, C, I taught father; and when I learnt b-a-d, bad, g-o-o-d, good, I taught father; when I could read in the Testament, I taught father to read in the Testament also; and we learnt hymns; and now we are as happy as the day is long."

POETRY.

THE EAGLE.

An eagle, perched upon a cliff,
Beheld a lamb one day,
Who'd left its mother in the wood,
And just come out to play.
The haughty eagle had not dined,
And now, 'twas nearly night;
Of course, this little, tender lamb,
Was quite a pleasant sight.
He argued thus—"to eat this lamb,
I know, is not quite right,—
Yet I so very hungry am,
I think, I'll take a bite."
A hunter had the eagle watched,
From just behind a nook,
And now with right good aim, his gun
The very region shook.
Down fell the bird, below the cliff,
As dead as dead could be!
And, who will blame the hunter now,
For going home in glee?
—Thus, when the vile, with sad intent,
Would hapless virtue wrong,
God often lets them see, at once,
His arm is just and strong.

A PICTURE.—By C. G. EASTMAN

The farmer sat in his easy chair,
Smoking his pipe of clay,
While his hale old wife, with busy care,
Was clearing the dinner away.
A sweet little girl, with fine blue eyes,
On her grand-pa's knee was catching flies.
The old man placed his hand on her head,
With a tear on his wrinkled face,
He thought how often her mother dead
Had sat in the same, same place.
As the tear stole down from his half shut eye,
"Don't smoke," said the child, "how it makes you cry!"
The house dog was stretched out on the floor,
Where the sun, after noon, used to steal,
The busy old wife, by the open door,
Was turning the spinning wheel—
And the old brass block on the mantletree,
Had plodded along to almost three;
Still the farmer sat in his easy chair,
While close to his heaving breast,
The moistened brow and the head so fair,
Of his sweet grandchild was prest,
His head bent down, on her soft hair lay—
Fast asleep were they both on that summer day!

YOUTH'S COMPANION.

Published Weekly, by NATHANIEL WILLIS, at the Office of the Boston Recorder, No. 11, Cornhill.—Price, \$1.00 a year in advance; or \$1.25 if not paid in advance.

NO. 48.

BOSTON, APRIL 9, 1841.

VOL. XIV.



THE DOGS.

The Dog, throughout all Nature's plan,
Above all beasts, is friend to Man.
The Watch-dog guards us while we sleep;
The Shepherd-dog protects the sheep;
The Stag-hound's bay inspires the chase;
The Blood-hound beasts of prey can trace;
The Fox-hound flies o'er down and dale;
That Hunters may take Renard's tail;
For Foxes but be killed, they say,
That men may hunt, when hunt they may:
But yet I wish the timid Hare
The Hunting-field would never share:
Enough of enemies she knows;
And see advance her throng of foes.
With eye of light and limb of strength,
Near the earth and stretched at length,
See the graceful Greyhound bound,
Fleetness in every action found:
With stealthy step, and nose advanced,
His head erect, his eye entranced,
While nought diverts his steadfast aim,
See the Pointer mark his game.
Hark! that short bark the Sportsman hears,
And knows the Dog with silken ears.
Spaniel, he calls the faithful friend,
Who may his wandering steps attend,
Or in his Lady's chamber stay,
And fondly with his children play.
Bent on the prey his scent has found,
The yapping Terrier scoops the ground,
And drags the hapless vermin out
To glad the school-boys' noisy rout.
Rabbit and Badger, Rat and Mole,
Over his sense bear strog control;
But honest, patient, faithful, mild,
To Master or to Master's child,
(No snarl or sign of temper shown,)
He's guard, and friend, and servant known.
Various the tribes,—from mightiest kind
To the small Blenheim Pet we find,
All pleasing, faithful, humble, true;
Be kind to him, he'll follow you,
And share your plenty, want, or toil,
Through every country, clime, and soil;
And even when, in cold and storm,
Man casts on earth his wearied form,
He tries to stay the parting breath,
And cheer him on his bed of death;
If succor all his art defies,
Upon his breast he howls and dies.
This oft in story has been told,
On hoary mountains, bleak and cold;
And firm belief rests in my mind,
For well I know the faithful kind.

[Book of Rhymes, Published by Wm. Crosby & Co.]

NARRATIVE.

Written for the Youth's Companion.

THE SISTER'S TRIAL.

[Continued from page 185.]

Some weeks had passed. It was evening. Julia and Caroline, with their mother, are sitting at their work-table sewing. Edmund came in,

and hastily taking a letter from his pocket, handed it to Julia, saying, "I will come in again, bye and bye, and hear the news; a vessel has just arrived, and in less than one minute, I wish to be on the Dock," and immediately went out. "It is from cousin Harriet," Edmund's sister, said Julia, as she looked at the superscription, and began to break the seal. She commenced the perusal of her letter.—Mrs. Lincoln left the room for some part of her work, and Caroline was silent. Suddenly a tip-toe step was heard on the carpet. The girls were sitting their faces away from the door, and looked round to see if any one was coming in. A large, handsome man was just entering. His complexion was browned by the rays of the sun, yet his features were fine; his dark eye soft and brilliant; and his aspect was noble and commanding. Julia dropped her letter—she looked at him, and the next instant flew into his arms. "'Tis father!" cried she, "it is no vision. It is in reality my dear father."

Caroline threw down her work, and ran out of the room screaming, "Oh mother, mother, father has come." Mr. Lincoln was a sea captain, and had been absent from home a number of years. The family had not heard from him for a long time, and supposed him to have been wrecked at sea, and lost. Certainly, this was a joyous meeting. When they had a little recovered from their surprise, & he had informed them how he came in, he inquired for Edmund Lee, the favorite of the family. "He has called this evening," said Julia, "and told us a vessel had just arrived, but we did not think of you." "He is here," said Mrs. Lincoln, as the bell rang. Mr. Lincoln went to the door himself, so eager was he to grasp the hand of his youthful friend. Many, and interesting incidents were related by Mr. Lincoln and his family in return. Every day brought new recollections on both sides, and new themes for conversation.

Mr. Lincoln was independent, and many times did he partially resolve never to leave his family again. But when he saw every wish of his wife and daughters supplied, and each possessing in herself the power of being happy, his heart was bounding upon the "dark-heaving waves" of ocean.

If he spoke of making another voyage, he saw the same dread expression of feeling rest upon the countenance of his wife, which had often before shaken his resolutions. His daughters glanced at each other, with looks which he could not misunderstand. He looked around his cheerful home, and its happy influence overcame his roving, restless habits. After the novelty of his return was over, Miss Caroline began to display her character to the view of her father, from whom it had ever before been concealed. Her enmity towards Julia daily increased, as her persevering efforts were daily renewed, to kindle in her sister's bosom a love of the great and good.

Mr. Lincoln knew Caroline possessed a disposition naturally fractious and irritable, and a will which could not be turned by arbitrary or persuasive power; but he did not know, until now, how unkind and ungrateful was her deportment towards Julia. He noticed the conduct of each attentively, for a long time, and then, after commending the uncomplaining, unwearied Julia, united with her in her task.

Many months passed away. Mr. Lincoln and his daughter Julia were walking together, and they were talking of Caroline.

"I have thought, at last," said he, "of a plan which I think will result well. I have noticed that Caroline is lonesome and unhappy when you are not here, notwithstanding her ill-treatment of you. In about two months I must go to Europe. I have heard you express a wish to go; and I have thought it would be well to take you with me, and leave Caroline." "Oh father, I am sure you would not leave Caroline," said Julia. "We must not consult our own pleasure in this plan," said Mr. Lincoln, "we must make sacrifices. I should be more unwilling than any one else to leave Caroline, but if it results in her reformation, we shall secure our object." "Have you mentioned it to mother?" asked Julia.

"Yes," replied her father, "and she approves it. When we get home, if Caroline is there, I will inform her of my intentions and see how she appears." Julia was *thinking*, and made no reply. When they entered the parlor, Caroline was sitting by the window. She thought there was something stirring in Julia's mind, besides "every day thoughts." Her eyes moved quickly and rested upon nothing. Her cheek, which was usually but slightly touched with the hue of health, was now a perfect crimson. The exercise of the walk might have assisted in raising the color, but the more effectual agent was her fluttering imagination, which had already commenced its voyage, and weary of roving, sought some twig which might afford one moment's repose. Caroline looked at her with an inquiring gaze, as she slowly passed through the room to her chamber.

Mr. Lincoln seated himself near Caroline, and addressed her. "Well, Caroline, how do you enjoy this evening?" "Very well," was her laconic reply. "You are not as cheerful as usual." "Well I do not know how to act," said Caroline. Julia lectures me because I am too cheerful, and you because I am not enough so." "You are mistaken, my daughter, if you think as you speak," said Mr. Lincoln. "Julia does not *lecture* you for your *cheerfulness*, but your levity and insipience. When you are not trifling you are morose. Your temper is very irregular, and unless you modify it, you will soon find yourself without influence or friends." Caroline was silent, and he continued, "I contemplate going to Europe, in about two months. I have invited Julia to accompany me. She says she cannot go unless you go too. I wish you could go too; nothing would make me more happy; but Caroline, if you should appear there as you do here, you would disgrace your father as well as Julia. But if you will endeavor to improve yours by Julia's example—and love and trust her as a faithful sister, we shall be very happy to have you accompany us." She made no answer. "You acknowledge," said he, "that you possess the power to reform if you choose. Think of it, my daughter. Weigh it in a true balance. You may not feel the privilege of going as Julia does, but you *must* know that such a tour would be full of interest and instruction. It is just what you need, and if you reject my offer, you can never calculate your loss. And look, Caroline, at the low stand you have taken in the world; what is your society? What is the judgment of contemporaries respecting your character, when they see you mingling with the uneducated, unrefined, and I had almost said *uncivilized*. What are you doing to accomplish the objects of your existence."

Caroline appeared cold and unmoved. Mr. Lincoln was touched by his daughter's indifference. He soon left the room and went to seek Julia. She was in her chamber sitting by a back window, her head leaning upon her hand, and apparently looking down upon the floor. As her father entered, she rose to give him her chair, and he discovered that she had been weeping. He seated himself, and taking her in his arms, pressed her to his bosom, exclaiming, "Julia! my precious child, my only hope." Grief filled his heart, and a tear was in his eye. Julia raised her head from her father's shoulder, and wiped the lonely tear from his face, saying, "Do not weep, father. It is a weakness peculiar to us." "Pardon me, my child," said Mr. Lincoln, "but it seems a *relief* peculiar to woman. Could man bid his sorrow depart in tears, it would not corrode his heart as it does. It would not require all the energies of his soul, to overcome difficulties which you meet and surmount calmly." Julia did not know what had passed between Caroline and her father, but she saw he was deeply moved. A few moments after, Mrs. Lincoln joined them, the curtains were drawn, the blinds were latched, and the father, mother and sister were unitedly supplicating for that wisdom and consolation which comes only from Heaven. And earnestly did they plead for Caroline. Yes! from Julia's chamber ascended their prayers, like incense from the altar of sacrifice.

The two months passed. A vessel was seen moving briskly away to a foreign port. Julia and her father were fast going out of sight, while Caroline and her mother, with Edmund Lee, who had accompanied them to the vessel, were slowly and sadly walking towards home.

Caroline had refused to go, but when she saw the vessel bearing away Julia, her heart softened. When she entered their home, it looked desolate.

Mrs. Lincoln thought now was the time to "move the soul's secret springs," and she conversed with Caroline, in the most impressive manner.

She wept. She now loved Julia. She saw things in a different light. She shuddered at the past, and would have given worlds but for one moment's interview with Julia, that she might acknowledge her faults, and ask her forgiveness. "I will now live better," said she, "and as Julia has left a part of her library, I will go there and search for the treasures with which her mind is stored and enriched. I will choose for my friends those which she selected, and I will try to live, so that if ever Julia returns, she will find me the sister for which she so long labored and prayed.

Caroline kept her resolutions. Her happiness increased in the same ratio, as her kind and benevolent feeling. She saw that the countenance of her mother wore symptoms of new joy, as she daily endeavored to break the spell which bound her, and which, for years, had been fraught with so much bitterness. Edmund rejoiced that the long sought, latent remedy was discovered.

Julia and her father had been long from home. The desire of Mrs. Lincoln and Caroline was every day becoming stronger for their return. The time approached; it came. Julia, leaning upon the arm of her father, once more stepped upon her native soil. A few moments more, and she was in her accustomed place at home.

It is impossible to conceive, with what interested vigilance she observed the alteration in Caroline. She took Caroline's hand in hers, looked at her with an expression in her eye, which indicated truly the yearnings of her fond heart, and exclaimed, "Oh my dear sister! Do you indeed love me?" Caroline could not speak, but Julia was satisfied. Caroline was reclaimed and reconciled—Julia's persevering love rewarded, and *all were happy*.

North Brookfield, Mass.

THE NURSERY.

From the Christian Intelligencer.

RAVENS FEEDING ELIJAH.

Compare Job xxxviii, 41, with 1 Kings xvii. 6.

"Sister," said a little boy, "I read last week in the 'Children's Friend' about the *Ravens feeding Elijah*, and I have looked the story up in the Bible, and read it there. But I want to know more about the Ravens; they must be very nice birds, and I wish I could see one of them. Do tell me something about them, sister Mary."

"I can tell you something about them, Henry, but you will be disappointed, for they are not 'nice birds' at all. On the contrary, they are dirty and disgusting—feeding only on dead carcasses, and other corrupt things. Their horrid propensities have brought them to be considered by superstitious people as birds of ill omen, and their hoarse croaking a presage of evil."

"Then they don't teach their young to sing as sweetly as the young robins under my window last year?"

"Oh no, they teach them nothing at all. 'Twould be well if they even provided them with food till they had strength to sing. Look at Job xxxviii. 41, and Psalms cxlvii. 9, and see whether they do so."

"Who provideth for the raven his food? When his young ones cry unto God, they wander for lack of meat."

"He giveth to the beast his food, and to the young ravens which cry."

"Yes, they abandon their young almost from their birth. And who takes care of them? God—the God of the prophet Elijah. You recollect the saying of our Saviour, that not a sparrow falls to the ground 'without our Heavenly Father. It appears that nothing which God has created is too insignificant to claim His notice and protection."

"But, sister, if the ravens forsake their own young, is it not strange that they should have taken so much care of the prophet? And another thing. If they eat nothing but carrion, and food of that sort, how came they to carry *bread and meat* to Elijah! Why did not they give him the same kind of food they ate themselves? I wonder I never thought of this before!"

"Because, my dear Henry, *God commanded them* to do what they did; and he is God Almighty. He commands, and all nature, animate and inanimate, obeys Him. It was, as you see, contrary to the *nature* of the ravens to feed the prophet, or to feed him with food convenient for him, which proves to us, that nothing but a *supernatural* power, the power of their Creator, could have induced them to do so. Do you not perceive that this was a *miracle*, wrought by God, in favor of his faithful servant?"

"Yes, sister, I do; and it's a great thought, that the God of Elijah was the God of the Ravens too! That our Creator, is the Creator and protector of beasts, and birds, and worms and insects. They are all our fellow creatures, are they not, sister? although they may *not* be human beings. Oh, I will always in future be kind to all my humble fellow creatures; and the sweet birds, too, I shall love them better than ever, now that I find myself in some sort related to them."

I shall look up some more of these interesting stories in the Bible. I do believe there is *every thing* in it, but I never thought before of looking there for Natural History—did you, sister?"

ANNA.

MORALITY.

AMUSEMENTS FOR CHILDREN.

Two little boys often meet one another in the room adjoining mine. They are about eight or nine years old. The name of the oldest is Charles; that of the other Eden.

Charles is the son of an industrious and moral tradesman. The instruction which he receives is imparted to him by his father and Sabbath School teacher. The father of Eden, formerly an estimable merchant and good citizen, is now a pest, avoided by all. Alas! intemperance has ruined his good name, and destroyed his noble faculties.

An intimacy has grown up between the two boys, and they often meet through the week, and always in the Sabbath School.

I have observed that their amusements are mostly profitable.

One day, after growing tired of noisy play, they sat down on a bench, and Charles took up a picture book and began turning the leaves. As he turned them, he called on Eden to say which of the objects represented by the pictures he preferred. The properties and advantages of the horse and the cow, the lamb and the pig, the vessel and the wagon were discussed, as each of the boys contended for the greater usefulness of the object of his choice. At length Charles turned a leaf which displayed a fine house and the Bible. Charles quickly, and with earnestness, remarked that he preferred the Bible.

"Why so?" demanded Eden. "Why would you prefer a book to this fine house?"

"I do not prize it simply as a book," replied Charles, "but I think the Bible of more value than all the houses in this town. My Sabbath School teacher gave me a beautiful present for reading it through the past year; and I learn from it that mansions are prepared in heaven for all that love God:—That our Lord Jesus Christ descended from heaven to die for sinners: That wicked men crucified him: That in his death he finished an atonement for sin, and all that believe on his name can be saved: That he rose from the dead and ascended to his Father, in the New Jerusalem, the Holy City of our God. Now the house you see here would not accommodate but a few persons, while the Bible offers the privileges of heaven and the mansions above to all people, for 'God hath made of one blood all nations of men to dwell on the face of the earth.' For a short time only, will this house be of use to us; for I read in my Bible that we must all die; but the mansions in heaven will continue forever. And the Bible informs us how we may prepare for death. When we go down to the silent grave, if we possess ever so many fine houses they can be of no advantage to us whatever. But if we love the Bible, and fulfil its requirements, when our bodies die, our souls shall ascend to God and be forever happy. And throughout eternity the truths of this blessed Book will increase in interest, as we learn more of the character and ways of its Divine Author."

Eden came to the conclusion that the Bible is of great value; and that although young, he had no time to lose in becoming experimentally acquainted with the blessed truth of God's holy word.—*Youth's Cabinet*.

SIN CAUSES SORROW.

A little boy, about six years old, was in general a very good child, and behaved well. He dearly loved his mother, and attended to almost every thing she said to him. But even good children, and good people, will sometimes do wrong; and this little boy did so too.

One afternoon, after he had been at play, he looked very dull and sorrowful. He was asked if he was ill; he said he was not. But he talked very little; and he often sighed. His mother thought something was the matter with him; but she did not say much to him about it. At night he took leave of his dear mother, and went to bed. About an hour after he had been in bed, the maid went to her mistress, and told her that she was very uneasy about the little boy; for he was very restless; she had heard him often sob; and he wished his mother to come to him, as he could not go to sleep till he had told

her something that made him very unhappy. The good mother went to him; and when she came to his bed-side, he put his little arms round her neck, burst into tears, and said to her, "Dear mamma, forgive me! I have been a very naughty boy to-day. I have told a lie; and I have hid it from you. I was playing at marbles with my cousins; I won the game, through a mistake which they did not find out; and I was so much pleased at being conqueror, that I did not tell them of the mistake. I have been very unhappy ever since; and I am afraid to go to sleep, lest that heavenly Father, whom you so often tell me of, should be angry with me. You say he knows and sees every thing. What shall I do that he may forgive me?" "My child," said the mother, "God is ever ready to forgive those who believe in Christ, who are truly sorry for their faults, and who resolve to amend. We cannot hide anything from him. He knows when we do wrong, and when we desire to do what is right. He hears our prayers, and he will teach us what we should do. Pray to him to forgive your fault, and try never to commit the like again, lest you should offend him more by the second offence than by the first."

The little boy thought seriously on the advice which his mother gave him; and prayed to Almighty God to forgive him, and to grant him his grace to do better in future. He then fell asleep, and arose next morning happy and cheerful.

I suppose when he saw his cousins, he told them that he had deceived them, and that he was sorry for what he had done; and I dare say he was very careful, after that time, never to tell an untruth, or to deceive any one.

RELIGION.

THE JEW AND HIS DAUGHTER.

As I was going through the western part of Virginia, says an American writer, an old clergyman gave me a short account of a Jew, which greatly delighted me. He had only lately become acquainted with him. He was preaching to his people, when he saw a man enter, having every mark of a Jew in his face. He was well-dressed, and his looks seemed to tell that he had been in great sorrow. He took his seat and listened in a serious and devout manner, while a tear was often seen to wet his manly cheek.

After the service, the clergyman went up to him and said, "Sir, do I not address myself to one of the children of Abraham?" "You do," he replied. "But how is it that I meet a Jew in a Christian church?" The substance of his account was as follows:—He had been well educated, had come from London, and with his books, his riches, and a lovely daughter of seventeen, had found a charming retreat on the fruitful banks of the Ohio. He had buried his wife before he left Europe, and he knew no pleasure but the company of his beloved child. She was indeed worthy of a parent's love. Her mind was well informed, her disposition amiable; she could read and speak with ease various languages, and her manners pleased all who saw her. No wonder, then, that a doating father, whose head had now become sprinkled with grey hairs, should place his whole affection on this lovely child. Being a strict Jew, he brought her up in the strictest principles of his religion. It was not long ago that his daughter was taken sick. The rose faded from her cheek; her eye lost its fire; her strength decayed; and it was soon too certain that death was creeping upon her frame.

The father hung over her bed with a heart ready to burst with anguish. He often tried to talk with her, but could seldom speak, except by the language of his tears. He spared no expense or trouble in getting her medical aid; but no medical skill could extract the arrow of death now fixed in her heart. The father was walking in a wood near his house, when he was sent

for by the dying daughter. With a heavy heart he entered the door of her chamber. He was now to take a last farewell of his child; and his religion gave him but a feeble hope as to meeting her hereafter.

The child grasped the hand of her parent with a death cold hand. "My father, do you love me?" "My child, you know I love you; that you are more dear to me than all the world beside." "But, my father, do you love me?" "Why, my child, will you give me pain? have I never given you any proof of my love?" "But, my dearest father, do you love me?" The father could not answer. The child added, "I know, my dear father, you have ever loved me; you have been the kindest of parents, and I tenderly love you; will you grant me one request? O, my father, it is the dying request of your daughter, will you grant it?" "My dearest child, ask what you will, though it take every farthing of my property; whatever it may be, it shall be granted. I will grant it." "My dear father, I beg you never again to speak against Jesus of Nazareth." The father was dumb with surprise; "I know," added the dying girl, "I know but little about this Jesus, for I was never taught; but I know that he is a Saviour, for he has made himself known to me since I have been sick, even for the salvation of my soul. I believe he will save me, though I have never before loved him. I feel that I am going to him. And now, my dear father, do not deny me; I beg that you will never speak against this Jesus of Nazareth. I entreat you to obtain a Testament that tells of him, and I pray that you may know him, and when I am no more, you may bestow on Him the love that was formerly mine!"

The labor of speaking here overcame her feeble body. She stopped, and the father's heart was too full even for tears. He left the room in great horror of mind; and ere he could recover his spirits, the soul of his daughter had taken its flight, as I trust, to that Saviour whom she loved and honored.

The first thing he did, after he buried his child, was to procure a New Testament. This he read; and taught by the Spirit from above, is now numbered amongst the meek and happy followers of Christ.—*Church of England Mag.*

THE CHANGED BOY.

"Hollo, Bob!" bellowed out James H—, to Robert W—, a lad of about fourteen years, who was standing in the door of the store, of which he was clerk, "I guess you don't hear the news—why they say these fellows across the street—I mean Bill Vanderwater and Oscar Gorely are getting mighty religious." "The other night they were up at the children's meeting. Jim, I'll join you and go to-night and have a bit of fun; I suppose there will be no objection to a body having a little sport." "Indeed," said James, "they say they have the knack of keeping them as still as mice. Well Bob I'm off—it's high time for me to be at school." With an oath, Robert called after him to come back and say whether he would go to the meeting. He made no reply, but turned round and set up a hearty laugh.

Now James had never in his life been guilty of taking his Maker's name in vain, but from frequently associating with such reckless boys, he had arrived to that pitch that, with but little compunction of conscience, he could countenance and laugh at their profanity, and several times had even caught himself on the very eve of uttering an oath. Like many boys who have the restraining influences of religion thrown around them, he felt restless to break loose, and act as manly as those who could find it in their hearts to curse the Lord who bought them.

Although Robert, at the time of making the proposition to attend the meeting, had not the most distant idea of going, yet an incident occurred, which led him almost unconsciously into

the place of prayer. A lady had purchased some articles in the store, and being the youngest clerk, it devolved on him to carry them home. After closing the store in the evening, he conveyed the bundle to her residence, which was adjoining the school-house where the dear youth were assembled. When about to turn his face homeward, the sweet voices of the children raised in a song of praise, caught his ear, and so attracted his attention, that almost unawares he found himself seated in the midst of the group. Nor did he for a moment feel any inclination for the fun he had boastfully talked of in the morning. The subject upon which the children were addressed was the temptations and sins to which youth are particularly exposed—the sin most prominently dwelt on was that of swearing. As the guilt and danger of taking the name of God in vain were portrayed, the big tear drops rolled down the cheeks of Robert. "Ah," thought he, "this is my easily besetting sin—O how often have I blasphemed the God of heaven!" Before the meeting closed, he had such a view of the exceeding depravity of his heart, and became so alarmed, that the paleness of death spread over his countenance. In a short time his feet were taken from the horrible pit, and miry clay, and a new song put in his mouth; even praises to God. O how changed!

The tongue that could once sport with its Maker's name, was now employed to speak his praise. After his conversion, Robert was as much distinguished for his consistent piety, as he had before been noted for profanity. ANN.

Chambersburg, March 21, 1841.

SABBATH SCHOOL.

THE GOOD BARGAIN.

Robert. Hallo! Jim, where now?

James. I am going to Sunday School, Robert, and wish that you belonged to the same school that I do, so that we might both go together. What time does your school go in?

R. It goes in—yes, yes, it goes in at 9 o'clock.

J. That is the same time our school goes in; what school do you go to, Robert?

R. I go to—I go to—to number 17.

J. No,—No,—Robert, I mean what Sunday School do you go to?

R. I go to—I, I, I don't go to any Sunday School; for Sundays is the only time I git to shoot marbles and pitch pennies in. I won all Bill Lazy's marbles this morning, already—and he's a going to have five pennies this afternoon; and they'll be mine before we've pitched long—I know.

J. What! Robert, do you pitch pennies, and play marbles on Sunday?

R. Yes, yes, I do that thing, and I've won as much as two-and-six-pence of a Sunday, to say nothing about the marbles I've made.

J. Why, Robert, you perfectly astonish me; don't you know that this is the Sabbath day? and that the Bible says, "Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy?"

R. Now, Jim, have you got to be religis? I ain't heard nothing about that yet. When did you get to be religis?

J. Robert, you are not going to frighten me from what I know to be right by your sneers. I confess that I know too little about religion, but I know enough about the Bible to know that you are going as directly opposite to what is right as you very well can; and that unless you change your course very soon, you are ruined both for this world and the one which is to come.

R. Jim—eh—James, that is what my old uncle Peter used to call solemncholy talk. I don't like it, no how.

J. Robert, you may call it "solemncholly" talk, or any thing you please, but you may take my word for it, unless you quit pitching pennies and shooting marbles on Sunday, you will see the time when you will most bitterly lament it.

R. James, you put me in mind now of how I used to feel about a year ago; for then if I done any thing bad of a Sunday, I used to cry like sixty; but I don't feel so any more. I know better now, or else them was only my baby feelin's.

J. No, no, Robert, that is not it. You are not right. Your conscience has become seared, and you don't, to be sure, feel so bad now as you did then, but it is because you have become sin hardened. Come, go along with me this morning, and see how you like a Sunday School.

R. No you don't; you don't ketch me in a Sunday School, no how you can fix it.

J. Now, Robert, if I should tell you where you could win half a dollar by pitching pennies, or some other mode of gambling, wouldn't you be off suddenly?

R. That's a fact I would, Jim; and I'm afraid Billy Lazy won't have them pennies he said he would.

J. Yes,—well, Robert, if you will go with me, I will prove it to you, that you can make what is more to be prized than all the pennies in New York, and will be in the way of obtaining that which is of more importance than all the world beside. You can make a good character, and will be in the way of obtaining,

"That pearl of price untold,
Which never can be bought with gold."

R. James, I knock under. I'll go along with you; for if you tell the truth, (and I don't remember of hearing you tell a lie,) it will be the best thing I can do.

J. Give me your hand, Robert, and come along. I am heartily glad to hear you come to so proper a conclusion, and will pledge myself to you, that you will never have reason to regret it.—*Youth's Cabinet.*

EDITORIAL.

THE PROMISE.

A lady once related to me the following circumstance. When I was a child, said she, I recollect that my sister and I used to have frequent disputes. I do not mean anything of a serious nature, but there were constantly little differences, slight disagreements, arising from the clashing of our interests or wills. We were both of us rather inclined to obstinacy, and it was very hard to give up.

Our parents often reasoned with us on the subject, and described to us the happiness we should find in giving up our own pleasure, and each endeavoring to promote that of the other. On such occasions, I used always to think that I would gratify them, and that it would be very easy to practise the forbearance and self-control which would produce such happy results. But such lessons are not so easily learned. Selfishness and pride cannot be eradicated in a moment, and as long as they remain, there will always be contention.

We had a little brother three years old, whom we both loved very much, and as he was not old enough to have his interests or wishes interfere with ours, he did not suffer from our contentious spirit. Indeed we both loved him so well that the only contest was which should do most for him. It would have been hard not to love such a child. I think I see him now, with his clear high forehead, in which the blue veins were so distinctly marked; his clustering golden curls, his rosy cheeks, and dark liquid eyes. Every one said that he was the very personification of health and beauty.

And he was as good as he was beautiful. The sweetest, most affectionate child you ever knew. How often he would stop in the midst of his play, to come and throw his arms round my neck, and say, "Dear sister Annie, how I love you!" Well, one day I recollect when Margaret and I had been disputing about some trifle, we went in to my mother to ask her to settle the difference. She had heard our voices, and looked sadly at us as we entered the room where she was, but we both forgot our

dispute to ask in one breath, "What is the matter with Charly?"

He was sitting in mother's lap, and she was holding his head—he looked sick and languid. In reply to our question, mother said that he had not seemed well all day, that he had left off play several times, and laid his head in her lap, complaining of being tired, and that now he seemed so hot and feverish she had sent for a physician.

When the doctor came, he told us that our dear Charly had the scarlet fever. I cannot describe the progress of his sickness, or how he continued to grow worse from day to day till he died. During all his sickness, he was mild and patient as possible, never uttering one complaint. Margaret and I believed that he would get well till the last moment—indeed any other thought seemed intolerable. Oh how did we feel when we saw his sweet face pale and cold in death!

The day after he died, my father called us both into the room where he was laid in the coffin. He talked to us, not much, but in a tone of the deepest feeling, about our souls, and about preparation for death. He then alluded to the fault he had so often endeavored to correct in us, of indulging a selfish and contentious spirit. "And now," said he, "my children, I want you to take each other's hands"—we were standing one on each side the coffin, "and promise over the body of your dead brother, that you will endeavor, by the grace of God, henceforth to live together in harmony and love."

With streaming eyes and broken hearts we made the promise, and never afterwards were tempted to utter harsh words without recalling that solemn and painful scene.

VARIETY.

Who Behaved Right?

James Foster was a diligent scholar and a good boy. He belonged to the Sunday School in the village where he lived. One day I visited that Sabbath School. James was there. I saw him in his place, attentively looking over his lesson. When the teacher spoke to him, he answered with a pleasant look and cheerful voice. Sitting near his class, I heard him repeat his lesson without missing a word. By and by, I rose to address the school. James immediately laid aside a new number of his much loved paper, and sat quietly listening to my remarks.

In the same school I saw a little, active, merry-faced girl, whose name I will call Susan Playful, for I do not like to tell you her real name for fear she should feel too severely punished. When I first entered the room, Susan was looking over the back of her seat, laughing and talking with Peter Thoughtless. Her teacher spoke to her; she turned with an idle laugh, to hear the deserved, but kind reproof her teacher administered. But she soon forgot it, for in a few minutes I saw her as playful as ever. The only moment in which Susan looked serious, was when her lesson was called for. She tried to say it, and, after much stammering and stopping, she got through it, and sat down careless as ever. When I addressed the scholars, I saw Susan reading her paper. She did not listen to my remarks at all.

Now, young readers, who behaved right, James or Susan? No doubt you all reply, James. Well, don't forget how James behaved; and when you are inclined to be idle at school, think of him and Susan, and endeavor to imitate James and not Susan. I fear there are many Susans in Sabbath Schools, and for their benefit I have written this article.

A Child carried away by a Baboon.

Flocks of baboons are known to infest the gardens in the suburbs of Calcutta. A native woman of Soorah left a child about two months old on a little bed in her compound, besmeared with oil—a native practice—and went away for a minute or two. No sooner had she left the place, than a large baboon jumped from a tree close by, and taking the infant in his embrace, ran up the tree again. The cries of the child immediately brought the mother to the spot, with many others. It was plain that the child was being well treated by the baboon, for he handled it with much kindness. Some plantains being placed under the tree, the baboon came down and secured the fruit, but did not let go his hold on the child, although the people had hid themselves. Soon it grew less skeptical, and placing the child on terra firma, ate another plantain. At this moment the people appeared and shouted, thinking to terrify the monkey

from his charge, but the animal was not to be so caught. It seized the child again, and leaped from one tree to another, and so on pursued by the people. The baboon was then observed to leap over a tree without its victim; this was alarming and puzzling; for none could guess what had become of the child, until they heard its cries. It was then found uninjured, imbedded in the rotten trunk of the tree, the baboon was seen on last.

Elizabeth.

A little girl, five years of age, was, some time ago, reading to her parents, of a very naughty boy having got a new heart, and afterwards becoming a very good boy, and so on. Her father said, "Well now Elizabeth, stop a moment. Which would you rather have—a new heart, or a new bonnet?" After a few moments pause, she replied, "A new heart, father; for then I shall go to heaven; but without one I never shall go there." The following day she told her mother when she came from school, that she now knew how to get a new heart. "Well, how my dear?" Her reply was, "By praying for it!"

Master Terry.

Master Terry was a child who read many good books, and thought very seriously, and spent a large portion of his time in walking and pondering by himself. He was seldom found without some good book or other in his pocket, even when he was but little above five years old. He was constant in his retirement for secret prayer. But that which deserves particular remark, was a concern which this young child had, some time before he died, for the spiritual welfare of an aged faithful servant, who had been above forty years in the family, and who, by weakness, was confined to her chamber, having passed the 70th year of her age. This little child, when not eight years old, would take delight to be with her; of his own accord he would talk to her of the things of God, and pray with her; in which, as that servant said, he would deliver himself pertinently, and in such an affecting manner as to surprise his friends. He continued thus till she died, and was thereby no small help and comfort to the poor servant. Thus out of the mouths of babes and sucklings God perfects praise. He died in the tenth year of his age.

REMARK.—They that will not hear Christ say "come unto me," in a day of grace, shall hear him say, "depart from me," in a day of judgment.

POETRY.

From the Register.

THE BIRD'S PETITION.

Lady, extend thy generous hand,
And open wide my prison door;
I languish every day,—and long
Through the blue sky in joy to soar.
I watch my young companions dear,
And see them wing their hasty flight,
And then I chirp that they may hear—
But oh! how soon they're out of sight.
'Twas but this morning that a bird
Commenced his song, and then flew by,
He rested on the window near,
And then I heaved a deep drawn sigh.
He stopped and looked on me awhile,
And then he turned and flew away;
Lady, that is the reason why
I have not sung for all the day.
For oh! I could not see the use
Of keeping me a prisoner here;
Oh! loose my bonds and let me go
To join my young companions there.
And every morn while summer lasts
I'll wake thee with my sweetest lay,
I'll tell to all, your goodness kind,
And cheer with songs the livelong day.
And when in winter to a clime
Of warmer atmosphere I rove,
I will return with spring's first ray
And sing sweet songs to her I love.
Go, little warbler, join thy friends—
Go, tell them of thy glad escape—
Go, whisper in their ears the joy
Of freedom at so dear a rate.
Perhaps with thy companions dear
Thou'lt traverse "earth remotest bounds,"
If birds can think, oh then bestow
A thought on me in all thy sounds.
And when at last thou comest back
To rest thy weary limbs at home,
Oh! come and nestle in yon tree
And never more desire to roam.

CARO.

YOUTH'S COMPANION.

Published Weekly, by NATHANIEL WILLIS, at the Office of the Boston Recorder, No. 11, Cornhill.—Price, \$1.00 a year in advance; or \$1.25 if not paid in advance.

NO. 49.

BOSTON, APRIL 16, 1841.

VOL. XIV.



THE GOAT.

Willy Goat, Willy Goat, how do you tread,
Upon the high mountain, just over my head?
And Willy Goat, Willy Goat, what did you see
From the crag of the rock, as you looked down at me?

He saw a good child as he scampered along,
But he would not attend to the words of his song;
For Willy was idle, and seeming to try
If his horns could not poke out another Goat's eye.
The little boy sang, as he offered some bread,
"Willy Goat, Willy Goat, come and be fed:
Come old, and come young, come great, and come small
Come, take of my loaf; here's enough for you all."

But Willy Goat pattered away to the plain,
And the little boy brought all his bread back again;
Till he met a poor beggar with hunger half dead,
Who gladly accepted his nice piece of bread;
And Papa and Mamma, when they heard what he'd done,
Cared him, and called him their dear little son;
For goats may with hay and with corn well be fed,
But a poor hungry child likes a good piece of bread.

[Book of Rhymes, Published by Wm. Crosby & Co.]

NARRATIVE.

Written for the Youth's Companion.

STORIES ABOUT ELLEN.—No. 1.

"Mother," said little Ellen Gray, laying down her Testament, "what is a sparrow?"

"Cannot you find it in the dictionary, my love?"

"Oh! I forgot mother, that you said I must not make a dictionary of you any more," said Ellen laughing; and she ran to find the word for herself.

"It is a bird, a little bird," she said, coming back and placing her Testament on her mother's lap, "and not one of them falls to the ground without our Father." Our Saviour says so here in the tenth chapter of Matthew, mother; and he tells his disciples, "even the very hairs of your head are all numbered." "Does God take care of all the little birds? and do you think the hairs of my head are all numbered?" she added, raising her hand to her silken ringlets, and looking earnestly in her mother's face.

"Yes, my dear, God takes care of all the little birds. Not one of them receives the slightest injury without his notice; He provides them with food, clothes them with the soft warm feathers of so many beautiful colors; teaches them to build their little nests and feed their tender young; He has given them the wings which bear them so swiftly through the air, and tuned their little throats to pour forth the sweetest music. And in their periodical migrations, He too,"

—"from zone to zone
Guides through the boundless sky their certain flight."

"Migrations, that is a hard word, mother, what does it mean?"

"Many of the birds, my dear, when cold

weather commences, leave our northern latitude for the warmer south, and return to us in the spring. That is termed their migrations."

"Thank you, mother; I will try to remember. You did not send me to the dictionary this time."

"No, my dear, because I knew the dictionary would not tell you all I wished you to know about it. Now read, if you please, the thirtieth and thirty first verses."

Ellen read, "But the very hairs of your head are all numbered. Fear ye not therefore, ye are of more value than many sparrows."

"Do you understand, my love, what our Saviour meant to teach his disciples in those verses?"

Ellen thought a minute and said, "That God loved them and always watched over them."

"Yes, my dear. The preceding verse is designed to impress upon them the truth, that God's minute and tender care is over all, even the least and most insignificant of his works; and, that therefore, he will much more care for them. Observe how beautifully the whole subject is adapted to awaken love for our Heavenly Father, and lead us to trust him *always and entirely*. Why were the disciples, why is my little Ellen of "more value than many sparrows?"

"I think, mother, it must be, because we know more."

"That is one reason. But chiefly, because you have a soul which will live forever. The birds have only a brief life here; but when my little daughter's life in this world is over, when her body dies and returns to dust, her spirit will still live; it will live when the earth and all that belongs to it shall be burnt up, when the sun, moon and stars have passed away—it will never die."

"No, it will never die," said Ellen very seriously. "And if I love the Saviour, and do what he commands me, it will live with Him in Heaven."

"How do you know this, my love?"

"I learned it mother in my Sabbath School lesson. The Saviour says to his disciples in the fourteenth chapter of John, 'I go to prepare a place for you. And if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again and receive you unto myself; that where I am, there ye may be also.'"

"This is indeed a most cheering and precious promise; and is another most touching proof of His care for those who love Him. He laid aside the glory which he had with the Father before the world was; resigned for a time the happiness of Heaven and the adoration of angels, and came down to this guilty, polluted earth; took upon him our frail human nature, liable to sickness, suffering and death. While here 'He pleased not himself,' thought not of his own comfort or ease, but went about doing good—healing the sick, raising the dead, casting out devils, preaching the gospel to the poor, and what is much more difficult, 'enduring the contradiction of sinners against himself.' And all this, and much more, He did for creatures utterly ungrateful of his goodness."

"He died for us too," said Ellen softly, with the tears standing in her eyes.

"Yes, my child. And let us now try to understand something of what is meant by these words. If you had a dear friend who had done some very wicked thing and was condemned to a cruel death, do you think you could be willing to take her place, and suffer in her stead? Could you meekly bear to be despised by all your ac-

quaintance, forsaken by your dearest friends, crowned with thorns, mocked, beaten, spit upon for her? And after all this, when nature was almost exhausted with suffering, could you resign yourself without a murmur to a painful and lingering death, and even in its last agonies, forgive and pray for those who had wantonly injured you, and from whose hands you were suffering the utmost extremity of pain?"

Ellen could only reply by a sob.

Mrs. Gray drew the little girl to her side, and fondly kissed her as she said, "Our dear Saviour has done all this for us. Can we help giving our hearts to Him when we know that He first loved us; and when he has shown himself so compassionate and forgiving towards us?—let us think every day of all he has done for us, and try to love and obey Him as he commanded us to— with all our hearts, and then when we die we shall go to Heaven and be happy with Him forever."

Stockbridge.

OBITUARY.

From the Southern Christian Advocate.

DEATH AT SCHOOL.

Our happy school has been lately under the chastening hand of God; and we have recently received a lesson, which, if rightly improved, will be worth more to us than all the instruction ever given within our walls. One has been taken from among us—one of our youngest, sweetest, best—suddenly, unexpectedly, without time for one parting word or look of affection—but she, our pious and gentle SUSAN KEITT, was the one of all, the best prepared to be the sacrifice, the one best fitted to be taken for the good of many. Death has, in this instance, been brought very near to many a light heart, that had else been untouched with its awful reality and the necessity of a preparation for that solemn event, forced, thus, upon the consideration of many a careless conscience, that had else slept serene in all the fancied security of youth and health.

"For us they sicken, and for us they die."

Susan's bodily sufferings were short, and comparatively slight. There was no alarming symptom until Saturday afternoon, when immediately entire unconsciousness seemed to come on, and that night, (Saturday, 6th of March,) before eleven o'clock, she had breathed her last. "The last struggle" could scarcely be so called with her. It seemed but a breathing her life away on the bosom of Jesus. She had leaned on Him in life, and He would be her support and solace in the hour of death. He will take His own lambs to His bosom, and she was one of His.

She was but in her 14th year, yet she had been a member of the church for a considerable length of time. Instead of losing her religion, (as so many young persons do when they leave home,) she appeared to be gaining in many important particulars, growing daily in the *knowledge*, as well as in the love of God. She was never backward in avowing her religious principles, nor ashamed of being called "a Methodist." Yet, she was ever modest and unassuming in her Christian profession. She never neglected her "class-meeting" when opportunity offered—was a punctual Sabbath School scholar—and never failed to renew her covenant with God at the communion altar. In short, it was a sweet exemplification of unaffected, youthful piety—of a

simple and sincere faith, that eventually would have brought forth all the fruits of righteousness, to the full perfecting of a lovely Christian character.

And why this bud of promise so early nipped? but, that the buds and blossoms of to-day, boast not in the beauty and strength of their youth, "which cometh forth as a flower, and is cut down."

And, why has she, of all, been taken?—but that the sudden death of this young Christian might convey an admonition, not to be disregarded, in words few, but plain, pointed, and not to be misunderstood by any, "Be ye also ready."

The school seem to feel their bereavement sensibly. She was obliging, kind, and affectionate to all. They all loved her—but He who loved her more than all, has taken her to Himself, and to her beloved parents in heaven, who had both long since gone before her to that blessed home.

Oh, it is surely a lovely thing for youth to die in the Lord! The ancients had a saying, "Whom the gods love, die young;" but we have a better, even the saying of the only living and true God himself,—"I love them that love me, and those that seek me early, shall find me"—and how could he better declare his love unto children, than by the saying, "Suffer them to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of Heaven."

Dear children! lay all this, then, to heart. Susan was a young teacher, and her death a pathetic lesson—but the teacher was at least sincere, you know, and the lesson—oh! the lesson—Eternity alone can more fully teach you its importance!

M. MARTIN.

Female Seminary, Columbia, S. C. March 11, 1841.

MORALITY.

[From a new work by Charlotte Elizabeth, published by J. S. Taylor.]

THE MUSEUM.

"What a treat we shall have!" said Edward, rubbing his hands, when he had brushed his hat and laid it on the table beside him. "I really don't know what I shall do, with so many nice things to admire. We must run here and there, as the butterflies fidget among the flowers; just alight for a minute on one and then away to another."

"Ah!" replied Jane, "that might be pleasant enough to a butterfly; but we had better be bees, and bring home something profitable to lay up. Knowledge is a valuable thing; and I would rather get well acquainted with one interesting object, than just look at fifty, and learn nothing."

"You are right, sister," said Edward; "and, as mamma will be with us, the fault must be our own if we gain no instruction from what we see in the museum. I will change my plan, and keep close to her, that I may hear what answers you get to your questions; for I know you will ask plenty."

"To be sure, brother. What would be the use of having such parents to instruct us, if we did not listen to their teaching?"

Mrs. Cleveland now entered; and, finding the children quite ready, they all set out together to visit a very good museum of natural curiosities, and rare things brought from other countries. Having entered a very large room, they looked round; and both Edward and his sister felt a little confused at first, seeing so many new and strange objects on all sides, not knowing where to begin admiring them. There were cases all round the room, with glass fronts, filled with stuffed animals and birds,—bottles containing reptiles, preserved in spirits,—and other curiosities that quite puzzled the young people. Tables were also set out, covered with glass frames; and on these were arranged a number of beautiful shells, corals, stones, and different kinds of ore. Beyond this was another room;

and the children would have liked to pass on to it at once, but their mamma advised them first to walk round and examine what was already before them.

"All these things, my dear, belong to natural history; and here you may see specimens of a very small part of the wonderful works of God in creation."

"Oh, those beautiful birds!" cried Jane; "what shapes and colors they have! and how very, very small some of them are!—hardly as big as large butterflies."

"Those are humming birds," remarked her brother, "and very pretty creatures too; but these are better worth looking at. See, here are noble birds,—owls, falcons and eagles."

"Owls are stupid creatures," said Jane.

Mrs. Cleveland replied, "It is customary to call them so; and a bad name once given to any one is not easily got rid of. This ought to make us careful how we take up a reproach against our neighbor. But as to the owl, I confess he seems to me the reverse of stupid. The moon is made to shine, and the owl to live by night; both are seen to great disadvantage under the brightness of day. We will say nothing against the owl, until we have had opportunity of observing him at the fit time, and in his proper employment. In the meanwhile, let us admire the beauty of his plumage, which, though far from gay, is marked with great delicacy and exactness; and consider how well this horny beak, and these powerful talons, are adapted for his purposes as a bird of prey."

"Oh, if beaks and talons are to be admired," said Edward, "just come and look at this eagle."

Jane looked, and turned away, saying, "I cannot bear the sight of the cruel creature, with that innocent white hare, bleeding in his claws."

"Yet," observed her brother, "if the innocent hare was skinned and roasted, we should have no objection to eat a slice from it."

"Edward is certainly right," said Mrs. Cleveland. "Man does from choice, what the eagle does from necessity; and will even be so wantonly cruel as to hunt the poor hare for his diversion, when, if the herds, and flocks, and poultry, could not satisfy his palate, he might at least, put it to an easier death. We must not quarrel with those of the animal race, who, like ourselves, feed upon flesh, and like us, make use of superior strength or cunning to provide themselves with it. Let us do justice to the eagle, as the noblest in appearance among the feathered race, and interesting from being so frequently brought under our notice in the word of God. Can Edward furnish us with an instance of this?"

Edward immediately repeated, from the fortieth chapter of Isaiah, "Even the youths shall faint and be weary, and the young men shall utterly fall; but they that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength; they shall mount up with wings as eagles; they shall run and not be weary; and they shall walk and not faint."

"Observe the solid strength of that bird's pinions," said Mrs. Cleveland, "and you may partly judge of the force of the comparison; yet, unless you saw him rising from his native rocks, soaring upwards through the rough wind, and seeming to despise the storm that howls around him, you can form but a poor idea of the exquisite fitness of God's work to illustrate his word."

"I can repeat something also," said Jane, who seemed to have forgiven the noble bird the slaughter of his prey. She went on to quote from that sublime chapter, the thirty-second of Deuteronomy—"As an eagle stirreth up her nest, fluttereth over her young, spreadeth abroad her wings, taketh them, beareth them on her wings, so the Lord alone did lead him, and there was no strange god with him."

"We often find," said Mrs. Cleveland, "the same simile used to denote the dealings of our God towards his church, and the privileges be-

stowed on that church through faith in him. Thus with the eagle, in these two passages which my children have repeated. The quotation from Isaiah serves to remind us that the believer does indeed partake in all the fulness of Christ; for, whatever He was, whatever He did, whatever He suffered in the flesh, all was for our sakes, that we might stand complete in him. But how peculiarly beautiful is the passage that Jane has repeated from the song of Moses! Do you understand the meaning of that description?"

"Not exactly, mamma."

"The eagle, my dears, when her young ones are fully fledged for flight, cannot give them their first lessons as we see the smaller birds do to their little progeny, teaching them to hop from twig to twig, and by short flights to gain the ground. The eagle's nest is generally in the cleft of some lofty rock, often perpendicular; so that, on leaving it, nothing appears to break the descent,—no friendly tree extending its branches—no hedge or sloping bank—but a vast depth beneath, terminating in a foundation of hard rock; or, not unfrequently in the sea, whose boisterous waves dash against it. This is a sad prospect for the young eagles, on first trying their tender pinions, and quitting the shelter of a warm nest. They are loth to make the attempt; and the parent bird proceeds as you find it described in that passage. First she "stirreth up her nest; she rouses the young ones, and obliges them to climb to the verge of their dwellings, where they stand trembling at the wide expanse before them, until the mother, by a push, sends them tumbling from the height, when they are of course obliged to expand their wings, to do their best in the way of flying."

"The poor little dears!" exclaimed the children, "their wings must soon fail them, and down they would drop."

"No: for the watchful mother, "fluttereth over her young," and, with a powerful effort of her strong pinions, sweeps down below them. She then "spreadeth abroad her wings," so as to catch them thereon,—"taketh them" as upon a safe resting place, with only a little fluttering on their part to keep them steady,—"she beareth them on her wings," sailing through the air, among the rocks, over the billows, until they get accustomed to these objects, and emboldened to shift for themselves.

CHILDREN THINK.

Frequently children think correctly, with a directness and honesty which should shame many of their seniors.

Peter Wendell was permitted by his parents to look at the great procession of *Total Abstinence* men and boys that marched through the streets of Albany on the *Seventeenth* of March. He knew several of the men used formerly to get drunk, for they had worked for his father. Then they were ragged, and filthy and profane. Now in their apparel and appearance, they were gentlemen.

Peter was about eight years old. He saw a great many boys in the procession younger than himself, and gladly would he have had such a shining medal and new white ribbon on his neck and breast as they wore. After the procession were all gone by, the family sat down to dinner. Peter seemed very thoughtful, and showed but little disposition to eat. As had long been the custom at his father's table, he was offered the little wine which was left in the glass; but he refused it. His mother asked "what is the matter? do you want to be a Temperance man?" "I don't know," said Peter, "I have often heard father laugh at Mr. Delavan, and call him a fanatic and a fool for spending his time and money to assist the Temperance cause, and aunt Gertrude has often done the same; but there must be some good thing about Temperance." "Why so?" said his father. "Because there was Mike and Pat who used to be so ragged and dirty

when they worked here, and I have often heard them say, they could never get money enough to get a new coat, but now they are dressed as well as father, and they looked a great deal more smiling and happy than they used to do. What has made this difference?"

"They are now sober men," said the father. "Is it temperance has made this change?" asked little Peter. "I suppose so." "What is temperance?" "O, it is to be moderate—to drink a little." "But, father, I heard you tell cousin Garrett, who came here drunk the other day, this is the result of your *moderate drinking*. Do temperance societies allow their members to drink moderately?" "Your mother will answer you. I must go."

Peter was not satisfied, and in the evening wanted his father to tell him what was the use of drinking wine? Whether cousin Garrett learned to be a drunkard on wine? And finally, whether he might not join the "Youth's Temperance Society," in the Pearl street Academy. We are glad to say his father and mother consented. The next day Peter had his name enrolled, and came and got a temperance medal. He has already induced *three* of his little companions to unite with the temperance society also.

Youthful reader, think! Try to know the reason and nature of things which are about you, and with which you are conversant. Fear not to ask information of your parents and seniors, nor fear to refuse all intoxicating drink yourself, and to lead others to do the same. REMEMBER PETER WENDELL.

APRIL.

How delightful is the opening of spring! The cold of winter and its snow storms are pleasant to those who have comfortable homes, plenty of clothing, and enough to occupy them; but, after keeping so much in the house for several months, every one is glad to feel the warmer air, and see the gentle showers of April. The city child knows but little of this enjoyment, compared with those who live in the country. It is true, he may have a small yard, paved with brick, and with a little plot of grass, or a border of flowers, to run in, and even there the fresh air is welcome. But look at the children at the cottage door in the country. As far as they can see there are green fields, and the pure air blows sweetly, without any obstruction from high walls, and great rows of houses. The bird-cage hangs at the door, and its little prisoner sings merrily, as if revived, after a dreary season spent within the house. The boy lashes his top with new pleasure. The little girls, bareheaded, and needing no shawls or coats, jump and play about, without fear of disturbing any neighbors with their noise.

And such a picture as this may be seen in ten thousand places at the opening of spring, and all through summer; whilst the grain grows and is gathered; and fruit trees blossom and ripen, and the bountiful Creator provides for the support and happiness of all his creatures. Shall we not, then, be moved to gratitude and love to that kind Father in heaven, who directs the seasons?

Shall we not also be grateful that we live in a part of the earth where these seasons are known? For you should remember, that in the countries near the poles, the people know nothing of these changes which are so delightful to us. They know of no season but winter. Instead of green fields, and blooming orchards, and singing birds, they see little more than ice and snow, all the year round. Their children know nothing of such a scene as this cottage door; but their pleasantest spot, from the beginning to the end of the year, is by the side of a fire in a hut, perhaps half under ground, so close and dark, that the only light is from the hole in the top through which the smoke passes out.

And you ought to think, too, that the coldness

of winter, of which you may sometimes complain, is the very thing that makes the warmth of the coming spring more agreeable, and that it is even connected with the proper growth of the plants and vegetables which it seems to destroy. And this may help to teach us that lesson which we cannot learn too early in life, that all things that God does are right—perfectly right, and meant, in some way or other, to do good.

One more thought may be brought to our minds by the coming of spring, after a long winter. How dead and useless every thing in nature seemed in January! But how soon do they begin to show life, when the sun and showers of April warm and soften the earth! So it is with the bodies of those who no longer live in this world. The reviving and raising of their bodies will be no more difficult to God, than the bringing of spring after winter.

RELIGION.

THE SABBATH BREAKER.

"Oh! what a beautiful butterfly—I must catch it," exclaimed little Alfred; and throwing his book upon the grass, he started from his mother's side, in eager pursuit of the glittering insect. Mrs. Effingham sighed as she looked after her boy—and, raising his book from the ground, she entered her cottage to prepare for church. It was a delightful Sabbath morning, near the close of summer; the bells of the village church had just commenced ringing, and the solemn sound borne on the winds, seemed to invite all within hearing to assemble and worship God. Whilst Alfred, forgetful of the Sabbath, of his lessons and of every thing but the beautiful butterfly, is climbing and bounding over meadows in the chase, and his mother anxiously waiting his return, I shall introduce them to my readers.

Alfred was the youngest child of a large family, of whom four children remained; of his brothers and sisters, I shall say little,—as my story relates chiefly to an incident in Alfred's life. They were all several years older than himself; his brothers were completing their education at college, and his sister was then on a visit to her aunt. Mrs. Effingham had been a widow six years; Alfred had never known his father, being but a few months old at the time of his decease. Mrs. E. was a pious lady;—she had been for many years a professor of the gospel of Christ, and had endeavored to train up her children in "the way in which they should go," praying that when they were old, "they might not depart from it;" her eldest children repaid her cares, and she loved them very dearly; but the best affections of her heart were placed on her little son Alfred. For some time after Mr. Effingham's death, his wife could not look upon her fatherless infant; and being subsequently obliged to travel on account of the delicate state of her health, he was given up to the care of his maternal grandmother; with her, Alfred remained until his sixth year, when it pleased God to remove her from this world to the mansion above, which her ascended Saviour had prepared for her; she was a sincere and humble Christian, but enfeebled by age and doating on her infant grandson, he was indulged in every whim and desire, never contradicted or punished, and on his return to his mother, he became the source of much anxiety and grief to her heart. His education had not indeed been neglected; for being naturally fond of books, he had never refused to attend the village day school; but of his Bible, he knew little; the servant to whose care his grandmother entrusted him, was one of those ignorant, superstitious people, who, believing all stories, however ridiculous, of ghosts, witches, hobgoblins, &c. delight to fill the minds of children with them, until they become so corrupted that they will not listen to the instructions of their wiser and more pious friends. Alfred dearly loved these marvellous tales, and instead of com-

plying with his grandmother's wishes, and going regularly to church and to Sabbath School, he would idle away many hours every Sabbath, listening to his nurse. When he returned to his mother, this nurse was dismissed, but the evil effects of her conduct long remained. Mrs. Effingham would often relate to him the histories of Moses, Samuel, Joseph, and other holy persons, from the Bible; but he was not pleased with the simple truths of Scripture, so true it is "that the carnal mind is enmity against God." The village in which Mrs. Effingham resided, contained but few inhabitants, the greater part of whom were very poor and ignorant. Some pious and benevolent individuals had succeeded in erecting a church, in which the pastor had been installed a year previous to the commencement of our narrative; he was a true preacher of the gospel, mild and gentle in manner, but declaring the whole word of God to his little flock, being determined to know nought among them, but "Jesus Christ and him crucified." He had not yet been enabled to establish a Sabbath School, for the prejudices of ignorant persons are sometimes very strong; and they thought because their forefathers had never known the blessings of religious instruction, neither themselves nor their children could be benefited by it. Mrs. Effingham gave her boy much instruction from the Scriptures, particularly on the Sabbath; and finding that he did not know the commandments, she was very earnest in impressing them on his memory, explaining them to him as the holy laws of a just God. He was then learning the *fourth* commandment, which should be remembered and repeated on the morning of the Lord's day. We have seen how Alfred neglected his task—we will follow his mother to the church.

She walked slowly forward, looking around for her wandering boy, but in vain. She was at length obliged to enter her pew alone, where she spent the time, previous to the commencement of the service, in prayer for him. Just as the minister rose to pray, Alfred softly entered. He looked very much fatigued and ashamed, and seated himself quietly in a corner of the pew. The service proceeded, and Mrs. Effingham soon became absorbed in worshipping her God, and listening to the truths contained in the sacred volume. The text was from the 56th chapter of Isaiah, 2d verse—"Blessed is the man that keepeth the Sabbath from polluting it, and keepeth his hand from doing any evil." The minister began by speaking of the first Sabbath, hallowed by God after the creation of the world. "And God blessed the seventh day and sanctified it"—of the renewal of the command to keep it holy, to Moses on Mount Sinai, of the change from the seventh to the first day of the week, (our present Christian Sabbath,) in commemoration of our blessed Lord's resurrection on that day; he spoke of its duties, its ordinances, its privileges, its mercies to the souls of believers, preparing them to enjoy an eternal Sabbath in heaven; for, "Without holiness, no man shall see the Lord," and without preparation of heart, no sinner can desire or enjoy the purity and holiness which reigns in the presence of Jehovah. "How wretched," said he, "how degraded is the condition of those nations who know not, who keep not the Sabbath day holy; one day passes with them like another, and fathers and children live like the beasts of the field, having no knowledge of God, and descend to their graves, stained with every vice, from whence they must rise to stand before him as their judge, and give an account of the deeds done in the body. In our land, where wickedness and impiety abound, though the gospel is unceasingly preached, the most profligate characters, the most hardened villains, when expressing their crimes, date their commencement from the violation of the Sabbath. "I have been induced," he continued, "to make these remarks very ear-

nestly to you my friends; for I was summoned, a few days since to attend the funeral of a youth who has been suddenly called to render up his account to his Maker, even while breaking his commandments, and profaning his Sabbath. My dear children," he added, affectionately addressing the youthful part of his congregation, "I tell you of his fate as a warning, a dreadful example. May God bless it unto each of your souls! This unfortunate young man was the only child of a widowed mother. He was naturally an obstinate and wicked boy; and having been much indulged in infancy, as he advanced in years he grew more hardened in sin, and more regardless of the gentle admonition of his too kind parent. She had early taught him to pray, to read the Bible, and to frequent the church; but associating himself with evil companions, he, by degrees, threw of all respect for her authority, and, ceasing to honor his mother, he soon forgot the Lord. He left off praying and reading his Bible, never entered the sanctuary; in short he became a profane swearer, a profligate, and a Sabbath breaker. On the morning of the last Sabbath, he rose early, went to his mother, and asked her for some money, saying he "would have a frolic that day." His mother at first refused, reminding him of past Sabbaths desecrated, earnestly entreating him to perform his neglected duties, and accompany her once more to the house of God. He angrily refused; and finally by persuasions and even threats, extorted a sum of money from his wretched parent, and left her in high spirits. She could not rest after his departure; a vague feeling of dread was on her mind, a fear of impending evil. She prayed for her disobedient child; and at length, being unable to remain alone, she went to converse with a pious neighbor, who offered her every consolation in her power. After some hours, she returned home very sad; but had scarcely entered her dwelling, when she heard the noise of footsteps and voices at the door; she opened it hastily, but who can describe her feelings, when she saw her only son, borne lifeless in the arms of two men. He had left her, a few hours previous, in perfect health; now he was a breathless corpse.

Immediately after obtaining the money, he had proceeded to join some dissolute companions, with whom he had engaged to spend the Sabbath. They drank very freely together at a tavern, and afterwards entered a boat, intending to pass the morning in sailing. Whilst they were on the water, taking the name of God in vain, and disobeying his express commands, concerning his holy day, a violent gust of wind arose; and, in their state, not being able to manage the boat properly, it upset, and George, with one of his wicked associates, found a watery grave. Oh! dear children, "Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy." God's eye is ever upon us; and though we may think that he does not regard us, because his punishments are often mercifully delayed, yet be assured that "He is a just God; he will punish iniquity, transgression and sin, and by no means clear the guilty."

VARIETY.

Anecdote of the Grey Squirrel.



A recent exploit of one of these sprightly and sharp witted little creatures, belonging to a neighbor of mine, has so much interested and surprised me as exhibiting passion, sagacity, and an obvious process of reasoning, so like the human race under similar circumstances, that I think it cannot fail to prove of some interest to others, and I therefore am induced to offer a brief relation of the fact for the numerous readers of the Signal.

The Squirrel in question, having been taken when very young, had become as tame and familiar as a kitten, and, up to the act by which he thought fit to sacrifice his home for the gratification of his resentments, he had shown himself quite amicable and harmless. On

the day of the incident about to be related, the owner having some company at the house whom he was treating with cracked walnuts, gave one to his pet. This being greedily devoured, the gentleman by way of amusing himself and company, then selected a promising looking shell, carefully removed the meat, and putting the shell together again, placed it before his nut-loving favorite. The squirrel, never having been before deceived by a trick of the kind, confidently took up the shell in his paws, when perceiving it empty he let it fall with an air of evident disappointment. The experiment was then repeated. This was too much for the patience and equanimity of his Squirrelship. On discovering that this second nut, thus insultingly offered him, was, like the former, destitute of the expected treat, he turned an angry glance upon the author of the trick, and springing up, seized him by the thumb, which he bit to the bone, and then, though no word or blow was offered or given, running out of the house, immediately retreated to the woods, from which he has never returned.—*N. Y. Signal.*

Rev. Robert Hall.

A remarkable instance of the ardent attachment of the late Rev. Robert Hall to the memory of his father, occurred on a visit to Arnsby, his native place; and is thus related by the Rev. Dr. Cox:—

On the way from Leicester his mind was filled with recollections of his father, and the scene of his earliest days. No sooner did he enter the house, than he hastened into the parlor, fell upon his knees, and poured forth the most fervent and humble supplications. Wishing not to interrupt these sacred moments, the two or three individuals who witnessed the intensity of his feelings, withdrew. Soon afterwards he went into the burial ground, and dropping on his knees at his father's grave, with his hands extended over the top of the monumental stone, and his eyes closed, but at intervals lifted up to heaven, he offered up a most remarkable prayer. It showed that a holy fire was burning within, and was characterized by simplicity, pathos, earnestness, and humility. He breathed forth an impassioned desire to "join the blessed company above," entreated that he might be permitted to know "his departed father, and that their united prayers on earth might then be turned into praise, while they together beheld their Redeemer face to face."

Duke of Burgundy.

Louis, Duke of Burgundy, was a pattern of filial obedience. It was never necessary to threaten or punish him, in order to make him do his duty. A word, or even a look, was sufficient. He was always much grieved when his mother seemed displeased with him, or spoke to him less kindly than usual. On such occasions he would often weep, and say to her, clasping his little hands, "Dear mamma, pray do not be angry with me; I will do what you please."

George Howard.

A poor boy, named George Howard, lived in South Carolina, and though a cripple, and unable to work, he got together fifty cents. He travelled four miles with this money, all he had in the world, to purchase with it a Bible. He took it home, and in less than three months read it through. One verse he greatly loved to read; "Behold, he cometh with clouds; and every eye shall see him," Rev. i. 7. He soon after died, and willingly gave up his soul to God, hoping and believing in the Lord Jesus Christ; praying to be taken to heaven for his sake.

A Little Boy.

A good man, whose occupation was that of a day laborer, had for his companions an ungodly neighbor and a little boy. It was frequently his practice to speak to his neighbor on the things of religion. One day, in conversation on prayer, his companion told him that he had often said his prayers, but got no good by it; to which the other gave this reply, "Take my advice, and follow it for one year. Fall down, and on your bended knees say, every morning and evening, for one year, "Lord, teach me to pray: God be merciful to me a sinner;" and I'll engage you'll get good by it." This advice, which was given to the man, was blessed to the boy, who was observed to be always attentive to the conversation which passed. He, for one year, persevered in following that line of conduct, which the man disregarded, entered the Sunday School, that he might learn to read his Bible, and became a member of a Christian church.

A Boy in London.

When the late Rev. Mr. Hunt was preaching, one Sabbath morning, at Horsleydown, on "The mystery of godliness," he took occasion to ask the audience to explain how God assumed human nature; when a little boy in the gallery rose, and with much simplicity re-

peated the following answer from the Assembly's Catechism:—"Christ, the Son of God, became man, by taking to himself a true body, and a reasonable soul, being conceived by the power of the Holy Ghost, in the womb of the Virgin Mary, and born of her, yet without sin." Mr. H. then inquired if he could give the Scripture proofs, which, after a short pause, he did correctly. The venerable minister was much affected, publicly thanked him, called him his young tutor, and invited him into the vestry after the service.

YOUTH'S COMPANION.

Three more papers will complete the Fourteenth Volume. *Who will pay in advance for Volume Fifteen?* We ask this question, because it often happens that the reader is disappointed when the paper stops at the end of the year—he then wants the Nos. that he missed, but they are all gone. Now, to prevent this disappointment, let the advance payment be sent to the Publisher, just before the year closes, and then the paper will not stop at all. Perhaps the Post Master will be kind enough to send the dollar, and obtain for you a Receipt, if you ask him. This plan is adopted, because many names on our books are those of children, and we do not always know whether they like the Companion well enough to wish for it another year.

POETRY.

GIVE US OUR DAILY BREAD.

The following lines descriptive of fact, were sent to the children of the Sunday School at St. Thomas's church in this city, by Dr. Hawkes, the Rector.

[*N. Y. Mirror.*]

I knew a widow, very poor,
Who four small children had;
The eldest was but six years old—
A gentle, modest lad.

And very hard this widow toiled,
To feed her children four;
An honest pride the woman felt,
Though she was very poor.

To labor she would leave her home—
For children must be fed;
And glad was she when she could buy
A shilling's worth of bread.

And this was all the children had
On any day to eat;
They drank their water, ate their bread,
But never tasted meat.

One day when snow was falling fast,
And piercing was the air,
I thought that I would go and see
How these poor children were.

Ere long I reached their cheerless home,
'Twas searched by every breeze;
When going in, the eldest child
I saw upon his knees.

I paused and listened to the boy—
He never raised his head;
But still went on and said—"Give us
This day our daily bread."

I waited till the child was done,
Still listening as he prayed—
And when he rose I asked him why
The Lord's Prayer he had said?

"Why, sir," said he, "this morning, when
My mother went away,
She wept because she said she had
No bread for us to-day.

"She said we children now must starve,
Our father being dead,
And then I told her not to cry,
For I could get some bread.

"Our Father, sir, the prayer begins,
Which makes me think that He,
As we have got no father here,
Would our kind father be.

"And then you know the prayer, sir, too,
Asks God for bread each day;
So, in the corner, sir, I went,
And that's what made me pray."

I quickly left that wretched room,
And went with fleeting feet;
And very soon was back again,
With food enough to eat.

"I thought God heard me," said the boy;
I answered with a nod—
I could not speak, but much I thought
Of that child's faith in God.

YOUTH'S COMPANION.

Published Weekly, by NATHANIEL WILLIS, at the Office of the Boston Recorder, No. 11, Cornhill.—Price, \$1.00 a year in advance; or \$1.35 if not paid in advance.

NO. 50.

BOSTON, APRIL 23, 1841.

VOL. XIV.



THE COWS.

Look, dear Mamma, and see the Cows
Leave the trees with shady boughs,
To seek the hot and burning sun;
Their tails they lash, and off they run.
I think they leave the shady trees,
Because the flies are apt to tease;
I know I often see them swarm
Under trees when days are warm.
Now they seek the waters' brink;
There they stand, and seem to think,
"We have given those flies the slip,
Which haunt our nose, our ears, and lip;
Here contented we will stay,
In the stream, this sultry day,
Till the Milkmaid calls us home;
Then most cheerfully we'll come,
And our store we'll yield to you,
Master, Miss, and Baby too."

[Book of Rhymes, Published by Wm. Crosby & Co.]

NARRATIVE.

Written for the Youth's Companion.

STORIES ABOUT ELLEN.—No. 2.

A few days after Ellen's conversation with her mother which we recorded last week, she was sitting upon a low stool trying to do a "hard sum," in "compound addition;" but in vain she went over it again, and again; "it would not prove;" and she was getting discouraged, and a little impatient. Just then her little sister hardly four years old, came running into the room, and holding out her book said in her most coaxing tone, "Please sister Ellen hear me read."

"I can't now, Jenny; run away," Ellen answered not very pleasantly.

The child turned slowly away, softly murmuring, "Sister Ellen is not kind now."

The words and the trembling voice went to Ellen's heart. "Come back, come back, Jenny, I will hear you," she said gently. And the little girl was by her side instantly, her bright eyes laughing through tears.

The lesson over, Ellen returned to her sum, and went over it with aching heart and head—still one figure "would not come right," and she was about to throw down her slate, and say, "I can't do it," when her brother Harry burst into the room in a great hurry, exclaiming, "Ellen, I want my ball; come, jump up and help me find it."

"Just look at my sum and tell where it is wrong, and I will," she replied, timidly holding out her slate.

He glanced carelessly at the slate. "Why Ellen, what a simpleton! I should think any goose might do such a sum as that." And he turned away, and went on looking for his ball.

Ellen's heart swelled; she felt angry as well as grieved, and was just going to say, "I shan't

help find your ball," when the blessed command of our Saviour, "Do to others even as ye would that they should do to you," came into her mind. She checked the unkind words which were rising to her lips, wiped away the tears that dimmed her eyes, and began the search as cheerfully as if Harry had spoken and acted kindly. She found it in a minute; and Harry hardly stopping to thank her, seized it, and ran off with all a boy's noise and hurry, exclaiming as he ran, "Oh, I am so glad! the boys I suppose, are out of patience by this time."

Ellen sadly took up her slate again, but she was weary and discouraged; and after one or two attempts to find out where she was wrong, fairly gave it up, and burst into tears.

"My dear child, what is the matter?" said the kind voice of her mother close beside her.

"I can't do that sum, mother," she replied, blushing deeply, for she felt ashamed that her mother should find her weeping for so small a matter.

Her mother looked at her flushed cheek, and trembling hand, and saw at once she had been studying too long, and hard, for such a young head.

"Yes, my love," she said, "you can do it when you are rested. Put away the slate till to-morrow, and I dare say you will then find out the mistake yourself."

Ellen obeyed; though she could not understand why she should be better able to do it to-morrow than then.

But a night of refreshing sleep makes a great difference in the feelings of us all. Ellen arose bright and cheerful. She ran first to her flowers to see if a sweet geranium bud, which she had been watching several days, was yet opened, for she wished to gather it for her mother. It was; and she appeared at the breakfast table, her face beaming with smiles—what a contrast to her woe-begone visage the day before.

"I think you can do your sum to-day," said her mother looking at her bright face.

"I can try," she cheerfully replied.

She ran for her slate as soon as she had finished breakfast. After looking at it a minute she said, "How stupid I was yesterday, mother. I carried wrong from one of the lines every time and not to find it out—how could I be so silly?"

"It was because you had studied too long, and got too tired. You must not do so again."

"No, mother," said Ellen smiling, "but who would have thought of its making such a difference."

Stockbridge.

THE NURSERY.

A WALK THROUGH THE WHEAT FIELDS.

The nearest way to Mapleton was across the fields, over which the feet of a youthful party were directed one fine summer's morning. Field after field, covered with wheat, presented to their view a most lovely scene. The morning breeze passed gently over the surface of the crop, giving it the appearance of rippling waves of the waters of a lake. Here and there little red poppies were seen peeping between the yellow grain, whilst a row of blue bells on a distant hedge, served as a fringe to the whole.

William, being the tallest, had a good view over the fields; the heads of Charles and Elizabeth just overtopped the wheat; but little Sarah was indebted to her brothers for a lift to enable her to share in their pleasure.

"O that men would praise the Lord for his goodness, and for his wonderful works to the children of men!" exclaimed Mr. Franklin, in a burst of gratitude, as he gazed on the sight around him. "Truly the earth is full of the goodness of the Lord. Seed-time and harvest have not yet failed. He visiteth the earth, and he watereth it; the valleys are covered over with corn; they shout for joy, they also sing. Unworthy as we are, He daily loadeth us with his benefits. O that, whilst we behold these proofs of His bounty, we may learn to be grateful, and to love the giver of all good!"

"Everywhere," continued Mr. Franklin, addressing his children, "we are taught the wisdom, power, and goodness of God. The heavens above us, and the earth around us, are full of his praise. To Him, then, let us pour forth our thanks for all his benefits. What a proof of his unfailing goodness have we now before our eyes in the millions of ears of wheat intended for our use! When we last walked across these fields, the sower was casting the seed into the barren ridges, ploughed to receive it; and now there is the promise of a hundred fold being returned into the farmer's barn."

"I remember, father," said Elizabeth, "it was before last winter set in, when we took a walk with you; we saw farmer Jones and his men busily engaged in sowing; but what a change since then!"

"But there is something more to be done than merely to glance over these fields; we may take a single stalk of wheat, and the closer we look into its form and use, the more shall we see of the Divine skill and wisdom."

"There, look at this!" said Mr. Franklin, at the same time plucking a stalk up by the roots, and holding it in his hand as they walked onwards; "look at this! what wonders are found in this single ear of wheat! And how many processes have been going forward unobserved to make it what it is! The single grain from which this has grown was cast into the earth, and there left by man; but the showers and the dew, and the heat of the sun, have been sent by God to make it fruitful. Could we have watched its progress, we should have seen, two days after it had been put into the earth, the grain softened and swelled by the moisture of the earth, and beginning to shoot forth the tender root of the future plant. At first the root was protected by a kind of little bag, which it soon burst. In a few days after, other roots might have been seen. Then a little stalk began to appear above the ground; and in this state it remained during the months of winter, until the return of fine weather brought it forward with more rapid growth."

Charles. How wonderful, to be sure!

Mr. F. Yes, Charles, things which are familiar to our eyes are full of wonders, though often overlooked by us. Observe by what simple means God has carried on his work in this useful plant. Now, carefully inspect the stalk. How delicate and feeble it appears! It is a hollow tube, to allow the nourishing juices of the earth to ascend to the grain it bears. Notice these little joints; they serve to give it strength, and enable it to stand up against the winds and falling showers.

William. But do not these hard joints hinder the juices of the earth from rising up to the fruit?

Mr. F. No; they are like a very fine sieve, full of minute holes, to allow the sap to arise; but when the ear begins to ripen, and when the

sap is no longer required, these joints close and harden. From the joints spring out the leaves, like arms stretched out to catch the dew and rain, and thus nourish the stalk; the two upper leaves are joined together upwards, and form a sheath to protect the ear of wheat; but in a few weeks hence, they will open, and, being of no further service, will become dry, and fall off, to allow the wheat to ripen in the sun. They are like a scaffolding, which, when the building is complete, is removed away, as no longer of use.

Elizabeth. When we are eating our bread, we little think by what means the wheat has been made to grow.

Mr. F. If we did, we should receive our daily bread with more gratitude. Do not then, forget that the world is full of wonders, and that every part of the creation of God furnishes evidence of his wisdom and power.

William. Yes, we may be sure of that, since we have seen that even a straw will supply us with lessons of instruction.—*Youth's Friend.*

MORALITY.

ECONOMY.

"Save those fragments, Laura; let nothing be lost which can be of use," said Mrs. Marsh to her daughter, as she was about to consign to the flames sundry odd bits and ends, of various colors and sizes, which she had thrown upon the carpet, during her morning's employment of sewing.

"What signifies a few little pieces of cloth, mother?"

"These are not *very* little pieces, my dear," said Mrs. Marsh; drawing from Laura's reluctant hand, several of respectable size, and holding them up to her view. "And even if they were, so many, wasted every day, in every family, would signify a good deal to the paper manufacturers; and the worth of them in the course of a year, might possibly signify even to Miss Marsh."

"I am sure, mother, you cannot expect me to trouble my head about the paper-makers; and all the scraps I could save in a year, would not be worth sixpence."

"I assure you, my daughter, I *do* expect you to trouble your head about whatever concerns the interests and welfare of others, even though it should cost you as great an effort as the saving your paper-rags. How much the world is indebted to the manufacturers of paper, I suppose both you and your friend understand;" (glancing at a young lady, who had sat silently listening to the conversation,) "and even if their value were but one sixpence a year, *that* is too much to be wasted; but I know from long experience in housekeeping, that it is several. I recommend to you to save every scrap, that is good for nothing else, for the paper mills."

"Save even your basting threads to use again," she continued, while she busied herself in collecting several long threads which were adhering to the before mentioned pieces, and like them destined to the flames: "Save, in short, for one year the *numberless little* things you are in the daily habit of wasting; keep an exact account of all; and at the end of the year, put the amount into your charity purse; I am confident you will find your power of doing good considerably increased by it."

"If I thought, mother, the sum saved would be at all worth the while, I am sure I should be willing to take some pains for such a purpose."

"Well, my dear, which do you doubt, my judgment, or my word, upon the subject?"

"Neither, dear mother," answered Laura, coloring; "I am sure you know best; and I know you never speak what you do not think. If you please I will begin to-day, and *try* to follow your recommendation through the year."

Elizabeth Sutherland, their young visitor, had risen during this discussion, and stood, rather impatiently awaiting its conclusion.

"We will go out to walk with Elizabeth, now," said Mrs. Marsh smiling; "if her patience, which I am sure is exemplary, will hold out till we can fetch our hats and parasols."

"What a stingy woman Mrs. Marsh is," said Elizabeth Sunderland to her mother, when she came home. Mrs. Sutherland gave no signs of acquiescence in this opinion; and the young lady, after waiting what she thought a reasonable time, asked rather impatiently, "Don't you think so, mother?"

"No," answered Mrs. Sutherland.

"Then I don't know what stinginess is."

"I agree with you there, entirely," answered the mother, smiling.

Elizabeth colored, even to her temples. "If you knew what I know of Mrs. Marsh, mother, I am almost sure you would think as I do about her."

"Nay, my daughter, she has been my best friend more years than you have lived in the world. All this time I have known her for a liberal and judicious economist; and I cannot believe she is at once changed into so vile a character."

"Liberal economist, mother! is not that an odd phrase? I do not think liberality and economy can ever be joined together."

"No, my dear; because you have not right ideas of these virtues. You call economy stinginess, and extravagance, liberality, I suppose. The truth is, they are not at all allied to each other. Economy is careful not to *waste*, but does not grudge to *use* the bounties of Providence; to *use* or *waste* is alike painful to stinginess."

Economy *saves*, that she may *open wide her hand* to the sons and daughters of want; stinginess *saves*, that he may *hoard*. Economy is careful that the expenditure does not exceed the income, and that every shilling goes for something really wanted; stinginess grudges the most necessary expenses, and will almost deny himself food and raiment, that he may *lay up* the money which should purchase it."

"And what is the difference between extravagance and liberality, mother?"

"To answer your question in as short a manner as possible, I may say extravagance is the foolish *throwing away* of money for the gratification of every idle fancy; and liberality is the *judicious using* it for the benefit of ourselves or others."

"If you please, mother, I will now tell you why I called Mrs. Marsh stingy; and I am sure, much as you like economy, you will think she carried it a little too far." When she had detailed the occurrences of the morning, she added—"Now that seems a saving too small to be worth any one's attention."

"That, my dear, is because you think of the 'little matters' alone; and not as you should, in connexion with the very serious consequences, which flow from daily and hourly neglecting such 'little matters.' One cent a day seems very little indeed; but I should like to have you tell me how much it would amount to in a year."

Elizabeth, after a momentary pause, answered, "three dollars and sixty-five cents; is it possible?"

"Certainly, my dear. 'Little matters,' you see, by continual accumulation, amount to great matters in time. Drops make the ocean; minutes make the year."

"Well, mother, I believe I must allow that my opinion of Mrs. Marsh was too hastily formed."

"And not very decorously expressed—you will acknowledge that, too, my daughter, I hope."

"Yes, mother," answered Elizabeth, with a crimson cheek. "But still I cannot think Mrs. Marsh was quite right; for when we went into the milliner's shop, she declined purchasing a bonnet for Laura, which she really needs."

"Perhaps she *wants* it, but does not *need* it."

"Indeed, mother, the *milliner* said she needed one; and *Laura* said so; and *I* said so. Now I am sure you think that parents ought to supply the wants of their children, if they can."

"Certainly, my dear, the *real* wants, but not the *fancied* wants. If I rightly remember, Laura's bonnet is quite fresh and clean."

"Yes, but that is because she is so careful of every thing; she has worn it a long time."

"That is no reason why she should not continue to wear it, if it be unsoiled and unfaded."

"But it is so unfashionable, mother."

"Unfashionable! What magic is in the sound! No matter how comfortable, or pretty, or becoming anything is, let but that word be breathed over it, and it passes at once into oblivion! But this is not to the purpose. I think Mrs. Marsh was quite right in judging for herself about what she could afford, or what was proper for her to purchase, instead of suffering herself to be led by others. She best knows her own resources, and the demands likely to be made upon them."

"Mrs. Marsh is not rich. She has enough for the comforts of life—nothing for its costly decorations. Yet limited as her income is, she contrives by her excellent management to command all that is really valuable and useful; all that can actually add to the happiness of herself and family."

"You can perceive, my dear, that if there be only money enough to purchase necessary and useful things, and part of it go for superfluities, there must be a deficiency of the others. You would not much like to see your friend Laura with a new bonnet, and an old, untidy pair of shoes; or with a pretty necklace and a faded dress. It would shock Mrs. Marsh's taste, even more than yours. There is a beautiful fitness and propriety in her whole establishment, which shows her judgment and good sense."

She has the true economy to proportion her expenses to her income, while she makes it produce to her family all the happiness it is capable of producing; and she has the true wisdom to wish for those things only, which it is proper and right for her to have. If the occurrences and conversation of this morning prove a salutary lesson to you, if you will make Mrs. Marsh your model in the management of your yearly allowance, I shall dare to hope that you will in time become as useful and estimable a woman."

[*Village Reader.*]

RELIGION.

READY! AYE READY!

This motto was used in the days when haughty chieftains lived in castles, and sallied forth continually to make war on their neighbors. The motto, therefore, meant nothing but being always ready for the battle field; but though that was the only signification attached to it then, we must try if we cannot put a fuller meaning to it now.

No wonder, when men felt themselves surrounded with continual dangers, that they should hold themselves in readiness to defend themselves. Accordingly, we read that, in some cases, it was the custom of armed men to be always ready for battle; their horses stood in the stable, ready saddled and accoutred, and they themselves took not off their armor, day nor night. If they stretched themselves on the ground, their shields were under their heads; if they ate their meals, they carved with their iron gloves on; and when they took up the cup to drink, they drank through the bars of their helmets.

What an excellent thing it would be, if we also were always ready; not ready to wage war, but to do every thing we ought to do. Ready to believe on Christ our Saviour, ready to enter on our duties, ready to show kindness, ready to forgive injuries, ready to glorify the Redeemer,

ready to endure affliction, ready to enter, when summoned, the dark valley of the shadow of death.

Christian people have often need to blush at the examples set them by worldly people, and I am afraid that those warriors of times past were more watchful and more ready to act in situations of difficulty than we are now. Sleeping and waking, they kept their armor on, and their weapons near them; while we are too often found off our guard, and utterly defenceless.

How continually ought we to pray for grace, that we may be ready to do what our heavenly Father requires, and to endure what he calls us to suffer! If my dear reader were called upon to give up some little pleasure, perhaps she might reply, in the words of the motto, "Ready! aye ready!" But if God required some great thing, would she be able to give the same reply? Suppose, in God's providence, she should be asked to give up her parents to Him who has given her all things, could she say, "The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord?" Could she put confidence in her heavenly Father, if her earthly parents were removed, and say, "Ready! aye ready! to submit myself to the will of God?"

THE COTTAGE BOY.

A good clergyman one day called at a cottage which stood by the road-side, and asked the woman of the house if she could read; "for," said he, "I have a very nice little book, called 'Christ the only Refuge.' It has done me good, and I hope you will like it too." The woman said, "Sir, I cannot read; but I have a little boy nine years old; he can read; but he is ill in bed." "Well," said the clergyman, "give him this little book, and bid him read it; and I will call for it another day."

When he called again, the woman burst into tears. The clergyman said, "What is the matter?" She answered, "Sir, my boy is dead, and has left you this half-penny." "And did he read the little book?" "Sir, he was always reading it, till he could repeat it all. He did not talk of any thing else till he died; and to the last he begged that I would not give you the book when you called; but thank you, and give you a half-penny for it. And he begged that I would learn to read that little book. Just before he died, he cried out, 'Mother, Christ is my only refuge! Christ is my only refuge! Do not part with the book; it will do for my father.'"

But what did he mean when he said, "Christ is my only refuge?" Perhaps another story will explain it to you. There was a poor little Irish girl, who was taught to read in a school where the Bible is learned by heart. A lady who used to take care of her, and had been very kind to her, found her one Sunday reading her Bible; the lady said, "Where are you reading?" The girl told her she was reading the fifth chapter of Romans. "Why did you choose that chapter?" said the lady, "Oh, I delight in it much," said the little girl. "Why do you like it so much?" "It just suits me," she said; "see, is not that delightful?" and she pointed to the sixth verse; "For when we were yet without strength, in due time Christ died for the ungodly." And she said, "I am indeed a sinner, and without strength; but here is the blessed remedy, 'Christ died for the ungodly.'"

Now, dear young reader, since Christ has died for us sinners, who deserved to die forever, we may call him our refuge, or hiding-place, from God's anger; and be safe and happy now and forever. If you belong to Christ, and love him, you may be happy even when you are dying.

A poor heathen woman, who became a true child of God, was asked how she felt. She said, "Happy! happy! I have Christ here," laying her hand on the Bible; "and Christ here," putting her hand on her heart; "and Christ there," pointing up to heaven.—*Youth's Friend*.

OBITUARY.

Written for the Youth's Companion.

MARY JOSEPH NEFF.

Late a Sunday School scholar in the Second Presbyterian Church, Carlisle, Pa.

Mary was born on the 12th January, 1833, and died in her eighth year, on the 12th March 1840. She was from her earliest childhood an interesting girl; obedient in all things to her parents, and never answering them I won't, or I can't; but without a murmur fulfilling their commands. She was never to their knowledge, detected in a falsehood, but scrupulously adhered to the truth. She was fond of reading the Testament, and particularly the chapters which gave an account of the death and sufferings of the Saviour; and would often say with tears in her eyes, "mother, were they not cruel to put our Saviour to death?" "Why did they hang our dear Saviour on the cross?" Mary would never go to sleep at night, without saying her prayers. In the fall of 1839, her father who had been absent from home, arrived unexpectedly; he found his eldest daughter at play in the yard, but no one could inform him what had become of Mary, and some anxiety was excited on her account, until he heard her voice interrupted by sobs and crying, proceeding from a small building in the yard; and on listening, found her engaged in earnest prayer for herself, her father, mother and sister, that God would give them new hearts and bless them, and take care of them. Mary was also accustomed often to pray for her teachers, especially her Sunday School teacher, to whom she was much attached, and who always regarded her as a favorite child. One Sunday, a few months preceding her death, she said to her mother, "Does God love those whom he chastens?" she was answered yes, for the Bible says so. "Then mother, he loves us; but I do wish to die and go to him, and be happy forever! Do tell me something about God and heaven; I do love to hear it." She would often say to her mother, "I pray for the wicked as well as the good." Mary was often observed when sitting down at the table, to clasp her hands and hold down her head. She was once asked what she was praying for, and promptly answered, that God would bless what she eat, and to return him thanks for her food. When she heard there was a religious excitement in one of the churches in Carlisle, she said with importunity and earnestness, "Do mother, take me to get religion." Her mother told her God would hear her any where, and at any time if she sought him in a right manner, and pointed out an adjoining room for prayer. Mary immediately said, "shall I now go into the room?" she was never afraid of going into a dark room, like some children. Mary was fond of learning her Sunday School lesson, and could say some of the questions before she could read; her lesson was uniformly well committed and recited, and she always loved to go to the Sunday School, and could not be persuaded to stay at home, although the weather was sometimes inclement. She always put away her doll and playthings on Saturday night, and would say, "Mother, is not God displeased with little girls who play on the Sabbath?" On the Sunday preceding her last illness, she expressed an anxious wish to go to her Sunday School, although she had been unwell for two days previous; her mother reluctantly consented, and it was the last time she ever attended school. That week she was confined to her bed with a violent pain in her head; while she lay on the sofa, she said she would learn the hymn her teacher gave her, as it suited her case; the first verse of the hymn which she repeated was,

"Almighty God, I'm very ill,
But cure me if it be thy will,
For thou canst take away my pain,
And make me strong and well again."

This hymn she learned while sick to repeat with-

out missing a line. During the first week of her illness she lay on the sofa during the day, and was carried in the evening to her bed; she would then request her candle to be put out, that she might say her prayers, and would sometimes fall asleep with her little hands clasped. When her Sunday School teacher called to see her during her last illness, she was greatly pleased and gratified by the visit, and when her teacher asked her, "Mary, do you know who died for you?" "Oh yes, it was Christ that died and hung upon the tree." "Do you remember what he said about little children?" "Suffer little children to come unto me, for of such is the kingdom of heaven." Her teacher told her some of her class had given her some cents to be put in the missionary box; she replied, "My papa is going to give me some money for taking my medicine so well, and I will keep it, and when I get well put it in your box for the heathen." She told her teacher she would like to die and go to the Saviour, and asked her teacher to pray for her. She was asked what she wished her teacher to pray for. "That God would give me a new heart." The next day Mary grew worse, and became insensible, but by active depletion was revived, and fell into a sleep. When she awoke, her mother said to her, "My dear, you will soon get well." Mary replied, "As the Lord wills mother! if he makes me well, or takes me to himself, I am satisfied;" her mother surprised at the reply, said, "Your mother would love you to get well." She turned in the bed and looking her mother in the face answered, "Mother, don't you know I ought to love the Lord better than you? If I die I will not always stay in the grave; when Christ and all his holy angels shall come, I will rise and be as before."

Her pastor called to see her, and said among other things, "Mary, you ought to pray to God that if it is his will he might restore you to health, and if not, give you a new heart, and prepare you for heaven." When he retired she wished her mother to explain all her pastor had said, again and again, especially about prayer, and she then began to pray earnestly, "O dear Saviour, do come, do come down and take me up to heaven; do dear Saviour, give me a new heart; bless my father, and mother and sister, and give them new hearts!" She was so enfeebled that a little exertion soon exhausted her. For nearly a week before her death, she was insensible to surrounding objects, and suffered very severely, but no murmur escaped her lips, and she took her medicines and did all that she was directed without difficulty, until the 12th March, 1840, when she was released from all her sufferings and fell asleep in Jesus, as we have good grounds to hope.

H.

THE INFANT'S GRAVE.

The wife of the missionary, who came home last spring, brought with her from the far country where she had been long a sojourner, three noble boys. But they were not all her children. Her youngest was not with her. Did he sleep, then, under the stately mimosa, or the beautiful palm-tree—beneath the shadow of the church raised to the name of the Christian's God in the land of Idols? There, perhaps, his swarthy nurse sits on his grave, and tells how the gentle white lady devoted her child to her Saviour in baptism, and found comfort when he died, and how she, poor heathen as she had been, had learnt submission from the Christian's book; and now, having faith in Christ, lived in the calm hope of meeting again those her kind instructors, and that her foster son. No! the missionary's child is not buried there; he died on the voyage home; he was buried in the deep sea; so neither nurse nor mother may look upon his grave; but his little coffin was made as neatly as circumstances permitted, and the ceremony of his funeral was conducted with all that attention

to order and propriety which it is the last comfort of our survivors to pay. All the children, and there were many on board, besides his own little brothers, went on deck, and stood round the corpse whilst the beautiful service was read; and it was solemnly and affectionately read, by the beloved friend and fellow-laborer, who had been a stranger with them in the strange land. It was sad to be obliged to take the last look at the dear child, even before "the first day of death was fled." There was something inexpressibly melancholy in the plunge with which the lost treasure sunk down, deeper and deeper, to the depths which no line has sounded; and the waves rolled on, and the gallant ship hastened on her course, so that the eye of man might never again know the place of his rest. But "thou, Lord, art the hope of them that remain in the broad sea!" So thought his mother while she wept in silence; but she looked for the resurrection of the body, when the sea shall give up her dead, and she was calm.—*Scenes in our Parish.*

VARIETY.

The Boy who drank Flip.

When I was a small boy I went to a "raising." A respectable carpenter in my native town had undertaken to erect a dwelling house, and as was the custom 45 years ago, and may be now, he had invited his townsmen to assist him in putting up the frame. A large number of persons assembled, and being nearly all volunteers, the work was speedily done. Then commenced "the treat." Pails full of *flip* were passed around, and the dipper was in active operation. Scores of boys, of different ages, were attracted to the place, and they too partook of the warm sweetened rum and beer. Two little boys were there from a pious family. They drank as much as they chose, and one of them more than he wished, had it not been that he wanted the sugar at the bottom of the pail. Towards night these boys staggered home. The eldest fell upon the floor in the shed. His father went out about nine o'clock to bring a log into the kitchen for the morning fire. He took an axe, and seeing something on the floor that appeared to be a log, he was about striking the axe into the head of his dear boy! The lad providentially groaned at the instant, and the suspended instrument of death was held aloft by the astonished parent. The lad is now a man in mature life, and is at the head of one of the benevolent societies that adorn the age.—*Olive Leaf.*

The Spirit of Liberty.

Soon after the close of the long French war in Europe, a boy was standing on one of the bridges that cross the Thames at London, with a number of small birds in a cage for sale. A sailor, who was passing, observed the little prisoners fluttering about the cage, peeping through the wires, and manifesting their eager desire to regain their liberty. He stood for some time looking at the birds, apparently lost in thought. At length addressing the boy, he said, "How much do you ask for your birds?"

"Sixpence apiece, sir," was the reply.

"I don't ask how much apiece," said the sailor, "how much for the lot? I want to buy all hands."

The boy began his calculations, and found they came to six shillings and sixpence.

"There is your money," said the sailor, handing out the cash, which the boy received with evident satisfaction at his morning's trade. No sooner was the bargain settled, than the sailor opened the cage door and let all the birds fly away.

The boy, looking quite astonished, exclaimed, "What did you do that for, sir? You have lost all your birds."

"I'll tell you," said the sailor, "why I did it; I was shut up three years in a French prison, as a prisoner of war, and I am resolved never to see any thing in prison that I can make free."

A Little Boy.

Having been in the habit, says a gentleman, of visiting workhouses and hospitals on the Sabbath day, to converse and pray with the sick people, I have met with many things which have pleased me; I will tell my readers one of them.

In the summer of 1826, I went to the London Hospital, and was one day greatly pleased with the conduct of a little boy, five years old, who was very attentive to what I said. I had been speaking to a sick person about the importance of being prepared for death, and as I spoke he carefully listened to me. I told him I was pleased to see that he sat so still while I talked with the sick people. He said, "O, I like to hear you talk

about God and good things." "And pray who taught you to love to hear of God and good things?" "Mother taught me to pray to God, and to love him." "Do you not think that it was very kind of your mother to teach you?" "Yes, I love her dearly for making me a good boy." "Were you always good?" I asked. "O no," said he, blushing, "not always; I sometimes tell stories, and disobey mother; and then she is forced to whip me to make me a good boy." "What do you think makes you do wrong?" "Satan; for sometimes when I think I will do good, I almost directly do something that's wicked." "Do you love your mother when she whips you?" "O yes," said he, quoting the Scripture, "The rod and reproof give wisdom: but he that hateth reproof shall die." "Who taught you to know the Scriptures?" "Mother taught me." "Can you read the Bible?" "O yes," he answered, and then read to me two chapters; after which he told me that his mother, when he did wrong, and was very naughty, prayed with him, and then whipped him, and afterwards prayed again. I saw his mother, and she said that he was almost always a very good boy, and always thanked her for endeavoring to make him so.

A Lame Boy.

A poor lame boy came one day, to a gentleman who was very kind to him, and asked for a piece of string, saying, "Do let it be a good long bit, sir." The gentleman inquiring what it was for, the boy seemed unwilling to tell; but at last said it was to make a cabbage net, which he could sell for threepence, as he wished to send the money to help to pay for printing Bibles for the poor heathen: "And you know, sir," added he, "it may pay for the printing one side of a leaf of one of them." The gentleman gave him a large piece of string, and told him to bring the net when it was finished. The boy brought it, and the gentleman said, "You are a good boy; there is threepence for you to send for the Bibles, and threepence for yourself." "No, sir," exclaimed the boy, "do send it all, perhaps it will pay for printing both sides."—*S. S. Gleaner.*

Chateaubriand—How he became a Christian.

"My mother having been thrown into a dungeon at the age of seventy-two, expired on a truckle bed, to which she had been reduced by her misfortunes. The thought of my apostasy filled her last moments with anguish, and dying, she charged my sister with the duty of bringing me back to the religion in which I had been reared. When the letter of my sister reached me from beyond the seas, she herself was no longer in existence, she had died from the effects of her imprisonment. These two voices called to me from the tomb:—this death, which served as an interpreter to death, deeply affected me. I became a Christian. I did not yield, I confess, to any great supernatural lights—my conviction sprang from the heart. I wept and believed."

Comparing Possessions.

A gentleman one day took an acquaintance upon the leads of his house, to show him the extent of his possessions. Waving his hand about, "There," said he, "that is my estate." Then pointing to a great distance on the other side—"do you see that farm?" "Yes." "Well, that is mine." Pointing again to the other side—"do you see that house?" "Yes." "That also belongs to me." Then said his friend—"do you see that little village out yonder?" "Yes." "Well, there lives a poor woman in that village, who can say more than all this." "Ah, what can she say?" "Why, she can say, 'Christ is mine!'" He looked confounded and said no more.

Birds.

Birds are perhaps the most beautiful, certainly the most elegant of creatures. The symmetry of their form and the beauty and delicacy of their plumage, claim attention and admiration from the most superficial observer; while their exclusive habits and their flights are a mystery to more than half the world, and replete with poetry to all. Then their song breathes of the heaven towards which they soar, and it is so brimful of love and joy, that the mind of man, distracted by viler passions, is scarcely fitted to enjoy the ecstasy. Yet sweet and soothing is the delicious music, from the quiet chirping of the lonely sparrow, to the fuller and wilder melodies of those woodland choristers who pour forth a rich and perfect song.

Girl who Remembered the Heathen.

A little girl died at Ware village, Mass. by the name of Lydia Chamberlain. When the year on which she died commenced she resolved that she would save one cent a month to give to the missionaries, and requested others to do the same. For several years she had worked on a bed-quilt, which she finished a short time before her last sickness. As it became evident to her that she could not live long she said to her mother, "I want my bed-quilt given to the missionaries; which request was complied with after the triumphant death of the little girl.

POETRY.

IS IT LONG?

Once in ten thousand years remove
(Till all are borne away)
A single grain from every beach
Whereon the waters play—
From every island, mountain, plain,
Till earth be levelled low;
And Ocean threatens with his waves
Her face to overflow.
Then rest ten thousand thousand years
By millions multiplied,
And then the weary work begin
To empty out the tide,
By one small drop, each thousand years,
(Until the whole are dry.)
From every stream to which the earth
Affords a full supply;—
From all the bays, and lakes, and seas,
Till water's nowhere found,
And parching dryness withers up
The desolated ground.
Then rest ten thousand thousand years
By millions multiplied,
Till all the substance of the earth
To powdered dust is dried;
Then bear away, each thousand years,
A particle so small
That eye cannot discern its size,
Till thou'st removed it all.
In all this fearful lapse of time,
Would it not seem to thee
That thou hadst measured out the length
Of an eternity?
Yet, when thou hadst, with angel's strength,
This mighty labor done,
Its end would be as far as when
Thy labor was begun!
Eternity! eternity!—
My God! thou know'st, alone,
The vastness of eternity—
Thine empire's corner-stone!
My trembling soul! art thou amazed
At this expansive view?
Be comforted—in Christ there is
Eternal mercy too!

SONG OVER A CHILD.—By BARRY CORNWALL.

Dream, baby, dream!
The stars are glowing;
Hear'st thou the stream?
'Tis softly flowing,
All gently glide the hours;
Above no tempest lowers;
Below are fragrant flowers
In silence growing.
Sleep, baby, sleep,
Till dawn to-morrow!
Why shouldst thou weep,
Who know'st not sorrow?
Too soon come pain and fears;
Too soon a cause for tears;
So from thy future years
No sadness borrow!
Dream, baby dream!
Thine eyelids quiver.
Know'st thou the theme
Of yon soft river?
It saith, "Be calm, be sure,
Unfailing, gentle, pure!
So shall thy life endure,
Like mine, forever!"

YOUTH'S COMPANION.

Two more papers will complete the Fourteenth Volume. *Who will pay in advance for Volume Fifteen?* We ask this question, because it often happens that the reader is disappointed when the paper stops at the end of the year—he then wants the Nos. that he missed, but they are all gone. Now, to prevent this disappointment, let the advance payment be sent to the Publisher, just before the year closes, and then the paper will not stop at all. Perhaps the Post Master will be kind enough to send the dollar, and obtain for you a Receipt, if you ask him. This plan is adopted because many names on our books are those of children, and we do not always know whether they like the Companion well enough to wish for it another year.

YOUTH'S COMPANION.

Published Weekly, by NATHANIEL WILLIS, at the Office of the Boston Recorder, No. 11, Cornhill.—Price, \$1.00 a year in advance; or \$1.25 if not paid in advance.

NO. 51.

BOSTON, APRIL 30, 1841.

VOL. XIV.



THE CAT.

Now, Pussy, do not scratch me, pray!
I will not hurt your Kitty;
You tore my frock the other day,
You should not be so fitty.
And now you look so very meek,
And purr, and seem so pleased,
As if revenge you would not seek,
If Kit or you were teased.
I think you're like some little boy,
Who smiles and looks quite good,
Till something happens to annoy:
Up mounts the angry blood.
A toy is lost, a ball mislaid,
Or bedtime comes too soon;
In short, so hard to please, 'tis said,
"He's crying for the moon."

[Book of Rhymes, Published by Wm. Crosby & Co.]

NARRATIVE.

Written for the Youth's Companion.

STORIES ABOUT ELLEN.—No. 3.

"Come, Ellen, do just run over with me and see Sarah, if it's only for two minutes."

"No, I cannot, Julia; for my mother said I must not."

"But your mother is away. She will never know it."

Oh, Julia!" said Ellen reproachfully.

"Why, where would be the harm?" persisted Julia.

"It would be disobeying and deceiving my mother. That would be very wrong."

Julia did not know how to answer this; but at last she said, "It cannot be wrong just to run over to Mr. Graham's."

But even this failed to confuse Ellen's clear ideas of right and wrong. "No it would not be wrong just to run over there—but if my mother had forbidden me, then it would be wrong."

"But why did your mother forbid you?"

"I do not know. I did not ask her," Ellen replied.

"Well, my mother said I must not go, because Sarah was sick. But I know there can be no harm in just running over one minute."

"Oh, Julia, when your mother has forbidden you."

"But I want to see Sarah so much. And I shall stay only one minute."

"It will be just as much disobedience as if you staid all day. Besides our mothers know what is best. They would not have forbidden our going there without good reasons."

Julia was out of hearing before Ellen finished speaking; but she returned very soon, looking pale and frightened.

"Oh, Julia! what has happened; have you

hurt you?" Ellen inquired, looking almost as pale as her friend.

Julia burst into tears, and it was a long time before she could speak; at last she sobbed, "Oh, Ellen! Sarah is very sick; and perhaps I have taken the disorder and shall be sick too. Oh! I wish I had minded my mother."

"Who told you so? Why do you think so? Have you seen Sarah?" Ellen asked all in a breath; at the same time, moving almost unconsciously, farther from her friend.

"Mrs. Graham told me so herself. Nancy was in the hall when I went in; I asked for Sarah, and she said she was in her own room; so I ran there directly. Oh Ellen, how frightened I was! Sarah lay upon the bed with her eyes shut, breathing so hard, and looking so red. The room was dark, and I did not see how she looked till I got quite up to the bed. Then I turned to go away as quick as I could; but she opened her eyes at the noise, and when she saw who it was, held out her hand to me. I took it, and Oh! how hot it felt."

"Did she speak to you?" Ellen eagerly inquired.

Julia shook her head. "No, for Mrs. Graham just then came in; and without saying a word, took my hand, and led me out of the room. When we reached the stairs, she said in a low voice, Julia, you have done very wrong to go into Sarah's room. She is dangerously sick with the scarlet fever; the disorder is contagious, or some such hard word, I don't remember it exactly—but I remember she said, 'I am afraid you have taken it, my dear.' Oh, Ellen! if I have what shall I do?"

Ellen did not know, and could only advise her to hasten home and ask her mother; which Julia, thoroughly humbled and alarmed, readily consented to do.

Oh! thought Ellen, when Julia had gone, if she had only minded her mother she would not have had all this trouble. And then she felt grateful to her own dear mother that she had early accustomed herself to habits of obedience.

Julia had indeed taken the fever, and was ill many days. My little readers I trust will never know from experience what she suffered. But God mercifully spared her life, and at length restored her health.

"Oh, Ellen!" she said after she recovered, "I shall never forget what I suffered; and I hope I never shall forget that it was the reward of disobedience."

Stockbridge.

THE NURSERY.

DISOBEDIENCE PUNISHED.

Dear Children,—I have a true story to tell you, which I hope you will read very carefully, that you may avoid the errors of the little girl about whom I write, and never suffer the punishment of disobedience as she did.

CAROLINE HANSON lived in a country town in the eastern part of Massachusetts. She had very kind parents, and three affectionate little brothers, one older and two younger than herself, but no sister.

Her father's house was more than half a mile from the village school house, but Caroline always attended school, even in the winter; for she had warm clothing and tight shoes, and so she need not fear the cold.

Mrs. Hanson gave her little daughter a par-

ticular charge, early in the winter, to keep in the school house during the whole noon recess, and never go out to play on the ice and snow, even if all the other misses went out. This command Caroline obeyed very strictly for about two months; and whenever her mother asked her how she passed the noontime, she would answer with a smiling countenance, "O mother, I had a good time playing school;" or, "I sat down with the other girls, and took turns reading in a pretty book."

One day, as she was sitting by the window, Sarah Lawton came running in, saying, "Caroline, why don't you go out on the ice? you can't think what a beautiful slide we have found; 'tis as smooth as glass."

"I don't want to go," said Caroline.

"Why not?" said Sarah.

"I don't know how to slide. I am afraid to go on the ice," answered Caroline.

"O," cried Sarah, "we'll hold you up, and show you how to slide; come, you must go a few moments."

It was very true that Caroline did not know how to slide, but that was not the reason why she did not go out.

Sarah saw that Caroline really wished to try the ice, for she looked smiling, and did not seem to speak in earnest when she said, "I don't want to go." So she said a few more kind, coaxing words, as she took Caroline's hand in hers, and drew her towards the door. Poor Caroline thought of her mother's charge, and her heart beat painfully in her breast, but she smiled as she suffered her friend to lead her out where the noisy little party were chasing each other across a little patch of ice, with what they called "real good slides."

When she went home at night, she felt very fond of her kind mother, and kept trying to be very attentive and obedient to all her wishes, because she felt that she had done wrong, and she hoped in this way to make amends, or at least she hoped to make her own heart feel easier. O, poor Caroline! If she had only made a full confession to her mother, and talked it all over with her, and asked her forgiveness, and received advice about resisting temptation—she would have gone to school the next day prepared to say to her companions, "No, I cannot go on the ice, because my mother has forbidden it."

After this time, Caroline generally staid in, and watched her companions from the window, but sometimes she transgressed, and ran out a few moments. Whenever she did this, she was sure to feel guilty and unhappy, yet she had not resolution to resist the temptation.

Finally a new amusement was found. The boys of the school brought some nice coasting sleds with them, and these they would draw to the top of a little hill, front of the school house, and then take a merry ride down.

The girls soon left their "fine slide," and the boys were so kind as to offer to draw them down the hill.

This sport, too, Caroline watched from the window, and when she saw Sarah Lawton, and Mary Brown, and Ann Wyman jumping up and down, and clapping their hands with glee, and heard the loud shouts in which she could not join, she thought she must just run out and see what made them so merry. Her love of play overcame every other feeling, and she was not willing to stop and think what it was best for her to do; so she caught her cloak and bonnet and

was soon among the noisy group. While she was on the hill she thought she saw her father's sleigh pass along the road, and for a minute she felt that she was doing wrong, and must certainly go into the house; but directly she forgot it.

When school was done, and the little girl went home at night, she felt guilty and sad. She did not dare to look up when her father said to her, "Caroline, as soon as you have put away your things, come to the fire and dry your feet." She obeyed, and sat trembling with the expectation of a severe reproof which she well knew she deserved. Her father did not speak to her immediately, but after a little while he said, "My daughter, did I see you out playing on the snow, to-day?"

Caroline said, "Yes, sir," in a faint voice.

"It has been a cold day," said Mr. Hanson, "and it was very improper for you to go out. Never go out again when you stay at noon."

Caroline's mother also said she was sorry to hear that her little girl had been disobeying her. It was rather a gloomy evening to Caroline, and she really thought she should never do such a wicked thing again; for now it was past, she thought she should have been quite as happy in the schoolroom, and then she might have had a light heart when she came home.

The next day was not so windy and cold as the day before. The party of children was larger, and more joyous and noisy than ever. But Caroline sat at the window and laughed when she heard the others laugh, and clapped her hands when she saw the sleds glide smoothly over the snow, but she did not think of going out, till her little friend Sarah Lawton, and two or three other little girls, came running into the school house, crying out, "Where is Caroline Hanson? O, here she is all alone. Come, Caroline, you must go out and take one ride."

"No," said Caroline, "I can't go."

"Why not?" said Sarah, "you went yesterday."

"Well," answered Caroline, "it was cold out then, and—"

"O, 'tis warm to-day, you don't know how pleasant it is up there," said Sarah, "and Joseph Milton has brought a new large sled, and he says it will carry four girls, and he says you and I are just the right size to sit down first, and we are going to take little Lucy Davis and Marcia Brown in our laps. Only think what a fine ride. Come, won't you go?"

Caroline began to hesitate. She thought it did look very pleasant out doors, almost like spring, and she wanted very much to try the new sled, and she would only take *one* ride and then run in. Poor Caroline! though she had already felt in her own breast the punishment of disobedience, she began again to be overcome by her love of play, and to yield to the temptation which drew her away from her duty. In a few moments, four little girls were seated on the sled, and two boys, of ten or twelve years of age, were ready to act the part of very smart horses in drawing them down the hill as fast as they could run. They started, and had just begun to descend so fast that they could not stop if they wished to, when Caroline screamed out, "O stop! O dear, dear, do stop! You'll kill me, you'll kill me!" The boys, and all the children were dreadfully frightened, but the sled pressed heavily upon them, and though they held back with all their might, they could not stop till they came to the bottom of the hill. By this time poor Caroline's cries had ceased, and she had fainted from the effects of severe pain. Soon after they started, her foot had slipped between the slats of the sled, and turned directly back, and in this position, her foot under the sled, with the cords stretching, and the bones breaking, she took her first and last ride on the new sled.

At first there were none but children around

her as she lay on the snow, but their cries soon collected two or three young men who attended the school. One of them broke the sled to pieces to take out the wretched looking foot, while another raised the distressed little girl in his arms and carried her to a neighboring house. While a carriage was sent for to take her home, she was laid on her bed for a few moments, and though her pain was so severe that she could not describe it, she could not help thinking of her disobedience even more than she thought of her pain. "How can I see my father and mother?" thought she. "O how I wish I had remembered what my father told me yesterday!"

The horse travelled swiftly towards the house of Mr. Hanson, but it seemed a long, long way to Caroline, for the motion of the sleigh produced new pain in her mangled limb, and her heart beat more and more violently with the expectation of soon meeting her offended parents.

Caroline trembled all over, but not with cold, or pain, as she heard the door open, and looked up expecting to see her father. It was her mother who came to the door, and she immediately said, in the most tender tone, "My dear child, you are badly hurt; you must be brought in, and laid on the bed, and we will send for the doctor."

The little girl had not been weeping for some time, but when she heard her mother's kind voice, she began to sob aloud, because her feelings were moved by hearing such affectionate language when she expected reproof.

When the doctor arrived and looked at the shapeless foot and ankle, now shockingly swollen, he said, "This is a bad job, a very bad job; but we will do the best we can with it."

While the doctor was with her, and after he went away, Caroline was all the time listening to hear her father's sleigh come into the yard; and she kept thinking, "O what will father say? How can I look at him? how can I answer him when he speaks to me?" When she heard the door gently open, and saw her father enter the room, her heart beat with more violence than ever, and she covered her face in the bed; but he came softly up to her, and began speaking as gently and affectionately as her mother had spoken—called her his dear Caroline, and asked her if she felt much pain now.

That was a painful and tedious night to Caroline, and many days and nights that followed were full of distress, but she told her parents all about her disobedience, and how sorry and guilty she felt, and they were ready to forgive her, so that her mind was much happier; but it was far easier for her parents to forgive her than it was for her to forgive herself.

RELIGION.

THE PRAYING CHILD.

I want to tell the dear children something about a sweet interesting little boy six years old—the son of a minister.

I once had the pleasure of spending a few weeks in his father's family. He had a sister younger than himself, whom he very dearly loved; so strong was his attachment, that he could scarcely bear to have her out of his sight—and seldom appeared so happy, as when engaged in some act of kindness and attention to her.

One day he came in from school, leading her by the hand, as usual; and his sweet silver voice I heard saying, "stop, dear sister, 'till brother takes off her bonnet, then Ma will give us the fine harvest apples she promised!"—off they both ran, skipping and jumping into the adjoining room, where they received the expected fruit.

I saw nothing of either, until nearly school time in the afternoon, when I discovered the little boy sitting at the front door. I observed he had been weeping, and inquired whether he got hurt whilst playing. "No ma'am," he replied.

His dejected countenance was so unnatural to him, that I insisted on knowing the cause of his trouble. With reluctance he told me, that while he was fixing his little wagon, sister eat her own apple, and then eat his. Says he, "I can't take Sis to school this afternoon—she served me such a trick." "My dear," said I, "what if you go pray for Elizabeth—ask the Lord to forgive her, and probably you will feel better." Here, a tender chord was touched, and the tears gathered in his eyes. Just at this moment I was called away to attend to something, and found on returning that he had retired for prayer. When he came out of the bed-room, I was in another part of the house, but heard him call out, "come dear little sister, let brother tie on her bonnet—Pa says it's school time."

Now, this dear boy was in the practice of praying three times a day. I observed him, from the first of my visit at his father's house, daily, after dinner, go into his sleeping-room, which was next to the one I occupied; for several days my impression was that he went in to study his lessons, but was soon convinced it was for the purpose of prayer. I was informed that for about a year he had his regular seasons for secret devotion.

In the evening, when the children returned from school, I was invited to accompany them to the garden, to view a beautiful flower just in bloom; perceiving their faces look like crimson, and the perspiration pouring off, I asked how they became so overheated. "O," said the little boy, "we ran so fast from school that sister fell down—John Stewart, the boy who says such bad words, was close by us, and Pa and Ma don't allow us to keep his company—but say we must always try to shun him, because he's such a dreadful swearer." The sparkling of his dark blue eyes, evinced the satisfaction he felt, in having thus escaped the breath of the profane.

A few months after my return home, I received a visit from this same little boy and his mother. There being such a variety of objects in the place where I resided, calculated to divert his attention from the subject of religion, many of which were new and curious to him, I concluded his mind would certainly be drawn so far from God, that if he observed prayer morning and evening, his regular season through the day would be likely to be forgotten; but in this apprehension I was mistaken and joyfully disappointed—to my knowledge he missed not a single day. On one occasion when his time for prayer arrived, he was engaged in play with two little girls. I was sitting in a room adjoining that in which they were amusing themselves; and heard him say to his little companions; "I must go up stairs now, but I'll come back again;" when he returned, he seemed reluctant to join in the same boisterous plays, and proposed that they should all sit down and look at the pictures in a Sunday School book.

If any little boys and girls should read this account, and admire the character of the child whose history has been given, let them like him, first give their hearts to the Saviour who has said, "Suffer little children, and forbid them not to come unto me; for of such is the kingdom of heaven." Then you can carry your little grievances to him who is the hearer of prayer; and having become like your dear Redeemer, meek and lowly of heart; instead of revenging any wrongs you may receive, you will be prepared to exercise the same forgiving spirit, that this little boy manifested towards his sister, whose selfishness induced her to rob him of his apple.

"Lord teach a sinful child to pray,
And then accept my prayer;
For thou canst hear the words I say,
For thou art every where.
Whatever trouble I am in,
To thee for help I'll call;
But keep me, more than all, from sin,
For that's the worst of all."

ANN.

Chambersburg, Pa. March 29th.

MORALITY.

SKEPTICISM.

"Mother," said little Frank D—, with an unusually anxious expression on his smooth round face, "I wish you would tell me what is the meaning of *skeptical*. I heard father say last evening, he wished Uncle Henry was not so skeptical; he thought it was a great misfortune. I know skeptic means one who does not believe in the Christian religion; but I know uncle does, so it can't be anything like that; so what does it mean, mother?"

"In the first place, my dear Frank, you are not quite accurate in your definition of a skeptic; you have fallen into a common error. Skepticism merely means doubt, and not actual unbelief. Persons are called skeptics who really disbelieve the Christian religion, and those are often called unbelievers who have not quite arrived at that unhappy point, but are in the distressing state of doubt—skepticism."

"Oh, then, I guess I know what father meant, because Uncle Henry never believes anything. Yesterday, when I told him I had been up every morning this winter before seven, he said, 'Are you sure of that, my boy?' 'Yes, sir,' said I, 'for I always look at the clock the moment I am dressed.' Then he turned right round to father, and asked him how many times he supposed I had been up this winter before eight o'clock; and father told him he might rely on my statement, for I was an accurate boy. And then, when Susan came in, he turned right round to her, and asked her if I was an early riser! And so he always does; he asks half a dozen people, and finally don't believe any more than when he began. I think father was quite right; it is a misfortune to be so skeptical."

"It is so, Frank; and I believe it is better to be sometimes deluded, sometimes deceived, and often disappointed, than to be always doubting. Faith in God is the first and greatest blessing and support in life; next to this is faith in man. By this I mean, my dear boy, faith in man's capacity to do and to suffer; reliance on the possible attainments of our fellow-creatures; trust in their truth, goodness, and affection. But, my dear Frank, I'm going on a little ahead of your understanding and years; so I will come back, and tell you there is a kind of skepticism to which young people and children are very much addicted."

"Pray, mother, what is that?"

"Do you remember that last fall, when your cousin Anne was staying with us, your father and I tried to convince her that her low spirits, and constant headaches, and cold feet and hands, and constant shivering, were owing to her neglect of exercise?"

"Oh yes, I remember how you used to talk to her, and how she used to sit there in the rocking chair in the corner with a shawl on, and her feet up on the stove, and never stir out with the rest of the girls."

"No; she said she did not *believe* in exercise; so she went on all winter till she got a severe illness, and that cured her of her skepticism; now she *believes*, and takes regular exercise, and is perfectly well."

"Well, she got pretty well punished for her skepticism, mother."

"Yes, Frank; and you may rest assured that all such skepticism will be punished sooner or later."

"Do you remember, when John was at home from college how he used to lie on the divan all day and read? He was told over and over again that he was injuring his eyes. He was *skeptical*, and went on reading in the same way. Now he is obliged to give up study because his eyes are weak."

"Oh, mother, how could he do so?"

"How could he, Frank? I think I know a little boy whom his mother has found nailed

down to his Arabian Nights till the daylight was quite gone; and when he was pretty sharply reprimanded, he would answer, 'I don't believe it hurts my eyes at all.'"

"Oh, mother, I'll not do so again; I'll not be *skeptical*."

"How often have your father and I told Lawton West, that, unless he pays more regard to accuracy and truth, we can place no confidence in him? He says that of all things on earth he desires our confidence, and yet he is just as careless of the truth as ever. Is not Lawton *skeptical*?"

"I don't see that, mother; Lawton keeps on lying for ever; but I don't see how it is because he is *skeptical*."

"If, Frank, he believed what we say—if he actually realized as we do when we heartily believe that we could never place confidence in him, he would make an effort to reform. How do you think it is with Sarah? I tell her over and over again that she makes me most uncomfortable by her disorderly habits. She says, 'Oh, aunt, I would not make you uncomfortable for the world;' and the next hour her shawl is on the floor, and her bonnet and gloves nowhere to be found. I tell Eliza, that if she eats candies and sweetmeats she will injure her teeth. She says directly she don't believe they hurt the teeth. Miss Smith complained to me the other day that she had a constant headache. I begged her to leave off drinking coffee. 'Oh she did not believe,' she said, 'that coffee hurt her.' Mrs. Allen told me her little girl was getting very pale and thin. I advised her not to keep her so many hours in school. 'Oh,' she replied, 'I don't believe Mary will ever hurt herself with study.'"

"Seems to me, mother, everybody that you know is *skeptical*."

"The truth is, my dear boy, persons are not disposed to believe when their belief must be followed by a change of conduct—by the conquest of an obstinate fault, a bad habit, or a strong appetite. Those are best and happiest who are most ready to believe in those who have more wisdom and experience than themselves, and who will act in conformity to their belief. First *faith*, and then works, Frank."

[Miss Sedgwick's Stories.]

OBITUARY.

AFFECTING NARRATIVE.

For several years I resided in a city of the South, and while there, received from the American Bible Society a quantity of Bibles for distribution. I was in the habit of seeking opportunities for religious conversation with those who visited me on business, and repeatedly heard of whole families who were not only destitute of the word of God, but were unable even to read it. One case affected me very much.

A man called one morning with his son—a miserable, sickly boy, about fourteen years old—for medical advice. The poor boy had suffered for months under a severe attack of intermittent fever. Though the disease had been "broken" by one of the violent remedies so often used in such cases at the South and West, still he was a most pitiable object,—pale and livid as a corpse, bloated with dropsy, and suffering constant pain from a diseased liver. His mind was almost as much affected as his body; and his dull, heavy eyes, and vacant stare, plainly showed that he was gradually falling into a state of hopeless idiocy. I could give the father no hope of affording him bodily relief; but I thought it possible something might even yet be done for his spiritual health. I told him it was hardly possible his son could recover, and asked,

"Do you think he is prepared to die?" "I hope so; he has always been a good child," was his reply.

"Do you think he loves God? Does he like

to read the Bible, and hear and talk about his Saviour, and do you think it would be prudent to tell him I think he must die?" "I suppose he don't know much about them things; he can't read the Bible, and I shouldn't like to tell him he must die."

"But, my friend, if you believe he cannot live, you surely would be glad to have him prepared to die. I hope you and his mother will read the Bible to him, and pray with and for him; and it may be, if you cannot restore him to health, God will enable you to do a great deal better for him—prepare him for heaven." "Yes," he replied, "I should be glad to have him prepared to die; but we have no Bible to read to him."

"O, well, sir," said I, "I will supply you. You surely are not willing to be without a Bible." "Why, as to that, I don't think a Bible would do me much good; I can't read."

"But your wife will read it to you." "No, she can't read."

"How many children have you? Some of them can read it, and I will give them a Bible." "I have five children, but we haven't been able to give them learning, and they can't read."

After some further conversation, I prescribed for the boy, and they left me. Some two or three weeks after this, I was walking in the grave-yard, when a funeral procession entered it from the country. I joined them at the grave; and after the body was committed to the earth, "dust to dust," I noticed that the chief mourner—this same unhappy father—was disposed to linger behind; and after the crowd had dispersed, I came up and entered into conversation with him. He seemed almost heart-broken; and, gazing on three fresh graves before him, he said, "There are three of my poor dear children. I have buried them all within a week. I shall never see them again. I expect to find their little sister dead, when I get home, and I shall then have none left, but my poor sick boy." I could only mingle my tears with his; and, without a word, pressed his hand, and left him.

An application of this affecting narrative is hardly necessary. I trust that every child in this land of Bibles and schools, will feel how greatly he has been favored; and when he thinks of the thousands in our land, and the millions in heathen lands, who have not even heard of a Saviour, that he will not only pray for them, but will feel it a blessed privilege that he can help to give them the bread of life.—S. S. Visiter.

EARLY WILL I SEEK THEE.

Written for a Sabbath School Concert, by a little girl of 8, on the question, "Why should I become a Christian while young?"

I should think that if it is important ever to be a Christian, it is important to be one while we are young. One great reason why I should be a Christian while young, is because *God commands me to be one*. Jesus Christ says, "Seek ye first the kingdom of God;" and God says, "My son, give me thy heart;" which means, my teacher says, the same as being a Christian. Then, if I would please God, I ought to be a Christian while I am young.

There is another reason why I should be a Christian while young. *God makes all his promises to us while we are young*. He has never promised us that if we seek him late we shall find him; but he says, "Those that seek me early shall find me."

I should be a Christian, too, while I am young, because *I should have longer time to do good, than if I put it off till old age*. I have been reading the library book called, "Grandfather's Story about the Pilgrims." The book says that those pilgrims who came over to this country from England, were Christians; that it was because they were good that they did so much here; and that if they had not been Christians, we should not have had schools, and ministers, and Sabbath Schools, and all the privileges that we now enjoy. Then, if I would do good in the world, as they

did, and other good people have done, I must be a *Christian*.

I ought to be a Christian while I am young, because *I may die before I am old*; and the Bible and my teacher say that I cannot be happy after death, unless I am a Christian.

I should be ashamed to send so short a piece as this, if you had not said you wanted us to write, if we could not write more than five lines, and here are twenty eight.—*S. S. Visiter.*

EDITORIAL.

THE LAMB.



A gentleman once related to me the following incident. I was in the country, said he, and walking in the fields I saw a flock of sheep browsing. One lamb I observed apart from the rest of the flock, lying down asleep. The other sheep and lambs had wandered on farther cropping

the grass and flowers as they proceeded. They had left the little sleeper behind, and apparently forgotten. But it was not so. Presently a little dog came barking and frisking up a lane near the field, and seeming to be making his way towards the lamb. Instantly one of the sheep in the flock left off eating and began to watch the dog. As soon as she saw that he was really approaching the lamb, she ran towards it, and standing over it, protected it with her own body. Of course she was its mother. And she thus showed that she had not forgotten or neglected it, even while seeming to have done so.

This animal, said the gentleman, made me think of the care of Sabbath School teachers for their scholars; perhaps because I was a teacher myself, and was very much interested in the employment. Just as this sheep watches over her lamb, thought I, so does the faithful teacher guard and cherish his pupils; and if he sees any danger approaching them, especially any danger to their souls, just so ready will he be to protect and defend them.

There is another application of the incident, however, perhaps still more interesting—viz. it reminds us of the care which Jesus Christ takes of the lambs of his flock. Would you not like, dear children, to belong to this happy company? Would you not like to be enclosed safely in his fold, where Satan, the roaring lion, cannot reach you, to be led by this good Shepherd in green pastures, and beside still waters,—to be carried in his arms and laid in his bosom? If you love him, and entrust yourselves to his guidance, you shall be thus led and protected; and no evil shall ever approach you.

VARIETY.

Rev. John Bailly.

The Rev. John Bailly, an eminent divine of the 17th century, was so honored of God as to be made the instrument of the conversion of his own father, while he was yet a child. His mother was a remarkably pious woman, but his father a very wicked character. The good instructions and frequent prayers of the former, were so blessed to the soul of little John, that he was converted to God while very young; and having a remarkable gift in prayer, his mother wished him to pray in the family. His father, overhearing him engaged in this exercise, was so struck with remorse and shame at finding his child, then not above eleven or twelve years of age, performing that duty in his house, which he had neglected himself, that it brought on a deep conviction of his wretched state, and proved, under God, the means of his conversion.

A Chinese Youth.

The absurdity of the doctrine of transubstantiation was once strikingly exemplified, during the examination of a young Chinese convert by a Romish missionary. "How many gods are there?" asked the catholic priest. "None, sir," answered the humble disciple. "None! none!" exclaimed the priest; "Why, have I not always told you there is one?" "Yes, sir," replied the new convert; "but you know I ate him yesterday!"

A Young Lad.

One Sabbath, a few children were gathered round the porch of a village church, waiting for the commencement of public worship, when a wagon, with a number of persons in it who were going out on pleasure, stopped, and one of the men called out to the children, "Halloo there, what sort of religion do you have there?" One of the young lads replied, "A sort of religion that forbids our travelling on the Sabbath."

Little George.

Last summer, says a respectable correspondent of the "Youth's Magazine," I sent my two youngest children, with the nurse, to the sea-side, in a vehicle which conveys many of our tradespeople for bathing. By the way, little George fell down on his knees, crying out, "Oh, Bell! I came away and forgot to say my prayers!" A young woman who saw him was conscience struck; and thought, "Here is a babe rebuking me; when did I pray in all my life?" This simple means was the instrument which the Father of spirits was pleased to use to awaken her from the sleep of sin. She kept by the nurse and children all the time they were bathing, and when she came home sent for me, when I found her full of anxiety. She lived eight months, wasting in a consumption, and died with a firm trust in her Saviour.

Do you think you love Jesus?

In the village of H. the Sabbath School has flourished for several years, and all classes, from the aged father and mother, down to the youngest child, capable of receiving instruction, were interested in it. At the commencement of the school in the spring, a vigorous effort was made to increase the number of pupils; and a pious young man gathered twelve or fourteen young lads into a class, of which he took the oversight. Being very young, none over five years, he accustomed himself to ask such questions, and impart such instructions, as were adapted to their capacities. One Sabbath morning, he said to a member of his class, "James, do you think you love Jesus Christ?" The boy hung his head, and gave no answer, as, perhaps, many older scholars would have done. The teacher repeated the question with more earnestness than before;—but no reply. Unwilling to let so interesting a question pass unanswered, he repeated it the third time, "James, do you love Jesus?" But no response;—his eye remained fastened on the floor. A little boy sitting next to him, not more than three years old, replied, "I guess he don't love Jesus Christ much, for if he did, he could tell you something about it."

True, very true; if children, or *Christians* love Jesus Christ much, they will love to talk about him. J. L. R.

A Boy in Madagascar.

As I stood one day by Mr. Jeffreys, says Mrs. Jeffreys, the widow of a missionary at Madagascar, in her journal, catechising the children, I asked them which of the commandments was the most difficult to observe. One, after a long pause, mentioned one, and another a different precept; till at last a boy, about twelve years old, said, "The last is the hardest." Mr. Jeffreys asked, "Why is it so my boy?" He replied, "Because for one who is poor to see another possessing a great deal of money, a great deal of clothes, and much cattle and rice without wishing for some of them, is very hard; I think no person can keep this commandment."

Four Testaments.

A child, under seven years, was accustomed to work for herself, during her leisure time, for which she received some trifling pay. But it was enough to be useful with. She bought four Testaments, and gave them to a gentleman, to be distributed among the poor children of his Sabbath School.

O, that a like spirit were manifest in every child! And the good that would be done in a few years—how great it would be!

A Gaelic Scholar.

The teacher of one of the Gaelic schools, in the Long Island, sent one of his scholars on an errand some distance from home. Another boy, but not at the same school, offered to accompany him. They had proceeded about four miles, when the latter began to swear. The Gaelic scholar reproved him; he confessed his fault, and they went on together. A second and a third oath, however escaped him; and then the Gaelic scholar stood still, and said, "Dost thou not know that the Bible saith, 'Can two walk together except they be agreed?' therefore, by Bible-law, I can go no further with you; I will return home and you may do what you please." He accordingly returned, and reported to his teacher the facts of the case, who was far better pleased with the tenderness of his conscience than if he had fulfilled his errand.

A Little Girl.

One evening, a lady and her little daughter attended a religious meeting, and while the minister was speaking of the neglect of family duties, such as reading the Scriptures, and of family prayer, the little daughter, who listened attentively, and perceived that the preacher was describing a neglect that she had witnessed herself, whispered to her mother this question; "Ma, is Mr. — talking to you?" This was powerful preaching to the mother; she was immediately brought under deep conviction of sin, which resulted in her conversion.

The Worst Thing I Ever Did.

I was conversing with a sailor, a few weeks ago who was awakened to see his lost condition while out of Christ, and while I was trying to impress upon his mind that Jesus was willing and ready to save him—that even the chiefest of sinners may have salvation, if they will repent and believe in the Lord Jesus Christ—he remarked to me, "O, I know all about these promises, I learnt them while at the Sabbath School; I used to go to Sunday School when I was in England. O, it was the worst thing I ever did to leave that Sabbath School." He repeated the last sentence several times. That sailor is now enabled to trust in that Saviour whom, to use his own language, he "had so often hated." It appears when he left the Sunday School, he got into wicked company, and became a great sinner.

A Series of Stories by "Frances," is received. We shall begin them with the New Volume.

POETRY.

From the Sabbath School Teacher.

SPRING.

Conversation with a little girl six years of age, in which her ideas, and as far as possible, her words are used.

CHILD.

"Oh, mother, hear the little robins,
Sweetly singing in the air,
Tell me why they *now* are singing,
Is it now their time for prayer?
"When I lay me down to sleep,"
Then I say my little prayers,
And when I get up again,
Ere I dress and come down stairs.

MOTHER.

Does my darling ask the question,
Why she hears the robins sing?
'Tis because they are so happy,
In the pleasant days of spring.

CHILD.

Yes, I know they're very happy,
And their hearts are full of glee;
But, mother, are the little robins
Better far, than you or me?

MOTHER.

Think you not, my little daughter,
That the robins better are?
They ne'er did a *naughty* action,
So their hearts are free from care.

CHILD.

But, mother, they have not *within* them,
That which tells me every day,
When I do not what you wish me,
That 'tis *wrong* to disobey;
Therefore they *cannot* be naughty,
Nor of sin have any dread;—
But in one thing I am better,
I shall live when they are dead.

MOTHER.

Know you not, my little daughter,
Many, younger far than you,
Are called from earth and all its pleasures;
May you not be summon'd too?

CHILD.

'Tis of my *soul* that I am thinking,
That to God in heaven will go,
When my little pulse stops beating,
And my body is laid low.

MOTHER.

Are you *sure*, my precious darling,
That your spirit will arise,
To that Heaven, where Jesus told us,
He had mansions in the skies?

CHILD.

Yes, dear mother, I am *certain*,
That my soul to God will go,
If I'm good and love my Saviour!
Mother, you have told me so.

Portsmouth

E.

YOUTH'S COMPANION.

Published Weekly, by NATHANIEL WILLIS, at the Office of the Boston Recorder, No. 11, Cornhill.—Price, \$1.00 a year in advance; or \$1.25 if not paid in advance.

NO. 52.

BOSTON, MAY 7, 1841.

VOL. XIV.



FEEDING THE CHICKENS.

Come Biddy, come Biddy, come Biddy, come,
Come bring all your children to me;
If you do not come quick, you will not find a crumb;
Mister Cock will eat all up, I see.
I've brought you a breakfast, you dear little dicks,
Some corn, and some crumbs from my plate;
The crumbs are for you, my pretty wee chicks,
And the corn for old hen and her mate.
Mister Cock, and pray why do you make such a shout?
You make my head ache, I declare;
You scream so, and flutter your feathers about,
You'll dusty my clothes and my hair.
That's all! and so now you may all go away,
And pick up your dinner from weeds;
You can have no more if you stay here all day;
In the field you'll find plenty of seeds.

[Book of Rhymes, Published by Wm. Crosby & Co.]

NARRATIVE.

THE GOOD COUNSELLOR.

Translated from the French, for the Youth's Companion.

It was the month of January. I had just come from making a few visits in the village with my aunt Rachel, and seated by a good fire, I was calculating in what manner I could best employ for my personal use the money which she had given me as a New Year's present. I had decided to purchase a dress, of which I really stood in need, when the door opened, and the domestic handed me a note from a lady of my acquaintance. Madame S. begged me very earnestly to contribute something to assist a poor woman whose husband had recently died after a long illness, and who found herself left with five children, without any means of subsistence. Madame S. proposed to buy a furnace, &c. that she might establish herself as a Laundress, an occupation which she had learnt in her youth. I shut the note with a sigh. I had already spent the sum which I was accustomed to receive for my expenses, and nothing remained to me but my aunt's present, with which it was absolutely necessary I should buy a dress. I placed the note in the hands of my aunt, without saying a word. She read it, and returned it to me with two dollars.

"Oh, aunt, how much I regret that I cannot do the same."

"Well, my dear child, you must give what you can."

"But I can give nothing, aunt;" and I then explained to her the state of my finances. She listened to me without answering. I even placed her work-basket before her without speaking, and it was not until some moments had elapsed, that she said, suddenly,

"Helen, I know how you can give something to this poor woman."

"What is it, aunt, how glad I am!"

"How many yards of Gros de Naples do you need for a dress?"

"A good many, it requires so much now," and I named the quantity.

"But you are small, why are so many yards necessary?"

"Because, a dress cannot be made with less."

"But, if I remember, last year you did not need so much."

"That's true, aunt."

"Well, my child, try, if by taking the quantity that you had last year, you cannot save two dollars for this poor woman."

"Oh, that is impossible."

"Why, impossible, Helen; you have not grown since last year, and you were well dressed then."

"But I should be ashamed to wear a dress made in last year's fashion. I should be frightful."

"Frightful! you were not so then; and ashamed! we should be ashamed only of sin, Helen."

"Aunt, you forget that the fashion is entirely changed."

"The fashion, Helen, what has a Christian to do with the fashion?"

"You would not like to have me appear ridiculous, singular, or different from the rest of the world?"

"Ridiculous! no, but must you appear ridiculous, because the bottom of your dress is without trimming?" As to the world, what have you to do with it? I do not fear your appearing singular, that is, different from the rest of the world, for this is what the Bible would have us to be.

"Love not the world, neither the things that are in the world; if any man love the world, the love of the Father is not in him; for all that is in the world, the lust of the flesh, the lust of the eyes, and the pride of life, are not of the Father, but are of the world." (1 John 2: 15, 16.) And yet more, my dear Helen, you ought not to fear singularity since you read in the Scriptures, that the ransomed of the Lord are, and ought to be, a people *apart, separate*. Listen to these passages of the Bible, my child. Our Lord Jesus Christ, "gave himself for us that he might redeem us from all iniquity, and purify us unto himself a peculiar people." (Titus 2: 14.) "You are a holy nation, a peculiar people." 1 Peter 2: 9. Our religion is in name only if it exercises not upon us its transforming power, if it has not a *practical* influence on our habits, our tastes, our characters, our desires; it is a form only, without life, if it does not bring into complete subjection our bodies, souls and spirits to the doctrines of the gospel."

"I believe, my dear aunt, that you are too severe—you ask too much."

"My child, it is not I who am severe, it is not I who demand too much. It is God, who speaks;" and she opened again the Bible: Jesus said to his disciples, "If any man will come after me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross and follow me." Matt. 16: 24.

"Nevertheless, this is a thing of so little importance, it is such a trifle!"

"So much the more reason that you should make this sacrifice—no one is small in the eyes of the Lord; we are beginning a New Year, Helen; begin it then, as you would wish to finish it."

"Well, I will consult my dress maker and see what she can do."

"Consult rather your own heart, and the word of God, my child. Can you be unfaithful to

your duty, stifle the voice of conscience, and deprive yourself of the sacred joy which the exercise of love towards a disciple of Christ, can procure for the weak and miserable satisfaction of wearing a dress a little more or a little less in the fashion?"

"Oh aunt, my good aunt! you are right, you have conquered."

"No, Helen, not me, it is the grace of God which triumphs in us; it is to him that we should give all the glory."

As she said these words she offered me her pale cheek, and pressed me to her bosom.

I had sealed my answer to the note of Madame S. sending her four dollars, when Maria Arnold entered the room. After saluting my aunt she said to her that she thought this a suitable moment, being the commencement of the year, to resign her office as teacher in the Sabbath School. My aunt again remained silent; at the end of some minutes she answered:

"I am very sorry to hear what you tell me, but I doubt not you have some very good reason which obliges you to renounce this duty."

"But, Madame," replied Maria, hesitating, it is because the school is at such a distance from our house, and in this season one takes cold so easily."

"I am very sorry, but we should have the precaution to carry an umbrella."

"Really, Madame, it is quite an undertaking to go every Sabbath, and in all weathers to this school; one returns quite fatigued and exhausted."

"But, my child, you appear full of health and vigor."

"And, besides, it consumes the best part of my time; really it is too great a sacrifice."

"How can you call two or three hours the best part of your time?" answered my aunt; "you are teacher only in the afternoon; several of your companions are so, twice a day."

"That is true, Madame, but I have still another reason."

"And I hope that it is a better one than the others," interrupted my aunt with a sigh.

"The school is so changed from what it formerly was!"

"In what respects, Maria?"

"Since my good friends Emma and Sophia have quitted us, all has gone wrong. Some of the new teachers are so cold, so little obliging! They surround themselves with such a freezing atmosphere, that it quite paralyzes me. Nothing can be more unpleasant. I believe these ladies would think themselves lost, if they should speak to a person, a little below them in their standing in society. So, Madame, as you are one of the Superintendents, I thought it best to make known to you my determination."

The wrinkled forehead of my aunt Rachel became still more wrinkled. She appeared displeased.

"My child," said she, "from what motives did you undertake this enterprise? I hoped it was the love of Christ which constrained you, and that his love led you to love the souls of these poor and unhappy children; if the school is distant, it is but a reason the more for us to go, because there will be, necessarily, fewer persons who can do so. I grieve, with you, at the departure of Emma and Sophie; but if, in losing them we have lost useful and faithful assistants, ought you not the more to do all in your power to sustain this school by more vigorous efforts?"

"As to the pride of which you complain on

the part of the other ladies; believe me, if we had not a great deal of pride in our own hearts, we should not be so quick to perceive it in others. Ah! Maria, where is that love which beareth all things, hopeth all things, believeth all things?"

"But, my child, what sacrifices have you made? think of missionaries, think of martyrs! and do you not blush to talk of *sacrifices*, because you pass two hours each Sabbath in a school?"

A deep color covered the face of Maria, and as my aunt continued speaking, the tears fell upon her cheeks.

"Maria," continued my aunt, "I will not take your resignation, until you have declared your intentions to another." Maria looked up with surprise.

"Yes, my child, when you return home, retire into your chamber, kneel before your Saviour, and tell him that you are tired of his work, that you prefer *your ease to his service*, that your bonnet and your shawl are more precious to you than the souls of these poor children whom he has bid you instruct; tell him that you cannot consecrate to him two hours of your Sabbath, that it is too great a sacrifice even for Him who gave himself a ransom for your sins. That it is thus, you would commence with him the new year!"

Maria rose from her seat, threw herself before my aunt, and hiding her face in her lap, murmured amid her tears, "how ungrateful I am, how proud, how guilty! Pray for me that I may obtain pardon and peace."

Something obscured the glasses of my aunt Rachel. She took them off, wiped them with a corner of her apron, and placing her hand on the head of the kneeling and repentant girl, she spoke of that "precious blood which cleanseth from all sin," of that divine strength which is made manifest in our weakness, of the infinite love of the Saviour, which leads him to gather the lambs with his arms, "and carry them in his bosom," and the tears of my aunt fell upon the head of Maria.

I need not add, that the school did not lose its teacher.

THE NURSERY.

SATURDAY NIGHT.

Ellen and Charles, two good and happy children, had just been undressed and were jumping into bed, when their mother came into the room where they were. "Oh, come, mother," they both cried in the same breath, "and lie down by us, and tell us a story."

"Lie my side," said Ellen.

"Oh no, lie my side," said Charles.

"I cannot do both," said their mother.

"Then come between us," said Ellen; "that is the fairest way."

"Yes, that is the fairest way," said Charles; and both the children moved, and left a good place for their mother between them.

"Do, mother," said Ellen, "tell us a fairy story—you know I delight in fairies—now dancing over the flowers, without even bending their slender stems; and now hiding away in acorn cups. Oh! I wish I had lived in fairy land. I should so have liked to have had a magic lamp, or a ring for a talisman, that would have pinched my finger when I did wrong."

"Pooh, Ellen!" exclaimed Charles, "you know there is no such place, in reality, as fairy land—is there, mother?"

"I know that as well as you do, Charles; but then there is no harm in talking as if there were. That you call one of the pleasures of the imagination—don't you, mother?"

Ellen's mother smiled and said, "Yes, my dear; but when you are wishing for such a fairy gift as the wonderful ring you spoke of, do not forget that God has given you something much

more wonderful, to tell you when you do right and when you do wrong."

"You mean my conscience, mother," said Ellen; for her mother had so often spoken to her of conscience, that she very well knew what she meant.

"Now, Ellen," said Charles, in a beseeching tone, "don't interrupt mother again; and do, mother, tell me a story of a lion, or a panther, or a faithful dog. A faithful dog, like that you read about in your Natural History, Ellen, is worth a sea full of fairies."

"Fairies live in the green wood, Charles, and not in the sea," said Ellen, a little hurt at Charles's contempt for her favorites.

"To-night I shall not tell you about either beasts or fairies," said their mother.

"Oh, it is Saturday night!" exclaimed Ellen; "I had forgotten that. A Bible story, then; I am sure I think the story about Joseph, or that about Isaac, or the Prodigal Son, or Lazarus and his sisters as interesting as a fairy story."

"They are a hundred times more interesting," said Charles.

Ellen's mother was glad to find that the true and instructive histories from the good book interested her children as much as those stories that were contrived to delight them. "My dear children," she said, "I shall not tell you a story from the Bible to-night, but relate an anecdote (which you know, means a short story) of some little children of our acquaintance.

There are two children, who have a great and kind Friend, who is always taking care of them, whether they are awake or asleep."

"I suppose you mean their mother," said little Charley, who was always impatient to get at the story.

"No, my love. This Friend gave them their father and their mother."

"Oh, you mean God!" whispered Ellen.

Her mother did not reply to her, but proceeded. "This bountiful Friend has given to them the most beautiful and wonderful gems in the world; worth, as Charles would say, a whole sea full of diamonds."

"Gems! What are gems, mother?" asked Charles.

"Precious jewels, my dear. Those I am speaking of are very small, but so curiously formed, that, as soon as the casket which contains them is opened, there is immediately painted on them a beautiful picture of all the objects towards which they are turned. If a landscape, like that you see every morning from your chamber window, there appear on the gems those beautiful mountains that rise one above and beyond another; the mist that curls up their sides, as if, Ellen, to hide troops of your tiny fairies behind its silvery curtain; the bright lake which glitters in the depth of the valley, and which you call the mountain mirror, Ellen; the large orchards, with their trees gracefully bending with their ruddy and golden fruit; the neat house opposite to us, with its pretty curtain of vines hanging over the door, and rosebushes clustering about the windows."

"What, mother!" exclaimed Charles, "all these things painted on a little gem?"

"Yes, Charles, all. The high mountains, and the rose-bushes, every leaf and bud of them; and then, if the gems are turned towards the inside of the house, the landscape disappears, and all the furniture is painted on them, and the perfect pictures of their friends; not such pictures as you see done by painters, looking grave and motionless, but smiling, speaking, and moving."

"Oh, mother, mother!" exclaims Ellen, "this is a fairy story after all."

"Are there, in reality, any such gems?" asked Charles, who did not like that the story should turn out a fairy story.

"There are, my dear Charles; and the same Friend who gave the children these gems, has given to them many other gifts as wonderful.

He has given to them an instrument by which they can hear the music of the birds, the voices of their friends, and all other sounds; and another, by which they enjoy the delicious perfume of the flowers; the fragrance you so often spoke of, Ellen, when the fruit-trees were in blossom; and the locust trees in flower, and the clover in bloom."

"Oh, what a generous Friend that must be," said Charles, "to give such valuable presents, and so many of them! Are there any more, mother?"

"Yes, Charles, more than I could describe to you if I were to talk till to-morrow morning; there is a very curious instrument, by which they can find out the taste of every thing that is to be eaten; and another, that by just stretching out their fingers, they can tell whether a thing is smooth, or rough, hard or soft."

"Why, I can tell that with my fingers!" exclaimed Charles.

"Yes, my dear," said his mother; "and cannot you taste by putting food in your mouth? and is there not an instrument set in your head by which you can hear?"

"My ear, mother!" asked Charles.

"Yes, my child, your ear."

"And do you mean the eyes by those wonderful gems?" asked Ellen.

"Yes."

"But I am sure there is no painting in the eyes."

"Yes, Ellen, every object you behold is painted upon the part of the eye called the retina; but that you cannot understand now; and you must let me go on with my anecdote of the two children. When they arose in the morning, they found that their Friend had taken such good care of them when they slept that they felt no pain; that their limbs were all active; and they could every moment receive pleasure from the precious gems and instruments I have mentioned. They both looked out of the window, and exclaimed, "What a beautiful morning!" The little girl turned her gems towards her multiflora, now full of roses and glistening with dew drops, and she clapped her hands, and asked her brother if he ever saw anything so beautiful; and he turned his gems to a pair of humming-birds that were fluttering over the honeysuckle, and thrusting their tiny pumps into the necks of the flowers; and, as their bright images shone on his gems, he shouted, "Did you ever see anything so handsome?"

"You mean, mother," said Charles, "that he looked at the humming-birds when you say he turned his gems?"

"Yes, my dear; and when he heard the pleasant humming they make with their wings, it was by the instrument set in the head which you call the ear. There was not a moment of the day but the children enjoyed some good thing their Friend had given to them. They learned their lessons by using the memories He had given them; the books they read delighted them, because their Friend had given to them minds by which they understood them. They loved their parents, and relations, and companions, because their Friend had given them affections."

"It seems to me," interrupted Charley, "that Friend gave them everything. It must be God you mean, mother, for I know he gives us everything we have."

"Yes, my dear Charley; and I am sorry to say, these two children neglected their Friend. They had often been told by their mother never to get into bed without first kneeling and thanking him for all his gifts; but they did not think of him. They used and enjoyed the gifts, but they sometimes forgot the Giver."

Ellen laid her head on her mother's bosom. "Mother," she said, "you mean us?"

"My dear Ellen," replied her mother, "your conscience is like the ring in the fairy tale. Yes, I did mean you and Charles. I was sorry when

I came into the room to-night, to see you getting into bed without saying your prayers. God has given you a voice to speak, my children. Your dog Stumah, Charles, cannot speak to thank God for anything he receives, but you can."

"And I will," said the good little boy, ashamed that he had been ungrateful and thoughtless. "Come, Ellen, we'll jump up and say our prayers; and," he added, in a whisper, "we'll speak for Stumah too."—*Miss Sedgwick's Stories.*

PARENTAL.

From the Parent's Magazine.

TOO YOUNG TO BE LOST.

A Leaf from the Journal of a Pastor.

*** On my return from my journey, I learned that death had visited my people, and I hastened to the house of mourning. "Oh, sir, you have come just in time," said Mrs. C. "You find us in deep affliction. Our dear and only son is in his grave." So saying, she sunk into a chair, and wept like one inconsolable. I approached and endeavored, in the calmest manner possible, to direct her mind to the sources of comfort brought to view in the Scriptures.

"God, my dear Madam, is kind in all his dealings. He was pitiful and of tender mercy even in his visitations upon Job. And though you may not now see the kind 'end of the Lord' in your present trial, yet you will doubtless hereafter find occasion to say, 'it is good for me that I have been afflicted.'"

"I don't know, sir. The darling boy one week ago, was fresh as a rose, and, on his birth day, played about with his mates, in this very room, in all the vigor of health. You would have thought he would outlive us all. O who could have believed that, in one short week, we should be called to follow his dead body to the tomb!" She rose, and walked the room in agony.

"But, Mrs. C. your loss is not as great as it might have been. It is not as great as others have endured. You have worldly possessions, you have other children, and a kind husband left to comfort you. We read of a good man, who lost his whole large family of children at a blow, and of a mother who had lost her only son, 'and she was a widow.'"

"Yes, but that poor widow, sir, had her son restored to her. O, if the Saviour would but be as kind to me—if he would but give back my boy to these arms, how would I then praise him. But this can never be. That lovely form must waste in the grave, and these eyes will never again behold him."

I had been unfortunate in the selection of my example. She seized and perverted it to increase the weight of her own calamity. All my arguments were swept away, and she wept on as if in triumph.

Mrs. C. was a professor of religion, and had been so for years, previous to my acquaintance in the place. But she had been living in an almost entire forgetfulness of the truth contained in that couplet,

"Religion is the chief concern
Of mortals here below."

Her heart clung, with an almost undivided attachment, to her four promising daughters and her "darling son." God had blessed her husband with unusual success in business. Sickness and misfortune had been strangers to their house; and this first bereavement found them, as might have been expected, unprepared to sustain the shock. It was in vain that I suggested to the afflicted mother the rich promises of the gospel, —the blessings which God has in store for them that love him. Her mind, if for a brief moment it was lifted upward, fell back again, as if by an unconquerable attraction, upon the beloved object of which she had been bereft.

"But," said I again, after a considerable pause, "have you then, Mrs. C. no remaining

hope in God,—no consolation from the thought that there is a Saviour,—that there is a heaven, where no sorrow can come, nor sighing, nor sickness, nor death?"

"O yes, sir, it is a relief to think there is a heaven, and that our dear boy is there, and that we shall yet see him, a little winged angel, in that happy world."

"You had then evidence that he was prepared beforehand for the change that awaited him."

"O, sir, of that we have no doubts. He was possessed of the loveliest disposition."

"Did he love to pray? Did he speak much of the Saviour? Did he encourage you to converse with him about his soul, and about God and heaven?"

"Indeed, I do not mean just that. But he had so much kindness,—and then, you know, poor thing, he was so young. He had just completed his seventh year, when he was seized with his last illness."

My heart was pained for the poor woman. But what more could I say. The only gleam of hope and comfort that shone through the cloud of her affliction, arose from the cherished impression that her darling was saved, and that, after many long years perhaps of separation, she would meet him again in heaven. Could I blast her only hope, and say that her child might not be there? I longed to see her mind stripped of a fatal, though common delusion, but I thought of the Saviour's words, "*ye cannot bear them now.*" We knelt in prayer, and I took my leave meditating on the awful consequences of parental mistakes, and conscience-smitten, that I myself should have been for a twelvemonth a pastor, and yet had, among my flock, those who could believe that a child of seven years was too young to sin, too young to need a new heart, too young to pray and repent, TOO YOUNG TO BE LOST.

VARIETY.

My Little Dog Tripp.



Several interesting stories about the sagacity of dogs have already been given to my young readers, the most of which, have been published and read often times. But now I am going to tell you a story that has never before been published. It is about my own little dog Tripp. Poor thing, she is now dead. But this is a true story about her.

When my little son William was about nine or ten months old (he is now about five years old) we lived in a new building, at the back door of which, in the lobby right under the threshold or step of the door, a spring of water had been found. It had been dug about three feet deep, stoned up, and was only covered over with some light pieces of boards. This little well was full of water. Little Tripp, (she was a little creature) always appeared very fond of her young master William. When strangers came in she would take her place by his side, and if they ventured to come near him, she would seize them by their feet, and growl mightily sharp, as much as to say, "go no nearer to him." She used frequently to frighten little boys that came in, by her jealous care, but she was so small that grown people did not mind her snarling much.

One day little William's mother stepped out of the door a moment, leaving no one in the hall with him but little Tripp. He crept along towards the back lobby till he got to the door, when he reached down his little hand and pulled the covering off and was about to creep into the well, when Miss Tripp, seeing the danger, sprang, seized him by his dress, pulled back as stoutly as she could, and thus held him, till his affrighted mother came and snatched the little fellow from his perilous condition. Thus, she undoubtedly saved him from falling into the well, and being drowned.—*Youth's Family Instructor.*

Happy Influence of the Sabbath School.

In the early history of the Sabbath School in W—, there was connected with it a large family of children, whose parents were disbelievers in a future retribution. Among the miscellaneous books which these children carried from the library, the parents at length found one which contained sentiments at variance with their own. They were much offended, and withdrew all their chil-

dren from the school, excepting one daughter, of 12 or 14 years of age. This daughter had become deeply interested in the school, and she importuned her parents with such tender earnestness, that she gained permission to remain. She was early led to embrace the truth in the love of it, and she is now an active, efficient member of the church, and the only one of that large family than is not now wandering in the dark mazes of error and impenitence. She regards this institution as peculiarly the instrument of her salvation. Had she been compelled to leave the school with the other members of the family, with them she would probably now have been blinded in error, "without God and without hope in the world."—*S. S. Visitor.*

POETRY.

EARLY RISING.

BY LADY FLORA HASTINGS.

Get up, little sister; the morning is bright,
And the birds are all singing to welcome the light;
The buds are all opening—the dew's on the flower;
If you shake but a branch, see there falls quite a shower.
By the side of their mothers, look, under the trees,
How the young fawns are skipping about as they please;
And by all those rings on the water, I know,
The fishes are merrily swimming below.

The bee, I dare say, has been long on the wing,
To get honey from every flower of the spring;
For the bee never idles, but labors all day,
And thinks, wise little insect, work better than play.
The lark's singing gaily; it loves the bright sun,
And rejoices that now the gay spring is begun;
For the spring is so cheerful, I think 'twould be wrong,
If we do not feel happy to hear the lark's song.

Get up; for when all things are merry and glad,
Good children should never be lazy and sad;
For God gives us daylight, dear sister, that we
May rejoice like the lark, and may work like the bee.

EDITORIAL.

YOUTH'S COMPANION.

This week completes fourteen years, since the Youth's Companion was commenced. Yes—many a little boy and girl who reads this paper, have not lived so long as the Youth's Companion,—and several dear youth who have taken pleasure in reading our humble pages, are now numbered with the dead. The Editor feels that he has great cause for gratitude to God, that he has been enabled to publish 728 numbers of this little paper, amid all his other cares and engagements. There are now about double the number of Subscribers to the Companion than there were seven years ago—and many more can be supplied yet.

INDEX

To the Youth's Companion—Vol. XIV.

PICTURE STORIES.

Groggy Harbor 1—Teacher's Efforts 5—Aunt Susan 9
Wound cured 13—Day in the Woods 17
Boaz and Ruth 21—Getting Wet 25—Morning Hymn 29
Old Man in the Cottage 33—Two Wheelbarrows 37
Welsh Shepherd 41—Man that found a Horseshoe 45
New Doll 49—Bible Tree 53—Kite Flying 57
Visits to a Cottage 61, 65—Water 65—Academy Boys 69
Cow and the Ass 73—Song of the Blind Boy 77
Wine 81—January 85—February 89—March 93
April 97—May 101—June 105—July 109—August 113
September 117—October 121—November 125
December 129—Wages of Sin 133—Breakfast Table 137
Golden Eagle 141—Ostrich 145—Fountain 149
Temptation 153—Industry 157—The Light 161
When are we safe 165—Pet Lamb 169
Bear and Monkey 173—Pony 177—Donkey 181
Visit to the Pig Sty 185—Dogs 189—Goat 193—Cows 197
Cat 201—Feeding the Chickens 205

EDITORIAL.

I don't love to be contradicted 4—May Day 4
Anna and Emily 8, 12, 16—Sabbath School Meeting 20
Sabbath School Anniversary 24
Proverbs 28, 32, 36, 40, 44, 48, 52, 56
Blind Bartimeus 52—Gold Fishes 64, 68
Principle and no Principle 92—Contradiction 139
Teasing 144—Little Things 148—Sisters 153
Wallet 160—Humility 164—Beam in the Eye 168
Mischievous Boy 172—Cruelty 176—Kindness 188
Arthur and Frank 180—One Sin leads to another 184
Warning to Boys 187—Promise 192—Lamb 204

PARENTAL.

Parent's Bitterest Agony 19—Good Boy 51
Mother's Instruction 51—Child taught to Swear 74
Domestic Happiness 74—New Dress 107—Father 183
Parting Kiss 134—Mother's Influence 143
Praying Mothers 155—A Visit 171—Too Young 207

NARRATIVE.

Night on board a Steamboat 1—My Sister 5
Wonderful Preservation 9—Widow and her Son 13
Watchmaker and Blacksmith 17—Death 21
Story for little Mary 25—Reading in the Night 29
Night in the Woods 33—Glutton 37—Home 45
Two Apple Trees 49—Isabelle Dudley 62
Profane Swearer 66—Italian Sister 69
Tabitha and his Boy 73—Country Scene in England 77
Mother's Love 81—Sabbath in the Country 85
Jonas a Judge 89—Sailor's Mother 93
Remarkable Conduct of a little Girl 97
Requests and Demands 101—Cloud 105
William Johns 109—Noise 113—Possessions 117
Health and Riches 121—Four Pistareens 125
Control your Temper 130—Honesty 133—Windmill 137
Man in the Dungeon 142—Ravens in the Famine 145
Children and Lions 149—Perseverance 153
Old Humphrey 157—Testimony 161, 165
Ride to Mill 169—Disobedient Girl 173
Peach and Pocket Piece 173—Bereavement 177
Rollo Sick 181—Sister's Trial 185, 189
Stories about Ellen 193, 197, 201—Good Counsellor 205

MORALITY.

The Temper 2—Where would you live 6—Death 9
Effects of Delay 10—Crucible 14—Little Sheep 14
"Many a little makes a mickle" 18
"Forelock Gray" 22—Ellen and the Bird 22
Old Oak 26, 34—Billy and his Chips 30—Serpent 30
Uncle Adam 34—Good Use of bad Company 38
Way to be happy 39—Rudeness reproved 39
Cold Water Army 42—Heiress 45
Hints to Young Ladies 46—Short Table Talk 49
Proud Heart 50—The Grindstone 50
I'll try, Sir 50—Guilty Conscience 58
Christian Ornaments 63—Aged Soldier 63
Who is the Coward 71—Swearing 73—Country Scenes 74
Fly 77—Jug 85—Pains of Memory 87—Anna G. 87
Country Boys 91—Prevarication 94—Blind Hutchinson 95
Two Roses 99—Two Gardens 99
French Flower Girl 102, 106—Canary Bird 103
Singing School 111—Self Denial 119
Filial Affection 119—Letter to Little Girls 122
Cider Mill 126—Selfish Boy 126
Five minutes too late 131—Happy new Year 134
Charles the young Sailor 139—Honesty Rewarded 139
Stop Thief 147—Value of a Bride 150
Andrew and George 151—Filial Affection 158
Little Swearer 167—Delightful Discovery 171
Cold Water Army 174—Ears and no Ears 178
Tale bearing 178—English Outrage in China 183
I'll pay him for it 186—Julia Harwood 186
Amusements for Children 190—Sin causes Sorrow 190
Museum 194—Children think 194—April 194
Economy 198—Skepticism 203
Perseverance 198—Industry 185
Practical Schoolmaster 162

RELIGION.

Mary and her Bible 3—Glorious Sight 3
Great Effects from little Causes 7—Boy who doubted 10
Early Conversion 11—Mother and Son 13
Reclaimed 18—Telling Troubles to the Saviour 18
Where are you going 23—Call to Duty 30
How to be Happy 30—Letter from a Superintendent 47
Sister's Conversation 47—Singing 51
Too young to be a Christian 53—Ripe Cherries 54
Infant School Conversation 54
Saviour better than Home 58—Minister's Visit 71
Genevieve Girls 71—Conversion of two Chiefs 79
Faithful Sister 82—God in his Works 82
Goodness of God 82—Sailor Boy converted 107
Five Orphans 111—Invisible Food 114
Happy Family 118—Sailor Boy 118—Knock 127
Last Sabbath of the Year 130—Broken Bough 130
Feed for thy Life 135—Nancy Chandler 143
Feed my Lambs 146, 149, 154, 158, 162
Is this Prayer 147—When will you love God 158
Piety in a Wife 162—I was not listening 171
Hume the Infidel 174—Love of a Name 175
Not yet 179—Fortune Teller 179
Girl in her right Mind 182—Indian Girl's Question 182
Samuel Hicks and the Miser 187
Conscientious Sailor 187—Jew and his Daughter 191
Changed Boy 191—Sabbath Breaker 195
Ready, aye ready 198—Cottage Boy 199
Praying Child 202—Introduction of Idolatry 43

BENEVOLENCE.

Matthew Stark 14—Pride and Vanity 14
Charity Rewarded 35—True Generosity 46
Lost Boy 51—Compassionate Merchant 51
Lost Child restored 59—Brave Sister 62
Divine Goodness in the Creation 59—Little Girl 75
Menah and her Mother 75, 86—Raratonga Cripple 79
I am glad I was not born a Heathen 84
Ninipence Calico 94—Happy Mute 110
Tender hearted Girl 115—Benevolence rewarded 118
True Generosity 145—Walk of Charity 150
Juvenile Benevolence 159—Walks of Usefulness 167
Laura Bridgman 170—Love your Enemies 174

THE NURSERY.

William and George 6—April Fooling 10
Age instructed by Childhood 14—Neglected Sister 19
Conscience and Confession 23—Edmund and his Sister 27
Poor Staff 31—Lost Sailors 31—Out of School 43
Marian and her Mother 34—The Fair 43
What good does Lightning do? 38
Ungrateful Children 50—Duty and the Rabbits 55
Striking back 59—Whip, Bridle and Rod 63
Dialogue 67—Little Emeline 67—Lovely Child 70
It is not my Fault 74—Vanity of Pride 78
Albany Beer 78—Mary Miller 82—Sword and Spear 87
Sleeping Baby 95—Chimney Sweeper 95
Soldier's Return 98—Selfish School Boy 103
Giant Killer 107—Boy who had his own Way 111
Obedient Boy 123—Grandmother's Funeral 126
Wall of Snow 126—Cherry Party 131
Albert and his Sisters 134—Disappointment 142
Dick and the Giant 147—Mary and her Mother 151
Conversation with James 154—Do you pray 163
Conversation with Edward 159—Early Rising 166
Lessons from Flowers 163—Letter to James F. 175
Pursuit 176—Ellinor 178—Willy's Picture 183
Ravens feeding Elijah 190—Disobedience punished 201
Walk through the Wheat Fields 197—Saturday Night 206

SABBATH SCHOOL.

True Story 6—Sabbath 7—Mother and Child 19
Pathetic Tale 22—Self-denial 22—Benefit of Prayer 26
Example 31—Excuses 31—Sister's Tear 35
Sabbath School Celebration 42, 90
Fate of two Scholars 42—Narrative for Teachers 46
Bonaparte's Column 57—Indian Schools 63
Infidel Shoemaker 75—Mary's Visit 83
Man hung for obeying his Mother 75—Facts 83
Lord's Day 99—Jeremiah Plate 123
Anniversaries 163—Letter to Children 179
Conversations of Uncle Henry 183—Good Bargain 191

NATURAL HISTORY.

Spider and Fly 11—Wild Elephants 15—Spider 17
Azor and Bertrand 22—Foolish Lambs 27
Green Snake 27, 30—Stork 41—Sharks 59
Snake and Dogs 51—Lion 75—Faithful Dog 122
Horse 128—Dog of Montargis 139—Perilous Exploit 163
Puss and men of Raratonga 155—Dog and Lion 187
Magnanimity of a Lion 187

OBITUARY.

Sarah and Merriam 2—Grave Yard Scene 23
Julia Harwood 26—Jane K. 35—Lucy Jane 87
Little Brothers 91—Missionary's Daughter 98
Five little Graves 115—Death by Fire 122
Mary M. Stearns 122—John F. 138
Electa J. Vail 155—Death of a beloved Son 170
Solemn Scene 182—Death at School 193
Mary J. Neff 199—Infant's Grave 199
Affecting Narrative 203—Early will I seek thee 203

POETRY.

Pleasant Spring 4—Mother's farewell Kiss 8
Burnt Boy 12—Crop of Acorns 16—Sister's Gift 20
Lady Bug and Ant 28—My Mother in Heaven 28
God sees every Thing 32—Morning Prayer 32
Bosom Sin 36—Birth Day 40—Flower Boy 56
To H. A. B. and E. C. B. 48—Little Children 52
Epitaph on an Infant 48—Child's Morning Prayer 56
Infant's Spirit 60—Vocal Music 60—To Josephine 68
God made the Sky 64—On parting with a Pupil 68
Cottage revisited 72—Jesus thou heavenly Stranger 76
Little Things 76—Child at Prayer 80—Grandmamma 84
Papa's Boots 88—I can't and I'll try 92
Divided Burden 96—Hawk and Boy 100
Adam and Eve 104—Contrast 104—Indian Summer 108
Safety 108—Father 108—Two Ponies 112
Instability of human Wishes 108—Tulip and Rose 116
Good Night of the Bird 120—Opening Flower 124
Incline your Ear, and come unto me 124
Old Winter is coming 128—My Brother 132
Kind and gentle Temper 136—Weary Dove 140
Mother, Home and Heaven 140—Inquiry 144
Child's Morning Hymn 140—Lame Girl 144
Flower upon the green Hill Side 148—Mary's Death 152
Bubble 156—Little George 160—Dying Tree 164
Children's Evening Hymn 160—Self-dedication 168
Lines 168—Tired of Study 172—Child to a Robin 172
Rhymes of Advice 176—Dead Sparrow 180
To the Memory of J. B. F. Warren 184—The Eagle 188
A Picture 188—Bird's Petition 192—Spring 204
Give us our daily Bread 196—Is it long? 200
Song over a Child 200—Early Rising 207

VARIETY.

Negro Boy 4—"Thy will be done" 4
Father's Bequest 8—Little Benefactress 8—Pious Boy 8
Noble Example 12—Percussion Caps 12—Industry 16
Rose Bushes 16—Caution 16—Decision of a Parent 16
Sensible Reply 16—Maxims 16, 44, 68, 72
Generous Girl 20—Missionary Spirit 20
Goat a Barometer 24—Children's Time 24
Questions for Children 24—Child's Prayer 24
Golden Streets 28—Children can do Good 28
Wicked Heart 28—Girl's Thoughts 32

Mohammedan Tract Distributor 32

Frederic and his Nephew 32—African Verdict 36
Girl and Minister 36—Goodness of God 36
Sabbath Scholars 40—Faithful Son 40
Where is God 40—Home School 40—The Bible 40
Sabbath Teachers 40—Attentive Hearers 44
Little Bethel 44—Marriage of two Dwarfs 48
Why do you come to the Sabbath School 48
Sabbath Schools do good 48—Lion's Remorse 48
Gratitude to a Horse 48—Anecdote of Walter Scott 48
Never tell a Lie 56—Prayer 56—Wonders of a Watch 56
What o'clock is it? 60—Education of Females 60
Mount Holyoke 60—John and his Grandfather 60
Scholar in Jamaica 60—Honesty rewarded 60
I would rather be poor as I am 60—End of the World 60
Smuggling 60—Young Man's Course 64
Peace in Danger 64—Child's Question 64
Profane Language 64—Rose 68—Dancing 68
Faithful Dog 68—Eagle 68—Riddle 68—Good Wife 68
Child's Present 72—Converted Scholar 72, 207—Dream 76
Missionary's Family 76—Strawberry Girl 76
Praying Soldier 76—Affecting Anecdote 76—No 76
Happiness in Death 76—Wine 76—Yellow Pocket 76
Farmer and Beggar 86—Mother's Influence 80
Habits of Birds 80—Two Kinds of Prayers 80
Reconciliation to God 80—Observing the Sabbath 80
Christian Mother 80—Vacant Seats in Heaven 80
Happy Life and Death 80—Faith and Works 84
Stars 84—Human Life 84—Sailors in Norfolk 84
Sabbath School in Gloucester 84—Scholar in Jamaica 84
God cares for Sparrows 84—Sabbath Scholars 88
Mother's Love 88—Daughter's Love 88—Affection 88
Studying the Bible 88—Cheerfulness 88
To young Men 88—I don't feel so happy to-night 92
Contentment 92—Objection removed 92—Singer 96
Youth's Temperance Lecturer 96, 100
Parental Example 96—Only five miles 96
Pious Daughter 96—Bread of Life 100
Disorderly Children 100—Old Drunkard's Hat 100
Maternal Association 100—Book of Nature 100
Too Late 104—Of such is the Kingdom of Heaven 104
Sagacity of a Dog 104—Witnesses to the Saviour 104
Proper Spirit in correcting Children 104
Sensible little Boy 104—Moral Courage 108
Strange Story 108—Contentment 108
Lord Byron's opinion of Prayer 108—Little Tripp, 207
Adventure with a Bear 108—Dog worth having 108
Sailor 112—Let me be punished 112—Cyrus 112
Charles knows his Lesson 112—Missionary zeal 112
Praying Scholar 112—God provides for Children 112
Little blind Boy 112—Incident in real Life 116
Speaking Letter 116—Affecting Scene 116
Career of Crime 116—Good Girl 116—Kindness 116
Wealth in Christ 116—Birds 116—Good Example 116
Begin right 120—Cheerful Sweep 120—Bristol Boy 120
Missionary Box 120—South Sea Islanders 120
Attachment of an African to the Bible 120
Only once 124—Brook and Flower 124
Robbery by a Bird 124—Anecdote of a Goose 124
Bear 124—Widow's Son 124—Lydia 128
Sabbath Schools 128—Defect in a Mill 128—Fishes 128
John Adams 128—Rash Youth 128—Last House 132
Girl who hated Prayer 132—Bear Hunt 132
Charles will lead you into Temptation 132
Children's Prayer Meeting 132—Butterfly's Moral 132
Teaching the Young 132—Joyful Rencontre 132
Traveller's Friend 132—Mischievousness 136—Snow 136
Anecdotes 140—Little Mary 140—Ostrich 140
Inch Augur 140—I won't 140—Sons Unrestrained 144
Sailor's Mother 144—High Ways 144—Turnpike 148
Difficulty overcome 144—Indian Mother 148
Driven into the Sabbath School 148—Rotten Part 148
Committing the Bible 148—Sailor 152—Irish Boy 152
Aged Teacher 152—Hottentot Girls 152
Boy in Madagascar 152—Children in Africa 156
Youth's Companion better than a Sled 156
Ceylonese Youth 156—Minister's Daughter 156
Brother and Sister 156—Deaf and Dumb Boy 156
Illustration for Children 160—Generous Neighbor 160
Talkative Young Lady 160—Two School Fellows 160
Patient Sufferer 160—Solitary Robin 160
Honest Scholar 164—Indian's Views of Salvation 164
Encounter with a Bear 164—Wicked Boy 164
Praying Scholar 164—Famished Lamb 172
Little Thomas 168—Boy and Moon 168—Lamb taken 172
Where shall I go last of all 176—Boy's Prayer 180
Temperance Anecdote 176—William Bilderdyck 180
Walter Scott 180—African Youth 180—Grateful Jack 176
Excellent Reply 180—What God does is proper 180
Little Girl 180—Boy in India 184—Mouse Trap 184
Little Jane 184—Archbishop Tillotson 188
Girl at Taunton 188—Who behaved right 192
Little Teacher 188—Child and Baboon 192
Master Terry 192—Grey Squirrel 196—Robert Hall 196
Little Henry 160—Little Boy 200—Lame Boy 200
Chateaubriand 200—Comparing Possessions 200
Birds 200—Girl who remembered the Heathen 200
Rev. J. Bailey 204—Chinese Youth 204—Young Lad 204
Little George 204—Boy in Madagascar 204
Do you think you love Jesus 204—Four Testaments 204
Gaelic Scholar 204—Little Girl 204
Duke of Burgundy 196—George Howard 196
Boy in London 196—Boy who drank Flip 200
Worst Thing I ever did 204—Spirit of Liberty 200

48
ch 56

60

8
m 75

54

8

104
4

107

2
1

1720

128
2

32

r 136

14
3

2

12

76

6

104

64

